

and never put forth, I am sorry to say it, without some portion of censure levelled at Great Britain and her institutions, and this, too, by men of British birth! Is it not inexpressibly disgusting to see such men labouring to hide the excellencies, searching for the faults, and rejoicing in the anticipated ruin of their country. These be the veriest wretches---the helots of humanity---the most choice miscreants of our race. What I rejoice---and glory over the fall---the expected fall---of their country, and such a country. These men do not so much hate their native land as they hate their race. Let the light that now blazes from Britain be quenched, and all nations would feel that a great light had been put out, which the world could ill want. Let the power of Britain be destroyed, and the fulcrum on which the liberty of the world turns would be broken. He that wished that Rome had only one neck was hardly a wretch more hateful, than is that man who calls himself a British subject, and yet would rejoice to see his country covered with confusion, and all her glory pass away. Of such men I will say---"O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united!"---And of our country I will say, "If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

THE END.