

The Politician.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From the London Weekly Dispatch.  
FUSION AND CON-FUSION.

Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, Alexander, Tamerlane, Genghis Khan, and other gentlemen who "wept because there were no more worlds to conquer," were regarded in their time as acting strictly within a natural vocation and quite legitimate calling. The "law of the strongest" was, in ethics, held to be perfectly inexpugnable. The old world was so accustomed to conquerors, that it respected them as the viceregents of the power of providence. It never dreamt of questioning the axiom that "might make right." The New Zealand title to land is proof, by the owner, that he ate his predecessor—at least "all the principal roasting pieces." The highest and clearest title to a kingdom, in more civilized countries, was that of having wantonly invaded, and with iron hand subdued it. A successful aggression was looked upon with awe, and revered as the highest achievement of human greatness. Dazzled with the effect, men never reflected on the means, or investigated the morality of the principle on which the "wholesale murder" was sought to be justified. The biggest filibustero was the greatest man. He thought himself so, because all else said he was so. The pests and scourges of the world were deemed the natural and fated lords of the world; indeed invasion, conquest and aggression, were regarded as the business of public life; and the greatness of States was measured by the extent of their powers of mischief, and the degree in which they had inflicted calamity on their neighbours. Had the inoffensive, the just minded, the intelligent people of the world understood one another, formed alliances, agreed to self-denying ordinance and treaties of mutual protection and defence, visions of universal conquest would have been dispelled. Alexander would have civilized Macedonia, in place of drawing from it contingents for Arabia and the Indus. Rome would have directed those energies to the consolidation of her eternal resources, which she dissipated in foreign conquest, which weakened her heart, and finally ruined her. Yes, Rome might to this hour have been great and happy, could she have "seen the things that belonged to her peace, before they were hidden for ever from her eyes." With the introduction of Christianity came more humanizing influences. Owning a common and a more enlightened creed, the nations of Europe acknowledged in profession the sinfulness of aggression unsupported by any other justification than that of power. The heresy that invasion of the peaceful and unoffending was justifiable whenever it was successful, became exploded. Napoleon threatened to revive the idea of universal conquest—to devote the whole faculties of a great people to the business of war—to dedicate the mind and heart of a nation to the art of killing and conquering.—He levied fines on those whom he invaded—he made "war support its own charges"—he exacted tribute, and dictated subsidies on the field of victory. Europe, in his day, as the world in the days of Julius Cæsar, was silly enough to cherish mutual jealousies and distrust among its States, in place of at once combining to crush the common enemy. Each was afraid to interfere—whispered, "Tis none of my business"—canted about the wisdom of the doctrine of non-intervention—even coquetted with the general scourge of all, but hunted him, sent its Foxes and Lauderdale, and other Imperial toad-eaters to worship him, and be earwigged by his speciosities—to come back and call him the most amiable and peace loving of men, even to have secret treaties or open alliances with him. He swept over our Continent like a hurricane—conquered all—isolated us from the rest—prepared to include us in the category of his slaves. At last, thoroughly alarmed for our liberties, an universal alliance against the rest of the world which should have been consummated at first, was necessitated at last, and the great truth went forth from the plain of Waterloo that a war of aggression was a crime against the law of nations, and that designs of universal conquest or dominion would be crushed by the unanimous execration of mankind.

Can any man with only so much conscience as is competent to the faintest processes of the logic of duty, doubt the justice of that great maxim of the modern policy of Christian nations? Can any free citizen of a free State, with but so much as a teaspoonful of brains, harbour a doubt of the prudence or wisdom of such an axiom. The Russian question lies in a nutshell. Within half a century the Czars of Russia have, by purely wanton aggression, by fomenting treason, nursing rebellion, intriguing with neighbours to set them by the ears, annexed, that is stolen, burglariously appropriated, to their original dominions, independent States, owning territory equal, it is supposed in space, to all the rest of Europe. That is their avowed and open practice. What is their profession? To follow out the policy of Catharine, conquer Turkey, and transfer the throne of the Romanoffs from Petersburg to Constantinople. Russia is one vast camp, the Government is

from head to hell purely military—every citizen is a soldier—the whole nation is one huge organized, drilled, armed, and ammunitioned mischief. Its constant and active practice is invasion and aggression, its ostentatious profession of principle is that of a gradual but unending extension of dominion. Is it not equally the duty and the interest of every State of Europe to rise and say, "This shall not be?" Is not the very difficulty we experience in resisting it a reason for not postponing that resistance until the increased strength of the enemy would render that resistance more difficult? Are we taunted with our supineness in the cases of Hungary, Poland, Sicily, Italy? Why, we taunt the peace meniacs with that. See what has come of their non-intervention theory! Had we stopped the conquest of Poland and the Subjugation of Hungary, these nations would now have resisted the appropriation of Turkey, and saved us both the trouble and expense which the too tardy discharge of our duty to mankind has cost us. With all the mismanagement and misfortune which have attended the war, does the balance of result in this campaign afford any reason for the lugubrious exultation of Quaker wisecracks who go about sapiently shaking their broad brims, and wheezing out of their costive mental economy an asthmaic protest that "they told us so at the first"—"see what prophets we have been!" Punch, whose designs so often rise to sublimity, has excelled himself in that outline of the skeleton Life Guardsman, the snow drifting against the grim death's head, the empty cuirass, the marrowless cloak, laying his fleshless claws on the heart of the mighty Emperor, and freezing him with his dony talons into the palsy of death. Yes, the insane pride of the tyrant sinner has cost him his life—the sick man routed his cohorts on the Danube. The siege of Silistria has betrayed to the Turks the fact that they can be soldiers and heroes if they will—that they are more than a match for the Russians single handed, if they will be but true to their country. The Czar came to invade. Not only has he been driven back, but invaded in his turn—defeated in every encounter by a third, sometimes, as at Inkermann, by a fifth of his own forces. All his efforts, skill, resources, cannot relieve him of the disgrace and humiliation of his territory being held by his enemy, and of all his efforts to drive him thence being entirely abortive. Yes—even the sick man invades his finest provinces—takes up an independant position—beats his best troops in a pitched engagement with the odds of numbers against him—teaches his Turks contempt of their foe, and confidence in their own prowess. In a word Mahomed lives—is a conqueror. Nicholas is dead—his heart broken by the defeat of Eupatoria. The justice of Providence is not only retributive but poetical. Petersburg is in a state of bankruptcy—trade stopped—the nobility ruined—the Black Sea fleet destroyed—the mercantile marine made prizes—the Russian coast strictly blockaded—Bomarsund deleted and razed—the Baltic fleet skulking in ignoble and motifying cowardice in its harbours, challenged by half its force outside to combat. Is that nothing? Indeed is that not success? If we have done such things in spite of bad strategy, gross mismanagement, infinite elemental disaster by sea and land, an enterprise all blunder and impracticability from the beginning, wherein energy has been wasted on trenches, mines, feints, sallies, assaults, cold wet and hunger, before a fortress whose capture is not worth the sacrifice, we have it clearly proved to us that in ordinary campaigning, and on the open plain, even the Turks can master the Russians, and that, against Zouaves, Highlanders, Chasseurs and Guards, the Muscovites have no more power of resistance than a haystack against a hurricane. Have patience—

My pensive quaker, wherefore look you sad? I had a grandmo-her—she had a donkey, And when that donkey look'd her in the face Its face was sad—and you are sad my quaker!

The dry spring weather is coming. Louis Napoleon is going, his "star" with him to the Crimea. Silently 100,000 fresh troops are moving onward to the field. When the sound of the hoof of the French Emperor's horse is heard on the sward of Eupatoria, the Russian army will be Driven into the Sea of Azoff, or will file past to pile, their arms between the lines of allied troops. This is no idle boast, for we have routed the foe in every encounter, and want but weather to complete his annihilation. We feel compelled to repeat the enumeration of these considerations because Quakers income-tax collectors Manchester cotton spinners and Bank-parlour Nodemuses, who, ashamed to avow their craven fears, steal to Downing-street, and whisper white-feather sentiments to the Minister, are bamboozling and lecturing, and pamphleteering the public into an armistice, to be followed by a disgraceful peace; and it is more than ever the duty of every patriot to brace up the public mind to the "fixed and firmest" resolved to accept of no settlement that will leave either Sebastopol or a Russian fleet in the Black Sea, and to screw its courage to the sticking-place of that homely sentiment—"Pull Devil, pull baker, the thickest skin will hold longest out." The nation has been drugged with despair. It has been elaborately frightened and systematically depressed, to prepare it to eat dirt and sneak. Nicholas has been raised to the Rank of Old Bogy—the Russians have been written up for strategy, pluck, skill

and endurance. We say, on the contrary, they are stolid, barbarous food for powder, whom the summer will sweep before us as the sun does the snow. No armistice—no peace but in victory, indemnity for the past, security for the future. The great criminal has gone to his account. Joseph Sturge, whose placards about corn have produced the bread riots, has pronounced his elogy. His successor may be wise; if not his "Muscovite party" must be made to repent their pride, and to feel their feebleness and folly. All the bluster they get inserted in our journals under veil of news, about their levies, and their drafts from the remoteness of their empire, do not deceive us, although that is the object of their publication. We see what their strength is—that after 12 months' preparation they cannot muster as many troops on their own frontier as we can—that in short their power is a numbug and a wind-bag—and that we have confounded the terrors of blast and frost and fever, with our ideas of the strength of an enemy that, when Generals Janvier and and Fevrier leave him, will prove utterly helpless. This has always been so. The French frostbitten, starving, in rags, shoeless, beat them in every encounter in their own country through Moscow campaign. In Germany and Italy Cathcart informs us that Napoleon gave them a succession of drubbings that was absolutely ludicrous. The Turks have always resisted them successfully, and never were beaten except by diplomacy. We are stronger, they are weaker than ever—what have we to fear—why should we hesitate? The peace party try to placard the war down on every hoarding place in the mairdolis. It is with pride and pleasure we record the fact that, as in the Crimea, the morale the heroism, the generosity and gilling discipline of our common soldiers have been "beyond the Greek, above all Roman fame," so the sound sense, loyalty, good order, and heartedness of our common people at home, have never faltered; and that with distress, slack employment, taxation and broad-sheet appeals to their passions by broadcloth incendiaries, they have stood by their convictions like men, while these who should have been their guides, and set them an example, have been unfaithful to the State, and unaffected to the common cause of the country. We call upon our countrymen to stand fast to their principles.—We tell them that our only danger lies in domestic treason to the might and Majesty of England. Here—from this place, we defy the Selave and tell Austria that we can do without them—aye, can do, even if they, too, should be against us. France alone, has done it before now, when she was less powerless and less rich—England and France together!—let tyrants tremble! All honour to Napoleon for taking the field in person. That is a challenge to Cambridge and Jerome, and Albert. He goes with victory brooding on his helm—he goes to achieve peace by conquering it, and to make all Europe his grateful and eternal debtors.

From the Daily News, March 22.  
THE CONFERENCE.

The position of Alexander II., we are given to understand, is good. He has ostensibly placed himself, without reserve, in the hands of the only statesman possessed of his father's real intentions, and this has produced such a favourable impression upon what we suppose we must call the Russian public, that he will apparently find it comparatively easy to settle the business bequeathed to him as he shall think proper. One or two other circumstances have contributed to strengthen him. His own amiable qualities have had some effect; perhaps still more will be accomplished by the rather studied death scenes. His own dispositions predispose him to seek peace; and a desire for peace is also said to be prevalent among his subjects. The nobles dislike the diminution of their incomes, and still more the increase of their expenditure—in the shape of voluntary contribution to the cost of the war. As for the lower orders, they have no martial spirit. Unlike the Englishman, who is pugnacious by nature and no soldier by habit, the Russian is naturally a very peaceable animal, compelled to assume the appearance of a soldier by a military government. And yet notwithstanding all these influences, we cannot but look upon peace as a remote and improbable event. The demolition of Sebastopol is the only material guarantee that can be afforded for the diminution of the undue preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea. Upon the success of the attempt to reduce Sebastopol, our ally, the Emperor of the French may be regarded as having staked his throne; for failure in that attempt might awaken a spirit in the French army that would be fatal to him. But to the demolition of Sebastopol no Russian government can or will submit, unless under extreme pressure. The Russians would prefer the destruction of St. Petersburg to that of Sebastopol. The possession of the latter they regard as ensuring to them the indefinite extension of their empire towards the south. St. Petersburg, on the contrary is a cul-de-sac, which leads nowhere; and the Russians know well that it is pretty certain to be destroyed by natural causes before another half a century passes over their heads.—Here then, will be the stumbling-block in the Vienna negotiations. With many a grimace Russia may swallow the conditions of the allies relating to the free navigation of the Danube, and the renunciation of the exclusive

protectorate of Danubian provinces and the Christian subjects of the Porte. But when the question of limiting Russian ascendancy on the Black Sea, and to that and dismantling Sebastopol, comes upon the topics, then Russia will make an obstinate stand—exhaust every wile of diplomacy; and, finally, break off the negotiations rather than consent. Nor is this the only difficulty with which the representatives of the Western Powers will have to contend at the Vienna conference. Their ally, Austria, may give them quite as much trouble as their adversary, Russia. When Austria occupied the Danubian principalities, on the retreat of the Russians, it was with no intention of ever again relinquishing its grasp upon them. No efforts will be spared by the Austrian Diplomats to obtain the consent of the Western Powers to the virtual, if not the avowed, annexation of the disputed principalities to the Austrian dominions. Now there are three sufficient reasons against the acquiescence of France and England in any such proposals. The first is regard for the rights of their ally, the Sultan.—Feeble though the link be that binds Wallachia and Moldavia to the Turkish empire, it is still a bar to the acquisition of these provinces by Austria. France and England have armed to assert the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire against Russia; can France and England with honor or consistency consent to any encroachment on the integrity of the Ottoman empire by Austria? The second reason is regard for the rights and principles of the inhabitants of the principalities. They have been, more, and more unjustly injured during the present struggle than any other parties. Whatever the merits of the controversy between Russia and Turkey, it has never been pretended that Russia had any ground for quarrel with the Wallachians and Moldavians. Even though the Czar had had real cause for being angry with the Porte, he could not pretend that he had been injured by the Wallachians and Moldavians. Yet he punished them for the faults which he pretended the Porte had been guilty of towards him. He invaded their territory; he seized upon their public money; he allowed his soldiers to live upon them at free quarters, he subjected them to martial law. Well, this plague came to an end in time. The Russians were obliged to evacuate the principalities. But no sooner were they gone than the Austrians entered, and proved a more intolerable plague than their predecessors. It is strange but true, that the Austrian, the most stupidly-good-natured of human beings at home, becomes the most brutal and outrageous of tyrants when invested with power in a foreign land. The outrages of the Austrian soldiery almost made the Moldavians and the Wallachians wish for the Russians back again. During the Oriental struggle, an unoffending people have been harassed and plundered by both sides. And if the Austrians are allowed to retain the principalities, the future fate of the inhabitants of those countries will be even worse than the past.—The Austrians will be in Wallachia and Moldavia what they have been in Italy—and worse, for there they will be more removed from the control of the public opinion of Europe. The third reason for not allowing Austria to retain possession of the Danubian principalities is the necessity of obtaining a guaranteed for the free navigation of the Danube. If Austria is to succeed Russia in possession of the right bank, and delta of the Danube to the sea—and this is what the cabinet of Vienna now aims at—we shall see the waters of that river navigated exclusively by Austrian monopolist steam companies. The rights of the Sultan, the rights and interests of the Wallachians and Moldavians, the rights and interests of every maritime state, will be endangered if Austria is allowed to retain possession of the Danubian principalities. But the whole soul of the Austrian government is set upon obtaining permanent possession of them; and, to accomplish this, the negotiations at Vienna will be symphonized out; Russia and the Western Powers will be alternately fawned upon and menaced, no duplicity, no falsehood, will be spared. The unscrupulously ambitious projects of Austria require to be as closely watched as those of Russia.

Legislative News.

Extracts from the Journals.

Fredericton, April 7.

- To William W. Anderson, of Richibucto, the sum of £25 towards defraying in part the cost of certain Mathematical Instruments for the use of a superior School taught by him in that place.
- April 9.
- To His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor the sum of £15 to enable Andrew Lipssett to establish and maintain a House of public entertainment in a remote district on the Great Road from Barker's landing to Richibucto; the same not to be drawn from the Treasury until it shall be certified to His Excellency that a comfortable House has been established in the said district.
- April 11.
- Read a third time as engrossed, a bill relating to the Post Office. Resolved, that the bill do pass.
- Read a third time as engrossed, a bill relating to Public Accounts. Resolved, that the bill do pass.
- On motion of Mr Ryan, whereas an act passed making provisions for the travelling expenses of members of this House, and some doubts exist as to the limit and extent of such provision; therefore