

*The Baltimore Convention, as seen by Bob Short
in a Vision.*

I dreamt; but what care I for dreams,
 And yet I tremble too;
 It looked so like the truth, it seems
 As if it would come true. [Montgomery.]

A few evenings ago, I resigned my head to my pillow, tortured by a train of reflections upon the political corruptions of the day, the decline of republicanism in the land, the march of despotism, the progress of consolidation, and the lifeless indifference of the people at large to their constitutional rights. Thus exercised I dropped to sleep, and in my sleep I dreamt that I was unanimously chosen by the people of Georgia, to represent them in the Baltimore Convention. My Commission was made out and signed by Governor Lumpkin for and in behalf of the Union men, countersigned by Judge Clayton in behalf of the Nullifiers, and attested by William Springer in the name of the Whites and Cherokees.

Thus avouched, I wended my way to Baltimore. Upon reaching the city, I was informed that the delegates had just assembled and I hastened to the Council-Chamber without loss of time.

I entered it just as they finished counting out the ballots for President and Secretary of the Convention. Mr. Francis P. Blair was unanimously chosen President, and Mr. Amos Kendall Secretary. Upon taking his seat the President addressed the assembly as follows;

Gentlemen—Permit me to tender to you my unfeigned acknowledgments for the very high honor which you have conferred upon me. I frankly confess that I have no claims to it, but those which arise from honesty of purpose, unwavering integrity, independence of spirit, and entire exemption from political prejudices and partialities.