

The Rhenish Provinces of Prussia would at once fall into the hands of France. A few British ships of war in the Adriatic Gulf, and twenty thousand French troops in Italy, combined with the Sardinian army, would enable all Lombardy to rise in insurrection upon its Austrian tyrants—the women-floggers of Vienna of ignobly scourged out of the valley of the Po—Milan and Venice would again lift up their heads—the gondola would glide joyously beneath the arch of the Rialto—and on the lagoons of the city “throne on her hundred isles”—while the pæans of freedom would be re-echoed from the fretted roof of the Church of St. Ambrose. Hungary that lifted up her voice in vain to the old world and to the new, when the swarm of Northern locusts was stripping her of “every green thing,” and driving her, bleeding at every pore, to the feet of Hapsburg tyranny—Hungary will bound with joy at the summons of Kossuth and Liberty, when Kossuth and Liberty shall be aided with English gold, armed with English steel, and succoured by English heroes on the field of blood. Dreaming Germany will throw aside her books, and rush forth from her cloisters, when the voice of a kindred people, rolling over from Anglo-Saxon isles, shall call upon her sons to hasten to the battle-field to fight for the long-violated liberties of the Fatherland. Sweden, rejoicing in the opportunity of recovering some of her stolen provinces, wrested from her in disastrous days by the Russian Bear, will strike manfully for Finland. The broken-hearted patriots of Poland will cease their wailing, and “gird themselves with gladness.” The spirit of Kosciusko, the mournful genius of their dismembered land, will seem to the eyes of now despairing Polish warriors to beckon them on to victory or death in the final attempt to free their native soil from the tyrants of the earth. The conquered Moslems and Chris-