

“ alliance stick to them, and blister their backs,
 “ like the poisoned garments of Hercules; and, like
 “ him, they would writhe and bellow, and invoke
 “ all the gods to deliver them from the cursed ap-
 “ pendage. They will *cover the seas* with ships of
 “ war!—Where will they find them? They have
 “ about half a dozen fit for service, and the rest lie
 “ rotten and impounded in a mud-puddle at Wash-
 “ ington, where, of all places in the world, (150
 “ miles up a shoal and crooked river) they have
 “ most sagaciously fixed their *navy-yard!*—it will
 “ take many years to build others;—and where is
 “ the money?—The non-intercourse with us will
 “ at once sponge off ONE HALF OF THEIR IMPORT
 “ DUTIES.—Will they lay direct and internal taxes
 “ to build ships of war, when they talk of leaving
 “ their national debt unpaid, their ports unprotect-
 “ ed and defenceless, rather than break in upon
 “ their system of economy, or put at hazard their
 “ popularity by burdensome taxes? No, with
 “ *such* an Executive, and *such* a Congress, we
 “ have nothing to apprehend. True, they have
 “ instructed their Envoy to *demand*, but he is ex-
 “ pressly forbid to *insist*; their threats and their
 “ *paper* resolutions (very aptly called *foolscap* re-
 “ solves) are all, *vo. et præterea nihil.*”

THE END.