

ple judgment, upon a wrong scent. We are wishing for a Revolution in England! and for what, I would be glad to know? to give the English a share of all the goody goodies, eh? No, no; they are the exclusive property of our dear allies, and, in the name of God, let them keep them all to themselves. To be sure they have just given *us* a taste, but then, I hope we shall have too much sense to run about crying roast meat.

Let us open our eyes; it is pretty near time, if we do not wish to be led blindfolded to the end of the farce, and even after it is over--- How can it be our interest to give way to this moody temper towards a nation, with which, after all, our connexions are nearly as close as those of Man and Wife? (I avoid the comparison of Mother and Child, for fear of affecting the nerves of some delicate constitutions.) Because a war once existed between the two countries, is that a reason that they should now hate one another? They had their battle out; let them follow the good old custom, drink and shake hands, and not suffer themselves to be set together by the ears by a parcel of out-landish butchers. If the animosity were on the side of the British, they would have some excuse; it is almost impossible for the vanquished party not to retain some tincture of revenge; but for him who boasts of his victory to brood over his ill-nature, is, to say the best of it, very unamiable. That maxim in war; "a foe vanquished, is a foe no more," ought ever to operate with him who calls himself the vanquisher, and, I believe, we should be very loath to surrender that title.

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