

alliances, England could perhaps afford to disregard the natural strength which lay within her own possessions. But how stands the matter now? Russia and all her tributaries is in battle array—Austria is treacherous; Prussia sulky. All Germany stands aloof. We have to lend money to Turkey and Sardinia to enable their armies to keep the field. The United States, thoroughly Russian in sentiment, preserve a sort of armed neutrality. Our sole effective ally (a noble one I grant you) is France. God give stability to her councils, but I tremble when I think how much may depend on a single life. This is a faithful picture of England's relations with all the world. Stand before it, and tell me if it does not counsel her to strengthen her alliances with her own natural allies—with her own Provinces, peopled by her own children. Is the old Pelican eternally to shed her blood for the nourishment of offspring, who fly away when they are strong, or who when the eagle descends upon her nest, fold their wings, and do no battle in her defence? Surely the mother is careless and indifferent, or the children are unnatural.

The whole Austrian Empire contains but 36,514,466 inhabitants, a trifle more than one-third of the population of the British Provinces beyond the sea. How have we waited, and pleaded, and negociated, and argued for an alliance with Austria, while we have never wasted a thought upon the strength, latent but tremendous, which lies in John Bull's gigantic limbs, that our