

rals of untold wealth, waiting for the hand of enterprise to develop, and for these we want a market. The facilities for manufacturing in this country are second to none upon the face of the globe. Where we can buy one dollar from England now, we could then buy five, and pay for it. It does seem to me that reason, common sense and honor demands that our paths should separate. We have no right to be a tax, a burthen, and a weakness to our brethren of the British Islands. And can any one suppose that the wise men of Britain do not see this in all its bearings!—they certainly do.

The United States, Great Britain and France would become the contracting parties to our separate nationality. A war with either of the two latter Powers is simply impossible. Ours and our neighbour's interests would become so blended by trade and commercial treaties that a war with them would day by day become more and more an impossibility.

It is most astonishing to me how some of our journals and people seem, by their action, to court a war. Loud-mouthed braggadocia, continual knawing and bickering at what our neighbours are doing. Surely there is enough for people to do, especially journalists, to set their own matters right; many reforms are needed, and it certainly is our interest to rather strengthen the bonds of friendship than to weaken them with a people so near at hand as the Americans. The late lamented Cobden will live long in the memory of his countrymen for the part he took in making a treaty with the ancient enemy of England, and thereby extending trade and promoting commercial intercourse between these two peoples.

Many of us talk about war as a light matter; but, perhaps, there is not another people just as unfavorably situated as this country for such a state. A long thread of country, at every part of which the United States has a powerful base extending back the length of the continent, while at no one place have we one deeper than a hundred or two miles. So that this becoming the theatre of war, we have no place to fall back upon, save the frozen, inhospitable regions of the North. The mere concussion of forces meeting upon this belt of country would destroy us—would make us one blackened mass of ruin. Take the Power of Great Britain, and call it, as the *London Times* said, fifty times a stronger Power than the late so-called Confederate States, and picture the destruction there must be had with two such powerful antagonists meeting in deadly conflict and strife. Yet, apparently, to some, who attempt and set themselves up as leaders, this is nothing. Go farther: Overrun with common soldiery driven out in our rigorous climate, troops of helpless women and children would perish by thousands—our whole male population in the war. Why would they thus be more than in any other country, simply because our country is so circumscribed in breadth, one can be nowhere but in the front, we being all front. Who can describe the horrors of war, with the tread of armies, numbering almost millions, rolling the tide of slaughter over this land! We could scarcely have room to bury the dead out of our sight—the