

Death of the Duke of Grafton.—Intelligence has reached us of the death of the Duke of Grafton on the evening of the 28th inst., at his seat, Euston-hall, Suffolk, in the 85th year of his age.

On the 18th inst. the Pope accomplished his 79th year. He has occupied the Holy See since the 2d of February 1831.

Looking at the country as a whole, we congratulate our readers on one of the most abundant harvests ever known in this kingdom. Wheat is not only abundant, but of excellent quality—the exceptions are not to a greater extent than usual occur in highly favourable seasons.

IRELAND.

London Bell's Weekly Messenger, September 22.

THE CONGRATULATORY DINNER TO O'CONNELL.

The dinner to congratulate O'Connell and his fellow traversers took place on Thursday week, (a report of which appeared in a late edition of last week), at the Music Hall, Dublin. Nothing of a very remarkable character occurred. Between 700 and 800 persons were present. Mr O'Connell sat on the right of the chairman, W. S. O'Brien, M. P., and to his right sat the Bishop of Ardagh, Right Rev. Dr. Higgins. On the left of the chair sat the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, next him Lord Firench and the Bishop of Meath, Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell. After the health of the Queen, which was given with all the honours, the chairman proposed the "Health of O'Connell and the Repeal of the Union." The toast excited great enthusiasm. Mr O'Connell, in his speech of acknowledgment for the toast, urged every one to renewed exertion for Repeal, and spoke in a triumphant tone of the prospects of the Repealers. He said there should be no rest from agitation, till Ireland was righted. Mr John O'Connell, Dr Gray, Mr Steele, and other traversers, responded to the compliments paid to them as follow-prisoners of O'Connell; the Rev. Dr. Cantwell, prelate; Mr O'Hea; Dr. Macnally, the Catholic Bishop of Clogher; the celebrated priest, the Rev. Thomas Maguire; Mr Grattan, M. P., the Lord Mayor, Caleb Powell, Esq., M. P., Mr Staunton, and Lord Firench, subsequently addressed the assembly, which broke up about 12 o'clock. Among the toasts were "The Healths of Lords Denman, Cotterham, and Campbell." "The Catholic Hierarchy, and Clergy of Ireland," and the "Protestant Patriots of Ireland."

Mr O'CONNELL rose to return thanks, amidst a burst of applause. The ladies in the gallery participated in the enthusiasm. When at length silence was restored, Mr O'Connell said—There cannot be one amongst you who supposes that I rise in order to pour out some sweet words to express my gratitude. No—I do not rise to express my gratitude. I rise to instigate you all, and, through you, to arouse all Ireland to renewed exertion for the Repeal of the Union (cheers). It is very good to cheer—it is very pleasing to be cheered, provided it does not last too long (laughter); but cheering alone won't do—words won't do—we must have actions. The illustrious Grattan well said that he stood by the cradle of Irish independence—that he followed her to her grave. She is not dead, my friends—she only sleeps, and here I am calling upon you to sound the trumpet for her resurrection (cheers). Ours is a country that ought to be free, and must be free. She has been too long sunk in provincial degradation—she must be the sister co-equal of England, and not continue a slave of any land (cheers). And are our prospects darkening?—is the vista gloomy through which we behold the coming dawn of Irish freedom? No, we are triumphant to night—we are celebrating our triumph—it is an ovation for Ireland and freedom, and the glorious prospect of liberty shines bright and steady before us (cheers). We are celebrating a triumph. A celebrated French general has rightly asserted that difficulty does not consist in obtaining a victory, but in profiting it (hear). Our duty is first to combine together the Irish of every sect and persuasion—to unite and combine all Irishmen of every gradation of opinion, who agrees with us in thinking one thing necessary—the Repeal of the Union (cheers). Mr Sharman Crawford seems to think that the leaders of the agitation will not act with those who are federalists. Oh, sacred Heavens! how can I look round this beautiful island, and not see that she contains all the material elements of the greatest posterity (hear, hear). Yet how comes it that she is not great, nor happy, nor free? She is no nation—she is a pitiful province, with a people who are every the victims of distress, and would be the victims of despair where it not for their virtues. The unhappy system of things which exists must forever exist unless we resolve upon achieving legislative independence, and insist that Irishmen shall have Ireland for themselves (hear, hear). As a Catholic I have seen nothing but evil effects from religious ascendancy, and I hate it too intensely to permit that the pure faith which I conscientiously profess, and which I think the best, should be contaminated by it. But while we disclaim all idea of ascendancy on our own parts, it is a privilege too odious that we should suffer it to be enjoyed by any other party whatever. We are struggling for the three greatest blessings that can be enjoyed by any people; a free press—freedom of education—and freedom of conscience. This is the reason why we frankly and warmly call upon our Protestant fellow countrymen to join us. I speak to the young blood of Ireland, and from this spot I tell them that the hope of their country's salvation is based on the practical acknowledge-

ment of this great truth, that that man who for the enforcement of his own doctrines has recourse to the soldier's bayonet or the policeman's staff, affords by his conduct the strongest possible presumptive evidence to show that he has no conscientious conviction of the genuine, and intrinsic value of the tenets he professes. Another impediment in the course of repeal is the alleged danger of a convulsion in property; but nothing was ever more absurd or more irrational than any such apprehension, for the danger consists in not repealing the union. The judgement of the House of Lords directed that I, in common with the other state prisoners should be restored to all that we lost by the original judgment which was reversed, but was there ever heard anything more preposterous than that? They take away three months of my life, and then they gravely tell me that that period of time shall be restored to my existence (hear, hear). In the year 1752 Lord Chesterfield brought in an Act for changing what is called 'the old style,' and it was done by striking 11 days from the old calendar as originally framed. Thus it was that the almanac was set right, but the indignation of some parties knew no bounds, the Lord Chesterfield was near put to death by the London mob, who ran after him in the streets exclaiming, 'My Lord, my Lord, give us back the 11 days of our life' (loud laughter). Now I do not say to the English Government give me back my three months, but I say give me compensation for it. We have obtained a triumph, and we can afford to be good humoured. I forgive them the three months as well as the 11 days (hear, hear, and a laugh). The Customhouse is filled with Englishmen and Scotchmen. You hear the broad accents of the Scotch, the chirping flippancy of the English note, but you hear no Irish note (hear). Every situation is filled by Scotchmen or Englishmen, with very few and paltry exceptions; and if there be a balance of patronage—if we had the union repealed I think we would not have any functionary but an Irishman. Well, but what are we to do? Agitate, agitate, agitate, (cheers). After one victory we are to be more determined; no time is to be lost; every man's duty, day and night, is to consider how he can forward the cause of repeal (hear). This is, therefore, the time for the anti-Repealers who give into the Federal principle to come forward. When I cast my eyes there (pointing to the ladies' gallery), and behold those fairy, sylph like forms, transcending in the charms of their youth and loveliness, all that the most glowing imagination of poetry or romance could picture to itself—I ask, are their husbands, their sons, their brothers, their fathers, to be slaves? Oh, but there are some who think there is some superiority in the English. I wish some of those youths who think that were present, and I would ask them in that presence (pointing to the ladies), whether they would consent to acknowledge Englishmen their superiors (great cheers and laughter)? The Irish are a noble people—generous, temperate, and religious, with the finest climate on the face of the earth. Oh the demons of darkness shall not stalk alone through the land—the tyrants of conscience and man shall not have this country to themselves. The people of Ireland are entitled to their native land; and depriving no man of his property, liberty, or rights, but increasing every man's comfort, Ireland shall be a nation (cheers). Yes, the day is coming—it's not distant—when the Irish shall have Ireland (tremendous cheering).

Mr O'Connell's speech was infinitely inferior in importance, or at least in humour, to that of the Rev. T. Maguire, the Parish Priest of Baltimore. The Rev. gentlemen discoursed in such an epigrammatical and caustic vein, that we cannot resist the temptation of making a few extracts from his speech. So far as the art of dealing out denunciations against opponents is concerned, we think Mr Maguire is scarcely inferior to his great prototype. The Rev. gentleman said, "the Queen can do no wrong, according to the principles of the British Constitution; but I know well what wrong a darling, stiff-necked, base, and treacherous Ministry, backed by an infamous Tory majority, can do (cheers). We are told by the highest authority that can be quoted—an inspired authority—that no man that ever lived could tame his tongue: there is not a word about women in the text. (Laughter.) The sacred writer positively tells you, that though you may tame the lion and the tiger—and Pliny himself declares that even the adder has been tamed—but yet we are told by the holy and inspired writer, that there never yet was a man who was able to tame his tongue. We all know that Chief Justice Penefather could not tame his tongue. (Laughter and cheers.) We all know that Sir J. Graham (groans) who is my political father, for it was he who made a Repealer of me (laughter)—we all know that he could not tame his tongue, an instance of which we had in his saying that the Papists of Ireland had arrived at the maximum of concession. (Hear, hear, and groans.) We all know that Lord Stanley (groans) could not sometimes tame his tongue, particularly when O'Connell was concerned, and when he had a tyrant majority at his back to cheer him and halloo him on. But O'Connell, with a good cause, and superior temper, had often brought the little eloquent, but, at the same time, gabbling and intemperate Stanley, to his senses (hear, and cheers). Gentlemen, I believe you will all admit that Lord Lyndhurst could not hold his tongue with his "aliens," &c. The sentence is too well known to require being repeated. (Hear, hear, and groans.) I now ask you if the licking, fawning, sycophantic, Lord Brougham and Vox, for he is now Vox et praeterea nihil, will ever be able to hold his tongue? [Hear, hear, and groans.] I recollect in my boyish classics a sentence which struck me very forcibly as describing a man

who had lost all that he had possessed in the world. It was vox hominum sonat. The voice is all that remains of the man—all that remains of the once eminent Henry Brougham is the poor empty Vox. The pretty faced, beautiful visaged Lord Brougham, has now become, not the glory, but the shame, of the country and of the Legislature; but poulo majora canemus. I suppose you think I am coming down to Mr T. B. C. Smith, (Groans and laughter) Facilis descensus Averni; and though I expose myself to the danger of being frightened by him, I will not hesitate from mentioning the General Attorney who is so by patent, and who has more Christian names than Christian virtues (Cries of Hear, hear, and loud laughter.) John Bull has been lately wrestling with France, but we kept pulling, and dragging, and nipping him, until he was at last brought upon his knees, when he cried out Peccavi, for fear of Ireland. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Therefore I say, as John Bull eats three times as much as he ought, he requires five times more sleep than we are disposed to give him. But let him give us the large dose of justice that we demand, and we will allow him to rest in peace, and then it can be said of him that *justitia et pax osculate sunt*, "justice and peace have embraced each other." And remember, gentlemen, that although we deny England peace, we refuse her war. (Cheers.) And why do we refuse her war? Believe me it is not for fear. (Cheers.) You will recollect—at all events the Liberator will recollect—that at Castlebar I offered to meet any force they could bring into Ireland, on three months' notice. It was not then convenient for them to prosecute me, because I would be my own counsel, and would have spoken some wholesome truths, which they might not like to hear—truths which, though they might be unwise for me to speak, might be good for my country. (Cheers.) The reason why we are quiet is this—we are united and schooled by O'Connell, and determined to take his advice" [Cheers] Mr Maguire then referred to Sir Robert Peel: "I believe he has inflicted enough on this country. Of course I attack England through his person. I believe she has inflicted enough on us. Will Peel now give us a coercion bill to cure all? if he do—bathershin [laughter]; if he do, I remind him of the motto—'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.' I would change the word 'dust' for 'dirt.'" [Roars of laughter.] Peel himself is not inclined to be brought to such a state; but his party will make him wallow in the mire." [Hear]

Here is the conclusion of Mr. Maguire's speech:—

"I tell you that the waters of Ireland are naturally good of themselves, but that, through social disorders, through religious bigotry, and through unfortunate sectarianism, those waters have been embittered. [Hear, hear.] The mantle of Elijah fell on Elias, the mantle of Moses has fallen on O'Connell. [Cheers] He is destined to deliver the children of the promise, long as they are laboring under the proud court of Pharaoh. (Renewed cheers) I will tell you what—he, by a powerful and uninterrupted agitation, has given the waters a healthy taste. He has purified them by agitation, and by a certain Attic salt, known well to England. By this salt he has purified them in such a manner as that the Orangemen are beginning to come to them. (Hear.) They are no longer the putrid, muddy, and semi-asphaltic waters they once were; but they are becoming pure and healthy. O'Connell has invented a moral screw. Talk to me of your steam! Talk to me of your atmospheric attraction and power! Talk to me, sir, of the great original Archimedean screw! But O'Connell has invented one stronger than all the others; for, by means of his moral screw, he says to the navy of England, "Go," and it goeth; and to the army of England, "Come," and it cometh. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) O'Connell says to the Rhadamanthus—"You want to preserve a kind of amphibious or dubious connexion in the territories of Queen Pomare; I say, come down here, get into the harbour of Kingstown, and then take the puff off, and make a show of yourself at Waterford, a spectacle to men and angels"—then O'Connell begins to work his moral screw again, and says to the rest of navy of England—"Ah! you want to be before Tangier, and you want to be before Mogadore; be off instantly, and into the harbour of Cove." [Hear, and laughter.] Thus he commands the navy and army of England, by means of his moral screw. I have been through every part and parish of the country; and I say there are seven millions of repealers, and out of that number I will give you one thousand altogether of place hunters, and men afraid to speak out. Well there are seven millions of repealers, and half a million are Protestants. That will settle the question. All you have to do is to give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether—to abide by the Liberator—to take his advice—not to go an inch to the right or to the left, without that advice, and Repeal is certain."

NOTICE.—All persons having claims against the Estate of WILLIAM KERR, late of Napan, deceased, are requested to render the same, within three months; and all persons indebted to the said estate, are requested to make payment to either of the subscribers.

GEORGE KERR, } Executors.
JAMES KERR, }
Chatham, July 20, 1844.

LE PETIT CATECHISME
du
DIOCESE DU NEW BRUNSWICK.
Nouvelle Edition.
For Sale at the Gleaner Office, Chatham.

Sheriff's Sales.

On the second Tuesday in February next, in front of Hamill's Hotel, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 and 5 o'clock, P. M., will be sold by Public Auction:

All the Estate, Right, Title, Interest, Claim and Demand of GEORGE HENDERSON, in the County of Northumberland, or which he had on the 24th day of February last, the same having been seized by me towards liquidation of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court at the suit of Alexander Rankin, against the said George Henderson, jr.

JOHN M. JOHNSON, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Northumberland,
August 2, 1844.

To be sold by Public Auction, on Thursday, the 7th November next, between the hours of 12 and 5, in the afternoon, in front of Hamill's Hotel, Newcastle,—

All the Right, Title, Estate and Interest of ANDREW IRVINE, in and to all that Lot or Piece of LAND, lying on the north side of Miramichi River, in the Parish of Newcastle, known as the Lot No 36, formerly owned by the late George Henderson, deceased, and conveyed to the said Andrew Irvine, by John Morrison, and all other the Real Estate of the said Andrew Irvine, within the county of Northumberland—the same having been seized by me by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court against the said Andrew Irvine, at the suit of Joseph Cunard and others.

JOHN M. JOHNSON, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Chatham, }
29th April, 1844. }

On Saturday, 30th November next, in front of Hamill's Hotel, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 and 5 o'clock, P. M., will be Sold at Public Auction:

All the Estate, Right, Title, Interest, Claim and Demand of WILLIAM MURPHY and WILLIAM and JOHN MURPHY, or either or both of them, in and to a certain Lot or Piece of Land at the Elm Tree Tract, parish of Nelson, and any or all other Lands situate in the county of Northumberland; the same having been seized by me to satisfy certain Executions issued out of the Supreme Court against the said William, and William and John Murphy.

J. M. JOHNSON, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Northumberland, }
25th May, 1844. }

On the Fourth Tuesday in January next, in front of Hamill's Hotel, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 and 5 o'clock, P. M., will be Sold at Public Auction:—

All the Right Title, Interest, Property, claim, and demand—

Of WILLIAM RAFTER, in and to, a Pasture Lot, containing about 5 acres, cleared and fenced, on the Jardine Lot, in the rear of the Town of Chatham, known as the Rafter Lot.—Also All other Real Estate, of the said William Rafter, in the County of Northumberland—the same having been seized by me, to satisfy an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court, against the said William Rafter.

Of PLACID GRAY, in and to a lot of Land, situate on the Bay du Vin River, in the parish of Glencel, opposite the Parson Grant, and on which he at present resides, and formerly in the occupation of David Hankerson,—the same having been seized by me, to satisfy an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court, at the suit of John T. Williston, against the said Placid Gray.

JOHN M. JOHNSON, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, North'd }
July 18, 1844. }

Card:

The Subscriber begs to inform persons who may visit at, or travel through Richibucto, that he has fitted up the House formerly occupied by Mr. Donnelly, situate on the front street, for their accommodation, and as no pains or exertions will be spared on his part, to secure to them every necessary comfort, he confidently anticipates a proportionate share of patronage.

THOMAS G. RICHARDSON.
Richibucto, July 2, 1844.

N. B. GOOD STABLES for Horses.

Steamer St. George!

The above Vessel will continue her trip between Pictou, Charlottetown, and Miramichi once a fortnight, leaving Pictou on her next trip to Miramichi, on Thursday next, the 1st August—calling at Charlottetown, and arriving at Miramichi on Saturday, and will leave Miramichi for Charlottetown and Pictou on Monday, 5th August, continuing to sail from Pictou on every alternate Thursday, and from Miramichi every alternate Monday, until further notice.

JAMES JOHNSON, Agent.
Miramichi, July 27, 1844.

NOTICE.

An ACCOUNTANT, who is acquainted with the business of this Country, and well qualified to execute with neatness and despatch any business committed to his care—respectfully solicits from all in the community who have Books to post, Accounts to prepare, or Agreements to draw up, &c., their countenance and support. Privacy may be relied on. Terms low. Apply at the Reading Room, Chatham. August 31.