

dern guides be sufficiently extolled for this great act of prudence? How like the ridiculous old Roman triumph was that procession, with which the French cannon taken at Cherburgh was brought through the city, attended with the colours taken at Louisbourg? It was an incident of the utmost injury to ourselves; the people grew mad with fighting the French, and the poor poltroons were not suffered to rest in any part of their settlements. But how humane, how christian-like, are our people to be for the future! what an alteration are we to expect! Sir Edward Hawke was sent for home: was it feared he would behave so unmannerly to the Spaniards as he has often done to the French? or was it feared that our people would likewise go mad in fighting the Spaniards, that the Hermione's treasure passed with so few attendants to the Tower?—To be sure the English are an odd sort of people, they love to bring their enemies to reason; and if they cannot convince them by fair argument and negotiation, they are so hard hearted as to beat them into a conviction—until new comers and new doctrines are imbibed, by which it is logically proved they have been all the while in the wrong, and that *conquests are their ruin*.—Here is the clue to that crooked
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