

would afford, I fondly persuade myself we could forget the abundance in which we once flourished, make a merit of adversity, and live on the hope of better things.

When, as is sometimes the case of a Sunday, I take a short leave of that gloomy part of this vast metropolis in which we reside, and wander through the magnificent squares and parks of the west, thronged with gay equipages and smiling multitudes, my breast swells with admiration at the unequalled prosperity of Great Britain, whose inhabitants, reposing under the shield of the mistress of the world, can be thus secure and happy, while hosts of enemies in vain environ and beset them. At such a moment I can chide my selfish misery, and almost wish I had not been born an Irishman and bred a catholic. How different is the scene that must strike your observation among the demi-savages of America; where a weak and ignorant government is idly engaged in framing laws for an uncivilized and heterogeneous population. After all, the lion is the noblest beast. Let France and Russia, with their tributary potentates, conspire against him, and the American eaglet too show his impotent talons; the lion shakes his imperial mane in dauntless defiance of them all. The American federation, I suppose, cannot maintain itself much longer. According to the best judgment I can form of the prospects of that distracted country, the crisis is not very distant, when it will implore once more the protection of a parent state, which it has ever studied to outrage. Notwithstanding all the injuries that have been re-