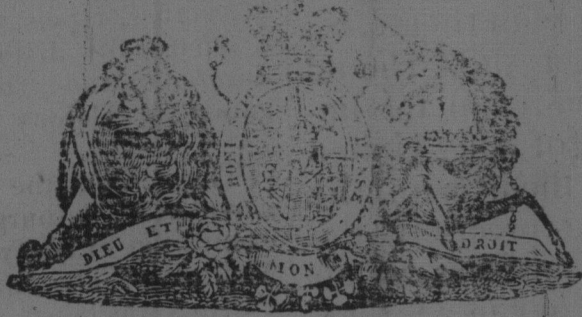


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THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(From the Westminster Review.)

All arguments and reference to facts are continually met by the party repetition of the words, "The Duke of Wellington is a soldier, what can he know of politics?" Thus rebuffed, we were forced to ask ourselves what this occult matter of politics might be? and to admire in silence a dispensation of Providence which rendered it a sealed book to Wellington and all soldiers, though like the door of the robber's cave it opened miraculously to the sesame of an Eton or Westminster schoolboy; provided always that the schoolboy was a scion of a gifted family, one of the chosen, upon whom rotten-borough interest fell like the manna of heaven. It could not be a knowledge of mankind, because an Eton boy knew nothing of that lore, and Wellington was experienced in it; he had studied it experimentally, and his school was a multitude of nations. It could not be a knowledge of official details, nor habits of business, for in these things Wellington was remarkable. It could not depend upon opportunities to acquire a knowledge of the feelings and supposed interests of the different nations of the world; for to no man in England had so many opportunities been given.—It could not depend upon mental dignity and force of intellect, since it was notorious that, abroad and at home, Wellington had acquired and sustained a remarkable personal ascendancy over all the great politicians and generals of Europe with whom he was brought into contact. Numerous are the stories of his abruptness, of his singularities, but there are none of his weaknesses. He has been called the stern Duke, the implacable Duke, the iron Duke, and not seldom the victorious Duke; but the credulous Duke, the silly Duke, he has never been called. Many have opposed and many have submitted to him—many have feared him, and many, very many, also love and revere him. Vilified he has been, but never despised. His wrath has been dangerous to some, his wisdom and courage have afforded shelter and safety to others, but has always stood collected and alone, a mark upon which men's eyes were turned in fear or hope. What then, we asked ourselves, constituted this political art, which a man gifted with such qualities could not attain? Here was vigour of body and of mind; here was extraordinary quickness of perception, unwearied application, dispassionate investigation, coolness of temper, undaunted courage, physical and moral, and the habit of conducting great affairs, ay, so successfully conducting them, that envious men turned in bitterness to demand of fortune why she cherished such a favourite? But all this availed not! Wellington was only a soldier, what could he know of politics?

To ordinary minds, however, it did appear that such a man must be a politician: that such an education, combined with such natural qualities, must have

made the Duke of Wellington, we will not say a Napoleon, because there are some men, and Napoleon was one of them who were permitted at times to rule the world with single unapproachable majesty of mind; but we will say that there was no apparent reason why Wellington should not take a high place among English statesmen. Who was to go before him? Was the rutherless ignorance of Castlereagh, the meretricious declamation of Canning, or the pompous imbecility of Liverpool, to be estimated above his blunt honesty of purpose, supported by such extensive practical knowledge? Was the dignified dulness of a Grenville, or the rapacity of Lord Grey more valuable to the country than the Duke's simplicity and disinterestedness? Is the astute vagueness of Sir Robert Peel's wily policy, or Lord John Russell's mincing Whiggery at home and raging Toryism in Canada, to be preferred to the long exercised intellectual strength the true vigour, of Wellington? Who would most worthily uphold the honour and dignity of the country? The man who successfully conducted the great war in the Peninsula, or the man who blundered into the stupid non-intervention war in Spain, and who, in the name of liberty, have so unsuccessfully endeavoured to oppress the popular party in Portugal; and in the name of good government, have driven the Canadas to armed resistance? Are we to turn from the Duke to seek a statesman amongst the faction who paid the pretended Dutch debt to avoid the chance of a collision with Russia, when a sixth part of the sum would have sent the Swedish nation in a mass upon Petersburg? Are we to call those men statesmen who have, seen, unmoved, the Russians stalk in blood through Sarmatia, and behold them with stupid patience at the gates of Constantinople, demanding the keys of the Mediterranean? Those men who, calling themselves Englishmen, do yet suffer the blockade of Circassia, the seizure of the Vixen, with the equal apathy, or rather craven fear, permit the rights of humanity and the interests of Europe to be trampled upon in Poland, and the rights and interest of England to be invaded and her flag outraged on the black Sea.

Wellington no politician! What then are they? What is meant by the word A factions debater in Parliament? He is not that. He cannot at will, and on the spur of the moment, make the "worse appear the better reason," and he sometimes even makes the better argument appear the worse, from his deficiency of elocution. Therefore he is not a politician in the Whig sense of the word. He, can indeed, make luminous reports upon any subject, however extensive when placed before him; he can detect and expose the true bearings of the most complicated questions of state, but he is disclaimer; he cannot by the hour vomit forth pert puerilities, like Mr Spring Rice; nor like Sir Robert Peel, discourse for a whole session, without e-

nunciating a single general principle, or clearing up one obscure point of detail and moreover, feeling though not with sufficient force, the real dignity of his own peculiar position, he disdained at first to be the partizan of faction, hence, with factious men he was no politician.

We have great pleasure in stating, from authority, that although the Crown Prince of Hanover has had a cold, he is now recovered, and that there has not been at any time during his indisposition for a few days any uneasiness whatever about his Royal Highness's safety.—*Standard.*

The Duke of Wellington visited the Tower on Wednesday; and accompanied by Col. Anson, examined the arms and stores with great attention. The utmost activity prevails in the Ordnance department.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF CARRICK.—We regret to announce the decease of this excellent nobleman, in Dublin on Sunday. His Lordship had been long in a precarious state of health, and his illness was such for a considerable time as to preclude all hope of ultimate recovery. His Lordship's remains will be brought for interment in the family vault at Mount Juliet. His Lordship was born September 27, 1876, and succeeded to the house as third Earl, upon the demise of his father, on the 20th July 1813.—His Lordship was one of the representative Peers of Ireland.

On the 28th January the Bill for suspending the constitution of Lower Canada was read a third time and passed by the House of Commons—the Radical opposition mustering only 8 votes on the occasion.

The United Service Gazette of Saturday contains the following announcement:

We mentioned some months ago the probability that her Majesty would form a matrimonial alliance with Prince George of Cambridge. There is we believe now no doubt of the fact."

There is a strong rumour afloat that a message from the throne will be very soon set down to both Houses of Parliament, communicating the royal intentions relative to a contemplated arrangement of great delicacy, which will give additional interest to the approaching coronation of her Majesty.

The Infallible Editor.—"Sir

your journal of yesterday contained false information." "Impossible, Sir!—but tell me what do you allude to?" "You said that Mr M. had been tried?" "True?" "Condemned?" "very true?" "Hung?" "Most true." "Now, Sir I am the gentleman himself." "Impossible." "I assure you it is a fact," and now I hope that you will contradict what you have alleged." "By no means, Sir." "Hum!—what do you mean? you are deranged!" "I may be so, Sir; but I will not do it." "I will complain to a magistrate." "As you please; but I never retract.—The most that I can do for you, is to announce that the rope broke and that you are now in perfect health. I have my principles, Sir; it is said of me that I never receive."

PARIS, Feb. 9.

The Chamber of Deputies came to a decision yesterday on the subject of the pension to General Damremont's widow. The government had proposed a pension of £400 a-year to the widow of General Damremont; the commission reduced this to £240.—All the leading men of the Chamber, all the heads of parties, declared for the larger sum. Count Mole, M. Guizot, M. Thiers, all severally got up and spoke in favour of it. M. Barrot and M. Berryer declared also; they were for it, and would vote for it. The majority, nevertheless, persisted in voting contrary to all its eminent leaders, and reduced the pension to £240 a-year by 192 to 176. It is worthy of remark, that each attempt of an orator, be his eminence what it might to touch and move what was ever considered the weaker side of a French Assembly, viz. its love of military glory, failed utterly, or excited the contrary of what was sought. It is possible, however, that some recollections of the early history of the deceased General, may have disposed many of the Ultra Liberal Deputies to act in an unfriendly manner towards his family.