

home altar, and launch forth every shaft of malice and virulence against the sacred order. They well know that when the power of religion is subverted, all other distinctions, all laws, divine and human, must be involved with it in one general ruin; nor can they allure their followers to deeds of bloodshed and iniquity by a more tempting system of ethics, than the assurance that our Holy Scriptures are the effects of priestcraft, and that wickedness shall meet with no punishment hereafter. We need not, I say, be astonished at this; but I certainly am unable to discover why prejudice should manifest itself so generally against this profession.

Let us turn our thoughts to the various paths of life which our fellow-creatures pursue;—let us, in short, compare the clerical life with that of the remainder of society. In that comparison it will not, I think, be found so deficient in human happiness as is generally supposed. The civil and military professions afford us every honour, every opportunity of obtaining glory which can be allowed to mankind. But can such a source of pride, such tumultuous splendour, equal that inward tranquillity, that genuine peace of mind, which those enjoy who have dedicated themselves to the Church, and restrained their passions by the dictates of Religion? Is the glory of governing armies—conquering cities—of exacting awe from all, by our bodily or mental qualifications, more to be preferred than the quiet and happiness of those, who labours are not of this world; whose endeavours are solely for the future benefit and welfare of mankind; and whose only ambition is to rescue the souls of men from eternal perdition and misery—“to guide our feet into the way of peace?”

Let me not, however, in my zeal for the Church, be accused of endeavouring to lessen the good opinion of my fellow-citizens in favour of the other professions. They all possess intrinsic merit; nor is anything further from my wish than to say aught in disparagement of them. Yet, while I allow that greater talent has been displayed in the other lines of life, I question whether greater felicity has been gained in them.

Reader! if your patience has borne you to the end of this Article, and you never should happen to have seen the beautiful lines of Goldsmith, which conclude it.—Look attentively at the character they depict;—observe the actions of him whom they describe;—and then ask of yourselves, whether you have ever discovered a more enviable instance of happiness than the following:—

“Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unask'd he to be seen, or seek for power;
By doctrine fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given;
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

EGYPTIAN COTTON MANUFACTURES.—It is now nearly fourteen years since the first attempt was made to introduce the cotton manufacture into Egypt; and the wisdom of the Pasha's policy may be estimated with tolerable accuracy by the result. At present most of the mills are in ruins, and immense heaps of machinery, no longer employed, are covered with rust, and mouldering to decay. Nevertheless, Egypt is haunted by a class of foreign mechanics and adventurers, who adduce the example of England, to prove to the misled Pasha that a change of machinery and management will quickly convert his mills into a lucrative source of revenue; indeed, I believe they have gone so far as to allude to the possibility of successfully competing with Manchester and Glasgow. The Pasha in all doubtful matters, generally embraces the most flattering side; for in his manufacturing schemes, he appears to think beyond his powers of creation. His highness having been informed, that coal is to be found in great quantities in Syria, has in consequence, adopted the determination of making his own steam engines; to drive an immense number of cotton mills. But these are not to be set up in Egypt, which, he has as length discovered, can never be converted into a manufacturing country. His recent conquests are next to taste of the bitterness of a despotism; which in lieu of encouraging the efforts of private industry, invades the province of the manufacturer, and the merchant, and is justly punished with disappointment and chagrin. No reasonable man, therefore, can apprehend any apprehend any lasting competition from a people ignorant in the extreme, and morally depressed to the lowest depths to which humanity can sink. The peasants are enabled to exist merely that they may labour for the government; and while this continues to be the case, they can never excel. There is only one man in Egypt interested in the success of the manufactures.

The Europeans engaged in the mills, are, for the most part unprincipled adventurers, who find their advantage in the ignorance and dilatoriness of the Turks. Receiving their pay, they are content to allow affairs to proceed in their natural course. One of these mechanics, who has resided many years in the country, where he is nearly naturalized, has done much for the Pasha and his own friends in Europe, exercising the important functions of engineer and contractor, greatly to the satisfaction of his employer; who has discovered the novel method of estimating the qualities of machinery by the exorbitance of its price. From what has been said on the state of the cotton manufacture in Egypt, and the insurmountable obstacles to its success, arising from the nature of its government, the climate, and the morals of the people, it will be abundantly clear that the Pasha can never become a formidable rival, in that particular branch of industry, even to the least advanced of European nations. It is impossible, however, to regard without indignation, the unhappy disposition of the prince who having once suffered himself to be made the dupe of designing individuals, is too proud to abandon his chimerical projects; while his unfortunate subjects, tormented by his caprice, and ground down by his despotism, are deprived of the miserable consolation of reflecting that their labour, however unproductive to themselves, is advantageous to their master. In closing my remarks on this subject, I shall venture to make one suggestion to the manufacturers of Great Britain; all yarns intended for the Levant, should be more twisted than is considered necessary in the European markets. The natives of Syria and Constantinople make use of a species of shirting, woven of hard twisted thread, which gives the fabric a crisp appearance. For this purpose they would consume a large quantity of British yarn were it spun in a mule, in a contrary direction to that in general practice in our mules; and the quantity consumed would be still more considerable were the English manufacturer to give his article twice the ordinary degree of torsion; the direction of the twist being immaterial.—*St. John's Travels.*

THE WORLD.—When we stand upon the sea shore we mark the gathering waters rise into a wave; we see it increase in size, and roll with violence toward the shore; of a sudden sinks, and the particles of which it is composed dispersed and form parts of other masses equally short lived and unsubstantial. Just such are the events of human life. A novelty occurs conversation is engrossed—the newspapers are filled—for a few days you would imagine its duration would last for ever; but whilst you speak another shadow has risen in its place, and that which before was the all important, is gone—is lost—is forgotten. This brief history comprehends nearly all the occurrences in the world; a new play, a debate in Parliament, a drawing room, or a sermon; a marriage, a birth, or a death. Yes, even a death; the loss of one with whom we had conversed perhaps only a few days before one whose voice yet lingers in our ears, whose image has scarcely passed from our eyes—the loss of such an one is for the most part merely the wonder of a moment. We drop a tear in his grave, and then pass on and forget, or if we do not entirely forget, it is because memory will in spite of ourselves, retain some scattered fragments of the past.

ACCOUNT OF THE IRISH MANTLE.—Edmund Spencer, (the English poet) in his *Vision of the State of Ireland*, says—“First the outlaw, being for his many crimes and villainies banished from the towns and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places, far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his tent house; when it bloweth, it is his tent; when it freezeeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose; in winter he can wrap it close; at all times he can use it—never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is serviceable; for in his warre that he maketh, (if at least it deserve the name of warre,) when he still flieth from his foe, and lurketh in the thick woods and strait passages, waiting for advantages, if his bed, vest, and almost his household stuff, for the wood is his house in all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in. Therein he wrapeth himself round, and coucheth himself strongly from the goats, which in that country doe more annoy the naked rebels whilst they keep the woods, and doe more sharly wound them than all their enemies' swords or spears which can seldome come nigh them; yea, and oftentimes their mantle serveth them when they are nere driven, being wrapped about their left arme, instead of a target, for it is hard to cut through with a sword; besides, it is light to hear, light to throw away, being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thief it is so handsome, as it may seem, it was first invented for him; for under it may

cleanly convey any fit pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abroad in the night free booting, it is his best and surest friend; for lying as they often doe, two or three nights together abroad to watch for their booty, with that they can prettily shroud themselves under a bush, or bankside, till they may conveniently do their errand; and when all is over he can, in his mantle, passe through any town or company, being close hooded over his head, as he useth from knowledge of any to whom he is endangered. Besides this, he or any man els that is disposed to mischief, or villany, may under his mantle goe privily armed, without suspicion of any, carry his head piece, his skean, or pistol if he please, to be always in readinesse.”

Spencer traces these mantles from the Scythians. He says—“The Irish have from the Scythians mantles and long glibbs, which is a thick curled bush of hair, hanging down over their eyes, and monstrously disguising them.”

This curious *Vision of the State of Ireland* remained in manuscript till it was printed, in 1632, by Sir James Ware, denominated “the Camden of Ireland.”

(From the Montreal Gazette, Dec. 2.)

The leaders of the Anti British party in this Province, have often asserted that their cause was identical with that of the Liberals, who are attempting to improve the Governments of the Old World. It will be seen, however, from an extract we this day lay before our readers, that the principal journal in England, if not in the world—the *London Times*, in its number of October 24, utterly repudiates the connexion.—It can see nothing in the grievances soldiered up by the *Clique*, it estimates the liberty we enjoy here, at its true value, and it deems contumacious to the doctrine so repeatedly put forth, that the Colonies are entitled to have “free government”—that is government altogether independent of the supervision and control of the metropolitan state. There is now little danger of Messrs Roebuck, Hume, and our other habitual misrepresenters in England, being longer able to abuse the public mind regarding our situation. To the accession of the *Times* to our party, we look with the utmost satisfaction—the influence which it possesses, not only over its own readers, but indirectly over the rest of the British press, is immense. The Constitutional Association, should, among its steps after being fully organized, take an opportunity of acquainting the Editors how highly their assistance appreciated on this side of the Atlantic. We will with pleasure give the Assembly the full benefit of the services of their agents, so long as we find an advocate in the *Times*.

Under the proper head will be found a letter from J. A. Roebuck, Esq., M.P. for Bath, addressed a certain Committee of Delegates at Montreal, representing, we believe the party in Lower Canada who are discontented with the British Government, or with their own situation under it, and who have shewn a disposition to push to extremities all those questions which they have raised with the mother country. A parliamentary Committee of Inquiry upon the matters in dispute, between Mr Stanly and the party in opposition to the Colonial Government, sat, it will be recollected, during part of last session; and it appears from the report which follows Mr Roebuck's letter, that the sentiments of the Committee were far enough from furthering the views of the Member for Bath, on whose representations it had been appointed by the House of Commons. The Committee “consider it their duty to declare their opinion, that a most earnest anxiety exists on the part of the Home Government; to carry into execution the suggestions of the select Committee of 1828; and that the endeavours of the Government to that end have been unremitting and guided by the desire in all cases to promote the interest of the Colony.” It then goes on in substance to lament, that “heats and animosities have arisen between the House of Assembly, and His Majesty's Government, which appear calculated not only to check the progress of improvement in Canada itself, but to affect most injuriously the general interests of the British Empire. In the opinion of the Committee, thus delicately, though unequivocally intimated, as to the causes which have gone far towards frustrating the endeavours of the Imperial Government to promote the well being of Lower Canada, it is not to be expected that Mr Joseph Hume, or Mr J. A. Roebuck should concur. The Committee state, that the efforts of Government, have been “unremitting,” and this moreover applies to the conduct of Lord Ripon, and of Mr Stanley, by whom successively the Colonial Department has been administered since Lord Grey came into office, and with reference to the latter of whom, and in hostility to him, Mr Roebuck had moved for the Committee.

We do not doubt that there may have been some particular language, or some detached or specific measures on the part of either of Mr Stanley, or the Local Government, or both, in which a provincial party not well disposed towards Great Britain, or eager to cavil at the mother country, rather

than to co-operate with her, might find occasion to take umbrage. But it may be fair to ask at once, what are the measures, by which such men would be satisfied? Let Messrs Hume and Roebuck, their acknowledged organs in this country, speak for them. Mr Hume, in a letter, of which he afterwards tried to explain away the meaning, talked of the grievances of Canada being all owing to the “baneful influence” of Great Britain; and though he attempted to construe these words into a charge against Mr Stanley only; the gentleman's real object, we imagine, was sufficiently clear.—With regard to Mr Roebuck, we thought, unless we are mistaken, we said at the time when he made his long speech on the affairs of Canada, as a preface to the motion for a Committee, that with whatever dexterity the hon. gentleman might seek to disguise the real drift of his observations, it was plainly nothing else than to encourage the Canadians to revolt against Great Britain, by describing as an intolerable grievance, any, and every restraint imposed upon the House of Assembly there, by the authority of the King or Parliament. So in the letter which we commenced by alluding to, dated the 5th of last July, although we are bound to say that he argues in favour of an immediate suspension of hostile feelings by the Canadian malcontents merely that Mr Spring Rice may have a fair trial of his disposition to “conciliate;” yet he lets it very clearly transpire, that if Mr S. Rice's conciliation, or in other words, his concessions to Mr Roebuck, and the party of the delegates, constituting, as it has been abundantly proved, a miserable minority in respect of wealth numbers, and character, of the King's Canadian subjects,—if, we say, the Colonial Secretary does not carry his concessions to a certain point, there is to be a renewal of hostilities. Then, what is that point?—Hear Mr Roebuck;—“it is better I allow, to fight, than to lose all chance of governing ourselves, but it assuredly behoves us to try all means before resolving to have recourse to arms.” And again—“You cannot have good government, till you in fact, govern yourselves, and that you cannot do, while the present Legislative Council remains;” which is saying in other words, that the Canadians must suffer no sort of control from England, nor recognize her supremacy. We shall not be suspected of undervaluing the right of self government as a political principle, taken generally, but a self governed Colony is a contradiction in terms.

In one empire there can be but one supreme Government—or the State pays the penalty incurred by every divided house, and necessarily falls to pieces. There are certain points of internal regulation, where in so far as they do not affect the relation of colony to parent state, the principle of self-government is acknowledged in most English Colonies. But that, we apprehend, is not the aim of Mr Roebuck. From the text of the hon. gentleman, and the practical commentaries of his Canadian associates, it may be, and indeed it must be, inferred that the sort of “self-government” *sine qua non*, amounts precisely to what Mr O'Connell drives at by his repeal of the Irish Union. It is a shaking off of their allegiance to the King of Great Britain—that is the only rational construction to be placed on his words, combined with the acts of the Canadian malcontents; and it would have been but honest to avow thus much when Mr Roebuck talked of “conciliation” on the part of the government of Great Britain towards Lower Canada. Now we suspect that Mr Spring Rice is not prepared for such lavish conciliation. We guess that the Right hon. gentleman will not sanction the surrender of one of the finest colonies in the world to be tortured by the experiments of a college of empirics; the most shallow, turbulent, rancorous, that either hemisphere has yet produced.—Further, we are sure that if the Colonial Department here in England should so far violate its duty as to abandon Canada to such a misfortune, the great bulk of our Canadian brethren, have too just a sense of their own interests, and too well founded a reliance on British protection and its benefits, to acquiesce willingly in the fate which the anti-British faction, seems to have designed for them. To the French Canadians who may have learned to gabble about “self government,” and all the rest of it as a ground whereon to murmur at the supremacy of Great Britain, we would in the most respectful manner possible, put this question—How much about Legislative Assemblies, or the blessings of self-government, or constitutional privileges of any kind would they have known, if England had not obtained by her victorious arms, a right of conquest over them, a right of the nature and validity of which Mr Hume may be ignorant, but which a lawyer like Mr Roebuck must be very well aware has been admitted by all jurists of all ages, and which now stands in the case of Canada upon the faith of successive treaties, backed by a seventy-five years' possession? What, we repeat would have been the political condition of the Canadas, under French rule? Look at Martinique, Guadeloupe, &c. A military Governor, with 10,000 bayonets, and the guillotine or bullet for every man who dares