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POLITICAL.

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THE CONGRESS.

The European system has, since the close of the French war, assumed a new character. The grand pensee of Henry IV. of France contemplated the arbitration of national quarrels by a council of sovereigns. But the generosity of Henry's nature was not proof against the habits of his country; and his grand coalition was to have France at its head. Yet the good sense and piety of extinguishing the conflicts of empire were obvious, and a multitude of the best and wisest men had calculated the advantage of restraining national injustice, by an appeal to some great Amphictyonic seat of judgment. The speculation was never reduced to practice. Even the benevolent looked upon it but as one of those theories of human happiness in which the whole delight must be limited to speculation. The nineteenth century has shown its practicability. But the wisdom was not of man's invention, nor the ray of man's discovery. The French war, in its triumph and its catastrophe, was the teacher, under the controul of that mighty and beneficent intelligence, which, at all times directing the course of things to the ultimate good of society, seems to have in those latter days both accelerated the progress, and made more palpable the design. It is absurd to place the French war in the class of those conflicts, by which nation has been struggling against nation from the first of ages. Its external violence and its civil excesses, its disruption of foreign power, and its subversion of the domestic throne, have no common features with the strife of war. It was not an army in hostility, but a people; not a people resisting a single opponent, but a people challenging conflict with the world. The overthrow of the national worship, the monarchy, the privileges of every constituted body, the subversion of property within the realm, the assault upon all exterior authority, alike allied, neutral, inimical; the furious and sanguinary ambition, by which the ends of the earth were contemplated as not too remote for the boundaries of French dominion, gave the war a gigantic, strange and overwhelming character, a physiognomy of fiendish pride, unbelief, and blood, terribly pre-eminent over all the combats of mere human ambition.

Two discoveries resulted from this tremendous convulsion; the first, that no single power can overthrow the united force of the rest; and the second, that to secure Europe from gradual ruin, a combination of the leading powers was of absolute necessity. For the first time in history, an army of empires was formed; and by the choice of Wellington for its chief, England was virtually declared the head of this most magnificent of all coalitions.

It is beyond our purpose to examine whether all that might have been done by this great arrangement has been done; whether the Holy Alliance, a compact of a distinct order, has been pure in all its purposes; whether the rights of nature have not been violated, in the eagerness to restrain the influences of national irritability. But one fact is unanswerable, that the great primal project of the coalition has been accomplished; that France is no more the disturbing spirit of Europe; that her Revolution, once stricken down, has been kept down; and that the gallantry which smote France has been turned into the vigilance by which its fugitive Jacobinism has been coerced in its vow of foreign ruin.

One more important consideration is, what England is to suffer and to do. A new minister has been placed in charge of her external interest. We are not about to pay undue homage to his powers. His promotion has been the result of the general reliance on his abilities. There may have been private interests active in his elevation; but in the eye of the nation, he has arisen on the simple conviction of his public fitness. The public voice declared at once, that no man was so competent to fill up the chasm in the Administration, and the public confidence has, with the strongest and most honourable testimonies of confidence, acknowledged the appointment of Mr. Canning. The English Minister has before him the first field offered to a high spirit for establishing an immortal name for himself and an irrevocable, yet generous influence for his country.

The death of the late Foreign Secretary would of itself, entitle him to be alluded to with respectful pity. He fell almost a sacrifice to his zeal. His personal faults leave to the investigation of his personal enemies, if he had such; his failures as a statesman are of a more allowable description; and yet over these his death has thrown a veil not to be touched by an irre-

erent hand. We are Tories, and as such we are firm haters of Jacobin ferocity of the Hunts and Cobbetts, and their abettors in all classes of Society. But hating the sanguinary madness of Radicalism, we not less hate though we much less fear, arbitrary power. The Whig of 1688 had degenerated into the Jacobin of 1822. The Tory, of 1822 has adopted the principles of the freeman of 1688, and is at this hour the most effective guard upon the possible excesses of power, because he is the most rational, consistent, and sincere friend to the constitution. If he haunt no mob meetings, propagate no calumnious folly, or make no revolutionary pilgrimages through the jails and highways of England; if he be neither Lord Grey, bending his aristocratic brow to the majesty of the rabble, while the nostrils of his pride are wrinkled in disdain of their rudeness; if he be no Lord Holland, burlesquing the Constitution by the ridicule of his defences; if he disdain the professional clamours of the Broughams, and the boyish mischievousness of the Lambtons, and similar retainers of the cause of absurdity and evil,—he exercises an honourable vigilance on the conduct of ministers, and would be among the first to array himself in firm resistance to an attack on the liberties and honours of England. It may have been remarked, that among the public men whose conduct we found ourselves inclined to discuss, the late Marquis of Londonderry was the individual whom we at least delighted to honour. We are perfectly sensible of his good qualities, his amenity as a leader of the Commons, his freedom from venality, and his personal fearlessness. But of all the Foreign Secretaries within our memory, he had the least of an English mind. His adoption of foreign phrases, trivial as the evidence is, takes a place among the proofs that the Marquis looked with more than English complacency upon the habits of strangers. But the heavier proof of the charge is, that in the whole new distribution of Europe, he gained nothing for the influence, the honour, or the dominion of England. We know the folly of a too extensive dominion, the crime of a lust of power, and the fearful retributive hazard of usurped dominion. But it must not be forgotten that at the close of a war in which we had taken the lead in danger, we were the least in compensation; that warring for the liberties of the world, we were deprived of the honour and happiness of securing them when the contest was done; and that the diarming of the French Revolution, undoubtedly a great result, was the sole consequence reaped from a triumph that ought to have been an era of constitutional freedom through the world. It is the peculiar and noble fortune of England, that her happiness, freedom, and wealth, are palpably connected with those of the great circle of European society. She sits on the throne of Europe by a voluntary sovereignty of good. All nations feel that the mighty Island cannot be the enslaver of the continent; England is the great central fortress in which the suffering and the brave of all countries must take the common interest of a common safety. Her renown is their security. They rejoice to see the battlements of her power—the Acropolis of nations, rise above the strong holds of the earth, and lie glorious in its imperishable trophies and temples; because they know that her strength and glory are the hope of freedom among mankind.

To have made those feelings of the higher minds of the Continent universal, ought to have been the labour of the Foreign Secretary. The Marquis of Londonderry occupied himself in superintending the distribution of territory, not the assurance of freedom. Towns and districts were paid from hand to hand; great tracts of population in the heart of Europe were transferred with the unfeeling facility of a Russian estate, and multitudes of distinguished literati, great merchants, and soldiers who bled for independence, were trafficked from power to power, like Russian peasantry. It might be difficult altogether to counteract this; but an English Secretary ought not to have seen those things done without an honest remonstrance. The Metternicks and Hardenbergs have sagacity enough to distinguish between the pleasure of an official note and the determination of a sincere minister. To his restorations of territory, it is not our purpose to object.—They may have been improvidently liberal, they may have been wise. But we feel deeper regret in the fact, that to this hour the promises of the Continental sovereigns, either to England or their subjects, have been almost without exception eluded; that among their leading powers no constitution has been given to the people, except in France; that no free press has been given to the people, except partially in France; that no general equivalent privileges have been given, if such could be; that the favourite and honourable wish of England, the extinction of the slave trade, has been eluded in the grossest and most nefarious manner by the trading powers, and that almost a million of money has been paid for its suppression into the pockets of Spain

and Portugal, which might have been as wisely flung into the sea.

But it is now gratifying to us to speak of the prospective good. Mr. Canning has eminent advantages in his accession to the public service. Among the first we regard his eloquence, the next is his disengagement from foreign partialities. No man will be a favourite with the nation, or a beneficial servant of the empire, who submits himself to a foreign policy, or foreign predilections. The Englishman must have an English minister. The most popular speech of the most popular predecessor of his Majesty, was that in which he declared himself "born a Briton." The most popular sovereign of England before the Bruuswicks, was Cromwell, the man who declared that with foreigners no ambassador was equal to a ship of the line. The most popular minister that England ever saw—the man to whom she gave her heart and hand with unrestrained confidence—was Chatham, the avowed despiser of foreign professions, the awe of the whole tribe of slithered diplomacy abroad, and the contemptuous and resolute claimant of every right of England and human nature.—Chatham is the great model for a British Minister.

What Mr. Canning will do, it must be idle to conjecture; what he ought to do, it would perhaps, be presumptuous to decide. But what the people of England desire to see done, is of easy knowledge; and it is by the public will that a minister must shape his course, if he will do honour to himself, or service to the nation. Popularity is essential to his power of doing the greatest good. A submission to the honourable will of the people is the best auxiliary for his wisdom. The freedom of English discussion,—the infinite variety of mind, interest, and experience, which are called in to act on any high public matter,—places the general decision almost beyond error; and the wisest question that can be asked in a dubious Cabinet is, what is the opinion in the streets? We look upon the general public judgment as next to infallible. In the late war, full of strange and untried circumstances as was that fearful shaking of established thought and things, it never failed. It predicted the results of every expedition from that of Quiberon Bay to that of Walcheren; and its prediction was fatally true. It pronounced upon every commander at once; and defeat or victory followed as sure as the stroke of the flash. It is remarkable, that the first favourite general of the nation was Sir Arthur Wellesley, and that the national hopes went with him from the moment of his sailing for Portugal. It was remarkable, in other instances, how closely the opinion of the country defined, that one general would blunder bravely into death, and another meet it gallantly in retreat and repulsion; how a third would lose his presence of mind in the field to recover it on his trial; and how another would dress, dine, and sleep away an expedition. The result of the higher operations of diplomacy was foreseen with the same prophetic distinctness. The failure of the successive coalitions,—the fragility of the peace of Amiens,—and the return of Napoleon from Elba,—were topics of common conviction. But this spirit of disastrous prophesy, fearfully confirmed as it was by the long calamity of Europe, was essentially separate from the professional whinnings of party. Whiggism was the screech-owl, lying wherever there was a sick chamber, and trying to scream sickness into death.—There was a nobler and more imperial bird, that, sometimes driven down by the storm, yet kept his plumes expanded, and his eye on Heaven; till, at the first gleam of sun-shine, he shook his wet and weary wing, and eagle-like, again towered to the sun. The Spanish war was the war of the British nation. Whiggism, the universal abettor of insurrection, here found one insurrection entitled to the honour of its hostility. A mighty revolt to protect a king, not to murder him,—to protect a nobility, not to rob and massacre them,—to protect a national worship, not to wash the altars in the blood of the priests,—was a revolt repulsive to English Jacobinism, and the old rejoicings over popular outrage were extinguished in the reprobation of popular virtue. The public opinion sneered at by the Opposition, was adopted by the Government; and those noble Lords who had cheered the insane declaration, that "the troops sent to Spain under Wellington might better have been shot in St. James's Park!" were refuted by triumphs, which were at once those of ministerial energy, and public opinion.

We now come to the most important inquiry:—What is the desire of the English nation in its foreign policy? The most interesting object is Greece. It is beyond all doubt the national desire, that the butchery of this war, should be stopped at once. There has been much guilt and sacrifice of guilty life on both sides. But there has been a horrid barbarity let loose upon the unoffending Islands, which took no part in the insurrection, have been scourged by the

bloody and torturing barbarism of Turkish avarice and revenge. For the first time during centuries we have seen a slave trade in Christian prisoners. Women of honour exposed in the human shambles of an Asiatic butcher; men of wealth and character flung into a horrid captivity, or slain; the servants of the altar racked and murdered; and the horrors of the wildest ages perpetrated by the Turk, with an open declaration, that these things have been done in hatred of Christianity. Is England, which could put a stop at once to this wolfish execution, to shrink from the common duty of humanity, and suffer it to go on? Her official notes are nothing—mockery, worse than mockery. The Turk will feel them an excuse for her shame in suffering these atrocities, and a pledge that all her hostility will be on paper. He taunts her ambassador; he repels her feeble remonstrance; he scoffs at her tardy humanity; answers note by note; and, before the seal is cold, sets forth again on his work of massacre. What treaty can bind a nation to an acquiescence in those horrors, that would not sanction an individual in a conspiracy to see murder done, and see that none impeded its being done? A few Greek revolters landed at Scio; they were received with natural congratulation, but obtained no assistance, or none of moment. The Turk let slip his dogs of war among the people, and a great and flourishing community of the Christian world was made a smoking desert. Its population was massacred, or dragged away to indignities worse than death,—and the butcher was our ally! In Cyprus, there has been no alledged ground of devastation. The Turk found it guilty of peace, and wealth, and more than all, of Christianity. Cyprus, one of the finest islands of the Archipelago, has, by the latest accounts, been utterly sacked;—the island a tomb; the streets full of blood; and thousands, and ten of thousands of its innocent people flung into a returnless slavery, among the ruthless passions and tauntings of the savage infidel. Is England to stand by and see these crimes before God and man committed? Is she to be justified by unrolling her parchment treaty, and in the midst of the hourly violation of its spirit, feel justified before Heaven and earth by pointing to the letter?—If we have declared to the Turk our resolution to prohibit a cruelty worthier of the devil than of man, and if he have persisted,—all treaty is at an end,—our faith is secure,—and then is the time to vindicate our feelings, our honour, and the privileges of nations virtually committed to the charge of England. By our present neutrality we make enemies of all. The Turk hates us for even the trivial sanction which our neutrality gives to the Greek. The Greek hates us for our alliance with the Turk.—The Russian hates us for standing in his line of march to the Propontis. The desire of the British people is, to see neither the Turk trample the Greek, nor the Russian enthroned in Constantinople; but to see the Greek island and main,—all that bore the name, dear and hallowed of Greece,—combined into one vigorous and free shape of power. What the detail of their constitution might be, time and general choice should decide; whether they were to be united under a monarchy,—a form of government of difficult application to their locality,—or to constitute a firmly allied system of separate governments, sending deputies to some permanent central council for the higher concerns of all; a mode of government suited to the noble recollections and the natural circumstances of Greece. The new Greek representative empire would at once check the ambition of Russia in the Mediterranean, strengthen Constantinople and Iona, and give a powerful and honourable ally to England.—Deeper and richer hopes might come forth to light from this draining of the deluge of misery and blood. The climate of Greece, its mountains and seas, its brilliant skies and balmy air, are made of the finest development of the human body, and with it of the mind. It is idle to doubt the influence of climate upon races of people, when every man feels their daily action on himself. Greece wants nothing but the impulse of honourable ambition,—the hope of distinction, the certainty of a free range and reward for her powers,—to be the Greece of *Eschylus* and *Pericles*.

The public desire to see the Spanish civil war extinguished. They lament the havoc of Spanish life, the ruin of a noble country, and the extinction of the finest peasantry of the South—they hear of the battles, in which those unhappy men are left to the dog and vulture, with indignation and sorrow—they feel that now is the moment to interpose. The royalists and constitutional armies are standing face to face, like charged thunder-storms; the mediation of England would conduct the lightning from both, would palpably be rejoiced in by both, the war would be at an end, and the peace and freedom of Spain would be the glorious gift of England.—The English people desire to see a constitution given to Spain. They look with a

version on all attempts to revive the abuses of the old government—they look with aversion on the projects of Jacobinism, thinly discussed under the name of Constitution. They would abolish the Inquisition, the Monks, the more oppressive among the noble and commercial privileges; establish a free representative legislature, a free press, independent judges; lay the foundation for the growing good cause of a religious toleration, and baptize Spain into the toleration of Liberty. The English Minister can accomplish much of this by a word. The declaration of his will must be powerful, when it is in unison with the obvious interest of the nation. Let him propose his plan to both, and declare that he will side with its acceptor. The weight of England's judgment must turn a more uneven balance. But the strength of *Eroles* and *Mina* seems completely equal; they are both, we believe, equally friends of a free constitution, and equally haters of Jacobinism. Our sincere interposition would save their mutual honour, might quiet their mutual claims, and sheathe the sword in Spain. But something we must do. Spain, left to herself, will, after long havoc become directly republican—it is the fashion of the time—revolution is gregarious. A republic in Spain will seek its fellow in a republic in Italy. With Spain and Italy revolutionized, how long will France remain tranquil? How long will Germany, already heaving, lie repining and murmuring, before it bursts into resistless storm; when those things come, what will be the fate of England? Is there, even now, no secret transit for the revolutionary stream through the heart of her soil? We will pursue this topic no farther. *Deus avertat*. And it is beyond all denial, that the whole Continent is at this hour in a state of internal convulsion; that like the spirits of Pandemonium, there is among the more powerful minds of Europe a sense of loss and defeat, a desperate loss of fierce hazards—a wild and fiery dream of rebel grandeur—to be won by force of arms. The Frenchman, cast on the ground by the fortune of war, feels his hostility to thrones unextinguished; the German, who fought for his country under the promise of a Constitution, feels his hopes defeated; the Italian, proud of his ancient memories, and flung ten thousand fathom deep from his late ideal independence, feels and groans; the Pole, loaded with the Russian letter, feels and curses his degradation. Through the whole circuit of the Continent there is but one preparation, great and terrible, for a catastrophe, of which no man can calculate the horrors of the close. The field is sown with the serpent teeth of bitterness, ruined ambition and inveterate discord.—Are we to see it send up its harvest of the spear? The thrones of the Continent stand at this hour in a mighty cemetery. It is in the will of God whether the dead shall be added to the dead, and the nations melt away, or whether the trumpet shall sound, the graves be broken up, and all be terror, judgment, and ruin.

From the National Gazette—Feb. 16.
We ask attention to a political article which we have copied from Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, into the first page of this morning's Gazette. The eloquence and elevated style of the composition, give it title to be read, independently of the boldness and scope of the political views. Its tenor and object are the more remarkable, as the author of it declares himself to be a Tory, and as the journal from which it is copied, has uniformly inculcated the extreme doctrines, and manifested the strongest prejudices, which are ascribed generally to the present Tory party in Great Britain. With these circumstances in view, the American politician will even wonder at the freedom with which the character of the late Marquis of Londonderry is drawn—justly drawn as we think, particularly in the continental career of that minister.—The manly, energetic exposition of the imbecility, and inconsistency, not to say baseness, of the policy hitherto pursued by the British Cabinet as respects the affairs of Greece, is another prominent and praiseworthy trait of this production: And the sort of prophetic inspiration and ultimate intallibility, allowed to Public opinion, deserves to be as particularly noticed. This is a new theory in the quarter in which it is now so earnestly expressed.
A master-hand is displayed in the sketch of Turkish barbarities. The line of conduct towards Spain which is recommended, may be the most suitable to the British interest; but we doubt whether British mediation could effect as much with the contending parties in Spain, as is here deemed practicable. Moreover, the alleged equality between *Mina* and *Eroles* is ascertained to be an illusion. The former has in all probability, by this time, destroyed all organized resistance to the Constitution, on the theatre where he was employed. The apprehension of the Edinburgh essayist touching the conversion of the present Spanish system into a Republic, does not appear to us chimerical—nor is