

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."

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MIRAMICHI, TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 27, 1831.

THE GLEANER.

We insert the following extracts from the *Noctes of Blackwood*, for the splendour of the language; but be it remembered the political sentiments are high Tory.

Tickler. If the cogitations of so venerable a 'palmer grey' were to be interrupted at all. I have occasionally been tempted to wish, that, in place of Lord Palmerston, the ungracious intrusion had fallen to the lot of some such person as that elegant nobleman's ancestor, Sir William Temple.

North. Why, Sir William seems to have regarded many subjects, France and Holland among others, with rather different optics; but the world is making progress, and we have the happiness to belong to an exceedingly enlightened and far-sighted generation, one of whose most precious luminaries is, I understand, the Viscount Palmerston.

Tickler. Undoubtedly—and a very handsome luminary, moreover, I assure you. I have not often met with a dandy of fifty worthy of holding the candle to him.

North. Physically? or Intellectually? or both?

Tickler. The *Physique*, taking the *lustra* of the *chandelle* (*qui vaut bien son jeu*) into account, appears blameless. He is a well-made, light-limbed, middle-sized man, with the spring of thirty in him, *hodie*, and a headpiece which, but for some considerable thinning of locks, and a certain frostification in progress among most elaborately tended whiskers of almost Berghamesque dimensions, might still, being copperplated, wake soft sighs in the fair reader of the *Forget-me-not*, "when the days of the years of her virginity are expired." As to the rest, I did not hear him speak; but from all I have read and heard, I am inclined to look on him as the ablest man in the cabinet after Brougham and Stanley. Great, no doubt, is the space between the two I have named, and very considerable may be the space between even the latter and lower of them and this Viscount; but I should be sorry, indeed, to have to measure the interval between him and any others of the cabinet, those of them at least that have their seats in the House of Commons.

North. I remember the last time I met with poor Canning, where he and I have spent so many happy days together, on the Queen of the Lakes, he spoke of Lord Palmerston in terms of considerable warmth. I think the expression was, 'If I could only shake this puppy's luxurious habits, he might make a fair second-rater.' George was always fond of nautical allusions. I shall never forget the bitterness with which, talking of Brougham on the same occasion, he called him 'that d—d four decker of theirs.'

Tickler. How little did he think in those days that that four decker should ever call himself Admiral!

North. Aye, or live to see so many of the old fleet following her, with the tri-colour at the mast head!

Tickler. Between ourselves, Christopher, the folk up yonder, give the Premier himself very little either of the credit or discredit of this Cabinet's proceedings. Lord Grey is, in fact, off the hooks.

North. In my private opinion, he was always a humbug;—but it can't be age that has altered him for the worse, if he really has undergone such a transmutation.

Tickler. I don't know. Years are like miles in walking, or glasses in drinking. What would be nothing to you, or old Circumvento, or Captain Barclay, might knock up another performer: It is certain that Lord Grey is no longer any thing like the man he was. He has a worn-out, wasted look, somehow; indeed, a more melancholy physiognomy I have not often seen on

human shoulders—a truly pitiable mixture of the arrogant and the fretful, the peevish and the pompous.

North. I have had my eye on him, less or more, these five and forty years, and I know no public man of whose conduct throughout that long period, one must trace so much to temper, so little to principle. Considering that he has all along had his self love at the helm, and how very seldom he has had the wind with him, it can surely be no great wonder that his aspect should by this time o' day have acquired a touch or two of the subacerb.

North. I think you said you were present the night of the dissolution. How did Brougham look?

Tickler. As pale as death, and as sulky as the devil. But we must not mix him up with the Shallows. Well, it did me good to hear his voice again—'tis at this hour the same that we remember—Auld Edinborough in every tone, as perfect as 'Caller Haddies!' But, my eye! he makes a rum looking Lord Chancellor!

North. Did ye forgather in private?

Tickler. Several times—once at Lord Eldon's, and another day, a regular jollification at the Beefsteak's besides sundry routs and *soirees* of all sorts. He was always delightful, quite the old man, full of mirth and good humour, quizzing Reform and Useful Knowledge, and Jeremy, and Lord Johnny, and all the rest of the stuff of the day, and filling his glass to the brim, like an honest fellow—just as in the days of yore, man.

North. Aye, aye.—I always said he would come to something, Lord! it seems but yesterday, that I was first introduced to him at old Davie Willson's, when he was trotting about the printing-office, with the first proof-sheets of the *Edinburgh Review*! I agree with you in entertaining a sincere admiration for Brougham's abilities; and though I have never had much intercourse with him in private life, can well understand you have a sort of liking for him too, but somehow, "It does so happen," as Canning used to say,—it does so happen, that I never think of his history and position, without feeling a sort of cloud come over my mind's eye. Depend upon it, that's not a man destined to end smoothly. He can't stop where he is, and whether he's to soar or to sink the deponent knoweth not.

Tickler.—Castlereagh went mad, and died miserably—Canning touched the verge of madness, and the cord snapped. He is tasking both intellect and temper to a pitch far beyond either of them.

North.—It were time he should reflect.

Tickler.—Yes, truly. Here he is administering, at an hour's notice, the highest judicial office in the world, with just as much knowledge of equity law as a very clever man may be expected to have picked up insensibly, fortuitously, indistinctly, and in short worthlessly, of the proper business of a most difficult profession *toto celo* different from his own.

North.—Why, when one reflects on the hundred and forty millions of property actually depending on the knowledge, judgment, diligence, and patience of the Chancellor of England, several things that have happened in our day are almost enough to make a poor body start. * Aye, and then we have what few Chancellors, even those that had not their own proper business to learn, were ever much used to dabble in—the actual tear and wear of party politics—the strokeoar of vituperation—the near wheel of sarcasm—the burden intolerable of bolstering up his own block-heads at all times and seasons with one shoulder, while he has to show the other a cold one rather, with equal promptitude and alacrity, whenever it is desirable to squabash their antagonists.

Tickler. If we add to this the severe duty of dining out and giving dinners to Ministers and diplomats; likewise, the imperious necessity of being visi-

ble at every levee, and drawingroom, and at every dancing disjunc, ball, hop, rout, or assembly given or held by a great lord or lady of the right side—moreover, of being audible at every meeting about the abolishment of chimney-sweeps and the emancipation of Blacky, and the persecution of Professor Patterson—*necnon*, the simplification of common law, and the rectification of equity procedure—*necnon*, the keeping of the Chancery lunatics—*necnon*, the keeping of the conscience of King William the Fourth—*necnon*, the newspapers,—*necnon*, the editing of Paley's *Natural Theology* in company with Charles Bell—furthermore, the writing of *Friendly Advice* to the Peers in pamphlets, and eke the reviewing of the said pamphlets in the *Edinburgh Review*; and finally, the building of a back-jam to Brougham-Hall—to say nothing of receiving and bawling all the deputations of all the congregations of confusion-mongers, and reading and answering all the communications of all the quacks that think they have hit upon inventions of momentous importance, whether in law or literature, or pneumatology, or geology, or astronomy, or gastronomy, or ribbon-weaving, or timber-clearing, or brass, or gas, or codification, or church-reformation—when one takes all these concerns in at one comprehensive glance through space and matter, I think it must be obvious to the meanest capacity, that Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux, God bless him, *salugit rerum suarum*—in fact, that he has a deuced deal more to do than ever bothered the brains of the immortal Walter Shandy.

North. I don't say that we are likely to look on a *tuto*—but at all events we may hope to see the up-shot.

Tickler. Some accursed blow-up?—some hideous irresistible, irremediable smash?—some fierce, horrid, simultaneous rush of a thousand insulted, trampled principles and practices, all bursting with volcanic violence into a sudden roar of ruin and destruction?—fear, indignation, anger, hatred, scorn, pride, contempt, terror, all concentrated into one awful avenging Niagara?—

North. Or what say you to something in the opposite way? The hot galloping pulse of diseased excitement, suddenly, somehow, subsides to a walk—a piece of clear cold ice is clapped by some invisible hand upon the burning temples—the mist disperses—the open serene light of day falls on the landscape—the crazy heights—the fearful chasms—the wide black abysses yawning here, there, and everywhere, are revealed in their nakedness—the bewildered somnambulist comes to himself—he pauses, trembles, and kneels—

Tickler. 'Tis all, perhaps, on the cards.

North. It is my fixed opinion, that unless Brougham, in some way or other, calls a halt, and Peel and he somehow or other come together, no human power can avert a revolution from Old England. I don't allude particularly to this Reform Bill—that's but one link in the chain—and by revolution I mean nothing short of a complete upset, not merely of bishops, and lords, and kings, but of all law, and all property, and all social order—a chaos of dirt and blood—aye, and a more fearful one than even the French have waded through, if, indeed, their wading can yet be talked of as over.

Tickler.
Stay if you will, and cut some airy jigs,
One morning to the plaudits of the Whigs;
Who, three weeks after, (witness Greece, Rome,
France!)
Will try their genius at the selfsame dance.

North. Well, I don't know how long Lord Grey and Lord Palmerston, and that excellent consistent