# The Lancaster Intelligencer.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

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## WHO BEGAN THE WAR?

MESSRS. EDITORS: Many and various attempts have been made to unravel the great mystery who began the war? or, in other words, to give the world a knowledge of the source from whence flow the poisonous, filthy and loathsome fountain, the effects of which have maddened the minds and fired the hearts of so many Americans, the best and bravest citizens against each other, to a degree unparalleled in the history of the Christian world. Citizens of the South against those of the North—citizens whose names America at one day was not ashamed of—citizens whom America in the days of her prosperity raised in her own house and instrusted with the keeping of her most sacred treasures—elevating them to the dignity of men in eyes of an observing world. Now with ingratitude, equalled only by that of Lucifer when he rebelled against the God of Heaven and Earth, these same citizens usher forth armed to the teeth with all the hellish implements of war, with viper hearts and men only in form, driving the chariots of death and destruction through the streets of every city, hamlet and village, the comforts of which were but a few short years ago purchased by the blood of their own fathers, and as it were determined on the dishonor and eternal ruin of our happy home in America.

America, the only country the Sun ever shone on that never was conquered by an invader; that sympathizing America, whose open arms received and made welcome the distressed and downtrodden of every clime; that America, whose flag was, is, and we hope ever will be, the passport to freedom from pole to pole; that lovely America, the garden and paradise of the world.—Oh! my country! how painful to behold thy disastrous condition. Thy people in martialed ranks; brother against brother and father against son, wading knee-deep in each others blood for the common destruction of all! In the name of high Heaven what can all this mean?

It may well be asked, as it has often been, in God's name what can be the cause of such an unholy conflict? This has been a world-wide question. Many, who in their short-sightedness could see nothing behind the curtain, have answered that slavery was the sole cause of all our trouble; and even President Lincoln, a few days ago, told some of his colored friends that if slavery and the black race had never existed, this war would not have taken place. We concur with Mr. Lincoln in so far as to say, that slavery has had much to do in bringing on this difficulty, and we believe that the emancipation of slavery never would have been so extensively advocated in the North, nor so much notice taken of it in the South, had the American people been conscious of its authors and its original design. And we are perfectly convinced, by long observation, that had the people of the United States been more careful in adhering to the admonitions of the great and giant-minded Washington, when bequeathing to a free people his last legacy and blessing, telling them to beware of foreign influence, peace would now be reigning where war is raging. In 1844, and at a still later date, when politics run high, we have been told that foreign influence was about to overtake us, but that was only a political dodge, got up to divert our attention to a wrong quarter where the enemy was not to be found. Whilst the demon most to be dreaded was preying at the life's blood of our happy country, the influence of perfidious Albion—for that was the enemy whose influence the Father of his Country so much dreaded, for he well knew that she was the enemy of the liberties of mankind all over the world. But of all countries calculated to injure us politically, England was least suspected, the more so from being frequently told by political hacks that England was the freest and best government in the world, and that England was America's friend. We were one stock—one people—one religion—speaking one language—almost one and the same person—mother country, and what not! But, my dear friends, by our own blind simplicity we have grossly deceived ourselves in England's conduct towards America, and the only man who can see England's treachery towards America is the man whose politics never bound him to any party further than the interests of his country was at heart; and the only thing which astonishes us, is that the body of the American people never can draw the veil to one side and view England in her true position. England wants, and always did want, to have America weakened down so as to suit her purpose in the balance of national power, and it was neither yesterday nor day before that she began her attacks on America for that purpose; and as we mean to prove that England is the cause of this desolating war, and has put slavery into the minds of the American people, as the etching tool is in the hand of the operator to work the design, we only wish to draw your earnest atttention to a few facts which will satisfy the mind of every unprejudiced man as to the truth of our assertion beyond all contradiction.

The first thing to which I direct your attention, is to an article which appeared in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening *Post*, which I remember reading at the time of its publication. I think it is in the issue for the last week in December 1832, written by the late and much lamented Mr. Richard Rush of that city, as an Address to the People of this country; and proving to their entire satisfaction that the threatened rebellion of John C. Calhoun, which agitated this country at the time, was altogether of English origin. It is from a conversation which had taken place between himself and a few of the members of the British Parliament, whilst he was in London as Embassador from this country, as early as the year 1824. Their place of meeting, I think he says, was the King's Arms Inn, and, after an exchange of common courtesies, America and her strength became the subject of the Table. Mr. William Cobbett, who had long been in this country, said that England would yet take America. Mr. Rush wished to know how that could be done, after England falling so far short of the mark in all her former attempts. The reply was positive, that England would agitate some untoward question in America, wherein both North and South would be deeply interested, until they would be excited to civil war, and then both would become an easy prey to the invader. And who, said the writer of the article referred to, is he who will not acknowledge that we are now reaping the fruits of England's influence through the agency of John C. Calhoun. So much for English influence and Cobbett's prediction—that influence which planted in the heart of South Carolina a never dying hatred for the American Union. A hatred, the effects of which at that day was as likely to produce as serious consequences as the war of the present time can do, had it not been for the timely and manful intervention of the intrepid Jackson. Thus England in her disappointed rage was forced to put on her studying cap, and sent forth a hypocritical yell of philanthophy from both Houses of Parliament for the abolition of slavery in the British West India islands. Societies were formed, debating rooms were opened, and collection boxes were placed at every cross roads, at every workshop and factory gate, at every theatre door and church gate; and as the greater number of the members of both Houses were cotton manufacturers, either spinners, weavers, bleachers, printers, or dyers, it required but a short time until there were funds sufficient raised to pay the planters of the West India islands for the title they held in their slaves. This was the system by which philanthropic England carried out her scheme of emancipation, whilst the government never subscribed one shilling towards the enterprise; but made it criminal in any Captain or Master of a ship to take any of the black population off the islands, unless as servants and return them as such, so that there was no danger of their emancipation ever interfering with the interests of the laboring classes in England; whilst, on the contrary, if she could have got the Southern planters to follow her example, she knew that the liberated slaves, by spreading over the Northern States, would give annoyance to the laboring classes in that quarter. But as the Southern Planters did not deem it prudent to follow in her track, she thought the next best card she could play would be to get up a hue and cry in the North against the institution of slavery in the Southern States, and thereby threaten the planters of sugar, cotton and rice with inevitable ruin, knowing well that if either of these dodges were successful, she had lit the faggot of never dying hostility in the bosom of the American Union, which was certain one day to bring the fulfilment of Cobbett's prediction through a very untoward question. And to obtain that end, with the sagacity of the sneak that beguiled Eve and the hypocrisy of the Devil, who was a murderer from the beginning, England covers the ocean with ships and lands her legions of hypocrites in the garb of Missionaries on our Northern sea board, spreading over all the free States like the locusts of Egypt, proaching to the unsuspecting Americans that the institution of slavery was an abomination in the sight of God, and that by abolishing the same they would be doing God's best work, still holding up England as an example.

At last the slave question became worthy of consideration, and in the counties of Philadelphia, Delaware, Chester, Schuylkill and Lancaster, as well as in every other corner of the North, debating rooms were opened. The question then being whether was slavery a blessing or a curse to the country, and whether it should or should not be abolished; and for the use of lecturers on that subject, a large and magnificent hall was built in Philadelphia in 1838, known by the name of Pennsylvania Hall, and was occupied for several weeks by lecturers on slavery—many of them advocating not only the abolition of slavery, but the actual amalgamation of the black and white races! During the time the lecturing was going on, it was quite a common thing to see a sparkling maiden of first class lady-like appearance, in the neighborhood of the Hall promenading, linked arm in arm with some high cheek boned buck negro with a shirt collar cutting his ears, and him walking on the end of his leg as it protruded through the middle of his foot, whilst his ivories were far from being hid. This was done of course to introduce the practice of amalgamation. Amongst the most conspicuous of the lecturers at that time was the very eloquent David Paul Brown, of the Philadelphia bar, whose opinions on amalgamation so disgusted the citizens that they rose up in masses, broke in the door, kindled a fire in each of the four corners of the Hall and consumed the whole building, which but a few days before had cost forty thousand dollars. Mr. Brown for a few months left the city, and the cry for amalgamation dwindled into nothing. But amalgamation had yet more evil deeds to perform.

Whilst England's influence was thus goading on the people of the North to the destruction of Southern institutions, her agents were also at work in the South urging them to resist any tariff measures that might be presented in Congress for the protection of Northern manufacturers or business generally; and some English speculators have even gone so far as to tell the Southern planters that England would buy all the cotton the South could raise, provided they would refuse selling that article to the people of the North. This was as a matter of course to sustain English manufacturies. Thus, for many years, between North and South, England held, as it were, the position of a hypocritical mediator between two disputants, saying strike that scoundrel, and whispering in an under tone to the other, if I was you I would not stand that, but you can do as you please. Thus at every dodge driving the poisoned arrow of bitter revenge deeper and deeper into the heart's core of our peaceful country. But the deepest, deadliest and most destructive wound ever aimed at the peace and tranquility of any country by a foreign and unsuspected enemy, was inflicted in the bosom of this happy republic by a society of the Queen of England's maids in waiting, between the years 1848 and 1849, under the delusive veil of philanthropic zeal for the diffusion and increase of religion amongst the African race in North America. The inconsistency of such an act, at such a time and from such a quarter, is what develops the monstrous fraud embodied in the atrocious design. It will no doubt be remembered that from 1846 to 1851 it pleased the Giver of all Good in His Divine and merciful Providence to visit the western parts of Europe with what is generally termed a short crop, and in the more westerly parts the lack of provisions was more sensibly felt; and experience having proven that when the potato is raised on Irish soil it is more nutritive than when it is elsewhere cultivated, causes that root to be greatly used in Ireland by all classes, but more so by the working people; and the potato having entirely failed in Ireland during the above mentioned periods, famine, starvation and death swept that island, whose population numbered six million of souls, to such an alarming extent that thousands and tens of thousands laid down and died by the way-side for want of bread, till the grave in five brief years closed over one-fourth of its whole number of inhabitants. And when an Irish committee petitioned her most gracious Majesty, setting forth the starving condition of Ireland, with a view to excite the British government to lend a helping hand to elevate the sufferings of her Majesty's most loyal subjects, that committee was answered by a letter from Sir Robert Peel to Daniel O'Connel, stating that Parliament would not meet until late in February, a period of three months from the date of the letter; thus at a time, when it was no uncommon thing as stated in the London *Times* with sarcastic cant, that only one hundred and fifty had died the day previous in Ireland of starvation, and instead of helping to relieve the poor and needy. Every man who had sympathy to think and courage to say that the government ought to extend a paternal hand in that critical juncture, were dragged from their homes like as many beasts of prey, shut up in dungeons, tried like murderers by packed juries, to be hanged as felons, and to be quartered and beheaded as traitors, whilst in the Queen's leniency their sentence was commuted to transportation to Van Dieman's Land during her Majesty's pleasure.

It was at this trying moment of Ireland's existence, a moment which stands in her history's pages as the great famine of the nineteenth century, that American sympathy for Ireland drove a thrill to the heart and brought a blush to the face of perfidious Albion, and renewed never dying love in the heart of every Irishman for his adopted country, a truth which their conduct has proven on every battle field. So soon as the alarming account of Ireland's deplorable condition reached the happy shores of America every heart melted with sympathy, every bosom swelled with benevolence, every man's hand was thrust into his pocket bringing forth the one thing needful; and in our Congress halls the sound of sympathetic benevolence for Ireland rang loud and long, the doors of the national treasury were thrown open, and the archives of every commonwealth in the land poured forth their donations. In every city, town and village meetings were held, and collection boxes appropriated. In Philadelphia, in Independence Hall, the first day the subscription list was opened seven thousand dollars were collected; the second day six thousand dollars; the third day five thousand dollars; the fourth day four thousand dollars; the fifth day three thousand dollars; the sixth day two thousand dollars; and the seventh and last day one thousand dollars were collected. Besides, many thousands were collected in the different wards of the city. Every banking house and savings institution handed out their thousands and tens of thousands, and throughout the Union it was all as one voice of sympathy for the suffering Irish. Provisions were purchased, ships were chartered, captains and crews were hired, and in many instances captains volunteered their services; and from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande the ocean was covered with ships laden with all kinds of provisions; and as fast as sail or steam could propel them safely into port, each discharging their swelling cargoes—the donations of the free, happy and prosperous people of America into the empty, hungry and welcoming lap of ever generous but then famine-stricken and starving Ireland. That act of American benevolence stamped indelible shame on the frozen heart and brazen forehead of that would be imperial parliament of her most gracious majesty for its disregard to Ireland's wailings in her moments of adversity, and to tell what effect that act of American friendship had on the hearts of Irishmen we have only to look at their deeds of daring at Bull Run and throughout this campaign.

But America was not to go long unpunished for his benevolence towards suffering Ireland. The Queen and Consort viewed that act of American humanity with disgust, and instead of opening their hearts to the relief of their suffering subjects they caused a meeting of the Lords of the Colonies to be held at the house of the Duke of Sutherland, in London, in the month of August, 1849, for the purpose of concocting the easiest means of driving the last nail in Ireland's coffin; and whilst the Russels, the Palmerstons, the Aberdeens, the Derby's, and the two Highland gentlemen, the Duke of Sutherland and the great Lord of the Highlands, the Duke of Argyle, were closeted in the Highland man's back room planning a coercion bill for the suspension of the writ of Habeas Corpus and the establishment of Martial Law in every county in Ireland, as a means of chaining down by England's iron grasp the few whose souls and bodies still hung together in the form of living skeletons, having passed through the ordeal of famine's bitterest trial, that under the weight of England's iron heel Ireland's grave might be sealed, and the name of that once nursery of christianity be only known to futurity as a thing that had passed away. And now, my friends, let us view the hypocrisy of the Queen's Maids in Waiting, who whilst their husbands were in conclave in the back room for the above-named purpose, were themselves in the parlor assembled with Lady Sutherland at the head of the board, at the hour of midnight, concocting the ruin of America under false pretences, by appropriating ways and means for relieving the bodily wants and aiding in the better religious training of the colored population in North America! Such was the object of these two meetings as worded in the London papers.

It is an old saying that charity begins at home; but not so with the Queen's Waiting Maids, and the inconsistency of the objects of these meetings compared with the time and circumstances fully exposes the atrocious design, the results of which are now stabbing our once happy country to the heart's core; and no sensible man can be so blind as not to see it, for had charity been the object of these Angel-like ladies, there was certainly sufficient matter at home whereon to bestow their benevolence; for the Home Missions had just published a report showing to the world that there were twenty thousand persons in the City of London living by stealth or plunder, and thirty thousand rose every morning not knowing where to get a mouthful of bread; sixty thousand could neither read nor write, and that ignorance prevailed to a still greater extent in the mining districts. They say that having occasion to visit the colonies, they were astonished to find that ignorance reigned there to such an alarming extent. The people scarcely knew when the Sabbath came, and when they conversed with some of them concorning Christ crucified, they had been told that such a man never lived in that district; and that they were several times asked if Christ was a good boss, or rather if he was a good master, or if he was the candidate that was up for York or Durham at the next election?—There was a wide and uncultivated field for the benevolent hand of charity to operate upon, and that too within the hearing of the Royal Palace, unheeded and uncared for by those dear little Angel-like creatures, the Queen's Maids in Waiting.

But to speak of charity. We ask the world where is the man that ever knew of a charitable act to come from an English Queen or her Waiting Maids? No, no—we are more likely to find an eel's nest on the top of Bunker's Hill Monument than to find charity in the bosom of an English Queen or her plate-washers. Indeed it was the very reverse of charity which prompted these damsels of royalty to assemble at the darkest hour before day and form a society for the education of American children, either black or white. It was the spirit of rancorous hatred, envious malice and cruel revenge that, under the unsuspected garb of Religion, they might have a chance of throwing the last royal armful of unquenchable faggots on that already flaming pile of Abolitionism which England had already kindled and kept raging in the bosom of American fanatics. So that in the end, by hypocrisy, these royal nymphs might accomplish their deep, dark and damnable design, which had defied England's power by land and sea, combined with the skill and courage of Howe, Clinton, Burgoyne, Rodney, Cornwallis, the traitor Arnold and the gallant Buckingham to accomplish—the destruction of the American Union.

After the above meeting the first packet brought out a reinforcement of missionaries to stir up and keep alive the new system of Abolitionism under the pretence of a religious training, and it was but a short time until it became the untoward question in which both North and South were deeply interested according to Cobbett's prophecy. The laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, as it was termed, were regularly supplied by England. Their rapid march was so successful in the field of conversion that great numbers of the American people, in their honest simplicity, were so much astonished and charmed by the wolf in sheep's clothing, that in the month of October, 1849, the Boston *Atlas*, a well-known newspaper of that city, came out in an article thanking God that there had been an alliance formed between the Ladies of Old England and the Ladies of New England for the better protection and religious training of the colored children in North America; and many of my courteous readers will no doubt still remember the very appropriate reply which Lady Tyler gave to that article. It was in substance, that the Ladies of London would do well by first looking to the wants of their own starving white population at home, before they would waste their benevolence too freely on the dark population of North America—for the United States were well able to take care of their own people. That answer ought to have been written in letters of gold and placed in the Halls of Congress at Washington, where the English Ambassador could read it daily.

Still the ball of Abolition rolls on from the debating room to the pulpit all over the Northern States, and indeed it was apparent that the different congregations vied with each other in denouncing slavery and intemperance; and amongst others the fanatical Henry Ward Beecher, of New York, even went so far as to tell his congregation that men should sell their Bibles and buy Bowie-knives and rifles and go down South and shoot and cut the throats of those who kept slaves on their plantations, and by so doing he would consider them justifiable in the sight of God for doing his best work. And it is too well known that such as the above were the general sentiments of the Northern pulpit, so that Mr. John Chambers, of Philadelphia, was perfectly correct when he told his congregation on Thanksgiving day, 1860, in the church in Broad street, that the American pulpit was the cause of this unhappy struggle, and few men living knew the cause better than his reverence, as he himself had preached the same doctrine for many years, and at the same time knowing well that it was England's desire he should do so. Whilst religious fanatics in the North seemed so enchanted by the subject of slavery, for the purpose of debate the political wire-pulling demagogues, both North and South, were not unmindful of its capital producing qualities. In the South, and by a Southern man, a book was written on the abominations of slavery, known by the name of Helper's Book, which was largly endorsed by members of Congress at Washington. Whilst in the North societies were formed, known by the name of underground railroad, under the influence of what they termed a higher law, from Canada to California, linked with that of the Queen's dames in London—the latter being the fountain head from which monthly instructions and the means of having them executed were transmitted to the former and at the disposal of Mr. Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune*, who acted as President for the underground track, and who was to see that when the man with the woolly head would be kidnapped or stolen from his proper owner, whether agreeable to his feelings or not, he would be faithfully concealed and forwarded to the most remote corner of her Majesty's dominions in North America. This dodge was altogether for the purpose of exciting Southern animosity, but too slow for political purposes, in the Presidential campaign. Wherefore it was agreed upon by the Queen's Maids, the Greeleys, Beechers, Smiths, Wilsons & Co., that nothing short of the effusion of blood could come anything near the mark of the original design. Hence bleeding Kansas, agreeably to the London articles of managment, the filthiest cess-pools of broken merchants and disappointed politicians were dragged, and lo and behold! a tool every way suiting their purposes, comes forward in the person of John Brown who had been tenderly raised, carefully educated, married and lived comfortably for many years, and by his appointments rendered reckless of life, offering himself as a fit person to be a conductor on the underground railroad. He is just the right man in the right place, said Greeley; and Brown goes to Canada in the first train. From Canada back to New York, from New York to Canada again, and from thence to Kansas, with his dispatches in his pocket how to act and how he was to be rewarded. And there he burns a barn belonging to one of the new settlers, and a stable belonging to another, and then flies to Nebraska, stays a short time there, and goes back to Kansas, makes himself master of a few rowdies, and leaves them at work destroying life and property, whilst he returns to Canada, and from thence to New York, and there enlists some few of the Five Point lads and others, numbering in all about twelve desperadoes. He sees his employers, receives his pay and new instructions, and is off again to Kansas; and with his band of land pirates commences and carries on a wholesale trade of butchering and burning, according to his own confession, for the space of three years. Whilst the whole Northern press was kept alive by the murder cry of bleeding Kansas, whilst none but the anti-slavery fanatics of the North and the Queen's Maids in London had the slightest knowledge of John Brown, or for what purpose Kansas was kept so bleeding, until Kansas became too hot for him and his murdering brigade, and then to the tune of Greeley's quick march, he and his invincible band, twenty-five in number, strolls down through the State of Virginia, armed to the teeth with rifles, shot-guns, broom-handles and garden-hoes, and assail the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. Several of his men, including some of his own sons, were killed, and the rest with himself were taken, tried, condemned and hung, near Alexandria, Va., for treason against the Constitution of the United States of America. The day before his execution, his wife, whom he had not seen for two years, brought several checks or orders that by having his signature to them the might at any time draw the reward of his long blood letting in Kansas.

It was a common saying amongst his Greeley friends, and even to this day, that she same murdering John Brown died a martyr to his country, whilst they well know that he and all his band of traitors, as well as all the innocent lives destroyed by them in Kansas, were only victims to the infernal design of their ladyships in London. And on the day of Brown's execution, that same Horace Greeley regreted that he had only given Brown twenty dollars for all his toils and murders, and let it be remembered that Mr. Greeley had just been a few days home after his visit to London, in behalf of the same John Brown.

The tragedy of John Brown, together with the spirit of some acts known by the name of Personal Liberty Bills which were enacted in several of the Northern States, where an Abolition majority ruled, as well as the practice of kidnapping, and the bitterness with which inflammatory speeches were delivered in the Halls of Congress against the institution of slavery, opened the eyes of Southern men to a sense of duty, confirming their opinion that what the Northern people had heretofore said or done was not done in jest. They believed, and recent acts of Congress goes far to justify that belief, that the Northern people were soon coming down South to burn, butcher and rob the country. A sectional President was to be the passport to Southern Independence, and, as self-protection is nature's first law, resistance to what they considered an infringement on Southern Constitutional rights was indispensable. Meanwhile England was still careful to keep always a debate going on in Congress for the suppression of the slave trade, or the right of search; and by her whim and quibble each section of the Union believed her to be their friends, although, in England's unguarded moments the teeth of the lion could be seen glistening through the expression of Lord Aberdeen. When speaking about Central America a short time since he said that America was getting large and spreading too far, and by next return exchanges the French press responded in the affirmative and said that it ought to be looked to.—Meanwhile the North and South watched each other with an eye of jealousy, each thinking that if things should come to the worst, England would be their friend for certain. The North on account of her anti-slavery principle; the South relying on England's free trade spirit and her dependence on the South for cotton.

Mr. Lincoln, when fishing for the reins of power, had given vent to expressions prejudicial to Southern constitutional rights, showing his willingness to abolish the institution of slavery in that quarter, which so exasperated the people of the South that when he became President of the United States, they determined to sever their State ties of unaminity and hold no more fellowship with those of the North, which they considered to be their most deadly enemies. Southern wrath was fomented to a boiling point; several of the Southern States were declared free and independent of the North; whilst a member of that Convention stood up and thanked God that they had that day completed the work of forty years; thereby proving that Cobbett's plan was in operation at the very moment that he divulged it to Mr. Rush in 1824. In South Carolina the war cry went forth, and about the 18th of April, 1861, the first act of resistance to the authority of the United States was performed by the rebellious party taking forcible possession of Fort Sumpter. Since that day two armies have been raised, each numbering nearly a million of men, and at this moment confront each other—fathers plunging the dagger into the necks of their sons, and sons into the bosoms of their brothers. Every State in the Union has become a Potter's field; every river in the land runs red, and every sunny spot smokes with the blood of the bravest of the brave from every clime under Heaven, as well as with that of America's noblest sons. And all for the gratification of despotic monarchy through the glorious triumph of the Queen's Maids in London, and their Greeley dupes in America, under the pretext of the bodily protection and better religious training of the colored population in the United States of America.

And now that England has taken some kind of a neutral position, much to the disappointment of both North and South, it is somewhat diverting to read the taunts and gibes of the London press on the two American belligerents, paper blockades, &c. Whilst Lord Palmerston, with the sagacity of the snake which is natural to him, chuckles over what seems to be our bitterest misfortune, and from his lounge on the woolsack responding to the many petitioners who are urging England's intervention, tells them in tones of his usual gravity that it is too soon for England to interfere in American matters—signifying that a little time will weaken both North and South and make them more suitable for England's purpose, that Cobbett's prediction may be the more easily fulfilled; for he no doubt thinks it will be with us as it was with the two Kilkenny cats, that fought till there was nothing left but the two tails, and then the two tails fought till Pat Murphy's dog came in and run off with them. But Mr. Palmerston may rest assured that England or himself will never see the day that the North or South, or either one of them, will be an easy prey to the invader. But if in our misfortune it should be the will of Divine Providence that the restoration of our Union as it was be rendered impossible, and the proud genius of America be shorn of her jewels, she will dress herself in the latest style of mourning, which was woven in the Highland man's parlor at London, and made by the Greeley dress-makers in Congress in 1861, and fly from the dome of the Capitol to the top of the Monument of the great Washington, there to take the last fond look at her once happy home and garden of the world. And, alas! what a melancholy picture appears to her despairing eye. She sees a number of men dressed in black with long faces, each with his hand on his pocket, looking behind him in dread knowing that his deeds were evil. She sees an empty treasury and a mountain of debt at its door. She sees desolation on every side, depopulated cities and deserted villages, and as far as the eye can reach there is nothing but one vast expanse of death-stricken devastation.—

And the few who may have escaped the ravages of the great conflict, trembling atd tottering under a load of taxation; and the air will yet be reechoing the groans of the departed millions on the battle field, mingling with the wailings of one hundred thousand widows and screams of five hundred thousand orphans, crying for bread and none to give them, and not a man to be seen in the land younger than sixty years of age with the exception of invalids strolling about, some without legs, others without arms, hungry and helpless, without a shelter or a shilling. She will hear the prayers and groans of destitute and suffering thousands offered up to Heaven, imploring vengeance on the heads of the guilty ones. And the voice of the great body of the American survivers, raising like a thunder storm after being betrayed to their ruin, crying woe be to the knaves into whose hands we intrusted our country's keeping. She will see the old Stars and Stripes contemptibly derided the whole world over. And the name of the American republic will have become a phrase of derisive scorn to the remotest corners of the globe. And looking to the South she will hear the rejoicing of the people clinging round Jefferson Davis, crying well done good and faithful servant, you have been faithful over a few things we will make you ruler over many, you henceforward shall be called the saviour of our country. And again turning to the North she will tell them she has just heard the people of the South pouring their congratulations on the head of their deliverer, Jefferson Davis, for his unflinching integrity throughout their afflictions. And addressing herself to the partizans of the North she will ask them in an unmistakeable tone who amongst you thinks himself best entitled to bear the weight of the atrocious crime of destroying my once happy country. The blood of your Fathers can no more be boasted of. Democracy! Why did you not come to my rescue in all the majesty and greatness of a free people? Republicans! Why did you mingle with bad company and foreign influence contrary to the warnings of the great Washington? And turning with a frown to the guilty ones, and as the hangman would adjust the rope on the neck of his culprit, she will hang like a millstone that bag of iniquitous abomination, infamy, disgrace and eternal degradation around the neck of abolitionism, as a keepsake and a just reward for his many years of labor, hoping that in future that relic the weight of her crime, may keep him in eternal remembrance of Amalgamation, bleeding Kansas, Negro emancipation, confiscation and no compromise.

She will then deliver the wreck of her country into the hands of futurity and drop the last tear on the top of that mememorable pedestal, bid adieu to all happiness, and descend into the deepest and darkest cell of oblivion, and there hide herself in shame from the contemptible gaze of a once admiring world, and to avoid the hypocritical and sarcastic sneers of the Queen's maids in waiting.

These, sirs, are the true and undeniable causes of all our troubles, impartially collected from the passing events of forty years, by your most sincere friend who always rejoiced at the prospeaity, but now weeps for the fast approaching destruction of his adopted country.

J. M.


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