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THE BRITISH NAVY.

(From the Age.)

If ever there existed a country, if ever there arose a critical epoch in the history of that country, which required for the well-being, for the very being of the people, a powerful yet unharsh government, a hand of iron covered with a glove of silk, that country is England, and that epoch the year of grace 1839.

With regard to our former relations; England has seldom been, even at the best of times, upon a bed of roses; but, at the worst of times, she was both ready and willing to hurl back upon the heads of her enemies, one and all, her indignant defiance. Envy is the shadow of greatness, national as well as individual, envy, unabated and indignant, from the pettiest state in Europe, upon to our most friendly neighbour and faithfully of the Tuileries has perpetually dogged the steps of Britain, and darkened the path of her advancement. Nor was this latent enmity without a very sufficient cause. From our maritime position, from the genius of the people, from the wisdom of our governors, there arose into existence a power which not only ramparted Britannia on her sea-rock citadel, but carried her mandates to the furthest corners of the globe, a power which planted her flag upon Andes and Himalayas, a power that gave her name to the frozen wilds of the North, and claimed for her sceptre a word in the South exceeding the dominion of the Czars. That power was the British navy.

But that power has become a mere shadow of our strength, a *nominis umbra*; and that through a twofold cause. First, our continental allies, and more especially France and Russia, have been for years most sedulously employed in increasing their respective navies. Secondly, our enlightened and patriotic ministers have, during the same period, laboured tooth and nail to reduce our maritime forces to those algebraic quantities called by the French, "*les infinitiment petits*." Thus, the candle has been burning at both ends; and the effect is manifest. Britain is allowed to substitute the cringe of diplomacy for her old mouth-piece, the cannon's mouth; and Britain has received for her pains the most sovereign contempt.

Hence, the King of the Barricades, openly prefers a Russian alliance to that of England.—Hence, the Emperor of Russia openly encourages the movement in the north of India. Hence, both Nicholas and Louis Philippe openly insult our flag.

Were the whole conclave of

Pandemonium to discuss "What were the best means to destroy Britain as a nation?" no surer means could be devised than those of destroying her naval spirit.

This consummation has been achieved by the Whigs. The navy of England, like the factories of England, have been Conservatives to the heart's core. To cabin-crew confine their gallant spirit was a *coup d'etat* worthy of the Whigs; upon whom fastens the imperishable infamy of betraying us to the foreigner, or betraying us to ourselves.

To the foreigner, by impairing, if not destroying, the sword arm of our country; to ourselves, by calling into political existence, for the petty, pany, pigny, motives of personal ambition, a bastard and an un-English faction, that would make England a dung-hill for a knot of vipers, that would place our country in a moral purgatory, and shower upon her devoted head the ignominious pollution raked up from the *canille*.

From this desecration however, England may still be rescued.—The whigs are ministerially defunct. They have sown the dragon's teeth. They are terrified at the "*Ferrea reges*." They leave it to the Conservative sickle; for discretion is the better part of valour, and *Iob Acres* is the *beau ideal* of Whiggery.

The Conservative, then, we assume, in once more to be at the helm; his star is once more to be in the political ascendant; his flag, that shrouded Nelson, is again unfurled. Will he truckle with the domestic incendiary? Will he compromise with the foreign foe? No! he will take each very gently in either hand by the throat. They will fee' at first only the silken glove; but if they struggle for a moment, the iron guntlet will press upon their weazand, inexorable as the Spanish garrote, and than "*Vae victis*!"

The "no mistake" Ministry will act thus. It cannot act otherwise than thus; both for its own honour and the honour of the country.

From the Liverpool Standard, April 5.

We closed our remarks on Tuesday with the expression of our belief that Sir Robert Peel will not precipitate the crisis, which their own knavery and imbecility have brought upon the wretched whigs, and which must very shortly, and in the due course of nature, work its own way. The tangled web of fraud and folly cannot be unravelled. The first adverse wind will blow it into shreds, and scatter it to the four corners of the earth.

The invisible spirit of whiggery mean while,

"*malum quo non alind volucius ullum*." "Tam fieri, pravique, teatix, quam non fieri." is actively at work in spreading rumours of the wildest and most incredible character. What do our readers think, for instance, of a statement in it, unless our noble ministers obtain a majority "clear of all officials?" they have magnanimously determined to resign? or that they have the smallest chance of obtaining such a majority? It must have required a whig magnification, and a whig command of countenance, to give the first origin to such reports as these. A majority of thirty! Why, this they have never had in the palmiest days of the Litchfield Alliance. A majority "clear of all officials"! If they were the slightest chance of this, then indeed the talk of a ministerial crisis would be rank absurdity. They may bless blind Fortune if they reck'n twenty.

But the phrase "clear of all officials" gives rise to deeper thoughts than these. Does it mean that the whigs count official votes for nothing? Why, they have not twenty friends in the house except officials. What secting of liberals is there in this realm, in the house or out of it, that honestly supports Lord Melbourne's government? The Irish fail support them, because the patronage of Ireland has been laid at their feet; and the leader of their gang is no longer imprisoned for sedition or denounced from the throne, or censured by the radical Speaker. His creatures are made Queen's Counsel and Attorneys-General, and he himself is offered, is enabled to reject, the Mastership of the Rolls in Ireland! There are ciques, too, and coteries of men who are radicals on the hustings, and who, for reasons best known to themselves (and slyly surmised by others), mellow down into milk-and-water men in London, and when they roar they "rear like sucking doves." Certain returns that have been published, of commissionerships and places, serve to shew that a majority composed of men like these is not a majority "clear of all officials."

We live in days of political paradox. If there be one thing more unpopular in this country than another, it is an aristocratic whig. A Tory may be aristocratic by principle; and those who are acquainted with the private character of some of our most proverbially aristocratic Tories, such as for instance the Duke of Newcastle, know very well that whatever may be the language of these men, their deportment is not only affable and conciliating, but hearty, kind, generous, like that of a real Englishman. Lord Chandos was beloved by every farmer and farm-servant in Buckinghamshire—These men do not always profess

the smoothest things in public, for they are of the old school; but they give you the old John-Bull shake, whether your hand be plebeian or aristocratic; they never flatter you; they never insult you by a contemptuous condescension. They are better than their words. Now turn to the whig. He gets upon the hustings, and says he is a whig, perhaps a *levelleur*. He talks of the rights of men, of equality, of independence, of universal brotherhood. He cuts you in the street; he would not soil his noble glove in your greasy hand; he hates low people; he jabbars the court jargon; he treads the very earth as if it was not good enough for him to walk upon. The leading whigs are only provokes for their pride. Lord Grey is proud; Lord Durham is proud; Lord Howick is full of pride, and spleen, and arrogance. Lords Melbourne, and Palmerston, and Normanby, and the rest, are mere court dandies; and when they are trifling with the destinies of this great country, and the well-being of millions and millions of men,

"It makes one mad To see them shine so brisk, and smile so sweet, And talk so like to waiting gentlemen." And yet these are the leaders of democracy, the heads of the people, and their language is "the spirit of the age!"

Now, why can it be that such men should be so aristocratic?—for in their public professions they abjure all pretensions to difference by blood and birth; their language is that of democracy. We answer, because pride is bred in the bone with them; it is genuine whiggery; they have the pride of Lucifer, the first whig, and the father of whiggery.

And this is well known to any one, whether he be a conservative or a destructive, who has any knowledge of political men or measures. Why, then, should they be now in power? Is not this a paradox? If we answer, they have gained their places, and they hold them, by court intrigue,—will not the natural rejoinder be, "Wah, there is not anything so hateful to the people of England as court intrigue; and surely public opinion would have swept them away long ago, if their only tenure was by court intrigue?" One should have thought certainly that public opinion would. But it so happens that there are two parties, each of which has some pretences to popular support—either of which could overthrow them at any instance—each of which still "hides its time"; while both are too intently pre-occupied for that great ulterior conflict, which is so certainly and so nearly at hand, to care for a contest with the Melbourne whigs. The ministry hold their ground confessedly on the sufferance of both. The minister gratifies, or rather pacifies, the one party with conservative measures, since they are contending for principle; he sops the other with promotions, for their object is the lucre of gain. This policy is wise in its own generation, and it will save the whigs, until the conservatives see their way to shaping their own measures for themselves and carrying them, or (which we trust we shall not live to see) until the radicals can seize the pelf and patronage into their own proper grasp, and will therefore be satisfied no longer with that "half loaf," with which they are wisely content at present, because "it is better than no bread." When either of these events shall happen, the whigs must fall, for once and for ever.

We shall revert to this subject in our next. Protestant England and Popish Ireland must soon meet on the floor of parliament, foot to foot, and fight their battle fairly and in earnest.

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