and tremendous Precipice; too much Expence makes us Bankrupts, too little makes us Slaves. Some Years ago, the French were by no Means a Match for the five Nations: now, they have a Communication, by a Range of Forts, from the River St. Laurence in Canada, to the Ohio near the Missippi. Hence it is, that they hold our Colonies between the two Ends of a Net, which if they tighten by Degrees, they may get all of them into the Body of it, and then drown them in the Sea. When the Ship is finking, the Man at the Helm in vain lays the Blame upon the Labourer at the Oar, or the Labourer at the Oar recriminates upon the Man at the Helm; we are all in one Vessel; it is our Interest. as well as our Duty, to unite heartily in the common Cause; and, laying aside private Ambition and Animosity, to act with Alacrity and Confidence; and to perform every Thing in our Power, for the Preservation, Honour, and Happiness of our Country."

This was the fatal Spark, which kindled the Flame of War in every Quarter of the World; and which afterwards raged (particularly in Europe) with a destructive and unrelenting Fury, beyond the Example of former Times. France and Austria, to whom Francis the first and Charles the fifth had left a Kind of hereditary Antipathy, mutually ran into each other's Arms. Great Britain was put under the disagreeable Necessity of expending