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Political.

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

Cobbett's Letter.—In this evening's paper will be found a letter from this singular man, addressed to "The Reverend Joseph Harrison, and the Gentlemen assembled at the Stockport meeting on the 28th of September, 1818." We give this extraordinary production just as we find it in the Weekly Political Register, written here, but published in London. It bears the marks of being genuine, and yet we can hardly believe that it is so. The measure it openly recommends, that is, the counterfeiting of the bills of the Bank of England in this country, and sending them over to that to be put in circulation there, is so utterly at variance with our ideas of moral rectitude, that it staggers our credulity. Even in a state of war between nations, the poisoning of the wells and springs of an enemy are prohibited. It is, therefore, with good reason, (says Vattel,) and in conformity to their duty, that civilized nations have closed among the laws of war the maxim which prohibits the poisoning of wells; and they are all warranted by their common safety to repress and punish the first who should offer to break through that law. A still more general unanimity prevails in condemning the practice of poisoning waters, wells, and springs. What is the material difference in principle, between the measure recommended in this letter and that here so forcibly condemned?

FROM COBBETT'S WEEKLY POL. REGISTER, LONDON, FEBRUARY 20, 1819.

To the Rev. Joseph Harrison, and the Gentlemen assembled at the Stockport Meeting, on the 28th day of September, 1818.

On the sure means of destroying the tyranny.

NORTH HAMPTON, 20TH DEC. 1818.

Gentlemen—The Thanks, which you were good enough to give me at your Meeting at Stockport, in September last, have been received by me with feelings of peculiar pleasure. It is pleasing to me, that I should be remembered by you; it is more pleasing that I should have been deemed worthy of your praise, and, if I may so venture to say, that I should have had my exertions have had, and may yet have, the tendency to serve our country in an hour of peril. There are some sentiments expressed in your vote of Thanks, which I think, it may be useful to notice in a particular manner, and which I will do, first begging leave to insert the whole of that Resolution, which I deem a mark of great honor.

"That the warmest Thanks of this Meeting are due, and hereby given to Wm. Cobbett, and for the many valuable essays he has written, and the great services he has rendered, since he unfortunately left this, his native country, with our assurance, that he would have the day of his return with heartfelt joy, and a consciousness that he is by far the most able to keep his irritated countrymen out of the claws of that monster he has dragged forth, and is now naked to our scorn; which monster is not they, the Gilds, the Stewards, the St. duits, and all the hireling crew, who were unable to answer with the pen, now rush in with their drawn knife, and exclaim 'write on!' To use the words of the Westminster address, they shake the halter in my face, and rattle in my ears the keys of the dungeon; and then they exclaim, with a malignant grin: 'If I do you no harm, would never have been written.' It happened, that the tyrants have relaxed a little, but you were some of you in dungeons, while my Essays were publishing; and, it is not to be believed, that I should, during the time, have been left to the free use of pen, ink, and paper. Indeed, the manifest object of the Bills was to prevent the publication of my Essays. I verily believe, that, if I had gone to the tyrants, and agreed not to write any more, they would not have passed the Bills. This was as good as said by the acting tool of the tyrants. They traced the whole of the stir; they said, while they gnashed their tiger teeth, that it was I, who had taken the vengeance of the people from Butchers' and Butchers' shops, from Mills and Barns; and had transferred that vengeance to the proper objects. Each villain seat-seller could have eaten a bit of my flesh, and drank a glass of my blood. They were actually expiring under my blows. They knew all this. They avowed it. They openly ascribed all their fears and disgrace to me.

Can it be supposed, then, that they would not have proceeded to use some means or other for preventing me from writing? They would not have adopted the dungeon towards me all at once. They would have dunned many of you first. They would have spread about tales of horror. Talked of horrible designs. They would, as they did, have alarmed all the rich and timid. They would, then, if they had failed in soborning false witnesses, have first prepared the way by the means of their press, and at the end of a month, would have shut me up

in a dungeon, where I would have been, while their infamous press would have read out lies against me of all sorts, and while the base Bardett would have been doing his best to sanction their deeds against me. This would have been my fate; and what is more, if I had been in their dungeons, those dungeons would not have been opened so soon as they were. Having missed their principal object, they loosened their net.

What would have been said by the vile press, if I had been in a dungeon, may be easily guessed from what was said by Woolter and Co when they thought that my writings would never reach England again. How soon Woolter and the Whig pitched upon my reputation you saw. Woolter called me *hypocrite*, *deserter*, *foot soldier*, and made use of all the means in his power to destroy, not only my reputation, but the effect of what I had done before. He thought to have raised himself upon my murdered name. What, then, would he, and others like him, not have done, if I had been fast in a dungeon?—Believe me, my friends, that he, and all such men, and especially Bardett, would have done all within their power to prevent me from ever coming alive out of that dungeon. I had the hatred of the Borough-villains, and the envy of these wretches to contend against. Bardett, though guilty, was not then exposed. His name was great with the mass of the nation. He well knew that I was enraged at his conduct: he knew that he was dressed up in my plumes: he knew I could strip him at any time; he knew, that, if so stopped, he would be a poor naked bird. My death would have left him in safe and quiet possession; and, I verily believe, that he would have done all he was able to do, underhandedly, to effect that death.

All this I know very well; and, therefore, there was no possibility of continuing the struggle without retreating. You are good enough to say, that you regard me as being far the most able to assist the cause. So thought Woolter, and so thought Bardett; and it was precisely because they so thought, and because they knew that the people so thought, that they winged me in my flight. Whatever they possessed of zeal for the cause was wholly eclipsed by their base envy of me. I knew, indeed, that some of the villains, who should have sent me to a dungeon would have been stabbed or shot; but that would have done little good to the cause at that time, and it might have been attended with consequences that I never could have survived.

I, indeed, I had, as the base Woolter asserted, a plan, a determination to send my writings to England, the produce of the act of retreating might have been less evident. But, I have proved, that I had both. I have proved, that my retreat was wise as well as necessary. My essays, those very essays, which you deem so valuable, prove, that I had sound judgment, as well as ardent zeal. Much I had done before I left England; and, as you will see, I have still greater things yet to do; or, to cause me to be done?

In my Leave-Taking Address, dated on the 21st of March, 1817, was the following passage: "As for me, I shall never cease to use the best of my endeavours to save her from the dangers which threaten her utter destruction; and I hope you will always bear in mind, that the purpose of being still able to serve her. It is impossible for any man not to see clearly, that the sole choice now is between *silence* and *retreat*. Corruption has put on her dagger-we must, therefore, fall back, and cover ourselves in a way so as to be able to fight her up more equal terms. The Gilds, the St. duits, and all the hireling crew, who were unable to answer with the pen, now rush in with their drawn knife, and exclaim 'write on!' To use the words of the Westminster address, they shake the halter in my face, and rattle in my ears the keys of the dungeon; and then they exclaim, with a malignant grin: 'If I do you no harm, would never have been written.' It happened, that the tyrants have relaxed a little, but you were some of you in dungeons, while my Essays were publishing; and, it is not to be believed, that I should, during the time, have been left to the free use of pen, ink, and paper. Indeed, the manifest object of the Bills was to prevent the publication of my Essays. I verily believe, that, if I had gone to the tyrants, and agreed not to write any more, they would not have passed the Bills. This was as good as said by the acting tool of the tyrants. They traced the whole of the stir; they said, while they gnashed their tiger teeth, that it was I, who had taken the vengeance of the people from Butchers' and Butchers' shops, from Mills and Barns; and had transferred that vengeance to the proper objects. Each villain seat-seller could have eaten a bit of my flesh, and drank a glass of my blood. They were actually expiring under my blows. They knew all this. They avowed it. They openly ascribed all their fears and disgrace to me.

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the funding system here would be blown up even by this regular trade, which is carried on for the sake of mere lucre. The Canadian artists, who are, probably, Americans, sell pictures of the *mimic* notes of the Philadelphia fabric; and, it is quite impossible for people in general to distinguish one from the other. So that, if the Borough-villains depend on the Philadelphia fabric, they are in a hopeful way.

However, as "spec mens" are to be to England, it will be but evil to let us have specimens of the Borough-notes in exchange. I am anxious to possess memorials of the follies of the Borough-villains. Let me, therefore, receive some of the new notes that they may produce, if they do produce any. A one, a two, a five, a ten, will be sufficient. Let some persons send me these as soon as they can, and I will send them back safely in ten days after the arrival. You see, then, there may be some good reasons for my remaining here a little longer. I mean to have no hand in this myself. There are men enough here, whose fingers itch, whose limbs tremble, whose hearts are ready to bound through their sides to be at the villains. I have seen their blood all in a commotion to destroy the villain who are trampling on the vitals of their country, who are degrading the king and murdering his people, and whose main instrument is a fraudulent paper upheld by the shedding of rivers of blood.

However, you must not be impatient. Nobody can do any thing till it is seen what new invention the villains resort to; whether they adopt Mr. Woolter's plan, or that of that wise personage, the editor of the *Liverpool Mercury*; or whatever other place it may be, from the skull of whatever other vicious fool. Be patient; live, and, if possible, live in England. —You will, if you be patient and prudent, see every thing come out right in a short time; I mean comparatively short; for what is a year when we are talking about such events!

Have I not reached their villanies, then? Do they not feel my blows? Will they not hovel for having drawn their knife? Shall not Kiley and Brandreth and Cashman be yet named with honor? Shall the account of Jellico and such men never be audited? Shall not Bolton Fletcher and the Hampshire parsons and the Put-clubs have their due at last? Be patient. Be loyal. We have no quarrel with the king, or with his family, or with any thing that is lawful. It is tyranny that we would, and that we will, destroy.

They will not be paying in specie. A good noise will be made about this. Such insidious and yet artful lies will be put forth! Believe nothing of it. An approach towards it will lower prices so as to produce scenes like those of 1817. Payment itself, *real payment*, will do the business at once. Pray read again *paper against Gold*, and particularly letter XXV. You will there see it proved, that they never can pay in specie without blowing up the system. Perhaps they may pay in part. In silver; or, in some way to make the payment cumbersome and difficult to the receiver. This will answer no end; for, it will only require a few bank notes to be sown in order to make people prefer specie payments, even copper, to payments in paper. In the above mentioned letter, XXV, you will find some very valuable observations, which were made by Sir Francis Biddell in the bullion debate. —But let me tell you, that those words, which I quoted as his, were my own. They made part of a speech dictated to him by me. I have always quoted them as his; but, it is time now for me to take back property from this *shy cock*; this man, who has, in the most foul and cowardly manner, calumniated me, and, who is a great deal worse, betrayed us all. I will, before I have done with him, strip him as bare as the back of my hand. He never wished to see the fall of the funding system. By no means. What an exposure of the whole thing he might have made years ago! How he might have prepared the nation for what has now happened! But, he did not wish it. He always, I am convinced, wished the system to be perpetual.

You will bear in mind, that, if payment in specie were really to take place, *wheat* would be at three or four shillings a bushel. The revenue could not then amount to more than 16 or 17 millions. Indeed it could not amount to nearly so much. For, a great part of the people would be wholly ruined. An approach towards this would produce a fine confusion again. And yet, if it be not done, our match may, at any time, be put to the train.

I see, that that surprisingly wise gentleman, Mr. Perry, has broached the scheme of a *Signorage*. "What is that?" you will say. Why it is making the guinea pass for thirty shillings; or, a thing of that sort, though different in degree. Very well! But this is a bursting of the bubble. It is a reducing of the interest debt one third, and reducing all interest in the same degree. This would not do, however; for a saving of bank notes would destroy all paper; and then, in order to pay the interest of the debt, the guinea must pass for two or three pounds! But long before things came to this pass, the whole thing would be annihilated, Borough-villains and all. Perry call my scheme, which, indeed is not mine, a *diabolical suggestion*. To be sure!

(See fourth page.)