

THE
CARBONEAR STAR,
AND
CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1833.

No. 25.

TO LET,

On Building Leases, for a Term of Years.

A Piece of LAND, the Property of the Subscriber, extending from the House of Mr. Joseph Parsons, on the East, to the House of Mrs. Ann Howell, on the West, and running back from the South Side of the Street, to the Subscriber's House.

MARY TAYLOR,
Widow.

Carbonear, Feb. 13, 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 *Newfoundlander Office.*

Carbonear, April 10, 1833.

**DESIRABLE CONVEYANCE
TO AND FROM
HARBOUR-GRAVE.**

THE Public are respectfully informed that the Packet Boat EXPRESS, has just commenced her usual trips between HARBOUR-GRAVE 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.

SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. P. Thomson.—Captain Berkely.— Sir Robt. Peel.

There are very few speakers in the House of Commons who better satisfy a rational auditor, than the member for Manchester, the Right Hon. P. Thomson. There is matter in the man; and you see, at once, that his habits of thinking are correct, for he concentrates his thoughts, and gives his arguments that appearance of method in which one reason naturally dovetails with another. In his most unpremeditated address there is proper arrangement—a beginning, a middle, and an end. His ideas are not eccentric visitants, like the houries of Peter Wilkinson, but available auxiliaries, obedient to his bidding, and always efficient. As he never, like feeble but injudicious vocalists, attempts ornament, he is eloquent without being rhetorical, and must be content, as well he may, to be considered a good debater, rather than a parliamentary orator.

A writer in the *New Monthly* has discovered, what was hidden from eyes less critical that the oratory of the reformed parliament is unusually democratic, and that fine sounds are likely to prove more fascinating than useful facts. I dispute the conclusion; matter-of-fact people, which he admits the members to be, can never be pleased with the mere artifice of eloquence; and the experience of the last two months shows, that if florid oratory was in demand, the commodity was unusually scarce. There has been, certainly, a superabundance of useless "talk," a great "waste of words;" but that speech seems to have been most prized which abounded most in fact, and that member was most secure of attention who could best speak to the point.

Among those who speak from a fullness of thought is Mr. P. Thomson. With commerce he seems intimately acquainted, adding to a practical knowledge of trade, enlarged and scientific views, the result of correct theory and ample inquiry. He speaks but seldom; but his few speeches develop so much knowledge on merchantile and financial matters, that he has long been regarded as the best informed member in the house on these subjects. As his views are liberal, and as he is, like Mr. Huskisson, an advocate of free trade, the race of senseless monopolists have long regarded him with feelings of determined enmity. In a moment of forgetfulness Mr. Thomson allowed the influence of office to prevail over the respect he owed his own reputation, and in his attempt at argument, on the question of the property tax, he inflicted a serious injury on the principles of those men, of whom he professed himself a disciple.

On his political honesty, therefore, no implicit reliance can be placed; but, apart from official considerations, Mr. Thomson must be considered as a very clever man, and, if true to himself, he must be called one day to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

The personal appearance of Mr. Thomson is entirely independent of all marked indications; it does not strike with surprise or involuntary respect, and, unless pointed out, you would pass unnoticed the member for Manchester in any of the fashionable streets of the metropolis. His stature is rather short, perhaps he is a little taller than Mr. W. Ewart, and, like the member for Liverpool, his figure is in strict proportion to his height, the *tout ensemble* doing an injustice to the gravity of his years, for he looks much younger than the parish registry would warrant. About his dress and manner there is nothing to betray a desire of improving the *personal*. A frock-coat closely buttoned about him, exhibits a juvenile slimness; and his features seem to encourage the notion of his want of maturity. They are small, with the exception of the more conspicuous one, which is decidedly aquiline, and foretel nothing of the sacred deposit within. The eye alone gives indication of mental energy, and, when excited, it imparts a portion of its own "fine frenzy" to the upper part of the face, which

is oppressed by a very negligent arrangement of the hair.

Mr. Thomson's manner, when speaking, is rather inelegant. He has but one sort of action, and that is produced by a tacit disagreement between his head and the extremity of his person; while one comes forward the other retires, and this personal movement resembles a brace of pendulums fixed to a pivot, the one being reversed. This continues uninterruptedly during his stay on his legs, his right hand, all the time, as by mechanical contrivance, going up and down in regular sympathy—its exactness being apparently secured by the weight imparted to the arm, owing the hand being clenched. His voice is sufficiently loud, but his tone possesses that disagreeable drawl peculiar to pulpits of a former generation, and by its monotony of cadence mars the effect of very elegant and correct diction. Mr. Thomson, however, is listened to with much complimentary attention; and, as he is exceedingly fluent, but, at the same time, cogent and concise, he produces a marked impression on his hearers. No member in the house is more logical, few so lucid. Of all these qualifications it is surprising that ministers have been slow to avail themselves, particularly as they stand greatly in need of such services, as Mr. Thomson could obviously render them.

The last time I heard Mr. Thomson, Captain Berkely was in the house, and being there he essayed an oration. It was a poor attempt, and if he had no other claims on the people of Gloucester than those derived from his parliamentary oratory, they did well to reject him in favour even of a tory; it is extremely doubtful if the Captain is even liberalized enough for a whig. He is one of those self-complacent men who utter an infinite deal of nothing, and consider it wisdom, and who know nothing of legislation but from personal experience. He rode after a pack of hounds in Ireland, and, therefore, considered himself qualified to adjust all Paddy's affairs. He was a post-captain, and, consequently, he ought to insult Mr. Hume, when that member derived his information from parliamentary returns!

The Captain may be a gallant man, but certainly he is not an elegant one. There is an air of negligence about his personal appearance that assorts admirably with ordinary features; and though you would pronounce him a good-natured man, you could not possibly add to the compliment without doing violence to your judgment.

One of those who laughed most at Captain Berkely's fox-hunting reminiscences, was Sir Robert Peel, who has thus been sketched in a very happy manner, by one who knows the man.

"Of Sir Robert Peel's family little need be said—his father did not happen to boast any thing particular as to ancestry, but he was the prince of calico-printers, and a capital fine fellow to boot, as ever handled a block, or directed the handling of blocks by others. He made a huge fortune, and 'reared up in cotton' a goodly family of sons and daughters; gave ten thousand pounds, besides the ordinary taxes, to carry on the war, and determined to make his son a statesman and another Pitt, if the stuff were capable of being manufactured according to the pattern; but it was not. They tell stories of old Peel having devoted his son to the ministry from the time of his birth, or the time he was christened, we forget which; and, if he did, it was very foolish in the old man; but then people are apt to be rather foolish about the time that their eldest son is born, or christened, particularly if they happen to be prosperous, and driving a thriving trade as old Peel was. But no matter—the lad grew apace, like the weeds the proverb tells of, and in due time was sent to Harrow. From Lord Byron's memoranda we learn that he was there very attentive to his lessons, and 'never got into a scrape.' We like not that. We don't mean to applaud boys for getting into delvment; on the contrary, we think they should be duly and truly scourged for the same—and so they generally are, unless a tolerably sensitive memory somewhat deceives us; but just let our judicious public

figure to themselves a boy at a public school surrounded by, we don't know how many scores, of other boys, who *never* gets into a scrape, and *always* knows his lesson. Is it possible there can be any genius in the lad? Is he not too much like a patent machine for printing calico with revolving cylinders, which goes on steady and regularly as a wound-up clock, while the 'work' consists of merely continuous straight lines; but if there be any thing novel, or fanciful, or difficult to be executed, is found inadequate to the business. We hate the mischief in the boy, but we really have some regard for the spirit which sometimes leads him into it—your youth with his hair always sleek and shining and his shoes properly tied, and his lesson always ready—an old man, in short, in school-boy's jacket and trousers, will probably be a very useful man all his life, in doing what he is bid with middling decent accuracy, but it is very unlikely that he will be fit to lead and to command, or to do, or say, or write, any thing which the world will not willingly let die.

A school anecdote of Peel is also told in Moore's Byron, which shows the truth of Wordsworth's observation, (most of Wordsworth's poetry, by the by, is as strictly true as mathematics), that 'the boy is the father of the man.'

"When Lord Byron and Mr. Peel were at Harrow together, a tyrant, some few years 'older, whose name was' (here, very absurdly there followed in Moore's book six asterisks) claimed a right to fag little Peel, which, claim, (whether rightly or wrongly I know not) Peel resisted. His resistance, however, was in vain; (six stars) not only *subdued* him, but determined also to punish the refractory slave, and proceeded, forthwith, to put his determination in practice, by inflicting a kind of bastinado on the inner fleshy side of the boy's arm, which, during the operation was twisted round with some degree of technical skill to render the pain more acute. While the stripes were succeeding each other and poor Peel writhing under them, Byron saw and felt for the misery of his friend, &c.

"Now this is just the man—he had sense enough to see that tyrannical oppression was not agreeable, and he at first resisted it; but he had not the spirit and vigor to invent and execute that which would enable him to resist—he was *subdued*. Once he began to resist, he would have died in resistance, had he been a boy of mettle—but he bore the stripes, and writhed under them, and still it is his nature to do the same.

"His appearance harmonizes well with his character. There is nothing marked about it, and it inclines much more to the common place than the elegant. Every one has heard of the 'genteel vulgarity' of Mr. Peel. The character of his features is not intellectual—the breadth of his forehead denotes capacity, but it wants loftiness and remarkable-ness. There is nothing 'noticeable' about him, nothing which provokes the *quisnam est hic?* interrogation.

"Were he met in a country fair, one would say he was a respectable grazier; if in Manchester, that he kept a cotton mill, and was probably a good judge of twist; if in the Exchange, that he seemed a prudent, sensible looking person, that it might not be unsafe to buy a bill from—but he is one of the last men, judging from his looks, that you would set down for a state-man. In speaking his action is stiff, and a little pompous, and somewhat ludicrous; he extends one leg and one arm, and, with his back held very straight, keeps sawing backward and forward; also he is apt to lick his lips before he begins to speak. His manner is that of gravity, but it is the gravity of Sir Oracle, without being serious or impressive; he pleases by the fluency with which he utters words, but he does not astonish, nor terrify. You neither laugh, nor weep, nor stand aghast, and if the matter be trifling, which it very often is, upon which he speaks with such smooth and measured solemnity, you very soon get weary, and wish for a newspaper or a cigar; or you say, 'what a very pleasing speaker Mr. Peel is, I wonder when