

THE DEMOCRATIC ADVOCATE.

VOLUME I.—NUMBER 10.

In Preserving Our Union, Let Us be Careful to Preserve also Our Civil Liberties.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

WESTMINSTER, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1866.

THE DEMOCRATIC ADVOCATE.

WILLIAM H. DAVIS, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 3 CARROLL HALL.

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[From Harper's Monthly.]

EUTHANASY.

Come gently, Death, when, at the close of life,
With the march and weary of the strife.

I draw my latest breath;
Like some kind friend, who, with a noise-
less tread,
And silent voice, draws high into my bed,
So come thou gently, Death.

Oh, let me close my eyes like one who sleeps
While'er my sense thy dreamless slumber
crosses.

And let me softly lie
With calmly folded hands upon my breast,
Like one who after labor takes his rest,
So let me gently die.

Oh, may my end like that of some sweet day,
When the red sunset pales and fades away,
Be tranquil, calm and still;
And may a feeling of serene repose
With gentle raindrops soften Life's sad close,
And peace my bosom fill.

May kindly faces gather round my bed,
The cherished friends with whom my heart
is wed;
And gently, softly fall
Death's twilight shadow; may I, listening,
Like silver harp-strings, sounding sweet and clear,
Angelic voices call.

Whether it be in summer skies are fair,
And summer birds make music in the air,
Oh, gently take my breath;
Or in the winter when the chilly snow
Wraps, like a shroud, the cold death earth
below.

Oh, gentle be my death.
Come like the change which paints the autumn leaf,
And let the parting hour on earth be brief.
The last breath of my breath;

Come gently, Death, when my life's race is run,
When I the victor's fadeless wreath have won,
And close my weary eyes.

INTERESTING DIALOGUE.

Wheat—Meat—Cabbage—Potatoes—Apples—Grapes—Beets—Tomatoes—Bread—Cakes and Some Other Things—And the Boys and Girls Beside.

SCENE—John Smith's Country Store—
TIME, Evening—SPEAKERS, Sundry Villagers, and Farmers who have "happened in as usual."

Mr. Smith—Trade is very dull now-a-days; I don't sell half as much as I did five years ago.

Mr. Jones—Good reason. Things 're so high, we can't afford to buy. You charge such awful prices, Smith.

Mr. Smith—Can't help it. I have to pay so much more. When I sold sugar at 10 cents a pound, I made a cent a pound, and I only make a cent now on 20 cents, and this cent profit don't go so far to keep my family.

Mr. Brown—I buy just as much as ever. I don't see as there is much change. I used to sell my 600 bushels of wheat for 75 cents a bushel, or \$450. Of this, \$250 went for family store bills, and \$200 to pay off my farm debt. Now, when I sell for \$1.50 per bushel, or \$900, it takes about \$500 for store bills, and leaves \$400 to pay off the debt. In fact, these high prices suit me. I wish Mr. McCulloch had kept out of the Treasury, for he threatens to make Greenbacks par, and knock down prices.

Mr. Price—I don't see as it makes much difference. If there is twice as much money going, and everybody gets twice as much for everything he raises, and pays twice as much for everything he buys, it all comes out square at the end; and there is this gain in the operation: those who save money, or make a profit, make double, as neighbor Brown explains about paying his farm debt.

Mr. Butler—That's so.

Mr. Greene—So I think. Mr. Moore—So do I.

Mr. Baker—I keep a little draw-back. I keep the accounts of Widow Roberts, who has the mortgage on Mr. Brown's farm, and the \$400 he pays don't go only half so far in supporting her, and educating her children.

Mr. Travis (the School Teacher)—Yes it does, for I only get \$30 a month for teaching Mrs. Roberts's and others' children, and I used to get \$25, with wheat at 75 cents.

Rev. Mr. Corey—And I only get \$600 a year, while I always had \$500 with wheat at 75 cents and sugar 10 cents.

Several Voices—That ain't quite square.

Editor of ADVOCATE—And you only pay me \$1.50 a year for my newspaper, which you thought cheap at \$1.50 five years ago, though I have now to

pay three times as much for everything I use in making a newspaper.

Mr. Greene—Why don't you raise your prices, too?

Editor—I will try and keep along with no profit, or even at a loss, hoping for better times. I am struggling hard to build my paper up.

Mr. Brown—I stopped the paper once, but it was not so much for the price; I went in for paying for my farm by extra economy.

Editor—Yes, he followed the Editor's advice for "people to economize and pay their debts now." But let us see if Mr. Brown began at the right place. In one issue it was published that wheat had advanced 13 cents a bushel. On Monday Mr. Brown went to market with his wheat, and sold 60 bushels at one cent advance over the old price, and thought he did well. He came home boasting about it, until he met neighbor Johnson, who got the 15 cents advance, because he read my paper, and was wide-awake. Mr. Brown's loss on 60 bushels would pay four whole years' subscription.

Mr. Brown—Don't say anything more about that. Mr. Editor, and put me down a subscriber for life.

Editor—I have heard of several other such notes by those who stopped their paper. Not to be too personal, as some of them are here, I will call them A, B, C, etc. Mr. A. paid 4 per cent more for \$71 taxes, because he did not see the collector's notice in his paper, and thus lost \$2.84, to save \$1.50. Mr. B. failed to bring in his claim against an estate, because he did not see in my paper the legal notice limiting the time. That cost him \$34 to save \$1.50 subscription. Mr. D. sold 200 pounds of wool at 62 cents, because he did not see an advertisement of Mr. Smith, right here at home. He paid more for lumber in Baltimore than he could have procured the same for in Westminster, because he did not know that Edward Lynch, at his new yard, on Dell & Billingslea would have sold the same material for less money. He could have got 70 cents for his wool. That cost him \$16, to save \$1.50. Mr. F's boys went down to the village every night or two to get the news and local gossip, because they had no paper at home, and one of them fell into bad company, and is ruined. I knew twenty cases where people lost money for not learning what is going on. I gather up all that is going on in business and society, and condense it into my columns. It is important for every man to know all about home matters, and I doubt if there is a man in this whole town who would not, in the course of a year, get some information that would pay him back more than \$1.50 a year. And then think of a household sitting down to their 365 days in a year, and having nothing to talk about, except their own affairs, and a few items of gossip, gathered up by occasional contact with other people.

Mr. Taylor—Let me help the Editor's argument. Wife read to me an item he published about a humber, which he copied from the American Agriculturist, of New York city. Next day one of those same humber came round with his article, and was so plausible that he almost persuaded her into paying him \$3 for his swindling recipe; but the Editor's caution kept her back.

Editor—Yes, and do you know that the fellow sold more than fifty of the humber recipes hereabout, at \$3 apiece? but not to any one of my subscribers.

Mr. Potts—Put me down as a subscriber to the Advocate; here is your money.

Mr. Shaw—And me too.

Editor—Thank you, gentlemen. I'll try to make a better paper than ever. Every dollar helps; a new subscriber only adds to my expense the cost of paper. If everybody took the paper, and thus divided the cost of getting news, setting type, office rent, &c., I could double the value of the paper to each. Please talk the matter over with other neighbors and see if it cannot be done.

Several Voices—We will.

Mr. Smith—And now while you are about it, I want to make up a club for a good New York paper.

Mr. Brown—We can't afford to take so many papers.

Mr. Smith—You have just seen that you could not afford to stop your home paper; let us see if it will not pay to join our club. Mr. Rich, you have taken the American Agriculturist for several years. Does it pay?

Mr. Rich—Yes? Yes, fifty times over. Why, I got two ten-acre fields ready to sow to wheat, and put in one of them. That night my Agriculturist came, and I read a simple recommendation about preparing seed wheat. I called John and we put 15 bushels in soil for the next day. It cost 50 cents for the materials. Well, that second field yielded 5 bushels an acre more than the other; or 50 bushels extra, and better wheat too. Pretty good pay for \$1.50 expended for a paper. And I have got lots of other hints almost as profitable. You know I get better profits on my beef, pork and mutton than any other man in the place. Now this does not come from any direct hint, like the wheat, but from a good many suggestions that I have picked up in reading the Agriculturist, and from the course of reasoning that I have been led into, by reading in it what others do, and think, and say.

Mr. Smith—You are another subscriber to the Agriculturist, Mr. West; does it pay?

Mr. West—Pay? Yes. You know what good cabbages and potatoes I had last season. Why the cabbages were worth double any others in town, for

market or for home use. I had 400 heads, worth 5 cents a piece, extra; and they only cost 20 cents extra for seed. My 250 bushels of potatoes are all engaged for seed at \$1.50 a bushel, when other kinds bring only 50 cents. That's \$250 clear gain, for the \$14 extra I paid for seed, and the \$1.50 I paid for the Agriculturist. It was through this paper that I learned about both the cabbages and potatoes. Its editors are careful, intelligent men on the constant lookout for anything new that is really good, while the paper abounds in cautions against the poor and unprofitable.

Mr. Smith—What say you, Mr. Taylor? Does it pay to invest \$1.50 in the Agriculturist?

Mr. Taylor—Most certainly. A hint in the paper led me to look after certain insects at the proper time, and the result was, I had 160 barrels of splendid apples, which brought me a clean \$5 per barrel, and this you know was better by \$1, than the average prices here or \$160. Then I have read so much about good and bad Grapes, the method of treating them, &c., that I can beat the town in raising grapes profitably—My son, William, got a kink in his head about Tomatoes, from something the Editors said, and sent for some seed. He made more money on the crop raised in his spare hours, than was cleared by half the farmers in this town.

Mr. Smith—Let's hear from Mr. Crane.

Mr. Crane—I only read in the paper what was said about pigs—what kind laid best, how to raise them, and the like; but if you will call around and see my porkers, and my expense account, I'll bet a pipkin I can show fifty dollars more of pork for the same money, than any other man here. And this comes from reading what other men think and do. But wife ought to be here to speak. She and the girls read the Agriculturist next to the Bible. They think the household department is worth more than all the fashion magazines in the world. They say, it is so full of good hints about all kinds of house work. All I can say is, that we do have better bread and cake; and wife says, the cake don't cost so much as it used to. She has learned from the paper how a hundred other house-keepers do their work.

Rev. Corey—Let me say, also, that Mrs. Crane and her daughters have added a good many beautiful but cheap home-made fixtures to their parlor and sitting rooms, which certainly make their home more attractive. They told me, the other day, they got these up from pictures and descriptions in the Agriculturist.

Mr. Travis—My salary has not allowed me to take the paper; though I must squeeze out enough to do so this year. My school boys have brought me some copies to look at, the past year or two, and I find the Boys' and Girls' department of the Agriculturist the best thing I ever saw. It is full of items, etc., that amuse and at the same time instruct the children. Why, I could pick out the boys and girls in my school whose parents take the Agriculturist, just by hearing them talk—they are so full of new and good things they have learned from the paper. The paper has many beautiful engravings.

Rev. Corey—As small as my salary, I would have the paper if it cost \$5 a year, instead of \$1.50. The fact is, it helps out my salary. My little garden plot at the parsonage has yielded us almost all our table vegetables, besides many beautiful flowers. The Agriculturist has been my constant guide. I knew but little of gardening; but this paper is so full of information about the best things to plant and sow, when to plant, and how to cultivate—all told in so plain and practical a way, by men who seem to talk from their own experience, that I know just what to do, and how to do it well. The high moral tone of the paper, its common sense, the care it takes of all parts of the Farm, the Garden, the Orchard—the Household work, and the Children as well, with its hundreds of beautiful and instructive engravings—make it the most valuable periodical I have ever seen. I heartily wish every one of my parishioners would take it for himself and family. It would awaken thought and enterprise, give interest to the town and neighborhood talk, stimulate improvement, introduce new and profitable crops, animals and implements, and add to our wealth. Take my advice, and all of you try the paper a year. The \$1.50 it costs, is only three cents a week, and it is worth that any way. Why the large and beautiful engravings are worth many times that.

Mr. Davis—I took the Genesee Farmer last year, and as that has stopped, I thought I would take a new paper.

Mr. Smith—The "Genesee Farmer" was not really stopped. The Publishers of the Agriculturist invited Mr. Harris to join the Farmer to the Agriculturist, and put his whole force into the latter paper. They paid him a large price for his office, and moved it with everything connected with it to their office. So the Agriculturist is really two papers joined into one, and of course better. I think you better go with Mr. Harris to the Agriculturist, that has been published for 25 years, and has a hundred thousand circulation, which, as the editor of the ADVOCATE has told us, supplies the means and facilities for giving us a great deal more for the same money—Mr. Harris carries on his large farm, and in his "Walks and Talks on the Farm," and other things he writes for the Agriculturist, he tells us a great deal about all kinds of farm work.

Mr. Davis—Put me down for the Agriculturist.

Mr. Smith—I am glad to do so. I know you will like it. The January

number, which has just come to hand, is alone worth the cost of a year. See here, (showing it,) there are 40 pages, twice as large as the magazine pages, and there are thirty-five engravings in it, two of them full page size, and see how beautiful! Why, I'll give any man who takes the paper a year, a dollar and a half in goods out of my store, if he says at the end of a year he has not got many times his money's worth.

Mr. Butler—Put me in your club.

Mr. Greene—And me too.—Mr. Brown—And me.

Mr. Smith—I have no interest in the matter, except to do a good thing for the place. You can join our club, or any one who desires can get the Agriculturist for all of 1866 (Volume 25), by simply enclosing \$1.50, with his name and post-office address, and sending it to ORANGE JUDG & Co., 41 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY. The paper always comes prompt and regularly, and, what is a good thing, it stops when your time is up, without you having to write about it. I predict that there will be plenty of others next winter, to talk as Mr. Rich, Mr. West, Mr. Crane and Parson Corney have done to-night.

Extracts from the Old Guard.

The English papers are naturally horrified at the brutal conduct of the mob that witnessed the execution of Wirz. But the fiends who disgraced that occasion with shouts were Puritans—they could have been no other. The English editors ought to remember what devils incarnate the Puritans were in their own land, where they originated. The Marquis of Montrose, for doubting the Puritan holiness, was condemned to be hanged on a gallows thirty feet high, afterwards to be quartered, and his limbs nailed up at the four gates of the four principal cities of Scotland.—While this horrible execution was going on, the Puritan clergy abused and mocked the victim, and belittled about his eternal damnation. Puritanism is the same in America that it was in England.

The Republican papers are quoting, with approval, the language of that most infamous wretch, Brownlow, to the effect that "the war closed two years too soon." Yes, certainly too soon for the millions who were either slaking their thirst for blood, or were making money out of the slaughter. These fiends are well described by Erskine, in a speech in the House of Commons, in 1792, as follows:

"There are stretches also without virtue, labor, or hazard, who are growing rich as their country is impoverished. They rejoice when obstinacy, ambition, or folly adds another year to slaughter and devastation, and laugh from behind their desks at bravery and science, while they are adding figure to figure and cypher to cypher, hoping for a new contract from a new armament, and computing the profits of a siege or a tempest."

When the army took possession of Baton-Rouge, in 1862, the commanding general, a Massachusetts man, stole from its pedestal, in the State House, a magnificent statue of Washington. It was shipped North, but no one appears to know of its whereabouts. It is probably stowed away in some shed in Massachusetts, if indeed it has not been broken to pieces, in keeping with the general vandalism that marked the path of the Massachusetts soldiers in the South.

Wendell Phillips, in a speech in which he denounced nearly all the great names of American history, exclaimed, "Where now are the Jacksons, the Clays, the Jeffersons, and Websters?" Well, we trust they are in heaven, where they will never more be annoyed by your presence.

Carlton has lately published a book, which purports to be written by Barnum, (but edited with a note from the "truly learned and ingenious" publisher), called the "History of Hamburg," or some such title. We have not seen the book, but from newspaper reviews we learn that the two eminent scholars, i. e., the author and the publisher, confess their inability to discover the origin of the word Hamburg. It is a corruption of "Hambug," and originated during the great war on the continent of Europe, when so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at Hambug, that at last, when any one wished to signify his disbelief of a report, he would say, "you got that from Hambug," or "that is Hambug," and finally it was corrupted to hambug, and became a common expression for a cheat or an imposture.

The Herald, reviewing Mr. Buchanan's book, confesses that he is right in affirming that the Constitution gives no power to the Federal Government to coerce a State to remain in the Union, but says "Mr. Buchanan lost sight of the expansive powers of the Constitution." That charge, we freely confess, cannot be made against Mr. Buchanan's successor, for he evidently regarded it as an old india-rubber shoe, which he pulled and twisted, and stretched, until it became so expanded that there was no substance left in it.

MAKE THE HOMESTEAD ATTRACTIVE.—It need not cost much money to adorn the place one lives in. Begin by digging out the briars and thistles of the dooryard. Plant a few trees; then add several flowering shrubs, perhaps that answer for one year. Next year make a gravel walk or two and set a few flowering plants by their sides. Your wife and daughter will sow some flower seeds, if you will only prepare a neat border for them. Look at these few improvements, some bright morning next June, and we guarantee you will be glad you made them. And these labors, so rewarding, will lead on to others. The fences and buildings will be kept in repair.

Trees will be set out along the road side. The house will have window blinds, the rooms will be papered and painted, good furniture will be provided and books and papers will not be missing. All these things will be regulated according to one's ability. And, as a general rule, whatever one means, it is better to make improvements by degrees from year to year, than to do them all at once by the job. Be assured this is the way to find the most happiness in home adorning. And remember, the influence of such improvements does not end with the individual family. They tell silently, but with great effect upon society. Every neighbor and every passerby feels them, and many are led by such examples to go and do likewise.

THE CENTENARY OF METHODISM.—In the month of October, 1766, the foundation of the Methodist Church was laid in this country, in feebleness and little prospect of greatness. This year marks its hundredth anniversary—the Centenary of Methodism.

It was proposed by the General Conference, held in Philadelphia in 1865, to celebrate this centenary year, and the Bishops appointed a number of clergyman and laymen to assist them in carrying out the plans of the Conference into effect. It is to be celebrated by special religious services and liberal thank-offerings, the offerings to be devoted to some great monumental purpose and for local objects. Each annual conference is to have a memorial sermon delivered before its own body some time preceding next October, and the Bishops ask not less than \$2,000,000 to carry out the great purposes they have in view. Church debts are to be paid off, universities and colleges to be freed from embarrassment and endowed, etc. A million dollars, in addition, is to be raised for the missionary cause.

From the small beginning in 1766 the Methodist Church has grown to be the largest body of Christians in this country in 1866. Commencing worship in a little log cabin in London, its church and parsonage property is now estimated at \$30,000,000; institutions of learning, over \$3,000,000.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—From a private letter dated Virginia City, Nevada, Nov. 5, received by a gentleman in Harbor Creek, we copy the following account of a narrow escape from death under peculiar circumstances:

A little boy, three years old, near the Ophir Works, slipped away from the house in company with a Newfoundland dog, and as he did not return, was supposed to be lost. The people turned out en masse to search for the boy, and continued their efforts all the day, the next night and the succeeding day, but neither child nor dog could be found. Every shaft that could be thought of was sounded and explored. In the evening of the second day the father entered a tunnel which had been previously searched.

But this time he went to the further end of it, where was a shaft of one hundred and ten feet deep. He called, and had the satisfaction of hearing a feeble voice reply from the pit. A rope and assistance was procured, and the father lowered, when he brought up the boy and dog, neither of them seriously injured. The child and dog were found lying inside by side. A few scratches were all the marks borne by the little fellow, received, probably, from the rough side of the shaft in falling. He had been probably thirty-six hours in this living grave. The tunnel's mouth is one hundred and fifty feet from the shaft, and being dark, the wonder is why the little one ventured in.—*Eric (Pa.) Dispatch.*

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—Among the Alleghenies there is a spring, so small that a single ox could drink it dry on a summer's day. It is so its abruptness way among the hills till it spreads out into a beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and bearing upon its bosom more than a thousand steamboats. Then, joining the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles or more, until it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall root and rear till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rivulet, an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.

If you buy a crying baby's silence by yielding to its wishes, you will find the cunning little huckster bestowing you continually for similar bargains.

Surgeon Abernethy said the cure for the gout is to "live on sixpence a day, and earn it."

No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; none heavier, for it never melts.

THE STATE CONVENTION.

White Suffrage Demanded.

THE REMARKS OF HON. M. BLAIR.

Address to the People Adopted.

MEMORIALS TO THE LEGISLATURE.

Every county Represented.

The convention of delegates from all the counties of the State and the city of Baltimore, elected in pursuance of the recommendation of the conservative members of the Legislature, assembled at the Temperance Temple on the 24th of noon, for the purpose of taking measures looking to the repeal of the present disfranchising State registry law, and for the restoration of political rights to the majority of the people. There was a full attendance, constituting an imposing assembly. The convention was called to order by George W. Her-ring, Esq., of Baltimore city, on whose motion Geo. M. Gill, Esq., was selected as temporary chairman, and Mr. Robert D. Morrison, of Baltimore, appointed secretary. On motion of Mr. John L. Smith, of Baltimore, a committee of ten was appointed to examine the credentials of members. The chair appointed the following gentlemen as said committee, viz: John L. Smith, J. T. Mason, George Schley, D. McMaisters, S. F. Johns, and John B. Boyle. The credentials were then handed to the committee, and the members retired.—Mr. Smith, chairman of the committee, subsequently reported delegations present from every county and the city of Baltimore.

On motion, a committee from each delegation was appointed to select permanent officers of the convention, and also to recommend rules of order for the regulation of the body. After a short recess, the committee reported the rules of order of the House of Delegates of Maryland, and recommended the following gentlemen as permanent officers:

President—Hon. Montgomery Blair, of Montgomery county.

Vice-Presidents—Col. Jas. Wallace, of Dorchester; Hon. John Wethered, of Baltimore county; Geo. M. Gill, Esq., of Baltimore city; J. Oden Bowie, of Prince George's, and George Schley, Esq., of Washington.

Secretaries—Milton Y. Kidd, of Cecil; Wm. H. Neilson, of Baltimore city, and Thos. E. Williams, of Prince George's.

The report of the committee was adopted by acclamation, and the gentlemen named took their places on the platform.

REMARKS OF MR. BLAIR.

On taking the chair, the Hon. Montgomery Blair returned thanks for the honor conferred on him in the selection of himself as the presiding officer. He said it was indeed a rare honor to be called upon to preside over so important a convention as the one now assembled, and the honor was so totally unexpected on his part that he was scarcely able to do more than return his thanks. He regarded the present as one of the great occasions of the age—an occasion when people were called together to consider measures to preserve for themselves and for posterity their dearest rights.

The country had just passed through a terrible rebellion successfully, and we were still left a united people. It was but natural that after the late severe strife there should be some bitterness of feeling, but it was not the character of the American mind to indulge in bad feeling from generation to generation.—The rebellion was over, and now, no matter what the feeling of the masses of the people had been—no matter what errors of judgment had been committed, now was the time to reconcile all differences, to forget the past, and to look forward to a bright future. During all the late troubles, amidst the crowds he had addressed, he had never looked upon more intelligent faces, more manly and honest countenances than he now saw before him—men who had filled high positions in their native State, and in the councils of the nation; and yet these men were to be proscribed, were to be debarred from having any vote or participation in a government which he was sure they loved as heartily as he did.

The great fight, here remarked, was now over, the Union had been preserved in all its integrity, and however men may have honestly differed, the time had come when the past should be forgotten and all become friends. But the question was not merely a matter of feeling. It was a question of principle. President Johnson had said that we must trust the people with their own government, and this was the doctrine of the speaker, for when we can no longer trust the people with their own government, we have no government at all.—President Johnson had said this even of the late rebellious Southern States, and if it was to be so with them, how much more should it be so with Maryland, a State that, however much the feelings of her people had been with the South, had never been in rebellion; and yet, here in our own State, more than one-half of her starry population had been precluded from taking any part whatever in the affairs of government.

Mr. Blair remarked that it was conceded on all hands that the trouble was over, and yet we find men stirring up the embers of contention merely to keep themselves and their party in power.—The greatest desire of power until they could introduce the black element, by which to override the whites in the South, and keep control of the country. This was a large and mighty scheme—

conceived by adroit men, and about being carried out by wily politicians who knew no interest but their own. These men had taken advantage of the confusion brought about by the war to carry out their schemes. With them he found he could no longer act, and when, some months since, he went to address a democratic meeting in New York, a party different from that with which he had co-operated during the war, a great hue and cry was raised that he had gone over to the democratic party. It was said that the restoration of the South would restore that party to power, and this seemed to be a controlling reason with their opponents for keeping the South out. Whether that was the reason the democracy were for restoration was immaterial. Restoration ought to take place, and he went with those who went for it.

The representatives from Baltimore, Messrs. Phelps and Thomas, were also compelled to vote with the democratic party for the reason that they could not vote with their own party as marshaled and disciplined by Thad Stevens; they had to do this in order to keep down the black element which Stevens and his friends were endeavoring to force upon the country in their own interest. But how was our Governor behaving, whom we elected in opposition to the Thad Stevens party in Maryland? He regretted to say that he was striving to fasten upon Maryland the proposition of white men inaugurated here by the late Henry Winter Davis, in order to introduce black suffrage, for which he was an avowed advocate. It is true that he does not go for universal black suffrage, meaning, probably, not to let the women and children vote, but he can have no public reason for excluding white suffrage here now but in the interest of black. There is no other question. It is simply white and black.

Negro suffrage is the absorbing political question of the future, and which must involve in its results the preservation or the overthrow of our system of constitutional government. Upon this question the sentiments of President Johnson were in accord with those of the people of Maryland, and he desired earnestly that the citizens of Maryland and of all the States of the South should at once, without restriction, be restored to their fair share in the control of the country, towards which they now harbor no hostile feeling or purpose.

All those whom Governor Swann proscribes are against black suffrage.—If he was earnestly against it why should he work to exclude those who agree with him from the polls? Mr. Blair regretted that the Governor had deserted the principles upon which he was elected to power. The Governor had professed to be with him for restoration, and still professed to support the President's views. But so did nearly all the 116 members of the House of Representatives who voted for negro suffrage in Congress last week, but neither the President nor the people were misled by such professions. The Union men of Maryland who had sustained Mr. Swann, and elected him over the Davis party here, would not follow him and desert their principles, and be drawn into Thad Stevens' party, because the democrats now rallied to the support of the President.

In regard to negro suffrage, Mr. Blair said it was a scheme for the establishment of despotism on this continent.—Napoleon's throne was built on universal suffrage, and the plan was to degrade suffrage here by giving it to negroes, the children of the tropics, the creatures of impulse, to whom despotism was the natural government. King James the 2d. of England, Mr. Blair said, was the father of the registry law, only the registers under him were called regulators, and he pushed proscription much farther.

For example, in the town of Tewksbury, Macauley says, the regulators only allowed thirteen voters, but this was found too large a number, for a majority of those voted against the King. And that would be the case in Maryland—the sober second thought of the people would bring about the change. There was that innate honesty in the American heart that led him to believe that justice would yet be done, and that speedily. [Mr. Blair was frequently interrupted with hearty applause in the course of his remarks.]

Henry W. Archer, Esq., of Harford, moved that a committee of one from each county and the city of Baltimore be appointed to report business for the action of the convention, and that all papers be handed over to said committee, which motion prevailed, and the following committee appointed: Allegheny, J. Philip Roman; Montgomery, Jas. A. Tansy; Anne Arundel, Col. Nicholson; Carroll, Jos. M. Parke; Baltimore county, Hon. Samuel Brady; Baltimore city, George M. Gill; Harford, H. W. Archer; Cecil, Dr. J. H. McCullough; Queen Anne's, Colonel Stephen Bradley; Tabot, Philip F. Thomas; Caroline, Thomas H. Kemp; Dorchester, D. M. Henry; Somerset, Dr. Geo. R. Dennis; Worcester, B. E. Smith; Prince George's, John E. Brooke; St. Mary's, B. A. Jarneson; Charles, Dr. Carrico; Calvert, F. Lewis Griffith; Kent, Jos. A. Wickes; Frederick, Hon. Jacob Kunkel; Howard, Judge William M. Merriek; Washington, Z. S. Claggett.

The convention then took a recess until seven o'clock, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.