

tion in the sight of Him who looks below the varnish of human society. Irregularity of payments in middle life, occasion more unnecessary wretchedness, than the plague, or the sword; he who regularly countenances and follows the reverse, is a Howard in his sphere, even if he never bought so much as a breast-pin at a bazaar.

BLOWING HOT AND COLD.—"Of what, then, have you to complain? is it that for some hundred years Ireland has experienced grievances at the hands of England? If so, let those dead Irishmen who were so aggrieved retaliate on those dead Englishmen who so aggrieved them; but let not the living Irish be the enemies of those living English who are doing all that they can for the amelioration of Ireland; and still less let the prosperous Irish here be impatient at evils which they do not feel, and which are at least three thousand miles from them. The Irish should be careful of entering into an unnatural alliance:—they should not easily fraternize with that race which harnessed them like beasts of burthen, to Humbert's cannon in 1798, and who thirsted for their blood in the Peninsula and at Waterloo."—*Montreal Paper*.

It would be difficult to find a better specimen of contradictory sentiments, than that contained in the above passage. It possesses a kind of moral and logical antithesis, which a man capable of writing the paragraph, would be thought incapable of perpetrating. It is a further proof of the madness of party, and of how blind a man may become while he believes himself an excellent guide for those who can see, and actually volunteers his services in that capacity. The sentiment at its commencement is just and philosophical, and he who would keep up bitter national prejudices when their cause had passed away, is only second to the wretch who would excite *religious* bigotry for his own purposes,—who would light the torch of hell at the altar of the Most High, and—chuckling over his *piety* and *patriotism*—throw the brand among the combustibles of human society. The sentiment then is good, the dead oppressed, should settle with the dead oppressor, and not the children of the one hate the children of the other, for that which was done before either were born. To do so, would be a mode of re-producing and perpetuating the evil—setting aside the abstract folly and baseness of the thing—and when it is induced, by Cobbetts or O'Connells, by Bishops in lawn sleeves, "strait-laced Presbyters," or "straight-hair'd Sectaries," it is the work of the fiend who delights in "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." But if the sentiment eulogized be worth a rush, it must apply to all kindreds, and tongues, and people; for it were as absurd to limit the application of a general moral rule, as to limit the light of the sun, and to say to that luminary "shine on my garden, and on Richard Roe's yonder, but do not attempt to look over the hedge of Peter or John." What then must we think of the villainous sophistry which peeps out of our quotation? It says, let not Irishmen gloat over wrongs which no longer exist, and nurture prejudices against their English brethren, on account of the acts of a past age; but let Irishmen beware of Canadians—their forefathers came from a place called France, and 30 years ago Frenchmen made Irishmen draw cannon¹ and fought with