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THE STAR, AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.



Vol. IV. WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 12, 1838. No. 932.

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SKETCH OF HER MAJESTY'S CABINET.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—Three years ago Lord Brougham sent the Melbourne Cabinet into the world with the brand of "The Incapables" on its forehead. Among all changes of principle and practice, they have been true to their title. They intended nothing; they were capable of nothing; and they have fulfilled both their intention and their capacity. The country has gone on without them. They are no more responsible for its movements than the barnacles on the ship's bottom are responsible for the ship's course. The business of the barnacles is to cling where they have been once stuck on, and their instinct is to repel any force that would scrape them off. The Cabinet have the same business, and the same instinct, and no more. They would, perhaps, like the barnacles, have some sense of inconvenience, if the ship were to be bulged against the rocks, or broken up by utter rottenness; but, like them, they will only follow their natural impulse in clinging to it while there is a plank together, and in sucking that plank while they live. That this is wofully a new condition of a British Government we perfectly acknowledge; but it is utterly helpless, trifling and ridiculous, we suppose no man of any kind of observation in the country doubts in the slightest degree; and that this state of public matters has been suffered to go on merely through the perversity of the public and the singular leniency of the national protectors in parliament is, we take it for granted, wholly undiminished by any man who knows his right hand from his left. Another point is equally to be taken into consideration. The Cabinet is not more frivolous as a body, than impotent in its members. The broadest glance cast over British history can absolutely find nothing so destitute of all the qualifications for the government of empire. A brilliant and bold ambition has sometimes dazzled the nation into the endurance of bad men and bad measures; superior eloquence, and the art of persuading great assemblies, has often bewildered the nation; a character for honest public intentions, sanctioned by private decency of life, has raised and kept many a man of mediocrity in high station; even the habit of being known as the client of a popular and generous line of politics has had its effect. Thus the Walpoles, Charltons, Foxes, hazardous as they were, and even the Liverpools simple and stagnant as they showed themselves in the midst of the most glowing impulses of the most glowing times, and last and least, the slipperiness of Canning, were more than tolerated; nay, in some instances, exact the same retrospective homage from the national memory, with which we look upon the sword and armour of some great champion, hung above his tomb; or fix our eyes on the fiery line in the horizon, which tells us that there the sun has set. But the Melbourne Cabinet have discovered another source of distinction, which, if few may desire to rival, none can hope to exceed.—They are contemptible. Their feebleness is so completely beyond all controversy, but they have the double advantage of being supposed incapable of mischief, and of exciting commiseration, in every instance where they are attacked. Sir Robert Peel against Lord John Russell! Why very sense common humanity exists itself on the side of the little victim querulously writhing in the grasp of the powerful Opposition leader.—Lord Melbourne against Lord Lyndhurst! Was there ever such painful inequality? When the great Law Lord rises to inflict the lash upon his nerveless and frightened opponent, however justice may command severity, every feeling of compassion longs to save the startled culprit from the scourge, which, like the knout, may extinguish his public existence at a blow. We have, of course, no wish to touch upon the mysteries of high men and things. But if those scenes occurred in China, caricature might amuse itself richly with the burlesque of the Chief Mandarin. Not the possession of the "blue button, and the peacock's feather,"—not bowing; Mandarins, and Tartars kissing his feet—not even the exclusive ear of the sultan on the imperial cushion could save him from being consummately laughed at.—Of the multitude of tripping, unpurposed, and shallow speakers who figure so disastrously before the people of England, the Premier, with all his accomplishments, probably ranks among the worst; he is certainly the worst who ever attempted the part of a leader of the Cabinet. After his first half-dozen sentences, he becomes wholly confused, evidently loses all sequence of thought, blunders from one fallow to another, and after a helpless discharge of the most unhappy verbiage, either draps into silence, from mere powerlessness of saying anything, or attempts to cover his retreat by falling into a ridiculous passion. On the other hand, Lord Lyndhurst's force, combined with his calmness, his full and palpable knowledge of every subject on which he treats, his easy mastery of language, and that language often enriched by allusions of classic elegance, render him one of the most accomplished of living speakers. But he can cut deep. His castigation of O'Connell, when that treacherous bully ventured to come into the House of Peers, probably with the hope of overawing him, the resistless contempt with which he lashed the fellow, and the summary justice with which he actually forced him to take flight, are still remembered by the House, as among the public services of the noble Lord, and have sunk into the memory of O'Connell as among the bitterest debts of that sweeping vengeance which

cankers his heart. In the hands of such a man imbecility can only fret and foam. But it is when Lord Brougham makes the assault that the condition of the Premier becomes utterly pitiable.—Brougham pays no attention to those etiquettes which restrain execution in the hands of Lord Lyndhurst. His style is trenchant, fierce, and desperate. He darts upon his prey like a vulture, and is not content with striking it down; he tears at its gnaws; he turns it over in every direction and strikes again wherever a vestige of life or vulnerability remains. Even the noble Lord's eccentricity gives him additional power in this species of conflict; like the bird of the churchyard he fights better on his back than on foot or wing, and plies the beak and the claw to the last with remorseless fury, and never finishes while there is a wound to be given, or a feather to be torn away. But leaving the Cabinet en masse to the scorn which its impotence deserves; if we inquire what has been done by its individual members, we only descend from its general uselessness to personal inability. If we ask what has that man of the red ribbon and "all the loves," the Foreign Secretary done, since his unhappy fixture on the public purse, we can find nothing but a list of public failures resulting from a policy in direct contradiction to all the old established maxims of England, and that contradiction resulting from the newfangled difference of an English ministry for the power of the rabble leaders at home. We thus have as the memorabilia of the noble lord the blockade of Holland; the Anglo-Spanish expedition; the Turkish diplomacy; the Greek instalments; the American boundary negotiation; the negotiation with France on the infamous seizure of Algiers; the negotiation with Spain and Portugal for the suppression of the slave trade. If all these were not failures, we demand the evidence of success in every one of them. From the Foreign Secretary we turn to the Colonial. There the single word "Canada" is more than enough. The infinite dulness that could not see rebellion preparing yea after year; the infinite tardiness that so long pondered about sending out the force which was so imperiously necessary; the infinite foolery which suffered such a personage as Lord Durham to go out as the "peace maker," attended with such guardians of public interests, and such examples of personal conduct, as the Turtons, Wakefields, and Duncombes. Such are a few features of the Secretary's achievements in a single branch of his office. But we leave the Morpheus of the Cabinet to his poppies. What exhibition has the Home Secretary made of his fitness for power? Has there been a single bill of the session which has not been either given over to the Opposition to correct into the capability of public use, or been trampled under foot by them? Has he had a will of his own for an hour together? Has he been able to bring a single measure of Government into action, let us be the sufferance of Sir Robert Peel; and is he not at this moment a puppet, pulled alternately by the strings of the Irish faction at his back, and the Opposition in his front? As for the remainder of his coadjutors they are fit to draw on the Treasury once a quarter, and that is the sum total of their capacities. But how long is this system of negotiations to go on? How long can England endure to see eleven five thousand a-year given to the necessities of eleven luminaries of this order? How long are those men to be suffered to sow the seed of their Whig Radicalism in every step of office at home, in every colony, in every regiment, in every ship; to turn all public employment into a Whig retaining fee, and fasten upon the nation, in the form of well paid pauperism, the dress of worthless partisanship? Will Europe give us time for the quiet process of this experiment? Will America give us time? No. What says Russia? Follow your worthless policy, for it is my profit; but interfere with my projects in the east or the west, and then look to the consequences if you dare. Is it not notorious, that while our Ministry are thus doing nothing at home, and England is looking on with a mixture of contempt and amazement, Russia is arming on every frontier, building vast fleets, and in the midst of the most profound peace, and without a rival to fear, is calculating on the conquest of countries, of which fifty years ago she had scarcely heard the name? Is it not notorious that France is openly calculating on the possession of the whole northern coast of Africa before our face, a possession which would seal up the Mediterranean from us, as Russia has sealed up the Buxine? Is it not notorious that America is making an iniquitous demand for the surrender of that vast territory which, lying between New Brunswick and the St. Lawrence, seals up the mouth of that great communication between our Canadian empire and the ocean?

melancholy to reflect on such awful consequences of the rebellion, and the untimely ruin of so many human beings, whether innocent or guilty. Still, the supremacy of the laws must be maintained inviolate, the integrity of the empire must be secured to British subjects, even at the expense of the entire *Nation Canadienne*.

From the Montreal Herald, November 15.

The French officer San Martin, whom we noticed as one of the prisoners taken at Odetown, has been brought to town, and offers, if he gets his liberty to deliver Dr. Robert Nelson, dead or alive, to the authorities. We very much doubt if this offer will be accepted. He stated that he has been the victim of deceit and treachery—that he was assured of having under his command an army 30,000 men, well equipped and brave, instead of which he found only three or four thousand miserable wretches, armed to be sure, but the rascal coward he had even had any connexion with. He deserves the death of a brigand, and we trust he will meet it.

From Montreal we learn that the trial of the prisoners made in the late emente are immediately to commence by Court Martial. Among the most prominent names is Charles Hindenland for San Martin, captured at Napierville. He is a Frenchman, recently arrived in this country, and says he was cajoled and deceived into embarking in the enterprise by representations made to him of the large and well equipped army of which he was to take the command.

The 931 regt. was expected to reach Prescott no the 15th, and the force would be increased to 2000 by the 16th or 17th. The correspondant of the Courier and Equivoc says that only three Canadians had joined the invaders. He writes on the 14th, but how he got at this precise number we are not informed. An endorsement on one of the packages by the Western mail, received at Albany on Monday morning, states that the Patriots at Windmill Point, had, to a man, been taken prisoners or cut up by the loyalists. Account from Ogdensburg to Nov. 15th, bring abundance of rumors. Among these the most important, if true, is that a rising has also taken place at Ganouque, and that many of the troops were drawn off in consequence.—New York Sun.

The New York State Democrat of Monday says—The Patriot forces who attacked Prescott were under the command of a Polish officer, named Von Sholz. The famous Bill Johnson was active in promoting the passage of reinforcements of men and materiel to their assistance.

One who called himself Gen. Ward Berge, "Brigadier General Eastern Division Patriot Army," and appeared to be command in-chief of the expedition, crossed over with his men in the steamboat United States, was suddenly taken ill, and return to Ogdensburg.

The Patriot were receiving constant accessions to their numbers from the American side, but whence they came was unknown.

Neither the loss on either side, nor how far the patriots have been successful in their enterprise, is yet known.

Since the above was in type, we have received the following:

[Private Correspondence.]
CLAYTON, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1838.

The Patriots who made a stand near Prescott, U. C., are all killed or taken. Nearly 1000 went down to Ogdensburg, but only a couple of hundred brave fellows could get across. They fought against an overwhelming force for two or

three days, and cut them up tremendously, and drove them off. During the first two days the Patriots killed about 100 of the British and lost seventeen. On yesterday, Thursday morning, the Patriots were surrounded by a number of twenty-four pounders, which battered down and blew up their strong hold, and killed every one of the party. Charles Brown, son of Judge Brown, of Watertown, N. Y. is among the slain.

[Extract.]
CHAMPLAIN, N. Y. Nov. 19, 1838.

The principal object of my letter is to beg you to cry and send us some succor for the wounded and refugees who are positively in want of food. Endeavour then to persuade the friends of the Patriot in your city to do this service to their fellow men who are here in a great state of suffering.

FREDERICTON, NOV. 21.—In addition to the principal items of news from the latest Canadian papers, we have been favoured with the following extract of a letter, dated.

QUEBEC, 13th, NOV., 1838.

"The news from the Montreal District, this morning continues to be satisfactory. Sir John Colborne had not returned to Montreal, but was looked for hourly. The rebels at Napierville, who at one time mustered 4000 strong, fled at the approach of the troops and got within the line 45. It was supposed that the Commander of the Forces was bending his march to Chateaugay, where the insurgents at one time were in great force. L'Acadie and St. Martin are said to have been burnt and the Glangarry Men have visited Beauharnois with the same retribution.

"There is no doubt that the ramifications of this new outbreak were very extensive, and that a part of the plan was to have seized Quebec and put the Loyalists to death. From Upper Canada the accounts are satisfactory. I have enclosed a late proclamation from Sir George Arthur, which I trust will have a good effect.

"The weather is still open, affording facilities for the operations of the Army."

On Thursday four ordinances were published by Sir John Colborne and his special council; one authorising the Montreal and city Banks, the Bank of British North America and the Bank du Peuple, to suspend specie payments until the 1st of June, upon certain conditions, with which all but the latter have complied; the second authorising for a limited time the seizure of gunpowder, arms, lead and munitions of war; the third