

(as the public prints say) of Orangemen, to sit in judgment upon eight persons, to most of whom in religion, and to all of whom in politics, they are almost as opposed as light is to darkness. Such is a brief sketch of the proceeding which has caused such a deep sensation, and no wonder, throughout Ireland, and has given occasion to the present meeting. My present position, perhaps according to use and wont, forbids me to forstal the gentlemen who are about to address you, and propose for your adoption two or three resolutions indicative of the injustice and iniquity of the proceeding; but I crave the privilege, even if it should involve a slight departure from the usual practice, of saying a few words (and they shall be few) expressive of my feelings on the subject, although, indeed, my appearance here to-night may be considered a sufficient demonstration of them. Were I a Protestant, I should feel heartily ashamed of the bigoted act of the Dublin Executive. As a Catholic, I feel at once indignant and alarmed; indignant, because in the persons of the discarded gentlemen, nearly eight millions of my fellow-Catholics in Ireland have been ignominiously treated—because in those gentlemen, the whole mass of the Catholics spread over the universe have been in common stigmatised, and because a gross insult has been heaped upon the religion of Ireland which is your religion and mine, and, I say it emphatically, which is the religion of the world. I feel alarmed, because I consider that a daring inroad has been made into the Catholic Relief Bill. We have all frequently laughed at the ravings of a man named Greg, who often figures in the proceedings of the Protestant Association in Dublin, about the repeal of the Emancipation Act. But truly Greg may now laugh at us in his turn. The business of the repeal of the Act in question most certainly begins with the present year; and unless a firm but constitutional stand be made, who can tell when and where it may end? Who can tell how soon the structure of our liberties, which, after a quarter of a century's gigantic efforts, O'Connell raised, may be tumbled down into a heap of useless ruins? Who can tell how soon, in fine, we may all—English and Scotch, as well as Irish Catholics—be driven from the sphere of equality with our fellow-subjects, and again reduced to a horde of helots, to a degraded caste of serviles unworthy of the common rights of society? One word more, and I have done. If the reduced jury list has been constructed of so yellow a hue as to deserve the title of an "Orange panel" bestowed upon it by a Protestant paper, alas, for the accused parties! I conceive that Daniel has been cast into the lion's den, and his companions into the fiery furnace. If they come forth unscathed, I shall certainly be tempted to ascribe their safety to a prodigy little less wonderful than that which muzzled the mouths of Nebuchadnezzor's lions, and caused the furious flames of the seven-fold heated furnace to play fitfully and harmlessly around the heads of these Jewish youths, and without injuring a hair of their heads. [In the course of the preceding address, the right rev. chairman, whose powerful and majestic voice

completely filled the vast hall, was often most vehemently cheered, and at its close his lordship resumed his seat amidst demonstrations of applause that defy description.—*Tablet.*

NORTHERN DISTRICT.—*Sympathy with the Catholics of Ireland.*—The recent insult to the Catholics of Dublin, in their exclusion from the Jury on the state trials, is producing once again a feeling of sympathy for our brethren in Ireland, and arousing the Catholics of the North to a sense of the necessity of demanding that the Act of Emancipation shall be in deed and in truth one of perfect equality. Yes, the dry bones are once more in motion. That spirit which the genius and eloquence of O'Connell, and many other patriots, burning with an ardent desire for union amongst all the Catholics of this realm, have been unable to effect, the Irish Attorney General has successfully roused.—In this district, one unanimous feeling of indignation prevails amongst all classes of Catholics—Tories, Whigs and Radicals all agree that we are bound to repudiate the foul insinuation, that Catholics are not as capable as any other of Her Majesty's subjects to discharge the solemn duties of Jurymen. A public meeting of the Shields Congregation—Rev. T. Gillows in the chair—will be held next Sunday;—and Newcastle and Sunderland will readily follow the example.—*Tablet.*

OLD TIMES! OLD TIMES!
[The following stanzas are from the poetical works of Gerald Griffin, Esq. London, reviewed in a late number of the TABLET.—The lines—"To the Sisters of Charity," in last week's paper, are from the same source.]

Old times! old times! the gay old times
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally tree.
My Sunday palm beside me placed—
My cross upon my hand—
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!

Old times! Old times!
It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale—
I mourn whenever I think of thee,
My darling native vale?—
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there—
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge, care.

Old times! Old times!
I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain—
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain—
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes—
To like my own unhappy lele,
And sing the gay old times!

Old times! Old times!
And sure the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still;
The flowers are springing where we rang'd,
There's sunshine on the hill!
The sally, waving o'er my head,
Still sweetly shades my frame—
But ah! those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same!

Old times! Old times!
Oh! come again ye merry times!
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm—
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes,
My tears would flow in vain—
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again!

SPMACH.—The milk which exudes from a branch of sumach is the best indelible ink that can be used. Break off one of the stems that support the leaves and write what may be wanted with it. In a short time it becomes a beautiful jet black, and can never be washed out.

DR. BARTHOLOMEW'S RINK EXPECTORANT SYRUP.
The cases of consumption are so numerous in all the northern latitudes, that some remedy as a preventative should be kept by every family constantly on hand, no administer on the first appearance of so direful a disease. This Expectorant Syrup will in every case prevent the complaint. It is quite impossible for any person ever to have consumption who will use this remedy on the first approach of cough and pain in the side, and in many instances it has cured when physicians had given up the cases as incurable.
This Medicine can be had at Bickle's Medical Hall; also at the Druggist shops of C. H. Webster and J. Winer, Hamilton.

THE SUBSCRIBER takes this opportunity of expressing his gratitude to his numerous friends, for the flattering support received during the time of his Co-partnership, and begs to inform them, that in future the establishment will be carried on by the undersigned, who begs to solicit a continuance of their favours.
HENRY GIROURD,
Hamilton Livery Stables,
July 21, 1843.

NOTICE.
THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between Henry Girourd and Robert McKay, Livery Stable Keepers, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, and all debts due to the above Firm are requested to be paid immediately to Henry Girourd or Robert McKay, who will pay all accounts due by said Firm.
HENRY GIROURD,
ROBERT MCKAY.
Witness to the signing of the above
LEGATT DOWNING,
Hamilton, July 21, 1843.

O. K. LEVINGS,
UNDERTAKER.
RESPECTFULLY informs the Inhabitants of Hamilton and its vicinity, that he has opened an **UNDERTAKER'S WAREROOM** in Mr. H. CLARK'S Premises, John Street, where he will always have on hand every size of plain and elegantly finished Oak, Walnut, Cherry and Pine **OFFINS,** Together with every description of Funeral appendages.
Funerals attended on the most reasonable terms.
* * * The charge for the use of Hearse, with Dresses, is £1.
Hamilton, Sept. 6, 1843.

REMOVAL.
JOSEPH O'BRIEN, Boot & Shoe Maker, returns his sincere thanks to his customers and the public for the patronage he has hitherto received, and begs to inform them that he has removed from Mr. Erwin's block to the house in part occupied by Mr. Rolston, John Street, where he will be happy to attend on his patrons; and begs also to remark that his work is reduced to the lowest prices, to suit the times, for which either cash or produce will be taken.
Hamilton Nov. 1, 1843.

DENTISTRY.
N. R. REED, M. D., Operating Surgeon Dentist, would respectfully announce to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Hamilton and its adjoining towns, that he has located himself permanently in the town of Hamilton where he will be happy to wait upon all who wish to avail themselves of his services.
Consultation gratis and charges moderate.
N. B. Persons or Families who desire it may be waited upon at the residences.
Office above Oliver's Auction Room, corner of King & Hughson Streets.
Hamilton, Sept. 6, 1843.

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Some conception of the style of this Work may be known from the fact, that the British publishers have expended no less a sum than £30,000 on the illustrations alone.—Price 3s. each No.

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N. DEVEREUX.
Hamilton, 1843.

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December, 1842.

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Hamilton, Sept. 6, 1843.