

of prosperity, ease and increasing luxury, for more than thirty years, for a season endure the partial privations of the present adverse times, they deserve to wear for centuries the uncouth government of Goths and Vandals. Could the disorganizing minority but realize for a moment the disastrous consequences of their contemplated separation of the States, they would "lay their hands upon their mouths, and their mouths in the dust, and cry unclean, unclean, Lord of Hosts forgive our iniquities." If civil war must ere long, drench Columbia's fertile and verdant domains in the frantic blood of slaughtered kindred, we implore the God of battles; it may spend it's fury before the hoary veterans of *seventy-five*, who yet live, shall pass beyond the stars. They have once conversed with England's thundering cannon; they have once dispersed the menial Jackals that crouched around the British lion: and when the minority shall take up arms against the Constitutional Laws of the majority, and attempt to wade to government and power through the innocent blood of their patriotic countrymen; when that Junto of Rebel Tories and their mortgaged hosts of servile minions, who are this moment fanning the angry flame of civil discord, shall "strike" their meditated blow of insurrection, the sleeping swords of war worn whigs and of their patriotic offspring shall leap from their scabbards and put the fiend-like foe to flight.

FINIS.