

acclamations of pretended patriots. The apostles of a new fangled philosophy supported by a blind and ignorant multitude, were the only ones whose stentorial lungs could enable to be heard, notwithstanding the tumult of arms and of proscriptions, and therefore they alone could make an impression on the blank leaf of youthful and inexperienced minds. These are therefore excusable and nothing else than mature reflection can remove the evil, and the world must patiently wait for a quiescent state until those same generations have disappeared from the earth, and have been replaced by succeeding ones who shall have received first impressions more consonant with real liberty and true patriotism.

But what shall we say of those men who by their age and their experience, ought to have been set on their guard against the anarchy of sophistry and the speciousness of metaphysical subtleties. Their apostasy has not even the excuse of enthusiasm. It is a sentiment which, produced by the excited vital spirits, seems to be the exclusive portion of youth. This kind of political apostasy would rouse some feeling bordering on anger, if it was not rendered ridiculous by their assumption of the gift of second sight. But mark well, their prophecies never foretel good, but like the lamenting prophet of old none but disastrous forebodings came out of their mouth or of their friends. If we look over (for example) all the speeches transmitted to us by the press, as well as all the pamphlets issued out of it in succession for these 40 or 50 years we will find, that such has constantly been the spirit that has inspired those wise men. Poor ill fated England! Thou wert doomed to a limited period of existence during the American revolutionary war. At that epoch the Senate as well as those instructors of mankind, the ephemeral production of the press, boldly predicted the total ruin of the British Isles and lo! "the curses of the wicked is turned into blessings" and these so threatened petty sea girt spots are since become the emporium of science, arts and commerce, the favorites of Plutus and the arbiters of the destinies of Europe. Nevertheless these ridiculous croakings and disastrous forebodings continue still to be the mania of the day. The Prophetic inspirations remain still of the same black hue; and it is to be hoped that they will forever prove as fallacious. Are we not told that "enough are the cares of the day"? are we not advised to "drink and eat and be merry to-day for surely to-morrow we die"? Do we not feel that the fear of evil is of itself an existing evil? yea! and none more annoying to human happiness. Unluckily the positiveness of these oracles of misery is too capable of exciting a kind of irritation in the public mind, which too often bursts out and is productive of a portion of predicted evils, whereby a kind of confidence in these soothsayers is upheld notwithstanding their so often proved fallacy.