

able ambition of the powerful nation with which (though "*unfortunately*" a Monarchy) the vast and novel scheme originated, and by which it was carried out on a scale so truly colossal.

There are other triumphs besides this, and of more serious consequence, which we shall not be jealous to see the United States strenuously contest, but which Great Britain (aided by her Colonies) need not lose, if animated by her usual spirit and guided in the councils of her government, by something better than a Quixotic blindness to her own weak.

And the result of this emulation, we have not a doubt, will shew to the world at large that the Anglo-Saxon Monarchy has lost none of its ancient vigour and enthusiasm, and is well able to keep pace with the young and active Anglo-Saxon Republic,—the burly offspring which has sprung from its nervous loins.

The inhabitants of the United States may well be proud of their extraordinary energy, venturesome enterprise, marvellous progress, and brilliant prosperity; yet (let us be permitted to add) there is no question that their exorbitant national pride does frequently carry them too far, and that they think and speak as though they were the only energetic, enterprising, growing, and prosperous people on the face of the earth. This is absurd, and what is worse, it is offensive. Republicans, we know, have always been intensely conceited; but, then, with the Republicans of ancient times, who saw no better specimens of Monarchy than the vicious and decrepit autocracies of the East, there was something to excuse their inordinate notions of self-importance. They might have treated Monarchy with more respect had they seen what citizens of the United States see, and what, with all their self-admiration, they are in no small degree edified by seeing,—a Monarchy embracing under its liberal and popular sway, the largest empire of the globe; teeming with life and energy, knowledge and skill; sustaining cities, vast and opulent, enriched beyond conception by a commerce, in its extent and appearance immeasurably surpassing anything else of the kind that the world has ever seen, and adorned with the choicest works of art; an Empire, occupied at once, in its numerous colonies, with clearing away the forest;

and, at home, exhibiting, in its luxuriant pastures and yellow corn-fields, that garden-like agriculture, which, we verily believe, has been to most of the many Americans who have visited England, the object of unqualified admiration. All this we claim as the fruits of native energy and free institutions, and stronger evidence than this of the excellence of political institutions, we may fearlessly challenge our brethren in the United States to produce. We are sorry, then, to hear any of them speak,—as we have heard too many of them speak, in highly inflated language,—of what, as a nation, they are and expect to be, as though they possessed a monopoly of all that is good and great. We are sorry, we say, that it should be, as indisputably it is, a too common failing with them to talk in this vapouring strain; for it both stands in the way of their correcting their obvious faults, and, whilst it must obstruct and obscure the high career which is open before them, can only contribute to increase the prejudices of those of our fellow-subjects, particularly in the British Isles, who are content to form their judgment of the United States, with little philosophy or fairness, from what they see on the mere surface, of the manners of the people.

The sentiment which we should like to see diffused far and wide through the United States, is that which we saw well-expressed, many years ago, in the columns of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*,—we forget the precise words, but in substance it was this:—"We honour John Bull for his many honourable qualities; and, most of all, do we honour him, because he is the parent of so sturdy an offspring as Brother Jonathan."

The diffusion of such a feeling—frank, manly, true-hearted, with no silly braggadocio about it,—will be a satisfactory pledge of good-will and peace. That feeling, we trust, is gaining ground every day. It makes itself apparent in the rapidity with which we are convinced, the spirit of friendly rivalry is supplanting the gross and cruel appetite for war. In the remark made by Mr. Alison, in connexion with the Treaty of Ghent we go not with the usually far-seeing historian, but with his transatlantic commentators:—"Little doubt remains that, out of this premature and incomplete pacification, the germs of a future and calamitous war between the two countries will