

to his country, his creed, or his prejudices, analysis the deeds of the departed, no man of his day has caused more ink to be shed, more types to be moved, more paper to be blackened. To reporters and editors he gave incessant occupation; the former by reporting his speeches, the latter by criticising them. The disciples of Caxton have lost their best friend and will mourn, irrespective of politics. The uncrowned monarch of Ireland, he wielded more power for good and evil than monarchs usually possess. His splendid abilities all admit; their beneficial tendency many deny. But he was a great original, and his failings and his vices were those of his position and his race.

The exit of this extraordinary man is as remarkable as his career. His light was extinguished in the darkest hour of his country's fate. Perhaps the most beautiful trait in his character is the fact that Ireland's misfortunes killed him. That he loved his green Erin is indisputable; and the hand of heaven that blighted her crops, and that has mowed down her sons by thousands, severed in twain his big heart. Whatever variety of opinion may exist respecting his sayings and doings, the energy of his character, the raciness of his wit, the extent of his legal knowledge, and his influence on society, all admit. A great spirit has departed—one of earth's most gifted sons. He found his country enslaved, and he left it free. Rising superior to sectarian sympathies, he advocated liberty and equality for all, without reference to clime, or colour or creed. The oppressed had in him a ready advocate, tyranny a stout foe. By his position he was compelled to flatter the defects of his countrymen instead of endeavouring to correct them. Like all demagogues, he lived on popular grievances; but in acting as their exponent, he directed the popular passions into a peaceful channel. Balancing his good and his evil qualities, it may be fairly said that he left the world wiser than he found it. The same talents in any station in life would have commended respect and insured competence. Had he not been a great agitator, he would have been a great judge or a great statesman. His mind was essentially practical, and his application was as continuous as his intellects were powerful. There is no instance on record—the history of the world affords no parallel to a popular leader commencing life and continuing to its close the idol of the people.

The exit of great men is extraordinary. Dr. Chalmers is dead. The light of the Free church—the learned and impressive divine—the sturdy asserter of ministerial independence—the acute preceptor—the eloquent pulpit orator—the pride in fact of the Scottish church is no more. He expired as calmly, in Scotland the other day, as the babe at its mother's breast—as placid, resigned, contentedly. No previous intimation showed that he was heir to nature's infirmity; the hand of disease was not upon him. The brilliant intellect was to have shed its light next day on the General Assembly. He was a great man—great in his power, in his mental supremacy, in his moral grandeur. Foremost amongst one of the most enlightened and best educated nations in the world, Dr. Chalmers was his country's idol—her favourite son. Peace to his memory! He broke through the fetters of self interest in establishing the Free church, and preferred the dictates of conscience, the sense of manly independence, to the smiles of power or the blishments of a throne. In his life he was revered—in his death he is deeply, sincerely, affectionately mourned.

The Earl of Dundonald's—or as he is better known to many of our western readers by the title under which he achieved some of the most daring feats that a British sailor ever performed—Lord Cochrane's former disgrace has been cancelled by a tardy act of justice. In the last reign, William the Fourth restored him to his rank in the navy, and by a recent number of the Gazette he is made again a Knight of the Bath. The circumstances attending the trial and condemnation of Lord Cochrane are amongst the most extraordinary events of the most extraordinary period in British annals. The sympathy of the nation the brave old veteran has long carried with him; and it is delightful to find that the close of his days are to be cheered by the removal of the undeserved obloquy, and, of course, the admission that his punishment was unjust, and his disgrace a fraud.

The present death of news is a heavy tax upon the 'leader' writers of the press. When events fail to interest nations, these gentlemen are compelled to launch their sarcasm at small abuses—hurl

their thunder at the penny-a-line accidents of the day. A calamity befel the Chester and Shrewsbury railway last week; a bridge gave way and the train fell into the Dee, five persons were killed and a number wounded. From this accident the diurnals very probably draw this conclusion, that during the progress of public works a Government inspector ought to represent the public, and license no road for a public conveyance that is not merely safe, but constructed on the most approved principles of science. The railway company did not possibly conceive that their works were defective, but the contractors for such works have an interest dissimilar to those of the company and the public. The latter ought to be protected by the Government, whose legitimate business is the safety of life and property. The recent act, which enables parties or their friends to sustain actions for damages against public companies in cases where injuries have been sustained or life has been forfeited, in two or three instances lately, had been found to work well. But this is hardly sufficient. Prevention is better than cure; and the suggestion which has been thrown out might be acted upon in other countries besides England, with advantage.

DEATH OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

We have this day to record the demise of Daniel O'Connell, the greatest political agitator which the world ever saw. Our readers will be prepared for the event, which has been daily expected for some weeks. This melancholy event took place at Genoa on the 15th ult. Without going into a full detail of all the occurrences connected with the life and death of this great man, we may observe that "Daniel O'Connell, was the eldest son of Mr. Morgan O'Connell, of Carhen, and of Catherine, daughter of Mr. John O'Mullane, of Whitechurch, in the county of Cork, and was descended from a respectable and ancient Irish family. He was born on the 6th of August 1775, at Carhen, about a mile from the present post town of Cahirciveen, in the county of Kerry. His childhood and boyhood were chiefly passed in his birthplace, though he paid frequent visits to Derrynane, the seat of his father's eldest brother, Mr. Maurice O'Connell, who, as he was himself childless, adopted his nephews, Daniel and Maurice, and undertook the chief charge of their education."

The following is an account of the last hours of the Liberator, written by Dr. Duff, an English physician, who attended him at Genoa:—

"Some account of the closing scenes of the life of an individual who has filled so remarkable a position in the world as Daniel O'Connell, must prove interesting, and I, therefore as an English physician, called in to attend him, take leave to lay before you the following statement:—On Monday, May 10th, I saw Mr. O'Connell for the first time, and he was then suffering from profuse and involuntary diarrhoea, with great pain abdomen under pressure, strong rapid pulse, flushed face, &c. Mr. O'Connell had also chronic bronchitis of some years standing. From the remedies employed these symptoms were much ameliorated and on the morrow he seemed convalescent. But from Mr. O'Connell's great repugnance to swallow even the most simple medicine, this state of improvement, could not be followed up. On the evening of Tuesday, the 11th, the new symptom of congestion of the brain presented itself. Active measures were immediately had recourse to, and from them there was a decided improvement. Again the internal remedies was denied, Mr. O'Connell refusing to take any medicine. Towards the evening of Wednesday, the 12th, the symptoms increased; Mr. O'Connell was restless, and sometimes slightly incoherent. Our former measures were again employed, but with slight success. During Thursday all the symptoms increased, with great tendency to sleep, from which, however, he could easily be roused; the breathing was much embarrassed; circulation became difficult, in some degree indistinct, and the mind wandered. Thursday night was passed in a state of profound heavy sleep, with increased difficulty of breathing; and, in addressing those about him, he imagined himself in London, and spoke to them as if there. On Friday he was much worse, the breathing very laborious, the voice scarcely audible, and the words half formed; all the symptoms had increased. In this state he lingered on till Saturday night, seemingly conscious of the presence of those about him, but neither attempting to move nor speak. My treatment of Mr. O'Connell was always in conjunction with Dr. Beretta, of this place, and a young French physician, who had accompanied him from Lyons, and on the day preceding his demise, we had the advantage of consulting with Dr. Vivani, the oldest practitioner of Genoa, and of high repute. By his advice, and as a last resource, a further application of leeches to the temples was advised, but all was in vain; he expired last night at half past nine o'clock p. m. apparently suffering little pain. During the whole time of our attendance on Mr. O'Connell it was with the greatest difficulty he could be induced to take medicine, or even necessary food, and he perseveringly abstained from drink for fully forty hours. Had this been otherwise the period of death might have been procrastinated, but his failing health and spirits, with

constant tendency to cerebral congestion, rendered certain his death at no very distant period."

His spiritual adviser and chaplain, Dr. Milley, thus feelingly describes the termination of the hon. and learned gentleman's career, in a letter addressed to Mr. Morgan O'Connell:—

Genoa, Sunday, May 16.

"My dear, dear Sir,—May the God of Mercy sustain and comfort you. The worst has befallen us—the Liberator, your illustrious father—the father of his country—the glory and the wonder of Christendom—is dead, Dead! No, I should say, rather, O'Connell is in Heaven. His death was happy; he received in the most fervent sentiments the last rites, and up to the last sigh, was surrounded by every consolation provided by our holy religion. O, would to Heaven that I could pour the balm of consolation into the wound which I open by this heart-breaking intelligence; but, alas! how could I, my own heart is bursting, and poor Daniel is crushed with grief. Nothing that strangers could do to comfort us has been wanting, but the stroke is so tremendous! On the side of religion everything cheers us, and it is there we have sought for refuge. You are already aware from my last letter, and that which was written by Daniel at a later hour, how matters stood up to six o'clock on last (Saturday) evening. From that hour up to eight o'clock he continued to sink gradually, but without suffering. I knew long before this hour that he was dying, and we had recited the prayers from seven to eight o'clock, in which he joined most fervently, and with all the distinctness his fast failing powers permitted. I think his agony began at eight o'clock, or a little after, but in using this word you are not to understand me to say that there was any painful struggle. At no stage, especially for the last two days, was there anything like pain. At this time the Vicar-General, who is a prelate, with the clergy, were round his bed; his breathing became gradually more weak; as the prayers were recited, his hands were firmly clasped upon his noble breast, his countenance perfectly serene; and as I suggested to him all that my sacred office required, and my grief permitted, he responded by word and sign so as to express perfectly and fervently the glowing sentiments of his heart. Daniel and I, and his faithful Duggan, he recognised to the last. Our supplication, in the sublime and consoling language of the church, were mingled with our tears, as we knelt around his bed. When at last his mighty voice was hushed, his countenance—his hands—responded to the prayers.

"At thirty-seven minutes past nine, the hand of the priest of God, privileged to bind and loose on earth, even as it is done in heaven, was extended over him. There was no struggle—no change visible upon the features, except that as we gazed it was plain that a dread mystery had cast its shadow over him. The spirit which had moved the world took its flight so peacefully, that all who were there, except the angels who were in waiting for it, were in doubt if it had departed. He died as an infant sinks upon its mother's breast to sleep. It was by the soft and beautiful transition of the prayers that we were reminded that we had before us only the noble body of O'Connell, as if listening, hushed in attention, for the summons to a glorious immortality.

"We are thrown upon our councils with nothing to guide us but what we inherit from his conversations and casually expressed wishes. Acting on this, we have determined to have the heart embalmed, placed in a silver urn, and transported to Rome, as of old the heart of Robert Bruce was carried to Jerusalem, when it was not permitted him by Providence to perform, in his own person, that pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre which he had vowed, as O'Connell had vowed his pilgrimage to the tombs of the Apostles. His body, also, is to be embalmed, and deposited in a chapel of the church of our Blessed Lady, Delle Vigne, where it to repose until, on our return from leaving the heart in Rome, we convey it to Ireland.

"We have thought it right that his obsequies, though to be renewed no doubt by the Irish nation should be princely here. It is likely we shall proceed with our sacred charge to Rome on Thursday or Friday next, by way of Civita Vecchia where the carriage and nearly all our luggage have been for some days.

"We shall hold it a sacred duty to guard every object, no matter how otherwise insignificant, that belonged to this pilgrimage, as well as all the documents and memorials appertaining to it which we have collected.

"I should add that we are satisfied with the physicians. We are certain that there was no mistake about the disease, and but for the science and skill of the Continental physicians, it must have had much sooner a fatal termination, or one still more afflicting. I will write to Mr. Fitzpatrick a few lines, but you will oblige me by letting him see this letter, as I am not able to write him at length. We have had a cast taken of his head, which has filled with wonder the physicians who have seen it. Farewell. May heaven comfort you all. My beloved and revered friend John—I could not write to him. In writing to you I write to him and all the family. Oh! my ever blessed mother! comfortress of the afflicted, pray for us—Ever yours,

J. MILLEY.

"To Morgan O'Connell, Esq."

The following is a report of the post mortem examination of the body:—"The body was opened in the presence of Drs. Duff, Beretta, and Lacour, by Dr. Ballerini, surgeon-in-chief of the Hospital for the Incurables in Genoa, who had been charged with the process of

embalming the body of this great man. Lesions were observed in several organs. The right lung presented traces of chronic catarrh. The intestinal canal showed vestiges of former inflammation. More serious alterations were, however, observed in the brain. It was found gorged with blood throughout its entire extent, and partially softened. Its membranes were inflamed and thickened."

Greenach Advertiser, June 1.

DEATH OF THOS. CHALMERS, D. D., L. L. D.

It is with the deepest sorrow that we have learned, shortly before going to press, that that great divine, Christian philosopher and eminent patriot, Thomas Chalmers, died yesterday morning. On Sabbath he had been twice in the church, and appeared in his usual health. Next morning he was found dead in his bed. According to the information we received from a gentleman direct from Edinburgh, the venerable man had been discovered sitting with a basin in his hands, which it is thought he seized on feeling the first of the fatal attack, such as might be experienced by a sudden apoplectic stroke. It was believed he had been dead for some time.

The greatest consternation immediately spread over the city, and wherever the melancholy intelligence travelled, for this great man was confined to no city, nay, we may say, he was limited by no kingdom's boundary—the Christian world claimed him as its own, and the Church in every land will mourn over the loss of one of her brightest ornaments, one of her most eminent, devoted, and philanthropic members. The announcement of his demise comes upon the country without warning—he is seen in his usual place in the Church apparently in his ordinary health, and a few hours after, men are startled with the tidings of his death. All loved Dr Chalmers, all will lament his loss to the world. He was the most loveable of all public characters. He had a heart open to all, and strongly bent upon the good of all his fellow-men. His whole life was one unceasing and unwearied course of charity and love; his influence for good was felt on every spot of earth where a Christian man was found; he is now gone, and his memory will be held in affectionate remembrance.

Dr Chalmers, we think, would be about 67 years old. His works are voluminous, his whole life is full of interest, and his whole life is full of interest, and his character such as the world rarely meets with. An opportunity will doubtless soon be given of communicating much concerning the labours, the christian and patriotic career, of this great and good man.

Lands for Sale.

To be sold by private sale, on liberal terms, the following Tracts of Land, viz:

All that valuable Farm situate on the north side of the North West branch of Miramichi river, known as the Wild Cat Brook farm, containing 200 acres, presently under lease to James Leddy.

Also—the lot of Land No. 36, on the south side of the South West branch of Miramichi river, in the Parish of Nelson, eighty rods in front, with a Dwelling House and Barn thereon, presently occupied by Thomas Dougherty.

Also—the lot of Land next adjoining, on the lower side of the last mentioned lot.

Also—numbers 43, 44, and 49, in block B. of the Chatham Joint Stock company, in the town of Chatham.

Also—Pasture Lots number 66 and 68, containing four acres, fronting the Old Napan road, in the parish of Chatham.

Also—Lots number 6 and 10, on both sides of Renous river, in the parish of Blackville, each lot measuring in front 100 rods, and containing 250 acres, more or less.

The one half of Lot A, on the Semiwagon ridge, containing 250 acres known as the Semiwagon Meadows.

For terms and particulars apply to Messrs. STREET & DAVIDSON, Newcastle. June 19, 1847.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Subscribers beg respectfully to inform the public that they have now received by the *Mariner*, from the Clyde, their

Spring Supply of Genuine Drugs, Medicines, & Perfumery:

Also—By other recent arrivals, a variety of articles in the

Grocery Line:

viz.—Tea, Sugar, & Coffee, Tobacco and Snuff, Prepared Cocoa and Chocolate, Figs, Prunes and Raisins, Nuts & Confectionery, Preserved Fruits assorted; Preserved Ginger, Currie Powder, Lemon Syrup, compound Sarsaparilla Syrup, Tomato Ketchup, Tamarinds & Honey, Pepper Sauce, Mustard, Isinglass, Irish moss, Pearl Sago, Tapioca, Pickels & Spices assorted, Paints & Dye Stuffs, &c. &c. Together with an assortment of

PATENT MEDICINES.

viz.—Brandreth's celebrated Pills, Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, Connell's Pain Extractor, Wild's Indian Pulmonary Candy, for Coughs, Colds, &c. M'Allister's all healing Ointment, &c. &c.

Also—a large assortment of

BOOKS AND STATIONARY,

all of which they will sell cheap for CASH. K. B. & W. FORBES. Chatham, June 1st 1847.