

THE GLEANER:

AND
NORTHUMBERLAND SCHEDIASMA.

VOLUME III.]

"Nec araneorum sane texus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes."

No 3.

MIRAMICHI, TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1831.

THE GLEANER.

FROM LONDON PAPERS TO THE EVENING OF THE 13th AUGUST.

EUROPE.

SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

MORNING CHRONICLE.—The motion of Mr. Croker, announced in so imposing a manner on Thursday night turned out a very sorry piece of business. He had one or two small points to deal with—the letter of the 1st August, addressed to the conference, which Lord Palmerston received on the Wednesday, and did not open till the meeting of the conference on Thursday; the letter of the 2d August, which had been read in a hurried manner by the Dutch Minister, and which had produced so little impression on his Lordship, that he could not recollect whether it was read on the Friday or Saturday;—the inability to comprehend the meaning of the words *moyens militaires*;—and the injury done to the Dutch nation in representing them as perfidious, in sending them a negotiator to the conference, armed with full powers, without saying a word of the military movements which had been ordered. The Right Hon. Gentleman overlaid his subject by his mode of treating it. Identifying Ministers with a series of articles in a Morning contemporary (the Times,) he wished it to be inferred that, from ignorance or design, they had given a false representation of the conduct of the King of the Netherlands, in consequence of which he was one day held up as perfidious, and the next as the victim of their calumny. The fact of the case may be comprised in a nut-shell. While the former Ministry were in office, on the 17th November, an armistice, or suspension of arms, was agreed upon which has been broken by the Dutch Government. On Tuesday the 2d August, the Dutch King renewed hostilities, and on the Wednesday following, the first notice of this was communicated in a letter, which was not opened till next day. If Lord Palmerston had immediately summoned the conference, and laid before them the letter of the 1st August, and if there had not been the slightest difficulty in assigning a precise meaning to the expressions, still the fact remained, that one day before the letter was received, the Dutch army was in motion, and that the conference could not have prevented the effusion of blood. The conference were certainly not prepared for this unceremonious mode of proceeding of the Dutch King; and without pretending to say whether he has or has not been fairly treated by the conference, there can be little doubt that his warlike movements preceded his announcement of them. It is pretty clear, that the Dutch King wished to steal a march on the conference. That he did not send a negotiator as a blind, may be very true, for the *moyens militaires* indicated pretty clearly an appeal to arms; but having commenced his military operations before his notice of them could reach the conference, if the sending of a negotiator was not perfidy, it was at least a mockery. The material point was not neglected by Ministers, though the letter of the 1st August received on Wednesday was not opened till Thursday; for having received on Wednesday evening a letter from Lord C. Bagot, announcing the march of the Dutch troops, that very evening an express was sent to the fleet under Sir Edward Codrington, ordering it to the Downs, that it might be ready to act as circumstances should require. And as to the King of Holland, no time has been lost in compelling him to renounce his mad attempt. Whether that attempt shall have the effect of kindling a general war in Europe, remains to

be seen; but if it fails in this, the fault will not be that of his Dutch Majesty. Even those who are most disposed to make allowance for him, must be glad to find him stopped in his military career.

TIMES. We cannot do more than merely refer to a very important meeting of the Irish popular members, which took place yesterday at Lord Grey's, by his Lordship's appointment. Lord Grey seemed to feel—what, indeed, every rational being must feel—the necessity of taking the affairs of that unfortunate country into immediate consideration. We think it our duty, on this occasion, to apprise the Ministers of what, perhaps, is known to every body but themselves,—that, much as Mr Stanly, the Irish Secretary, is admired for his Parliamentary talents, he is thought to want that faculty pre-eminently requisite in his difficult office—the faculty of inspiring good will and confidence. He is accused of mistaking hauteur for dignity, and precipitation for decision. His youth and good sense afford the best grounds of hoping a cure for these moral defects—we therefore notice them. If we thought him incurable, we should not say a word about him.

TIMES. Some noble Lords who on Thursday got up a kind of debate on the approaching ceremony of the Coronation, and who, hapless men! thought that they were making their way into the good graces of a certain high personage, by insisting singly and severally on doing him 'homage,' seem not to have suspected that the exalted personage in question may be disposed to decline the proffered honour, and may prefer their common practice of kissing as well as voting by proxy. The eldest Peer of each grade will be quite sufficient to convey to him all 'homage' of the order and will thus relieve him from the fatigues of a general assault of unmeaning embraces and professions. If this should be his Majesty's own suggestion, and not that of his advisers, the late speeches, in which the Ministers were censured for it, may be found to be unpleasant speculations. Without being indifferent to any part of his rights, an enlightened King, in the 19th century, may surely desire to concentrate the feudal homage of all his Peers in a single kiss, without offence from each degree of nobility.

THE SUN. We have merely space left to point attention to the speech of Cassimir Perier in defence of his policy, and Heaven knows it sadly needs a better defence than the Premier has yet made in this, we hope his last dying official speech. Poland is sacrificed either to cowardice or treachery, but which we leave the present King of the French to explain. M. Sebastiani has discovered that France has now only 50,000 men to spare, and these are too few to oppose to Austria, Prussia, and the German Confederacy! Granted. But what becomes of the oft repeated boast of the half million troops of the Line, and the million and a half of brave National Guards—at once the security and glory of regenerated France? They yet remain—but how long will M. Perier remain to misguide, and M. Sebastiani to belabour the energies of France? Not another week, we hope—and if the French be true to themselves, not another day. When Warsaw falls—the French will rise—if not before.

THE SUN. We regret to learn by the German papers received this morning, that accounts from Vienna dated the 30th July, announce the passage of the Vistula by the Russians under General Rudiger, at Solce, near Pulowy. This must have been of course facilitated by the means of the bridge constructed by Austria, who has thus put forward a double claim to the ex-ecration of freemen throughout Europe. The Russians will now be enabled to carry on the war in that part of Poland from which Warsaw derived its supplies,

and in case of defeat, their army can fall back on Prussia—the 'inactive' but passive ally of Russia. How much longer will this mockery of neutrality be endured by England and France? We burn for some other reply than that of Lord Palmerston, which does no honour to England, and that of Cassimir Perier, which is still more disgraceful to France. But let not Poland despair—the hour of retribution is on the wing, when the finger of triumph will point with enduring scorn to the baffled vengeance of her robber-foes, and the disgusting sympathy of her traitor-friends!

THE SUN. Mr Croker's motion last night, which he announced with such ceremonious solemnity the preceding evening, turned out, as might have been expected from so flippant a jester, a mere farce. The mountain which he advertised as labouring with something portentous, at the appointed hour brought forth—a mouse. Scarcely an inch of solid ground had the Right Hon. Gentleman to stand upon; not the ghost of an argument appeared in his dull diatribe; consequently he was obliged to have recourse to stale jokes and shallow logic, seasoned here and there with the condiment of pert sneers and illiberal insinuations. What did his long story amount to? Why, that two letters on the subject of Holland had been received by Lord Palmerston, neither of which had been treated with sufficient deference by his Lordship; and that the King of the Netherlands was a very ill-used gentleman, and the Dutch an equally ill-used nation. The last point being a mere random assertion of the Right Honourable Ex-Secretary, thrown in clearly by way of making weight to his speech, scarcely deserves an answer; but the former having more plausibility about it, merits some sort of reply; and this reply was given by Lord Palmerston, with a promptness and energy that daunted even the triple bronze of the author of 'Talavera.' Finding matter somewhat deficient, Mr Croker essayed the pathetic and eked the ludicrous; though such was his ill-luck, that his pathos convulsed the house with laughter, and his humour inclined them to more than ordinary gravity. His sneer at the newspapers was most injudicious, especially when it was considered that in the 'olden time'—for the Right Hon. Ex-Secretary is waxing venerable, though his eloquence savors of puerility—he was himself a plodding caterer to monthly magazines of by no means a first rate character, and manufactured jokes in Irish newspapers per hundred weight—a species of manufacturing that, we believe, nearly ruined his indiscreet employer. We repeat, therefore, that flings at newspaper literature by such a man, are ill advised. Even from an Aristocrat, who had the pretensions to birth and rank, and extraordinary talent to back him, they would be injudicious; but from Mr Croker—the man of yesterday, the mushroom placeman, they are offensive, arrogant, and impertinent to the last degree. We would seriously advise the Right Hon. Ex-Secretary to lay aside all thoughts of succeeding to Mr Brougham's reputation in the House of Commons. *Non ex quovis, ligno fit Mercurius.* He is not the wood out of which a Brougham is to be carved. He is at best but a mountebank orator, who plays his sorry part only when the great actor has left the stage. When Mr Brougham was in the House Mr Croker usually held a discreet silence; the pigmy clearly stood in awe of the glance of the giant; we wish the giant could return, if only to teach the pigmy rightly to appreciate his powers.

The House went again into Committee last night on the Reform Bill, though the progress of the measure was far from satisfactory, in consequence of the inordinate length of Mr Croker's speech on the subject of Holland, &c. The grand business of the nation stood still, because the Right Honourable Gentleman was