

what would have been his reflections, had he lived to see those harvests from the ashes of desolation he foresaw—those astonishing internal improvements and blessings, which, no less than his unparalleled victories, are the glories of that incomparable being, to whose guidance the destinies of the French empire have since been committed by an omniscient Providence—under whose rapid genius the conscription works like the elements at the nod of cloud-compelling Jove—and the lightning of his counsel has executed its commission, ere the thunder of his command can report its progress.

Who are those Frenchmen that hope to resuscitate the decayed and withered trunk of the house of Bourbon whose few remaining branches are now scattered before the winds? Units among the millions that have consigned that worn out stock to obscurity, whose reliance is in the aid of the deadly, prescriptive, inveterate foes, both of the Bourbons and of France—the English nation. What are the motives of English hostility to the new French dynasty? Their instinctive hatred of France, sharpened by the dire spirit of impotent revenge, mixed up with the gall of defeat and disaster. Do they pretend to be fighting the battles of the house of Bourbon? They, who have grown up in hatred and abhorrence against that family; they, who since their own Harry V. overran the north of France, since their own Charles II.

and antiquaries, her poets and her orators, sacred and profane, I behold in all this something which awes and commands the imagination, &c.—*Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France*, p. 177.