

THE GLEANER.

And Northumberland, Kent, Gloucester, and Restigouche Schediasma.

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

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THE GLEANER.

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Dublin University Magazine.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC POLICY—THE
BLACK SEA.

It is very true that great advantages would have been realized by England, had she, by a prudent policy, secured for her subjects the right of ingress and egress to the Black Sea. It is also true, deplorably true, that, by her own default, these advantages have been forfeited. How stands the case? The Porte was assailed by her rebellious vassal; and Mehmet Ali, having conquered Syria, was pressing forward to the gates of Constantinople. In this his dire extremity, the Sultan applied to England for aid, which would assuredly, under the old constitution, have been readily granted; and upon terms, there can be very little doubt, which would have made the Dardanelles as free, thenceforth, to the passing and repassing of our merchantmen, as the straits of Gibraltar. But our Whig Radical rulers were, at that time, wholly engrossed by other objects; namely—of the severance of Belgium from Holland, and the virtual annexation of that country to France, that they could not spare a guinea or a ship to secure the integrity of the Ottoman empire; and they actually desired the Sublime Porte to go to Russia if it wanted aid, for that they could afford it none! Well, to Russia, and most reluctantly, the Sultan turned; and the Moscovite was but too happy to have the opportunity of taking the position which we refused, and saving the imperial city from the storm of hostility which was gathering against it. Accordingly, Mehmet Ali was repulsed, and Constantinople was preserved; and Russia obtained, as the reward of her successful interference, those maritime advantages which would, assuredly, have been ours, had we possessed the vigour or the wisdom in which Great Britain never was deficient under the old constitution. But the reform mania was then strong in the public mind. France was then our sworn brother, and we were jointly employed in tearing a kingdom asunder, an exploit most agreeable to revolutionists and propagandists of revolution everywhere, inasmuch, as thereby, the sacred rights of insurrection were recognized, the solemn settlement of Europe, in 1814, was disturbed, and the severance by which the strength of Holland was paralysed, could not fail, sooner or later, to augment the resources of the Gallic empire. These were the objects which at that time filled the minds of our rulers at home, together with those sordid economic reforms, by which our services, both by land and sea were reduced to the lowest standard; so that it is not at all surprising, that the man who brought the government of the country into this state, should decline any distant enterprise which would be attended by any immediate cost, no matter how necessary to the preserving the balance of power in Europe, or how great, in a commercial point of view, the remote advantages. But Russia is not to be blamed for being far sighted, because we chose to be blind. Her prudence is not culpable in her, because our neglect has been injurious to us.

Blackwood's Magazine.

POSITION OF FRANCE.

The present King of France stands exactly in the position of an Italian podesta of the middle ages—of one of those successful usurpers, who, called in by the people of some state to free them from the oppression, real or fancied, of their governors, ejected them with the fairest words, and in the end established a tyranny far more corrupt and insupportable than that which he was summoned to remove. The people are more or less of this opinion; and the feelings of the nation for Louis Philippe vary from cool disaffection to cordial and virulent hatred. He lives with the sword of Damocles over his head, and maintains a hollow and precarious sway over a fickle and dissatisfied people:—it is true, that from a sense of his own interest, and also from a knowledge of the positive weakness of France, the king is averse to war, and is for the maintenance of La paix a tout prix; but let any sudden combination bring the noisy and profligate party into power again, let the infirmities of age, or the more steady aim of a new assassin's band, affect Louis Philippe's life, and the whole edifice of the present government of France will come down with a crash and a dust that will surprise the unthinking portion of Europe. There is every reason to expect that a war of aggression on the part of France will come down with a crash and a dust that will surprise the unthinking portion of Europe. There is

every reason to expect that a war of aggression on the part of France will then immediately ensue; she will then have her military and republican propensities uncontrolled; and it should be remembered, a military republic is always an aggressive power. She will commit some act of insult or hostility against one or other of the European states, and will justify them in taking measures for the final abatement of such a nuisance. * * * Meanwhile, since France, to use a common expression, *a mis le marche dans nos mains*, and since her people are openly manifesting their antipathy for the English not only as a government but as a people, we think that we are fully justified in not coinciding with the babblers about the advantages of a fraternal alliance with the *grande nation*, but rather in strongly urging the propriety of entering into closer and more congenial bonds of friendship with the nations of northern and eastern Europe, between whom and ourselves there already exist strong similarities of habits and feelings, and for one and all of whom the widely-tempered forms of aristocratic, religious, and monarchical government are as the sheet-anchor of hope, and the polar star of policy.

Monthly Chronicle.

BALANCE OF POWER—FRANCE AND ENGLAND—PEACE OR WAR?

Now, as to this "balance of power" in Europe, how are we to define it?—how can we lay down even what is called the "law of nations?" Are those nations to be weighed in scales, or measured by lines and yards, at a time when pervaded by such opposite and different agencies as those already alluded to,—at a time when their new civilization has still such struggles to contend with, and when we are all mixed and moving through each other, more or less, by means of the power which that civilization affords us? Modern diplomacy is nothing more than the expression of such power—the net-work it throws around us is the mere representative of that doubtful half-and-half state of confidence, which the doubtful possession of this power affords; and thus every treaty and every truce becomes liable to be torn the moment we find we are getting beyond the level which it aims at. Such must be the case in our present condition. The term "balance of power" is and must be a fiction, until that time arrives when such level is obtained; or, in other words, until that time when the great and connecting chain of our new civilization shall bind us all equally together, and that instead of having to contend with such opposite and different powers as it now has,—instead of dreading Cossack conquest, and the barbarism of the Hun, it will show us calmly where our interests lie, and how we can pull calmly together;—then, but not till then, can we rely on the "balance of power;"—then may we talk of the "law of nations," and bring out our new editions of Grotius, Puffendorf, "revised and corrected;"—then we may erect on the ruins of these ramparts which once divided us the new system that will unite us into such a code. No longer do we live in the times when the *ultima ratio* is to be referred to—no longer do we live in those times when the destiny of nations hangs on the dynasty of kings. And pray whose duty is it to continue such work, but those who have commenced it? Who but France and England are the great leaders in the work? and what alliance can be more natural than theirs? If France declined the "treaty of July," are we to attribute it altogether to her vanity, or a worse motive, rather than to distrust for those powers who are so much at distrust with herself and each other? Can we rely, in short on an alliance so unnatural as that of Russia, which only seeks to divide us, and in whose composition there is not a single element of congeniality with either? France suspects both. She wishes our alliance, but she is still doubtful; she knows that our policy has generally been of the "schismatic" kind; that we have looked to material more than moral interests—more to the spread of commerce than to mind. She knows that our alliance has been "la grande entremetense de l'Europe," and recalls how we have treated her under our old systems of government. Can we, then, blame her for her doubts and suspicions. Ought we not to convince her of our hearty co-operation in the new work of our civilization? It may be a question, perhaps, how England, from her insulated position, has a right to be herself up with any continental power? But surely if there be one above the rest to whom such is due, it is that which now offers such kindred claims, and whose contiguity now forms such a basis of connection. But France, they say, is all warlike now—she must let out her rotdantant humours—she is not to be satisfied with these new victories which her new vanities have acquired, but she must indulge

herself with these old ones, whose remembrance is so much more exciting. These are serious charges—it well becomes us to examine them. Were she like the Cyclop or Briareus, about dealing out her blows blindly, or swinging out her hundred arms in search of distant foes, then we might fairly hope that she would soon evaporate all her energies, and that Europe bearing the full brunt, we might keep quietly to ourselves; but no, such is not the case: we are plainly told the direction in which these blows will come—we are plainly told that these energies are to be concentrated against "le perfide Albion"—that they must clearly and satisfactorily revenge themselves for the "last blow" and that instead of minding our modern alliance, or anything like it, they are not only ready to fling it to the winds, but to trample upon it with that hatred proportioned to all lovers' quarrels.

Tait's Magazine.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PRESS AND PEOPLE—WAR.

The public feeling in England, respecting the state of our foreign relations, exhibits at the present moment, a remarkable contrast to that of France. In France, all parties and classes are anxious and excited: some eagerly hoping for war with England; others as eagerly seeking to maintain peace; but all actively engaged in discussing the chances, and moved by a lively interest in the possible consequences of hostility. In England, on the contrary, all is apathy. The newspapers write and speculate about war with France, it is true, because they must write about something; but there is no excitement, no anxiety in the public mind about it. For the truth of this assertion, we appeal to the experience of every man in his own society.

New Monthly Magazine.

M. THIERS.

"Peace for ever!" said M. Thiers at Liverpool, "peace for ever between France and England. There is no reason for their separation, either moral, political, or commercial!" How strange a contrast was such language with the acts of M. Thiers during the last six months, and with his declared policy at the tribune of the chamber of Deputies! Yet this is M. Thiers; the man of the people—loathing the people; the admirer of the rank and fortune, and talent of the aristocracy, destroying its hereditary privileges; the public declaimer for "liberty," and the inventor of new laws against the press; the exciter of popular movements, and the wholesale destroyer of the mob by congreve rockets, bombs, shells, and cannon balls; the eulogist of the fidelity and honour of the legitimists and French nobles, and the gaoler of an unfortunate princess: the first to proclaim an English and French alliance, and yet the secret and most powerful agent in its destruction.

Colonial Magazine.

ENGLAND'S TRIUMPH.

The true triumphs of England are not to be obtained on the tented field—her most glorious achievements consist in the advancement of civil and religious liberty—in the promotion of moral and religious instruction—in advancing the arts of peace, and extending the benefits of science—in abolishing slavery—planting new colonies—founding embryo empires—peopling deserts—and augmenting, by commerce, social intercourse and christian knowledge, and the happiness of mankind, no matter their creed, colour or clime. These are the genuine triumphs of England, and by these triumphs, whenever war may be forced on her, her power will be multiplied ten fold, and the very magnitude of her strength and her resources will tend materially to the more perfect preservation of peace.

Church of England Quarterly Review.

SLAVE TRADE—PIRACY.

Of all the palliations which can be proposed, we must approve of that which declares the slave trade, in all circumstances and under any flag—piracy. We do not, we cannot see any objection to this: the French are not sufficiently interested in the odious traffic to afford any real opposition; and towards America it becomes us to take a high tone and a high position, and to insist on her laws being carried really, and not nominally, into effect. Men may risk property, and will do so, when one successful cruise in three brings them an enormous profit, but they will pause before they incur the danger of hanging in chains. There is, we are convinced, no better way—no other effectual palliative of the slave trade, than always to treat it as piracy. We began by speaking about the buying and selling of our fellow men, and of the cruelties which attend that most accursed traffic; but as we proceeded new and still new views opened out before us,

and we discovered that the plague-spot was not which could be cured by a mere tropical application. We found that by its consequences it had affected every member of our empire—our colonial possessions, our commercial interests, our diplomatic relations, our fiscal arrangements, nay, the very parties of our political world. We found that, in order to attack it with effect, we must attack it in a thousand points at once; and like Kehama, who in the same moment thundered over all the bridges of Pandalon—so must we assail this colossal monster. One thing we would strenuously urge upon our colonists—it is that their true interest is to join heart and hand with those who are labouring for the utter and eternal abolition of slavery.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE POLISH EXILES.

* * * * * Meantime, the children of Poland are wanderers over the earth; or, if lingering on their native soil, lingering there no longer as masters, but as slaves. There is a strange destiny,—the life of a criminal without his guilt. Their gallantry and their honour have as yet been rewarded with the felon's fate, and the cup they have had to drain has, indeed, been a cup running with bitterness. Their poverty has been mocked at in lands where to be poor is to be criminal, and the nobleness of soul which bid the patriot lay down his wealth at his country's altar has been forgotten. The fashion of the hour has changed, and the woes of Poland are no longer sung in the bowers of the fair, whilst the politician exclaims, "C'est un fait accompli," and shrugging his shoulders, announces the degrading doctrine that possession gives right. Even the lawyer will allow, that no claim is barred which is asserted within a period of twenty years, and what year elapses during which hundreds of Poland's children do not assert their claims, and sign their appeal with their blood? From time to time throes of Poland, as she half rises from her tomb are felt over Europe, and each struggle to assume her former erect position becomes more desperate and prolonged. The serf and the noble are fast learning the mighty lesson, that in their union lies their strength, and like a giant form in the Castle of Otranto, we prophesy that the spirit of Poland will yet dilate, till it burst the ceremonies of its living tomb. Meantime, the Polish exile has a high a noble mission: it is his lofty prerogative as he wanders a stranger, and perhaps in rags, to preach to the world a mighty lesson of enduring faith,—a faith in the undying nationality of a country which we vainly seek upon the map,—a faith in the justice of a God to whom his blood has so long vainly cried for succour,—a faith in the final victory of that right which has been so often stricken to the earth. Those who once preached a yet sublimer faith were even more despised and afflicted than he, but the Polish exile, however miserable, he too is an apostle.

BRITISH JOURNALS.

London Atlas, January 2.

STATE OF AFFAIRS.

The new year meet us with a fair and fortunate aspect. It finds us quiet and prosperous at home and successful abroad. Guizot and the peace party in France, supported, as they will be, by the King and by every Frenchman who has property to lose, will we are convinced, make good their stand against all the intrigues which are now directed against them. Mehmet Ali retires to his old den, where he will probably take a short time of torpor before he makes another inroad upon his neighbors. Spain and Portugal have submitted their differences to England, and thus another aperture, by which war might have entered, is closed. So well are all things settled, that it might appear impossible even for M. Thiers himself, if he were again to come into power, with all his secret agents, his inflammatory press, and his unprincipled tactics, to find out another flaw which he could widen into a breach.

In China and in British India we have no news but news of success; in Canada all again is peace, while our sturdy though infant colonies in Australasia are opening to us new sources of wealth, power, and grandeur. Surely there is nothing in this prospect which can make us look suspiciously upon the advent of the year 1841.

At home we are as well off as we have ever been or ever can be, while the inevitable inequality of conditions entails upon every society a large class of necessitous persons. It is a cheering symptom that even at this time of general holiday and leisure, Chartism has been unable to arouse itself from its torpor. The