

in whose veins there is hardly a stain of black-blood, and the *whiter* a slave becomes, the more he knows and feels *Knowledge and feeling are direct antidotes to Slavery*. Ergo, the larger the increase of slaves, *without the aid of the hateful slave trade*, the sooner will Slavery be swept to the winds, and the slave advocate to the ocean.

There's a speech for you !

Well, we must leave Baltimore and the blackies now, and hurry homewards. I picked up Lucille (who, all the time I was away, laboured under a conviction that I should be kidnapped as a white Nigger, and sent to "pick cotton in de field"), and without halt or hindrance, returned to New York.

I have hurried my narrative here, as it scarcely can be looked upon as a portion of my legitimate "Trip," and it is moreover my intention, at some no very distant date, to re-visit the Southern States, having seen sufficient promise of a most interesting and amusing tour : and should such intention be carried out, I may possibly again rush into print, and give my readers a longer Chapter on my "opinions" of Baltimore.