

respectable feelings of mankind; of regarding an immense display of method and nomenclature, as a sure token of a corresponding increase of knowledge; and of considering themselves as a chosen few, whom an initiation into the most secret mysterious of philosophy entitles to look down with pity, if not contempt, on the profane multitude. Viewed with aversion or dread by the public, they become more bound to each other and to their master; while they are provoked into the use of language which more and more exasperates opposition to them. A hermit in the greatest of cities, seeing only his disciples, and indignant that systems of government and law, which he believes to be perfect, are disregarded at once, by the many and the powerful, Mr. Bentham has, at length, been betrayed into the most unphilosophical hypothesis, that all the ruling bodies who guide the community have conspired to stifle and defeat his discoveries. He is too little acquainted with doubts to believe the honest doubts of others, and he is too angry to make allowance for their prejudices and habits. He has embraced the most extreme party in practical politics, manifesting more dislike and contempt towards those who are more moderate supporters of popular principles, than towards their most inflexible opponents. To the unpopularity of his philosophical and political doctrines, he has added the more general and lasting obloquy which arises from an unseemly treatment of doctrines and principles, which at there were no other motives for reverential deference even a regard to the feelings of the best men requires to be approached with decorum and respect.—Sir James Machintosh's *Essay: Encyclopædia Britannica*.

POWER OF THE PRESS.

Although the Press had not arrived, in the reign of Charles I., to the wonderful perfection which it has since obtained, yet it was even then a formidable agent in the advancement of the revolution. We have seen the tremendous power which it lately exercised in France; a power so thoroughly organized, and so ably managed, that it may now be said to be irresistible in that country. Its will is now the law of France. The principal Journals of Paris speak with more than the authority of the individual members of either chamber. Most of the writers who, during the Polignac administration, were engaged in resisting it, are now public functionaries. The fact alone speaks volumes. In England, though every body in every rank of life, acknowledges the influence of the press, we have as yet, no passage made from the Journals to official appointments. There is no acknowledged connexion between the press and the state; whatever relations there may be between them, are carried on in secret, as if the periodical prints were publications of which official persons and persons in high rank were bound to be ashamed. This is supremely ridiculous. There is no state of life, depending in any degree, upon opinion, which ought not, if it knew its own interest, to cultivate an alliance with the press, for it will, sooner or later, govern them all. Upon its decess will eventually depend the influence of the aristocracy, the existence of the Established Church, the formation of Ministries, the conduct and, perhaps the very form of the Government. If it be the faithful organ of public opinion its powers will be without limits, and nothing can tend to an abuse of that power more directly than the fastidious jealousy with which the Press has long been treated. The Prince Polignac carried back with him, from England to France, this feeling, which is not known to the French in general, and which was infused into him by our aristocratic society, he was heard to say, a few days before he countersigned the famous ordinances of the 25th July, that he never read the Journals! We have no doubt of it, for, if he had, he would not now have been a prisoner in the Castle of Vincennes, and in peril of losing his head as a traitor to his country. But, though England had not a *Times*, a *Courier*, a *Globe*, a *Chronicle*, or even a *Spectator*, in the reign of Charles, the restless and indomitable intellect of our people found momentary organs for the expression of its opinions. The press swarmed with pamphlets. From the literary habits of M. D'Israeli, we had expected some curious details upon this subject. He has, however, favoured us only with a few remarks, which we transcribe:—“Of the

nations of Europe, our country stood long unrivalled for the rapid succession of these busy records of men's thoughts—these suggestions of their opposite inferences and their eternal differences. Of these leaves of the hour and volumes of a week, the labours of the passions, the wisdom, or the folly of our countrymen, during the revolution of Charles the First, in that single period of twenty years, from 1640 to 1660, about thirty thousand appear to have started up. We have been a nation of pamphleteers. The French, in their revolution, which so often resembled our own in its principles and its devices, could not avoid the same impulse of instructing or corrupting their fellow-citizens; but the practice seemed to them so novel that a recent French biographer designates an early period in the French revolution as that one when “the art of pamphlets had not yet reached perfection.” The collection of the French revolutionary pamphlets now stands by the side of the English tracts of the age of Charles the First; as abundant in number and as fierce in passion; rival monuments, which exist together, for the astonishment and the instruction of posterity, for whom they reveal so many suppressed secrets in the history of man. The pamphlets of this time were usually directed to prepare men's minds for the impending changes in the church and state. Charles the First, by his constant notice of these ensnaring pamphlets, appears to have been most sensitive to these “poisoners of the minds of his weak subjects; amazed by what eyes these things are seen, and by what ears they are heard.” He answered the pamphlets published by the Parliament itself: “We are contented to let ourselves fall to any office that may undeceive our people, and to take more pains this way by our pen than ever king hath done.” Charles was such an attentive observer of these pamphlets that he once paid ten pounds for the perusal of one, which could not otherwise be procured. The custom now began of printing the speeches of the leading members in the Commons, and sometimes by the order of the house. Some of the speakers avowedly printed their own speeches. These fugitive leaves were every where dispersed and every where eagerly read. Baxter, in the curious folio of auto-biography, tells us, they were “greedily bought up throughout the land, which greatly increased the people's apprehension of their danger.” I have seen some which doubtless recommend themselves by bearing the authentic stamp of the well-cut portrait in wood of the portly Pym, who, then reigning with absolute power, bore the nickname of “King Pym.” But it seems that more were written than were published. Many royalist tracts remain in their manuscript state, no one caring to print book out of fashion, or who had the courage to brave the authority of the men in power; and Nelson complains, that the speeches in favour of episcopacy, were so completely suppressed or discouraged that, when he made his collection, but a few years after, they were utterly lost, while those on the other side, by passing into so many hands, were easily procured.”

FROM THE BRITISH MAGAZINE.

THE CONQUEROR.

“What is a man advantaged if he gain the whole world?”

FLOAT down the stream of time
Proud in thy glory;
Live in the poet's rhyme.
Blazon the story;—
Sunshine is veiled by clouds,
Joy dimmed by sorrow,
Darkness the daylight shrouds;
Man dies to-morrow!

Swift to the rolling sea
Rivers are dashing;
Brightly, yet rapidly,
Lightnings come flashing!
Mountains, though high and strong,
Tempests are shaking;
Dreams, how'er sweet and long,
Vanish at waking.

Leaves have their time to fall,
Seasons are num'ring;
Winter soon withers all!—
Reuse from thy slum'ring;

Conquer the BRAVE and DEATH—
Foes to thy SPIRIT;
So shalt thou Victory's wreath
Nobly inherit!

[We copy the following remarks on the present state of France, from the *New-York Albion*, received by last post.]

“The change of Ministry in France is the least of the changes expected in that country, whose political aspect presents an enigma, of which the shrewdest observer can offer no satisfactory solution. Every change—every movement in France, countenances the fears we have so often expressed, that every thing seems approaching to a dangerous crisis. The horrors and atrocities of the former revolution are so strongly impressed on the minds of the world, that no one can contemplate the present evident tendency to run into the same excesses, without terror and alarm. The Ministers now discarded, are the remains of the monarchical party, and their places are supplied by men who it is said are not afraid ‘to look Revolution in the face.’ Yet it is said that even this change is not satisfactory—and that farther changes must still take place, which the King has no power to avert—he must submit to the dictates of the republican party to sustain his position, and that party is hurrying him on to the verge of a precipice which makes us giddy to look over. There are two parties behind the throne—the monarchical and the republican, and the late change denotes a decided victory on the part of the latter. These things look ill, and lead us involuntarily to inquire who really does rule in France?”

That Louis Philippe does not, is certain, for he seems to have less power than any of his subjects—neither do his Ministers, for they are equally powerless with himself. Does Lafayette exercise the omnipotence that is imagined, or does he merely yield to the popular will and glide on smoothly with its current in obedience to his innate republican principles? That he has credit with the National Guard we admit, because he follows its dictates and its wishes—but who rules the National Guard? Common report, and general opinion, say the Press; and now comes the grand question, who directs this mighty engine? Not the editors surely, for we will never admit that half a dozen political scribblers can rule the destinies of thirty millions of people. No; there is an invisible power somewhere—a sword whose hilt is concealed, but whose point is felt every where—a dark and secret junta, who, by its daring pretensions and desperate intrigues, renders the King a mere puppet, and the nation a political volcano. In a word we believe the Jacobin Clubs of Paris to be as active at this moment as at any former period.

The analogy between the circumstances of this revolution and the former, are too palpable not to excite alarm, for the tide of events seem to be hurrying the ark of liberty to that same troubled ocean of anarchy and blood which wrecked the hopes of the nation in 1792. Of what do the discontented spirits complain? that the discarded ministers were afraid of the revolution. And why were they supposed to be afraid “to revolution in the face?” because forsooth they manifested a desire to spare the lives of Polignac and his coadjutors! In what respect does France differ now from her position under Charles the Tenth? Charles' royalist Ministers could not manage the Chambers, and he changed them for those of a more liberal cast; these after a time lost their influence, and he then proceeded to the opposite extreme, and introduced ultras. These failing totally he attempted the old plan of arbitrary rule and despotic ordinances and lost his crown. It does not appear then that France is one jot nearer tranquillity now than she ever has been. We have hopes but on the abilities of the King, the popularity and moderation of Lafayette, and the personal friendship and esteem that continues to exist unimpaired between them.

SCHEDIASMA.

MIRAMICHI.

TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 18, 1831.

The Courier left Richibucto on Sunday at 4 P. M. and arrived here yesterday, at 11 A. M.

By the arrival of the December mail yesterday, we were put in possession of our files of English and Scotch