

The Gleaner

AND NORTHUMBERLAND SCHEDIASMA.

VOLUME IV.]

Nec aruncarum sine texis ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes.

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MIRAMICHI, TUESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 6, 1832.

THE GLEANER.

SPIRIT OF THE BRITISH JOURNALS.

FROM THE LONDON EXAMINER

The Ballot.—The demand for the Ballot is becoming general and loud, and it must prevail, for it proceeds upon the experience of men, against which all pretences are powerless. It may be remembered, that in first stating our opinion of the plan of Reform, we declared our conviction, that it was not more certain that day would follow night, than that the Ballot would succeed that measure; the extension of the Constituency rendering bribery less available, and exposing more objects to intimidation, which is sure to be exercised more freely, as the other instrument of undue influence, corruption, becomes inefficient. A very great portion of the new constituency, is of the class of retail traders, peculiarly liable to intimidation, and their cry for the cry of political liberty is earnest, strong, and must prevail. Mr Abercrombie, at Edinburgh, has declared for the Ballot, observing, that it was nonsense to talk of the New Act as a final measure. It is pleasant to us to hear this language, bearing in mind, as we do, the storm of displeasure we raised, by treating the Bill, on its first exposition, as merely a stepping-stone to further improvements in the Parliamentary Constitution. Admiral Fleming at Sterling has also declared himself a convert to secret voting, and we reckon soon on finding enemies of the Ballot as rare as enemies of Reform have been for the last two years.

Lord Brougham boasted, in the House of Lords, that he had delivered in the Commons a demonstration against the Ballot. The demonstration we never saw nor heard of, though we have made careful inquiries after it; and it will be well for the Chancellor to produce it without delay, or the question will be carried by acclamation before this battery in ambush is opened against it. We should be sorry that discussion should settle into silent and unalterable conviction, before the demonstration of so great an authority as Lord Brougham has been considered. Let us see all that can be said for making men slaves, martyrs, or hypocrites. We observe that Mr Macaulay and Mr Strickland are not for pressing the adoption of the Ballot, till the Reform Act has had a fair trial. The Reform Act cannot have a fair trial without the Ballot; for it is certain that the constituencies will not be completed while tradesmen, and others dependent in any way on the favour of the great, are exposed to intimidation. These persons will not register until protection is afforded to them. The constituencies, in consequence, will be so far below the desired and designed number, that the intended improvement cannot be said to have a trial; and it is possible, that through this defect it may work mischievously—certainly the effect cannot correspond with the design, the design having been to give a constituency of a certain amount, which is deficient, in part from the blunders and faults in the act, in part for want of the necessary securities to the elector. If ten thousand men were judged necessary to a certain military operation, and as the State refused to provide arms for those who happened to be defenceless, not more than 3000, properly equipped, could be mustered to take the field, Mr Macaulay would see the folly of talking of giving the inadequate force 'a fair trial' against the enemy. The appointment of the 10,000 as the necessary number, would be a strong argument to show that the 3,000 could not be employed with any effect but that of a repulse. Mr Strickland in his letter to the Leeds Union, says—

"I think that the Reform Act should have a fair trial; and if the practical operation of it be such as I anticipate, the time will not be far distant when the advantages of the Ballot will be fully and fairly demonstrated. Upon this subject, however, there is a divided

interest: many electors desire that protection against the influence of unjustifiable threats, and the fear of injury to their families, while non-electors would lose the power which they now possess in consequence of publicity. If possible, it should be joined with a right to vote openly."

From the last sentence proposing the option of secret or open voting, it is evident that Mr Strickland is not thoroughly master of the subject. For the working of the ballot, secrecy must be compelled. It must be put out of the elector's power to show how he has voted. He cannot, it is true, be tongue-tied from saying that he has voted for A or B, but the proof may be put out of his power, and who then will believe him? not the man for whom he professes to have voted, who will have his suspicions of the blab, but very probably the man for whom he has not voted, as men are always more credulous of injuries than of benefits, and thus the fellow makes an enemy of one candidate, and fails to ingratiate himself with the rival. This consideration, together with the discredit which will attach to any idle boastful talk, must soon make silence customary. Men naturally put their marks of displeasure upon any one who claims credit for himself, by stating that he has done things of which he cannot possibly give proof. A moment's reflection must make Mr Strickland sensible that the option of the Ballot, or of open voting, would be fatal to the intention of protection; for the tyrannical landlord, the patron or the creditor, would say to the unfortunate being under his influence, 'Unless you choose to vote openly in obedience to my directions, I shall conclude that you have voted against me, and act accordingly.' It is manifest that the choice could not be made by those who needed the protection of the Ballot, and thus the option so heedlessly proposed would completely defeat the intention.

FROM THE FIGARO IN LONDON.

The poor Duke of Wellington has not yet got over his attempt to supplant Lord Grey's ministry. The remembrance of his discomfiture still haunts him by day and night, and in the evenings, just before sun-set, he may be heard by the stranger passing underneath the windows of Apsley, to sing in pathetic tones, the following plaintive melody.

AIR.—*Mice Gray.*

It's all my fancy painted it—
It's lovely, as divine;
But, alas! it is another's—
It never can be mine.

Yet strove I as he never strove—
Efforts without decay;
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking—
For the place of premier Grey.

His table now is loaded
With notes in black and white—
And his salary so liberal—
He clutches with delight.

The cash, alas! is not for me—
The money's turned away;
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking—
For the place of premier Grey.

For that I'd take the liberal side—
For that the bill call good—
For that I'd dare the rabble strife,
Though it cost a sea of blood.

By night I'd take no slumbers—
Whate'er e'en Præd might say,
But scorn'd is the heart that's breaking—
For the place of premier Grey.

I've sunk beneath Reform's bright sun—
I've shook 'neath Brougham's blast;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The heavy conflict's pass'd.

And when the great Act digs my grave—
Party will haply say,
'Oh! his heart, his heart was broken—
For the place of premier Grey.'

'All cry and little wool,' say the Tories, is the grand characteristic of the Whigs, but we can hardly

say 'little wool,' when we see palpable propensity to *ferce* in a certain exalted quarter.

Notwithstanding the many cases in which Sir Charles Wetherell has figured, he has never in the whole course of his professional experience appeared in a good suit.

The maxim says that practice makes perfect, but surely Sir James Scarlett has no pretensions to perfection, though no one can deny the extent of his practise.

Sir Robert Peel, the other night, declared his will-guess to vote away any sum for the encouragement of the Arts. It is certain the Arts he has practised, have taken some thousands out of the pockets of the public.

It is natural the Tories should resort to violent invective in their speeches, for their object is to support every species of abuse.

Some of Lord Londonderry's friends call him a man of sound sense. We must admit that the only sense to be found in his Lordship's speeches is all sound.

It is somewhat surprising that Sir Charles Wetherell should object to the Reform Bill on the ground of the changes it will occasion, for to look at the worthy Knight's dress one would imagine he required a new order of things.

Her Majesty has been most infamously accused of interfering with the King, on the subject of the Reform Bill. A scandalous wag has even gone so far as to bestow upon her the nick name of *Siddle Head*.

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

There is no more formidable person than a spiteful old woman at a police office, if she chooses; and it is probably an inward feeling of their power and invulnerability, that has always made them so disliked, and yet so feared, on the part of the ignorant and lowly. This used to give a high gusto to the drowning and burning of witches: the delight of the populace in these exhibitions is only explicable on the ground of being delivered from an antagonist with whom there is no means of contending. For what can you do with a plagny old woman? She is of the nettle tribe—a walking *Noli me tangere*; she is acrid from the condensation of the humours; she has outlived her beauty, even her womanhood—and is almost exempt from the wants of humanity: for she rarely eats—indeed, the means of mastication are wanting; but she drinks—here is her failing, and her source of mischief. She is nearly independent of raiment; the day of fashion is long past—and patches are substituted for finery, rather in fear of acts of Parliament than the weather,—for cold never touches her: her hide is of leather—Russia leather or Morocco—corrugated—tanned. The damp penetrate, it is true, and establish a chronic rheumatism, which, like rust on hinges of ancient doors, makes the joints creak vilely, but seems to act as a preservative against the *edax rerum*, and instead of letting down the machine, only lends acrimony to all its movements.—An old woman's wheels are kept going by vinegar, and a young woman's by oil. How can you punish one of these mischievous old women? it is impossible: she is protected by pity, and by the bluntness of her own feelings, and the impossibility of disposing of her. Who could beat an old woman? it would be like fisticuffing a bunch of keys, or horsewhipping a parchment bag of bones. No one could place her zig-zag limbs on the tread-mill: to see her shrivelled angularities sticking upon the wheels of that machine for the exercising of flesh and blood, would be a spectacle intolerable to humanity. Transportation is out of the question: she is not worth the money; neither would she be of any use in any land, except that Epicurean one in which they eat their grandmothers. What sauce these luxurious people have discovered, we know not; but it must far surpass the King of Oude's, and