

ment, but the word of God abideth for ever. I shall be embraced by all lands; it shall be possessed by every people; it shall be the glory of all time, the comfort of all hearts, and the ornament of all the habitations of the children of men. It shall be translated into every speech, earth's thousand tongues shall repeat its melodies. From the pine covered forests of the north to the palm groves of the east. Its music shall mingle with the hum of great capitals, and blend with the breezes of the desert scene. Then it shall be seen that what man calls great has its end; what God pronounces true, endures for ever.

The Politician.

The British Press.

Douglas Jerold's Magazine.
COBDEN ON THE CONTINENT.
BY ANGUS B. REACH.

RICHARD COBDEN was a commercial traveller once—and although the world may not at first blush think it—Richard Cobden is a commercial traveller still. Sometimes on the road, and sometimes on the rail—an active emissary of Manchester; he distributed his patterns—collected his debts—opened up new connections—consolidated old ones—wrote his daily bulletin on the state of trade—the tightness of money or the glut of trade—to the city, of the tall chimneys—and then officiated as Mr Chair, or Mr Vice, in that hasty gobbled dinner, which commercial gentlemen always seem to hurry over as a piece of disagreeable necessity, to be got through with as quick as possible.

And Richard Cobden is a commercial traveller still. True, he shows no patterns—takes no order—duns no customer—represents no firm. His progress is not now from Manchester to Liverpool, or from Nottingham to Derby. His ever shifting habitation is no longer that big, side boarded, dreary, bookless commercial room. He fleeth not from shop to shop,—signing bills—writing receipts—vaunting a new design in colicoes—predicting a rise in cottons. And still, we repeat is a commercial traveller.

Yes—the greatest—the most remarkable traveller the world has ever seen. Europe is his district—nations are his customers—the members of the League fill his book of patterns—he deals in mighty principles—he distributes vast doctrines—he exhibits new designs which shake the polity of empires—he predicts universal commercial interchanges—no land, no city, which he has not filled with the fame and the credit of his great constituents, the mighty firm of free Trade, throned in the realms of England.

Richard Cobden literally the commercial traveller—and Richard Cobden, figuratively the commercial traveller! How vast the head The Mister Cobden who derived his little weight from his calico making constituents—whose name circulated but among his own little class—the knight errants of the Ledger—whose talk was naturally of invoices and bills of parcels—who was only cared for by motley faced Landlords and grimy booties—in fact, Mr P. Cobden, Bagman.

Study that picture first—then this. Richard Cobden, the wide world known—the leader of the greatest mercantile confederacy that man has ever seen—the wielder of a power the most pacific—the most pliable—but the most overwhelming probably ever guided by one governing spirit—Richard Cobden who revolutionized an empire—who will revolutionize the world, and who did it without the glitter of a bayonet or the crack of a musket—Richard Cobden who prostrated the proudest oligarchy of Europe—who ruled the man who ruled the Legislature which ruled the empire—Richard Cobden, at once the missionary—the champion—the advocate—the embodiment of free Trade—striding in his triumph over Europe—everywhere welcomed—everywhere honoured—his health toasted—his name, his principles, and his deeds proclaimed in every language of civilization—everywhere sowing the good seed—everywhere telling the good tidings—everywhere pointing out how protection clogs men's progress—how it insulates them and makes them enemies—how, to the eye of mercantile genius, customhouses show like frowning ramparts, and tariffs, like standing armies.

'Tis a wondrous, a promising, a happy phenomenon, the tour of Richard Cobden. It is greater than ever was monarch's progress—will exercise more power than ever did conqueror's march. He sets people thinking. He leaves little Leagues behind him—he consecrates, so to speak, local Valliards, and Brights, and Foxes. He sets many balls a rolling. Festal banquets everywhere await him—oh, may they be the forerunners of the great festal banquet which the world shall sit down to, when, like the guests at a picnic, every nation shall bring its share to the setting forth of the table—one offering bread—another wine—a pastoral land its meat—a manufacturing its steel, wherewith to carve the viands! Free Trade!—the word is now a household word in many tongues—the idea will soon become as familiar, and then will it be translated into action.

Quick-witted France—thou pleasant and light hearted land—let the sea be the only and easily spanned barrier betwixt us. We can mutually help each other—hear glory in other's sound than the rolling of drums—forego any affection for the administration of triangular payonet stabs. We want your wine, not your blood—take our cottons, not our lives. Let the channel be dotted with packets, not privateers. Be happy Monsieur le Prince du Jeunille, without flinging thirteen inch shells into the marine libraries at Margate—adopt Free Trade, in fine—do not fight with us—deal with us—make drays of your tumbrils—scales of your shakoos—and weights of your bullets.

And thou, Belgium, remember the old name—the old days of your land. We love its ancient rather than its modern title. Flanders, the Netherlands, the low Countries,—you were the first to teach northern Europe the arts of peace—to prove the might—the power of honest industry. Glorious old burghers of Ghent, and Antwerp, and Bruges,—sleeping amid the pomp of your many towered cities—you it was who bearded the fierce chivalry of France and Spain—you it was who first taught the nations how the lance could be shivered by the spindle. Did your stout deputies quail before the bluster of Charles of Burgundy? Were these keen minds ever swayed by the craftiness of his well beloved cousin of France?—No gallant burghers of Flanders, you formed the first great commercial league—you harried the robbers' nest on the Rhine—you taught your steel clad neighbours that the pennon fluttering from knightly lance must yield to the flag hoisted on merchantman's masts. And were you rude, mechanical—a mere toiling, soulless mass of sweltering artisans or ledger loving hucksters? Answer for us, the brushes of your painters—the chisels of your sculptors. Answer for us, the canvas of Teniers and Rubens—the gothic glories of the spire of Antwerp—the burgher hall of Ghent.

Spain!—You too had your commercial glories—you it was who sent forth the little fleet of three from Palos—you it was whose flag first floated on the Pacific—you it was whose stately argosies and galleons first poured forth the treasures—the gold, the silver, the perfumes, the cinnamon and the spice of the fresh new world, before the eyes of dazzled Europe. But it turned from peace to war—from traffic to combat—you loaded your fleet with shot and shell—a prince commanded—a pope blessed it—and yet, where in two months was the invincible armada, and where since has been the happiness and prosperity of Spain.

Italy—the land of commerce as much as of art—land of merchants who were princes, and the princes who were merchants! In the tideless Adriatic once waved the flag of all nations. It was when the commerce of Italy most flourished, that its art reached its zenith. Glorious above all its days were those in which the merchant galleys of the world crowded the lagoons of Venice, and clustered round the mole of Genoa—when Italy had its Medicis to encourage its artistic splendour—its Dorias to vindicate its maritime renown.

But now, commerce has flown; its spirit, if not dead, is torpid in Belgium—in Spain—in Italy. The quays of Antwerp are deserted—there is idleness and gloom in the ports from which the armada sailed, and in which the Bucentaurs lie rotting. Civil war and military despotism have ground down commerceless lands. But there is yet hope. When the rail shall clasp Europe in its iron bands—when custom houses shall crumble like the relics of outworn things—when sordid monopoly no longer shall stifle industry, hatch wars and batten on human misery—then—and the time must surely come—then will the league—the great English Anti-Corn-League—have fulfilled its ultimate mission, and its Champion and apostle have reaped the fruits of his long ungrateful toil, in the tributes of admiring historians, and the happiness of friendly, prosperous, and industrious nations.

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THE REVOLUTIONARY FIRE-BRAND.

We lie surrounded with terrors: volcanoes are boiling beneath our feet; the lightning is darting above our heads; every day, something on which we had reposed in security is suddenly discovered to be but a thin plank thrown across the bottomless abyss;—so heedless are we of the fearful mysteries of our existence, till some penetrating eye detects them and some voice of warning betrays them! We dance heedlessly on the green sward, quite unconscious of its being the soft covering of a grave. Suddenly a kind and anxious spectator, or probably, some 'vested interest' makes us aware of the fact, and our dance ceases—our merriment is chilled. How much we owe to those attentive alarmers—to those sensitive appreciators of the hidden evil—to the warning voice which checks our laughter with the sudden revelation of the grave!

As if there were not horrors enough, another horror has been detected; as if our social existence were not sufficiently perilous, another danger has been discovered. There is,—though many know it not—a fearful pestilence stalking abroad. There is a Firebrand flashing in the air, and on the eve of being hurled into the powder magazine of the State. The horrible scheme of the gunpowder plot is paltry in comparison—sinks into an insignificance of which Guy Fawkes, hoisted on dirty boys' shoulders, is the only adequate symbol.

'God bless me!' exclaims the alarmed reader, 'I was not at all aware of this. I have heard of the 'Church in danger,' so often, that it has become like the cry of 'the wolf,' and I settle my fears with the proverb, 'creaking doors, &c.' But what is this Firebrand?'

You may accuse us of paradox, if we answer truly; and yet we must not prevaricate. Know, then, that it has been discovered, aye and demonstrated, that the great Revolutionary Firebrand, which is to make our "Glorious constitution" an inglorious heap of blackened ruins, is no less a thing than this: the earnest Protest against Wrong!

If you see millions suffering from injustice, and you protest—earnestly, solemnly protest—

against the cause, you are lighting a Firebrand. If your soul sickens at the degradation inflicted by the Lash, your squeamishness must be silent, or you will be raising a Firebrand in the air. If you think you can perceive, on the one hand, the brutalising effects of Capital Punishment, on the other its wretched inefficiency in diminishing crime, you must not utter that conviction, or you will be casting a Firebrand into society. Think what you please, but beware how you utter it, unless you belong to the "right thinking and enlightened class." Sicken, if you will, but dare not to protest. Dare not to tamper with the edifice which Time and the misery of millions has sanctified; dare not to remove even a withered branch from that Tree, under whose branching shade our forefathers grew up, lest, in removing the blighted branch, you peril the stability of the whole. The Tree is a noble tree, with all its tortuous misgrowths, with all its paralysed limbs. You must respect it for what it has been. It has its defects. It has also its great qualities. The defects are inseparable from its greatness, and therefore ought not to be removed. Attempt to remove them, and you light the Firebrand.

You will be told that there is wrong in the world, there always has been, always will be. Our life is a "mingled yarn"—the evil is inseparably woven in with the good. What, then, is the use of raising seditious cries about particular wrongs? If you protest, you endanger 'vested interests.' If you endanger these you endanger the welfare of the State, and, as the State is composed of all classes, including the millions, it follows, by a very beautiful deduction, that your protest is a dangerous Firebrand, which, if listened to, will destroy even the millions in whose favor it is made, since their welfare is, of course, bound up with that of the State!

'Is it then,' we hear some sarcastic gentleman observe, 'indifferent what sophisms are put forth to gull the credulous people? Shall not a far seeing man stigmatise the sophism which lies under that Protest? Is not Falsehood always a Firebrand?'

Falsehood is always a Firebrand; but is seldom called so. Falsehood is laughed at, exposed, or disregarded—men know that its empire must be short. Truth, when ruining 'vested interests,' is endeavored to be stifled, under the obloquy of a name. Truth alone is crucified!

Let any man rise up and preach against imaginary evils, or in favor of inapplicable reforms, and he will meet, indeed, with abundant sarcasms, but the utmost to be said of his opinions are—'They are crotchets!' But, let a man arise to utter the thought which is struggling for utterance in the dumb millions—let him preach against a wrong which thousands feel, and which the wronger knows exists, then, when he is uttering a living truth, when his voice is the voice of those who cannot speak, when his word is a spark of unextinguishable fire, that lights up the souls of his hearers, and clears away their doubts—then, opinion is not sneered at as a crotchet, it is vilified as a Firebrand. Then rises the voice of warning and of lamentation; then are the lovers of social order called upon to repress the profligate abuse of the Liberty of Thought.

So true it is, as Heinrich Heine strikingly observes, 'Everywhere, where an earnest spirit speaks out his convictions, there also is a Golgotha!'

Communications.

Answer to the Charades contained in the Gleaner of the 13th inst.

To that addressed, 'to the Scholars of the Northumberland Grammar School,' the word *Glenelg*: and the second subscribed 'Omega,' the word *Northumberland*. We have given these solutions in a concise manner as possible as not wishing to trespass too much on the columns of your highly interesting Journal.

HOMESFURN.

A Charade by the same.

I'm a word of nine letters, but so strangely combined,
That my derivation can be scarcely defined;
But if with attention you transpose me aright,
Words of meaning and sense, you will soon bring to light.

My last, fourth and fifth, if arranged with care,

Will, that which betokens existence, declare.
If to my third, second, seventh, you next add my eighth,

You will then have a term applied to the great.
My seventh, eighth, and fourth, with my second and third,

Gives that often used, both by peasant and lord.

My eighth, fourth and sixth, with my third brings to view,

An appendage of beauty, often black, never blue.

My fourth, and my third, with my seventh and eighth,

Gives a part of a circle, be the same small or great.

My whole is a name quite familiar indeed,
Then come then pray tell me what am I with speed.

May 20, 1847.

Mr Pierce,

I send you the enclosed solution of the Charades in your last Gleaner. Egg is very good food; leg is a part of the body; glen is a valley; ell is a measure; glee is a kind of song; lee is a sea term; eel is a fish; Ellen is a lady's name; and Glenelg is a word of seven letters, and is to be found in the county of Northumberland.

Second—Hand is a part of the body; Ne, than is a scripture name; Rum is a spirituous liquor; drum is a musical instrument; barn is an out-house; hundred is a number; lamb is an animal; Robert is a man's name; Lombard is the name of a street in London; bat is an article of clothing; melon is a delicious fruit; bottle is a needful article; rat is a small animal, and Northumberland is a word of fourteen letters, and the title of an English nobleman.

A Scholar of the Northumberland Grammar School.

Chatham, May 17, 1847.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1847.

The Subscriber having been compelled to consume a large amount of time, and incur considerable expense, in his too often fruitless endeavours to collect his far-spread Outstanding Debts, hereby notifies all persons to whom he is not indebted, and with whom he has not a running account, that orders for advertising in the Gleaner, and for Printing, in future, must be accompanied with the CASH, otherwise they will not meet with attention.

JAMES A. PIERCE.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—In the absence of more important matter, we have devoted considerable space to extracts from British papers received by the last steamer. After a careful perusal of the numerous papers obtained, we do not see any thing of special importance to record in addition to what we hurriedly furnished our readers last week, with the exception, that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was dangerously ill, and at the latest dates but little or no hopes were entertained of his recovery.

VIOLATION OF THE LORD'S DAY IN TAVERNS.—Conceiving it to be our duty to bring under the notice of the public authorities such abuses and evils as we know to exist, with a view to have them remedied, we would at the present time state that the sanctity of the Holy Sabbath is most shamefully violated by several Tavern Keepers in Chatham, who allow persons to congregate in their premises, to smoke and drink, and indulge in loud and boisterous talk, annoying to every individual who has any regard for the commands of Him who has ordered us to reverence his Sabbaths, which too frequently results in a disgraceful riot or fight. There appears to be no desire to keep the matter a secret—it is perpetrated in the broad day light; and we ourselves have witnessed, as we passed along, through the open windows, bottles and glasses on the tables, around which were seated some of our neighbours, from whom we have a right to expect better things, enjoying themselves over what is falsely styled 'a social glass.'

The rules and regulations with which a tavern keeper is furnished on obtaining his license, and which he is ordered to post up in the most conspicuous place in his premises, orders—'That no Inn or Tavern Keeper shall be allowed to sell any Liquor on the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, under any pretext whatever.' How is it then, that this rule, which should be most solemnly enjoined on the parties taking out licenses, and most rigorously enforced, is allowed to be violated Sabbath after Sabbath, with impunity.

We have noticed this matter in the hope that our Magistrates, with whom we conceive the duty rests to see all abuses of this description remedied, will make some enquiry into the subject, so