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civilized world was embodied under the banners of Rome, her Dictator, at the head of thirty thousand veterans disembarked for a second time on the coast of Britain. The face of the country was covered with a forest, and the solitary tribes were divided upon the old question, *Who shall be king?* The island could hardly have attained to a twentieth part of its present population, yet by his own account, the invader found a retreat prudent, or perhaps necessary. South Britain was afterwards subjected, but this acquisition was the talk of centuries. Every village was bought with the blood of the legions. We may confide in the moderation of a Roman historian, when he is to describe the disasters of his countrymen. In a single revolt, eighty thousand of the usurpers were extirpated; and fifty, or as others affirm, seventy thousand soldiers perished in the course of a Caledonian campaign. Do the masters of modern Europe understand the art of war better than Severus, and Agricola, and Julius Cæsar? Is any combination of human power to be compared with the talents and the resources of the Roman empire? If our naked ancestors resisted and vanquished the conquerors of the species, what have we to fear from any antagonist of this day? On six months warning we could muster ten or twelve hundred thousand militia. Yet, while the despots of Germany were fighting about a suburb, the nation has condescended to tremble for its existence, and the blossoms of domestic happiness have been blasted by subsidies and tide-waiters, and press-gangs, and excisemen. Our political and commercial systems are evidently nonsense. We possess within this single island, every production both of art and nature, which is necessary for the most comfortable enjoyment of life; yet for the sake of tea, and sugar, and tobacco, and a few other despicable luxuries, we have rushed into an abyss of blood and taxes. The boasted extent of