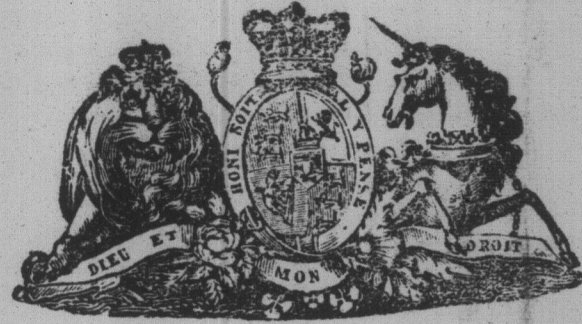


THE



STAR,

AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

New Series

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Conception Bay, Newfoundland:—Printed and Published by JOHN T. BURTON, at his Office, CARBONEAR

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

NORA CREINA

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuance of the same favours in future, having purchased the above new and commodious Packet-Boat to ply between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove, and, at considerable expense, fitting up her Cabin in superior style, with four sleeping-berths &c.

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice start from Carbonear on the mornings of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, positively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet-Man will leave St. John's on the Mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 8 o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'clock on each of those days. Terms as usual.

April 10

THE ST. PATRICK.

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat, which, at a considerable expense, he has fitted out to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET-BOAT: having two Cabins, (part of the after one adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping-berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen, with sleeping-berths, which will be trusts, give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it shall be his utmost endeavour to give the every gratification possible.

The St. PATRICK will leave CARBONEAR for the Cove, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 9 o'clock in the Morning and the Cove at 12 o'clock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Packet Man leaving St. John's at 8 o'clock on those Mornings.

TERMS

After Cabin Passengers, 10s. each.
Fore ditto ditto, 5s.
Letters, Single or Double, 1s.
Parcels in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., will be received at his House, in Carbonear, and in St. John's, for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kieley's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Crute's.

Carbonear, June 4, 1834.

St. John's and Harbor Grace PACKET

THE fine fast-sailing Cutter the EXPRESS, leaves Harbor Grace, precisely at Nine o'clock every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning for Portugal Cove, and returns at 12 o'clock the following day.—this vessel has been fitted up with the utmost care, and has a comfortable Cabin for passengers; All Packages and letters will be carefully attended to, but no accounts can be kept for passages or postages, nor will the proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other monies sent by this conveyance.

Ordinary Fares 7s. 6d.; Servants and Children 5s. each. Single Letters 6d., double ditto 1s., and Parcels in proportion to their weight.

PERCHARD & BAG,
Agents, St. John's.
ANDREW DRYSDALE,
Agent, HARBOR GRACE.

April 30.

BLANKS of every description for SALE at the Office of this Paper. Carbonear, 1834.

(From the Liverpool Albion, Decr 8)

From Mr. Bulwer's Letter to a late Cabinet Minister.

THE KING, THE QUEEN, AND THE COURT.

I pass over as altogether frivolous and absurd the title-tattle of the day. The King might or might not be displeased at the speeches of Lord Brougham,—true, they might have offended the royal taste, but scarcely the royal politics.—Heaven knows they were sufficiently conservative and sufficiently loyal—they were much of the same character as those his Majesty might hear whispered, not disclaimed, from his next Chancellor at his own table. Such as they were, they had nothing to do with his Majesty's resolve—if they had, he would have sent, not for the Duke of Wellington, but the Earl of Durham! I pass over with equal indifference the gossip that attacks the family of his Majesty. I know enough of courts to be sensible that we, who do not belong to them, are rarely well informed as to the influences which prevail in that charmed orbit; and I am sufficiently imbued with the chivalry of an honest man not to charge women with errors of which they are probably innocent, and of the consequences of which they are almost invariably unaware. I can even conceive that were it true that his Majesty's royal consort, or the female part of his family, were able to exercise an influence over state affairs, they would be actuated by the most affectionate regard for his interests and his dignity.—The views of women are necessarily confined to a narrow circle their public opinion is not that of a wide and remote multitude. They are attracted even in humble stations, by the "solemn possibilities" of life they feel an anxious interest for those connected with them, which often renders their judgment too morbidly jealous of the smallest apparent diminution of splendour or power. To imagine that the more firmly a monarch adheres to his prerogatives the more he secures his throne, is a mistake to their sex. If such of them as may be supposed to advise his Majesty did form and did act on such a belief to my mind it would be a natural and even an excusable error. Neither while I lament the resolution of the King, am I blind to the circumstances of his situation. Called to the throne in times of singular difficulty—the advisers of his predecessor whose reign had been peaceful and brilliant on one side—a people dissatisfied with half remors on the other—educated to consider the House of Lords at least as worthy of deference as the popular will—disappointed at finding that one concession however great could not content a people who demanded it, but as the means to an end—turning to the most powerful organ of the press, and reading that his liberal ministers were unpopular, and that the country cared not who composed the government—seeing before him but two parties, besides the government party—the one headed by the idol of the people he began to fear, and the other by the most illustrious supporter of an order of things which in past times was favourable to monarchy;—I cannot deem it altogether as much a miracle as a misfortune that he should be induced to make the experiment he has risked. But I do feel indignation at those—not women—but men—grey-haired and practical politicians who must have been aware, if not of its utter futility, of its pregnant danger; by whose assistance the King now adventures no holiday experiment. For a poor vengeance of a worse ambition they are hazarding the monarchy itself: by playing the Knave they expose the King. "There are some men" says Bacon, "who are such great self-lovers that they will burn down their neighbour's house to roast their own eggs by the embers." In the present instance their neighbour's house may be a palace! For this is the danger—not, (if the people be true to themselves) that the Duke of Wellington will crush liberty, but that the distrust in the royal wisdom in the late events—the feeling of insecurity it produces

—the abrupt exercise of one man's prerogative to change the whole face of our policy domestic foreign, and colonial, without any assigned reason greater than the demise of old Lord Spencer—the indignation of the aristocracy, if the duke should counter-march it to reform—the release of all extremes of more free opinions, on the return which must take place, sooner or later of a liberal administration;—the danger is, lest these and similar causes should in times when all institutions have lost the venerable moss of custom and are regarded solely for their utility, induce a desire for stronger innovations than those merely of reform.

SIR ROBERT PEELE.

Meanwhile eager and panting, flies the courier to Sir Robert Pele!—grave Sir Robert! How well we can picture his prudent face!—with what solemn swiftness will he obey the call how demurely various must be his meditations!—how ruffled his stately motions at the night-and-day celerity of his homeward progress! Can this be the slow Sir Robert? No! I beg pardon; he is not to discompose himself, I see, by the papers, that it is not only the courier that is to go at "minute speed"—the Neophyte of Reform is to travel "by easy stages"—we must wait patiently his movements—God knows we shall want patience by and by;—his stages will be easy enough in the road the Times wishes him to travel!

"To be or not to be—that is the question"

And that question is unresolved Will Sir Robert Pele commit himself at last—will he join the administration—will he, prudent and wary, set the hopes of his party the reputation of his life on the hazard of a die, thrown not for Whigs and Tories, but for Toryism, it is true on the one hand, and a government far more energetic than Whiggism on the other, with all the chances attendant on the upset of the tables in the meantime? The game is not for the restoring it is for the annihilation of the JUSTE MILIEU! If he join the gamesters, let him; we can yet give startling odds on the throw. But may he see distinctly his position! If he withdraw from this rash and ill-omened government, if he remains neutral, he holds the highest station in the eyes of the country which one of his politics can never hope to attain. It is true that office may be out of his reach, but to men of a large and a generous ambition, there are higher dignities than those which office can bestow. He will stand a power in himself—a man true to principle impervious to temptation! he will vindicate nobly, not to this time only but to posterity, his single change upon the Catholic emancipation; he will prove that no sordid considerations influenced that decision. He will stand alone and aloft with more than the practical sense, and all the moral weight of Chateaubriand—one whom all parties must honour, whose counsels must be respected by the most liberal as those which he, as well as they opposed, when proceeding from the Whigs. Will he be mad enough to do the one—will he be a tyrant, or will he be a turncoat? His may be the ambition which moderate men have assigned to him—an ambition prudent and sincere:—His may be a name on which the posterity that reads of these eventful times will look with approval and respect;—on the other hand, the alternative is not tempting—it is to be deemed the creature of office, and the dupe of the Duke of Wellington! Imagine his situation rising to support either the measures which must be carried by soldiers or those which would have been proposed by the Whigs—bully or hypocrite!—what an alternative for one who can yet be (how few in this age may say the same!) a great man! and this too, mainly from one quality that he has hitherto carried to that degree in which it becomes genius. That quality is Prudence! all his reputation depends on his never being indiscreet! He is in the situation of a pride of a certain age, who precisely because she may be a saint, the world has a double delight in damning as a sinner.

Sweet tempted Innocence beware the false step! turn from the old Duke! turn from the old Lord Eldon! allow not his Grace of Cumberland (irresistible saviour!) to come too near! O Susanna, Susanna, what led these Elders are!

POLITICAL CARICATURES.—"H. B." is the most impartial as well as the best caricaturist. He has issued three of his graphic manifestoes: one representing the late Chancellor as Icarus falling from the sky, which is not wonderful, for besides the caricaturist has a noble his wings of things that stick at nothing, the whole dissolving influence of the royal displeasure is brought to bear upon the sham pinions of their luckless wearer. A second portrays Lord Melbourne in a rough nonchalant manner, announcing to the affrighted and lamenting cabinet that they are kicked out. A third exhibits the Duke of Wellington sitting alone at a Cabinet Council, with empty chairs for colleagues and gravely putting to them the question, "How the King's government is to be carried on?" They are all very clever and highly amusing.

SPURIOUS TEA.—The following appears in a note in the of the Quarterly Review, just published:—

"The evil consequences which we had predicted (says the writer) already begin to show themselves. The most respectable of the hong merchants have retired from business, and the rest are either unable or unwilling to advance a shilling to enable the poor cultivators of tea to prepare the usual supply though 40000 tons of shipping, were expected at Canton; but we shall notwithstanding have some tea and it is as well that our readers should know what sort of tea it will be. Our information is from an eyewitness of unquestionable authority, recently arrived in England from China. On the opposite side of the river to, and at a short distance from Canton, is a manufactory for converting the very worst kind of coarse black tea into green—it is well known in China by the name of Woping and was always rejected by the agents of the East India Company. The plan is to stir it about on iron plates moderately heated, mixing it up with a composition of turmeric, indigo, and white lead, by which process it acquires that blooming blue of plums and that crispy appearance which are supposed to indicate the fine green teas. Our informant says that there can be no mistake respecting the white lead, as the Chinese superintendent called by its common name *mu fan*. At the same time it is right to state that pulverized gypsum (known by the name of *shet kao*) is understood by the gentleman of the late factory to be employed to subdue a too intense blue colour given by the indigo. There were already prepared when this visit took place 50,000 chests of this spurious article, just enough for three cargoes of the very largest ships of the East India Company. The crafty proprietors told our friend that this tea was not for the English, but for the American market; but we shall no doubt have our full share of it. Nay, some particulars lately published in the newspapers renders it highly probable that the importation of the well doctored *woping* has already commenced.

The object of all these statements evidently is to alarm the country for the purpose of confining if possible the tea monopoly to London. The Americans are too good judges of tea to be deceived by the Chinese.

WHALE FISHERY.

The accounts of this year's Greenland whale fishery, so far as yet received, are again unfavourable; and we see by papers just received from new South Wales, that the same gigantic game, now pursued in that remote part of the world, has been almost equally unpropitious. In the latter instance, the causes of failure not being expressed, are not, on the face of the fact apparent; but as regards the Greenland whale fishery, we must regard the announced falling off as another stage in that progressive