

of monopolising the commerce of the world, greedily seized the opportunity when hope in Europe was at the lowest ebb—when Great Britain had strained every nerve and every sinew of her power to aid Russia in her last convulsive effort for national existence—when the French armies, headed by Napoleon in person, were accumulated in overwhelming force on the frontiers of Russia, ready to move forward in the cause of despotism and ambition, even in Britain, hope was alloyed with painful apprehension: we waited in suspense, with a humble reliance on the assistance of Divine Providence, and we waited not in vain:—this was the crisis, earnestly prayed for—anxiously watched for, and eagerly hailed by the *soi-disant* independent Americans, to unite with the enemy of the human race, in sinking to the bottom the last buoy of hope which, under Providence, despairing Liberty had to look to. But Heaven inspired the Russians with a self-devoted patriotism, which led them to lay their ancient capital in ashes, that it might not harbour such a fiend within its bosom: this was an immense offering sacrificed on the shrine of Freedom, and it accomplished the desired purpose. Had Buonaparte succeeded in his enterprise as he fondly anticipated, and as the government of America eagerly wished, Britain, single-handed, would have had to struggle for her existence against the united energies of the whole world. But, America alas! too soon attempted to imitate the ass in the fable: the lion has revived, and will not submit to an insult from her base-born heel.