

# THE CARBONEAR STAR,

## AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1833.

No. 28.

### TO LET.

For a Term of Years as may be agreed on.

A desirable WATER-SIDE PREMISES, measuring about 63 feet East and West, situated in the central part of this Harbour, and well adapted for Building on.—For particulars, apply to

JONATHAN TAYLOR,  
Or  
SAMUEL C. RUMSON.

Carbonear, June 5, 1833.

### NOTICES.

#### 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 continuation 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.—DOYLE will also keep constantly on board, for the accommodation of Passengers, Spirits, Wines, Refreshments, &c. of the best quality.

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.

Letters, Packages, &c. will be received at the Newfoundland Office.

Carbonear, April 10, 1833.

### DESIRABLE CONVEYANCE TO AND FROM HARBOUR-GRACE.

THE Public are respectfully informed that the Packet Boat EXPRESS, has just commenced her usual trips between HARBOUR-GRACE and PORTUGAL COVE, leaving the former place every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'Clock, and PORTUGAL COVE the succeeding Days at Noon, Sundays excepted, wind and weather permitting.

FARES,

Cabin Passengers ..... 10s.  
Steerage Ditto ..... 5s.  
Single Letters ..... 6d.  
Double Ditto ..... 1s.  
Parcels (not containing Letters) in proportion to their weight.

The Public are also respectfully notified that no accounts can be kept for Passages or Postages; nor will the Proprietors be accountable for any Specie or other Monies which may be put on board.

Letters left at the Offices of the Subscribers, will be regularly transmitted.

A. DRYSDALE,  
Agent, Harbour-Grace.

PERCHARD & BOAG,  
Agents, St. John's

Harbour-Grace, April 5, 1833.

BLANKS of every description for sale at the Office of this Paper.

### LORD GODERICH.

We copy the Age's Biographical sketch of, and valedictory address to his Lordship. The people of these Colonies must naturally feel an interest in any thing which concerns the Ex-Secretary.

Now that our old friend, Goose Goderich, as George IV., used to call him, is fairly anchored in that haven of rest, the Privy, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to glance a little over his Ministerial history for eight or ten years. We find him then Fred. Robinson at the Board of Trade—clever man—man of business—man of eloquence. "There's much in Fred. Robinson," said the Red Tape man of the Home to the Green Ferrit man of the Foreign.—And the Green Ferrit man of the Foreign responded to the Red Tape man of the Home, "Very much indeed."

Accordingly,—  
When old Vanny thought fit from the 'Chequer to start, And plant 'mid the Peers his antique sitting part,

Fred. was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in his place. How well he managed in that office, is it not written in the History of the Panic? There was he, Prosperity, wasting the mercantile wealth of a century in the course of six months, and flourishing about the magnificent prospects of the country, when we were, as Huskisson said, within forty-eight hours, of barter. The crash came in 1826; it began at the end of 1825; and what did Fred. do? Why, he, after one Session of "badgering," ran for it! He resigned to Canning, and left that Right Honourable manufacturer of figures of rhetoric to puzzle through the figures of the Budget as well as he could. And, to do Canning justice, he confessed that he did not understand a word on the subject; but he made a speech which satisfied the illustrious assembly before whom it was delivered—which was all that Canning ever thought of. Fred. wheeled to the Lords; and, because he had done nothing but evil, and made us nothing but poor, the punsters of the day, Hook, Hood, Rogers, &c. congratulated him on his choosing to call himself *Good-rich* on the principle of *lucus a non succedo*.

In the general dispersion of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, he clung, as became him, to Canning, and for a short time held the office of Colonial Secretary where he had not much time to do harm; for, on Canning's death, greater fame awaited him. *He was made Prime Minister.*

And oh! what a Premier!

And oh! what a Premier!

And oh! what a Premier was Goody the Goose!

It was more like a farce; a humbug on the stage; a thing for Jack Reeve or Jack Liston to perform in—that Goderich Administration, than like any thing ever seriously brought before the eyes of an every day world. Poor Lord Dudley—just as mad then as he was at the day of his death, Foreign Secretary—Goderich, Prime Minister—Herries and Huskisson fighting and scheming against one another—a rogue or two, not worth naming, possessed of ability—and the rest a congregation of asses, not to be matched out of the idiot ward of Bedlam. With these troops provided, he was to meet Parliament. And what did Goody do then? Why, as before, when difficulty was to be met—*resigned*.

The Duke of Wellington kept him out of office for awhile, but on the overthrow of the Duke's cabinet, Goody, who had all his life long swore by the Tories, joined the administration of Lord Grey, truckled to Brougham, and kissed the yellow hoofs of Durham. In this ministry he sunk back again to be Colonial Secretary. Nothing was ever so disgusting in the history of public men as this flagrant conduct of Goderich—it was a perfect disgrace to the whole craft of statesmanship. He who had sat with Lord Liverpool now sitting with Lord Grey—he who had been at the head of a quasi Tory administration now taking an underling office under an ultra Whig—he who had been the friend and nursing of Canning, "who would vote against the disfranchisement of Old

Surum," plotting to bring in a bill of Jacobinical Reform in company with the very men whose machinations in favour of Reform in any shape, he had spent the best years of his life in opposing.—Faugh!—it was gross. What a dispicable figure he will cut in the history of parties!

The riot of Reform kept him from being called upon to do much, or at least to come forward as doing much in his office (he was doing a great deal of mischief unobserved), but now that Reform prevails, and the happy nation has time to look at the flagrant symptoms of an empire ready to break up on all sides, Goody was called to meet the Colonial difficulties which he had so great a hand in creating.—And how does he answer the call? Why just as usual. *He retires*. As he fled from the Exchequer, when the panic rendered it necessary that a man of abilities, or at least nerve, should occupy the place—as he fled from the Premiership, when Parliament was to be faced, so now he again flies at the first symptom of any thing requiring industry or ability; and leaves Stanley to tinker the colonies as he can.

As there are now no duties attached to the Privy Seal except stamping it every now and then on a piece of wax, Goody will, we suppose, be found quite adequate to this office; but as he is now proved to be utterly useless in finance, in general management, in the Colonial department—in every thing where he has been tried—we suppose he will soon be kicked out. Sure we are the parental feelings of the venerable family-man at the head of the Government will not permit him to continue long blind to the numerous virtues, agreeable manners, deep information, polite deportment, and gentlemanly air of the illustrious firstling of his flock. Howick is the man for Privy Seal—he has quite enough of understanding to qualify him for the office; and why should the thing be let out of the family.

If Goderich is turned out, as we hope and trust he will be, we do not see what office he can now fill—having been found wanting in almost all. But to office he will cling if he can. Sooner than depart from the atmosphere of Whitehall, and withdraw his hand from the public purse, he would take the place of Treasury Messenger. It is a pleasant thing to see how admirably fitted by intuition all these statesmen are for every office, high or low. The moment a place is vacant, a man of this clique can hop from the Exchequer to the Colonies—from the Board of Control to the Admiralty—equally excellent in all—and when we are sure that Goderich would be as amply suited for the post of Porrier as of Premier.

CAPTURE OF A SPANISH SLAVER.—The tender had only two guns mounted, eighteen-pounders, and forty-four men. The action was most gallantly contested, and, taking place during the night, in calm weather, when each vessel was obliged to use her sweeps, lasted for several hours. The Spaniard did every thing in his power to escape, until a light breeze sprang up, when, finding the tender gain on him, he shortened sail, and prepared to defend his vessel to the uttermost; the action only terminated by running the tender alongside, boarding, and taking possession of him. The tender lost one man, and had six wounded, among whom was her resolute and excellent commander, Lieutenant William Ramsay. The prize had fifteen of her crew killed, four desperately wounded, and several slightly; and, I regret to say, there were also unfortunately two slaves killed, and a few wounded, by the shot from the capturing vessel, and the cutlasses of the boarders in the scuffle. \* \* \* When our brave fellows got on board, and the decks were cleared, which was but the work of a moment, the scene of misery which presented itself was truly heart-rending.—The inhuman crew (among whom, I regret to say, were several Englishmen) were not to be pitied, but their wounded received every assistance from Mr. Douglas, the medical officer of the tender. It was their victims, the poor hapless slaves, that demanded the commiseration and the fullest exertion of the humanity of the captors. It has been said, that during the action two of them were killed,

ed, and, when we consider the mass of human beings on board, so small a number is truly surprising. Crowded to excess below—frightened by the cannonading—without water to drink, the allowance of which is at all times scanty—and almost without air during the whole engagement,—death had already begun to make frightful ravages among them. In two days from the period of capture, thirty of them had paid the debt of nature.—One hundred and seven were placed in a wretched hole called an hospital, at Fernando Po, where every day still added one or two to the fatal list, from privation, terror, and mental affliction. The rest, little able to undertake the voyage, were sent under the superintendance of Mr. Bosanquet, mate of the tender, to Sierra Leone in the prize for adjudication in the Court of Mixed Commission there. Immediately after the vessel was secured, the living were found sitting on the heads and bodies of the dead and dying below. Witnessing their distress, the captors poured a large quantity of water into a tub for them to drink out of; but, being unused to such generosity, they merely imagined that their usual scanty daily allowance of half-a-pint per man was about to be served out; and when given to understand that they might take as much of it and as often as they felt inclined, they seemed astonished, and rushed in a body, with headlong eagerness, to dip their parched and feverish tongues into the refreshing liquid. Their heads became wedged in the tub, and were with some difficulty got out—not until several were nearly suffocated in its contents. The drops that fell on the deck were lapped and sucked up with a most frightful eagerness. Jugs were also obtained, and the water handed round to them; and in their precipitation and anxiety to obtain relief from the burning thirst which gnawed their vitals, they madly bit the vessels with their teeth, and champed them into atoms. Then, to see the look of gratification—the breathless unwillingness to part with the vessel from which, by their glistening eyes, they seemed to have drawn such exquisite enjoyment! Only half satisfied, they clung to it, though empty, as if it were more dear to them, and had afforded them more of earthly bliss, than all the nearest and dearest ties of kindred and affection. It was a picture of such utter misery from a natural want, more distressing than any one can conceive who has not witnessed the horrors attendant on the slave-trade on the coast of Africa, or who has not felt, for many hours, the cravings of a burning thirst under a tropical sun. On their way ashore to this island from the prize—their thirst still unquenched—they lapped the salt water from the boat's side. The sea to them was new; until they tasted all its bitterness, they, no doubt, looked upon it as one of their own expansive fresh-water streams, in which they were wont to bathe, or drink with unrestrained freedom and enjoyment. Before they were landed, many of the Africans already liberated at this settlement went on board to see them, and found among them several of their friends and relations. The meeting, as may be supposed, was for the moment one of pleasure, but soon changed into one of grief.—*Leonard's Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa.*

Liberty is the school of understanding.—This is not enough adverted to. Every boy learns more in his hours of play than in his hours of labour. In school he lays in the materials of thinking; but in his sports he actually thinks; he whets his faculties, and he opens his eyes. The child, from the moment of his birth, is an experimental philosopher; he essays his organs and his limbs, and learns the use of his muscles. Every one who will attentively observe him, will find that this is his perpetual employment. But the whole process depends upon liberty. Put him into a mill, and his understanding will improve no more than that of the horse which turns it. I know that it is said that the lower orders of the people have nothing to do with the cultivation of the understanding; though for my part I cannot see how they would be the worse for that growth of practical intellect which should enable them to plan and provide, each one