

THE CARBONEAR STAR,

AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1833.

No. 45.

ON SALE.

SLADE, ELSON & Co.

Offer For Sale,

ON REASONABLE TERMS,

90 M. BOARD and PLANK
37 SPRUCE SPARS 8 to 16 Inch

Just Received per the Brig Carbonear, from St. Andrew's.

Carbonear, Sept. 25, 1833.

SLADE, ELSON & Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED,

By the Brig Julia, from Poole,

300 Barrels Danzic FLOUR
800 Bags Danzic BREAD.

Which they will dispose of on reasonable Terms, for CASH, OIL, or MERCHANTABLE SHORE FISH.

Carbonear, August 21, 1833.

NOTICES.

RICHARD MAHON,

Tailor and Clothier,

BEGS leave most respectfully to intimate to his Friends and the Public, that he has commenced business, in the House lately occupied by Mr. DAVID COXSON; and having received his Certificate from the London Board of Fashions, he trusts, by care and assiduity in the above professions, to merit a share of public patronage. From his arrangements lately made in London, the Gentlemen of Carbonear and its Vicinity, can be supplied with the newest and most improved fashions on very moderate terms.

R. M. has, also, on hand a Fashionable assortment of CLOTHS

CONSISTING OF

BLACK, BLUE, BROWN, and OLIVE Broad Cloths,

TOGETHER WITH

A neat Assortment of Kerseymer and Fancy WAISTCOATING.

Carbonear, July 31, 1833.

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.

NOTICES.



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.

THE GREAT AGITATOR.

A RECENT PORTRAIT.

It was on a calm autumn evening that I had returned from a walk to the splendid seat of Lord —, in the county of W—, I had sat down at the inn of the little village where I was sojourning, and had placed myself in the window, to while away an hour in observing the "passing events" of the place. The market was over; the people had gradually passed to their homes; the busy hum of the day was fast dying away; and a few straggling groups, scattered here and there through the long wide street of the town—the only one it boasted—were almost the only persons who arrested my eye. The sun was sinking, and threw his lingering beams into the neat but ill-furnished apartment where I was sitting. To avoid the glare of his beams, I changed my position, and this gave me a more uninterrupted view of the long street above referred to, which threw its termination into the green fields of the country. Casting my eyes in this direction, I beheld a chariot and four coming towards me, enveloped in a complete cloud of dust, and the panting horses of which were urged on with tremendous rapidity. Struck with the unexpected arrival of such a vehicle in that place, I leaned out of the window to observe its destination, and beheld it still rolling hurriedly along, and sweeping round the angle of the street towards the inn with an increased violence. If my reader has been much used to travelling, he will be aware that the moment a postillion comes in sight of an inn, he is sure to call forth the mettle of his horses—perhaps to show off the blood of his cattle. This was the case at present, and a quick gallop brought the vehicle in thundering noise to the door, where, Shenstone says, is to be found "the warmest welcome." The animals were sharply checked, the door was flung open, and the occupier threw himself hurriedly out.

"Bring out four horses instantly," was the command he uttered in the loud voice of haste and authority.

The inmate of the carriage was about five feet eleven and a half inches high, and wore

a portly, stout, hale, and agreeable appearance. His shoulders were broad, and his legs stoutly built, and, as he at that moment stood, one arm in his side-pocket, the other thrust into a waistcoat, which was almost completely unbuttoned from the heat of the day, he would have made a good figure for the rapid but fine-finishing pencil of Harlow. His head was covered with a light fur cap, which, partly thrown back, displayed that breadth of forehead which I have never yet seen absent from real talent. His eyes appeared to me, at that instant, to be between a light blue and a gray colour. His face was pale and sallow, as if the turmoil of business, the shade of care, or the study of midnight had chased away the glow of health and youth. Around his mouth played a cast of sarcasm, which, to a quick eye, at once betrayed satire; and it appeared as if the lips could be easily resolved into the "risus sardonius." His head was somewhat larger than that which a modern doctrine denominates the "medium size;" and it was well supported by a stout and well-founded pedestal, which was based on a breast, full, round, prominent, and capacious. The eye was shaded by a brow which I thought would be more congenial to sunshine than storm; and the nose was neither Grecian nor Roman, but was large enough to readily admit him into the chosen band of that "immortal rebel,"* who chose his body-guard with capacious lungs and noses, as affording greater capability of undergoing toil and hardship. Altogether, he appeared to possess strong physical powers.

He was dressed in an olive-brown surtout, black trousers, and black waistcoat. His cravat was carelessly tied, and the knot almost undone, from the heat of the day; and as he stood with his hand across his bosom, and his eyes bent on the ground, he was the very picture of a "public character," hurrying away on some important matter which required all of personal exertion and mental energy. Often as I have seen him since, I have never beheld him in so striking or pictorial an attitude.

"Quick with the horses!" was his hurried ejaculation as he recovered himself from his reverie, and flung himself into his carriage. The whip was cracked, and away went the chariot with the same cloud of dust, and the same tremendous pace.

I did not see him pay any money. He did not enter the inn. He called for no refreshment, nor did he utter a word to any person around him. He seemed to be obeyed by instinct; and while I marked the chariot thundering along the street, which had all its then spectators turned on the cloud-enveloped vehicle, my curiosity was intensely excited, and I instantly descended to learn the name of the extraordinary stranger. Most *mal-a-propos*, however, were my inquiries.—Unfortunately the landlord was out; the waiter could not tell me his name; and the "ostler knew nothing whatsoever of him, except that he was in the most uncommon hurry." A short time, however, satisfied my curiosity.

The next day brought me to the capital of the county where I was then on a visit. It was the assize time. Very fond of oratory, I went to the Court-house to hear the forensic eloquence of the "Home Circuit." I had scarcely seated myself, when the same grayish eye, broad forehead, portly figure, and strong tone of voice, arrested my attention. He was just on the moment of addressing the jury, and I anxiously waited to hear the speech of a man who had already so strongly interested me. After looking at the judge steadily for a moment, he began his speech exactly in the following pronunciation: "My Lurrd—Gentlemen of the jury."

"Who speaks?" instantly demanded I.

"Counsellor O'Connell," was the reply.

"Why he only arrived last night?"

"Lar! last night, and has had scarcely a moment to con over his brief. But listen."

I at once fixed my attention. As I do not write short-hand, I cannot give the detail of

* Cromwell—thus called by Lord Byron.

his speech; but his delivery I can criticise and can here write down.

Were O'Connell addressing a mixed assembly where the lower order predominated, I scarcely know any one who would have such a power of wielding the passions. He has a knack of speaking to a mob, which I have never heard exceeded. His manner has at times the rhodomontade of Hunt; but he was infinitely superior, of course, to this well-known democrat in choice of language and power of expression. The same remark may apply, were I to draw any comparison between him and another well-known mob-speaker, Cobbett. Were he opposed to these two persons in any assembly of the people, he would infallibly prove himself the victor. A balcony outside a high window, and a large mob beneath him, is the very spot for O'Connell. There he would be best seen, and his powers and person best observed; but were he in the House of Commons, I do not think I am incorrect when I say, that he would make little impression on the House, supposing he were heard with every prepossession in his favour. His action wants grace and suavity—qualities so eminently fascinating in an elegant and classical speaker, but which, perhaps, are overlooked in an "orator of the people." The motions of his body are often sharp and angular. His arms swing about ungracefully; and at times the right-hand plays slovenly with his watch-chain.

Though I shall not, perhaps, find many to agree with me, yet I am free to confess that he does not appear to me to possess that very rare gift—*genuine* satire. He wants the cultivated grace of language, which his compeer, Shiel, possesses, and the brilliancy of metaphor. None is there else, however, peer or commoner, who can compete with him in the Catholic Association. His language is often coarse, and seldom elegant.—Strong, fierce, and perhaps bold, it often is; but vituperation and personality make up too much of the material. His voice is sometimes harsh and dissonant; and I could wish more of that round, full, mellow tone, which is essential to a good delivery, and which so captivates the ear. "The voice is the key which unlocks the heart," says Madame Roland. I believe it. Let the reader listen to the fine round voice of Lord Chief Justice Bushe, and then let him hear the sometimes grating tones of O'Connell, and he will soon perceive the difference. The voice of the latter much reminds me of the harsh thinness of Mr. J. D. Latouche's (whose conversational tone, by the by, is far beyond his oratorical one); and yet the coolness and the acuteness which the latter gentleman possesses in an argument, would be no bad substitute for the headlong impetuosity and violent sarcasm in which O'Connell sometimes indulges.

As he cannot clothe his language in the same elegance as Shiel, he consequently cannot give the same insinuation to his discourses. In this respect, his contemporary has greatly the advantage. Shiel gives us the poetry of eloquence—O'Connell gives us the prose. The attempts of the latter at wit are clumsy, while the former can bring both that and metaphor to his aid, and he often uses them with much effect. O'Connell, however, can attempt humour with effect, and he has a peculiar tact in suiting this humour to the Irish people. I have not often seen a good exordium from O'Connell—an integral portion of a discourse which is extremely difficult to make; and I think his perorations want grace, point, and force, and that which the Italians would denominate "expressivo."

I shall follow him still farther.

The next place I heard O'Connell was at the Council-chamber, in Dublin Castle, where he was employed to argue a case before the then Viceroy, Marquis Wellesley.—His speech, voice, action, eye (for nothing in oratory escapes me), are as clearly before me at present, as they were on that day; and if this should catch his eye, I would call it to his memory by saying it was one of the best speeches he ever made. One day, while lounging in the latter place, I saw him rapidly fling aside the green curtain at the