nguish no-

mon sense e the single linquished. to prevent nata? as No. complished qua non indemnity! ter told us. nt in Euar, and the e so dreadcould never ng short of ow, sir, let we laid out vay to secudives, and ten Ceylon e have given their laurels e Nile, &c. nd Trinidad the states of a most cuies to what awkesbury). as it?—Oh and, Italy, o I suppose dergo a dineighbours. rable counstate ! But or She is ind learned un comfort,

that notwithstanding all that has happened, here we are debating and doing business in all the old forms and customs of the house. Pray now, could not this have happened, supposing we had never gone to war? I think he should have made that out before he congratulated us so warmly upon our present debate under all the old forms of the house. The minister, too, goes on according to old forms: he has his inajorities, according to custom. Prussia can go on, too, in its old forms. Is this armed repose, this hollow peace, then, the fruit of our long and glorious war? A great deal too has been said to be gained by the disposition of France to lay aside Jacobinism. But the grand consolation of all is, in looking to Bonaparte as the extirpator of Jacobinism. The learned gentleman, however, states to this house, that it is the nature of Jacobinism, if driven from any country, always to look with pride and ambition to a settlement in the place where it had birth, and to fix itself there. So now, this "Child and champion of Jacobinism," as he was styled, is to become a parricide. The child of sin is to destroy his mother. As this Jacobinism is by the late minister stated to be a vice never to be eradicated from the bosom where it has once been implanted, all Europe will, doubtless, look to this Great Consul for its destruction. Indeed, he seems very desirous of extending his care to his neighbours. Suppose you make him King of Europe at once, and he will soon extirpate all the Jacobinism that infests it. My alarms begin when the alarms of some persons cease. The great question about the dangers of the French revolution was always upon the degree of the danger to be apprehended. Some danger was always allowed: but to suppose the people of this country so miserably infatuated as to fall in love with dirt and blood, and guillotines, with all the atrocious deformities of the system of Robespierre, and that now when France is "covered with glory"—though certainly without liberty, or any thing that much resembles it there should be no-