cheers and laughter.) But I have more heretic comfort still in store for you. The better to carry those instructions into effect, an act, in the following year, reviving three statutes for the pun-ishment of heresy—of which the preamble—a true *expede Hercu-lem*—runs as follows :—" For the escuying and avoiding of errors and heresies, which, of late, have risen, growen, and mouche in-creased within this realme; for that the ordinaries have wanted authority to proceed against those that were infected therewith; he it therefore ordeyned and enacted by the authority of this present parliament, that the statute made," &c. Now, Mr. O'Con-nell, please chew these two legal mouthfuls. (A laugh.) Yes, chew them well, and I will venture to affirm, that never was there animal that had munched, by mistake, a mouthful of rue, that chewed a more "hitter cud of disappointmtnt" than will Daniel chew when he has swallowed the two bitter pills I have now administered. (Loud cheers.) But, passing from crabbed law, I shall now select for Mr. O'Connell's historic study, a leaf out of quent to the Reformation-the never-to-be-forgotten year 1641. (Hear.) In that year the Romanists again assumed political (Hear,) In that year the Romanis's again assumed pointeau power-acting, as they then asserted, and as it is now certain they did, under the commission and order of the unfortunate King Charles the First. Who has not heard of Phelimy Roe? (Hear, and a laugh.) Aye, "of Phelimy Roe, and his slaughter?" (Hear, hear.) Who has not heard of his march upon Belfast, and the heat heat heat heat a structure of Lie how he was compelled to call a halt, by the gallant men of Lis-burn? (Hear, hear.) And surely this great meeting will permit me to indulge an honest joy, when I mention the historic fact, that the first effective resistance to his invasion, was headed by the gallant Lawson, of Derry, who was a Presbyterian—(loud cheers)—a Presbyterian, not actuated by the miserable prejudices of a repulsive sectarianism, but bound to his Protestant brethren of the establishment, by the attractive and uniting impulses of common principles, and of common danger. (Loud cheers.) The Romanists, as I have said, had their royal authority and political power—and gently and tenderly did Phelimy employ it! But Mr. O'Connell, in his hurry in consulting authorities, must have skipped over this page, of Irish history; or, perhaps, some one had cut out the page, and, so Daniel could say, like an unprepared schoolboy, "that's not in my book,"-(a laugh)-or perhaps,for there is no end to possibilities where Daniel is concerned-perhaps some printer's familiar, had pasted the leaves together; or certainly, as he cannot distinguish between John and Henry, his eyesight is failing,—(a laugh)—and to that cause we must attribute his short coming; and, undoubtedly, his memory is gone —and no living man has need of a better, —(a laugh)—for he eannot "recollect" what number of the Ulster Times, is to prove me doubly "a liar in my own person," although the files were courteously offered to be laid on his table, and we might opine he had leisure enough during four long nights, and three short days, in the lock up house, Donegall-place, to have made the important discovery. (Loud cheers, and laughter.) I tell you, Mr. O'Con-nell, in more seriousness than the subject seems to warrant, that, in this your northern tour, like Madam Piozzi's old man, "you've had your three sufficient warnings?" first, —your memory's gone; secondly, —your eyesight; thirdly, —your judgment; fourthly, — your popularity; fifthly, —your bullying; for though the House of Commons were roused when you called them ruffians, they quailed beneath an apology, that doubted the insult; still, your ekulking from a versional answer to themely new it conted talent qualed beneath an apology, that doubted the insult; still, your skulking from a personal encounter, through your "genteel talent of invention," will not only encourage others to assail you, but will furnish them a weapon from which even "triple brass," will not be sufficient to defend you. (Loud cheering.) With these warnings, Mr. O'Connell, it is full time you should prepare for your change. As to your natural life, I pray, it may be long and happy. I pray that you may have grace to see all your errors; and, in good time, exchange this scene of turbulence, for one of rest and peace. But, in the mean time, I call you to another change—put off that painted mountebank coat, in which you gull r countrymen to buy and swallow your nostrums. (Hear, hear.) Put off that false profession of mercenary patriotism in which you traffic alike for shouts and for halfpence—above all, put that visor of hypocrisy off, beneath which, while you profess religion, you practise untruth—(hear, hear,)—and put away that lip-loyalty by which you would flatter a Queen while you would rend her empire-(loud cheers)-and stand forth, what you are, a venal disturber of your country, a traitor to your Queen, and a liar to your God. (Vehement cheering.) Yes, Mr. O'Connell, I call you by your proper name; and I take the brand of unquestioned history to enstamp it deep upon your forehead. (Hear, hear.) You say the Romanists in Ireland, during the three periods of their political power, rever once persecuted, but on the contrary, invited to their shores, and fostered and protected the Protestants. Now, lest you should hold parley with me about 1641, I shall return to 1553, the era of your beloved Mary, in whose auspicious reign Taylor's seventy-three apocryphal houses were opened by the Romanists in Dublin for the reception of the British Protestants. In June of that memorable year Mary as-cended the throne, and, in the following month of September, either commenced or was completed the persecution of Bale, bishop of Ossory, one of the brightest ornaments for learning, piety, and zcal, that ever adorned the Established Church of Ireland. of his servants were murdered in one night, and he was forced to fly for protection of his life to Kilkenny. Here he remained for some time, in the faithful utterance of his testimony, but being in daily danger of his life, he obeyed his Lord's injunction, and "being persecuted in one city, he field to another;" and, after many difficulties and dangers, succeeded in reaching the continent. And never, Mr. O'Connell, did the Established Church, or any other Church in Ireland, possess a nobler son, a brighter ornament, than Bale; and, as once I did travel a pilgrimage of some miles, that I might stand by the tomb of Bedel of Kilmore, as many, yea more, would I travel to stand by the tomb of Bale of Ossory-the man justly characterised as *facile princeps* amongst the mightiest of the Reformers, and ranked above Luther, Platina, and Vergerios, in his faithful exposure of the hercsies and usurpations of Rome. (Hear, hear, and cheering.) There, Mr. O'Connell, is an example for you of the manner in which the Romanists treated an Irish Protestant Bishop in the reign of the mild and tolerated Queen Mary-(hear, hear)-and if you wish to know on what authority it is founded, I refer you to Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, pages 40 and 41. We now revert, Mr. O'Connell, more particularly to the second period of Popish ascendancy in Ireland, 1641. (Hear, hear, hear.) Yes, you do well to cry "Hear," and let Ulster hear; and let Ireland, in all her provinces hear; and let Delater hear; and let Ireland, in all her provinces, hear; and let England's Court and Parliament hear; while, contradicted by the testimony of unquestioned history, Mr. O'Connell stands elevated on the pillory of public con demuation-"the bad, bad eminence" from which he will never descend, unless he break off his sins by repentance, and fly to the mercy of an offended God. (Cries of hear, hear.) And here, Mr. O'Connell, allow me a word of apology for the heavy sentence and portentous denunciation I have just uttered against you. You have often delighted to call yourself "the best abused man in the kingdom," but you have always forgot to tell you were your self the most abusive man in the universe. (Hear, hear.) I state not this oversight of yours to vindicate myself for any severity of language I may have applied, or intend to apply to you. No, I remind you of it, that I may grapple with that feeling of seutimentality, that will not distinguish hetween abusing the man and denouncing his sins. (Hear, hear.) As a sinner I speak, knowing the grace of God in his Son—and I speak of your sins but as I desire to speak of my own. I abuse you not as a man, but I do denounce you as a sinner-a man whose very "trade" is sin-sin, the first that beclouded Paradise-sin, the meanest practised on earth—sin, the last condemned in the last that burn-eth—where is every thing that "loveth or maketh a lie!" (Hear, eth—where is every thing that "loveth or maketh a net (treat, hear.) I lead you back, accordingly, not in anger but in pity, to your speech in Dublin, where you twice denounced me as a liar. Have you apologised for the injury—have you repented for the sin? I know you have not done the first, and, till that take place, you cannot have attained the other. (Hear, hear.) I have led you to the reign of Queen Mary, and exhibited you, by irrefragible ocuments, as a wilful perverter of the history of that reign, and now I offer, through you to the public, some means of further testing your truth when you assert that toleration, nay, kindness was extended to Protestants during every post-reformation period of Popish ascendancy in Ireland. And here, my Lord, I shall read to the meeting a few brief extracts from Dr. Reid's History, as specimens of the mercy, toleration, and kindness enjoyed by the Irish Protestauts, during that disastrous period of their history -a period which, I solemnly believe, Mr. O'Connell is either intentionally or practically labouring to reproduce-(hear, hear)-and from which may God in his infinite mercy protect this distracted land! (Hear, hear.) The extracts which I now read in brief, I have noted on the margin of the books before me, and shall afterwards furnish to the newspapers in full detail. Now this being the second post-reformation period of Popish ascendancy in Ireland, it must be the second period, during which, Mr. O'Con-nell says, Protestants were not persecuted. Lest it should, however, be called ill manners, I will not accuse Mr. O'Connell of telling an historical lie: but I must say with the good-natured Scotsman—"He's a great economist of truth!" (Cheers and laughter.)

"In Ulster, the rebellion broke out at the appointed time; and, owing to the defenceless state of the Protestants, and their consternation at so sudden and simultaneous an attack, it met, for a time, with no effectual resistance." "On the 23d of October, 1641, and within a few days after,

the Irish rebels made slaughter of all men, women, and children, which they could lay hands on, within the county of Antrim, that were Protestants, burning their houses and corn."

"Sir Con Magennis took possession of Dromore, and treated with wanton and unprovoked cruelty the few Protestants who had ventured to remain. Having burned the town, he fell back to Newry, where he effected a junction with Sir Phelim O'Neill, who, finding himself placed, without controul, at the head of a much more formidable force than he had ever anticipated, immediately abandoned what may be called the royal, and prosecuted the original, scheme of the insurrection; and henceforth openly aimed at the extirpation of the entire Protestant population, whether of English or Scottish descent. He therefore, encouraged his infuriated followers to give free vent to the direful passions of hatred and revenge, which the Romish priesthood had for years been fostering in the breasts of their people, against their Protes-tant neighbours. The insurrection was speedily converted into a religious war, carried on with a vindictive fury and a savage fero-eity which have been soldow accessed. Though the enterwise religious war, carried on with a vindetive tury and a savage tero-city, which have been seldom exceeded. Though the enterprise was now formally disowned by Charles, and though Sir Phelim, by his brutal excesses, had disgusted some of the more ardent of his original associates, yet urged on by Ever M'Mahon, Romish bishop of Down, he plunged into the deepest atrocities. "The shorking tale of the sourchise exception the he undigin

"The shocking tale of the cruchtics perpetrated by the undisci-plined and blood thirsty levies of O'Neill, during several months, has been often told; by none more effectually than by the female historian of England (Mrs. Macaulay.) An universal massacre ensued; nor age, nor sex, nor infancy were spared; all conditions were involved in the general ruin. In vain did the unhappy vic-tim appeal to the sacred ties of humanity, hospitality, family connexion, and the tender obligations of social commerce; compa-nions, friends, relatives, not only denied protection, but dealt with their own hands, the fatal blow. In vain did the pious son plead for his devoted parent; himself was doomed to suffer a more premature mortality. In vain did the tender mother attempt to soften the obdurate heart of the assassin in behalf of her helpless children; she was reserved to see them cruelly butchered, and then to undergo a like fate. The weeping wife lamenting over the mangled carcase of her husband, experienced a death no less horrid than that which she deplored. This scene of blood received yet a deeper stain, from the wanton exercise of more execrable cruelty than had ever yet occurred to the warm and fertile imagi-nation of Eastern barbarians. Women, whose feeble mind reeived a yet stronger impression of religious phrenzy, were mo ferocious than the men; and, children, excited by the example and exhortation of their parents, stained their innocent age with

the blackest deeds of human butchery. "The persons of the English were not the only victims to the generol rage: their commodious houses and magnificent buildings were either consumed with fire, or laid level with the ground. Their cattle, though now part of the possession of their murderers, because they had belonged to abhorred heretics, were either killed outright, or, covered with wounds, were turned loose into the woods and deserts, there to abide a lingering, painful end. This amazing, unexpected scene of horror, was yet heightened by the bitter revilings, imprecations, threats, and insults which everywhere resounded in the ears of the astonished English. Their sighs, groans, shrieks, cries, and bitter lamentations, were answered with -'Spare neither man, woman, nor child; the English are meat for dogs; there shall not be one drop of English blood left within the kingdom.' Nor did there want the most barbarous insults and exultation on beholding those expressions of agonizing pain

which a variety of torments extorted. "Nor was the rage of the rebels confined to the unoffending Protestant clergy. Every thing which could be considered in any way identified with Protestantism was wantonly destroyed. The BIBLE, in a particular manner, was an object on which the Romanists vented their detestation of the truth. 'They have torn it in pieces,' say the commissioners in their remonstrance presented, by the agent of the Irish clergy, to the English Comons, scarcely four months after the breaking out of the rebellion, they have kicked it up and down, treading it under foot, with leaping thereon, they causing a bag-pipe to play the while: laying also the leaves in the kennel, leaping and trampling thereupon; saying 'a plague on it, this book hath bred all the quarrel,'hoping within three weeks, all the Bibles in Ireland should be so used or worse, and that none should be left in the kingdom : and while two Bibles were burning, saying that it was hell-fire that was burning, and wishing that they had all the Bibles in Christendom,

that they might use them so." The devastations committed during this second period of "tender mercies" it is now impossible, accurately, to ascertain, but the following are some of the various calculations which the writers nearest the melancholy period have left upon record :----

"The following is a brief summary of the calculations of the more eminent Protestant writers. May (p. 81) estimates the number slain at 200,000 in the first month. Temple makes it (i. 299) says, that above 40,000 were murdered at the first outbreak before any danger was apprehended, and he is followed by Hume. Sir William Petty, a very expert and accurate calculator, computes that 37,000 perished within the first year."

of O'Connell. (Cheers.) He tells of 73 houses charitably pro-vided in Dublin by Romanists for the persecuted Protestants of Bristol. I would his antiquarian search would tell where they were situated. He knows what house was provided for them at Scullabogue! (Hear, hear, hear.) The burning roof above, and the bristling pikes without, (hear, hear)—where the helpless inthe orising pixes without the any more the adopted in the flames it had escaped, a victim to the Moloch of a fiendish and the flames it had escaped, a verime to the Moloch of a menaish and perennial intolerance. (Hear, hear, hear.) And does he know the house prepared for them at Wexford? the heavens their only covering, the bridge their kneeling-place, the demi-savage and his pike their only judge and executioner. [Hear, hear, hear.] Why, why, Mr. O'Connell, do you force us, in self-defence against your why, Mr. O'Connell, do you force us, in self-defence against your falsifications of history, to revert to those evil days? Already we have forgiven: why will you not permit us to forget? I tell you, Mr. O'Connell, the unhappy men and women who fell victims at Scullabogue Barn and Wexford Bridge have been the political saviours of their country. [Loud cheers.] Though they pe-rished, they live. They live in our remembrance—their deaths opened the political eves of the many thousands of Ulster; and the names of Wexford and Scullabogue form an answer to all your arguments for Repeal. We have heard some days ago from Dublin, that the Presbyterians are great Reformers. With this I agree, for they wish to reform Mr. O'Connell; but that they are reformers in any other sense, I prove by the 85 witnesses that lately assembled in Belfast, and who, in the genuine spirit of a precursor society of reform,

precursor society of reform, Resolved, that all resolves are vain— Resolved, we ne er resolve again.—[Laughter.] No, no. The time will never come when the mass of Presbyte-rians, now united in the General Assembly, will become sharers in any department of the present conspiracy against the Queen, the country, and the constitution. (Cheers.) I come now to the fifth period of Popish ascendancy—for two more have grown out of Daniel's three—(a langh); and the fifth period is, the reign of King Daniel himself—(cheers and a laugh)—lately crowned in the "immense Pavilion" by the title of the "Peaceful Conqueror." Now of King Daniel's own mathed af cherriching Partnetsets. Now, of King Daniel's own method of cherishing Protestants, I can say no more than that he takes great pleasure in starving them-(hear, hear); but that, I may presume, is merely to initiate them in his own art of "fasting." (Cheers and a laugh.) initiate them in his own art of "fasting." (Cheers and a laugh.) But of the manner in which his loving subjects cherish them, I can speak more distinctly. They, wher they can, just kill them for kindness. (Hear, hear.) I recollect once, in an argument on establishments of religion, I was taunted with the assertion, that no established Church had ever produced a martyr. I imme-diately retorted upon my antagonist by a list of many recently produced by the Established Church in Ireland; and, when I now repeat to Mr. O'Connell the names of a Foote, a Ferguson, a Huston, or a Whitty, does not this array of the murdered ministers of Protestantism render him tterly ashamed of the assertion, that ascendant Popery has always been mild and tolerant? Yes, Mr. O'Connell; and it ought to render you more than ashamed-for, no matter by whose hands these victims fell, upon your soul rests the original guilt, for you planned and fostered the agitation from which these murders sprung-(hear)-and if ever there comes a time when your darkened eyes shall be enlightened, and your hard heart softened, the phantoms of the sheeted dead, whom your agitations consigned to early and bloody tombs, will flit before you, whether in walking or in sleeping hours, and become the means, in mercy, of leading you to repentance, or the means, in judgment, of plunging you in despair. (Hear, hear.) Or think you, Mr. O'Connell, that Protestants can ever forget, that to you they are indebted for the cherishing project of extinguish-ing some hundreds of their churches in Ireland? I lent my feeble ing some hundreds of their churches in Ireland? I lent my feeble aid to extinguish that most wicked proposal; and look back with grateful satisfaction to the day when our combined efforts in Exeter Hall expunged the disgraceful record from the journals of the House of Commons. (Cheers.) I rejoice in recollecting the seathing ridicale—ridicale, never a test of truth, but an inex-tinguishable consumer of improvements are the provided that an inexshable consumer of imposture and hypocrisy-what ridicule Providence enabled me to cast upon the guilty project and the enslaved projector. My proposal was, to institute a Society for the extinction of Lighthouses, and an estimate of the boundless gratitude of merchants and sailors, and widows and orphans.— Never was I apparently so unable to speak; but God strengthened me mightily: and I was one of those who were privileged to give a death-blow to your cherishing kindness, and to deliver the a death-blow to your cherishing kindness, and to deliver the country from the guilt of extinguishing the light in the dark places just where it was most needed. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) I can pardon you, Mr. O'Connell, when you call Usher superfi-cial, and, I think, you will pardon me, when I pronounce you profound. (Cheers.) Usher superficial! Mr. O'Connell being the judge! Usher superficial! The man whose historic memory embraced all time—the man whose research no record could escape—the man who had digged into every darkest mine of learning and returned to nover air, not merely like him that learning, and returned to upper air, not merely like him that returns with precious sres, but like him that ascends with the gems that lend ornature to beauty, or splendour to crowns!--Above all, the man wlose mildness won every heart to cling to him, and to love him-the man whose eye of faith, and wing devotion, looked and soared—yea, lived in heaven—he superficial! I can only answer, Daniel, Daniel, you are certainly profound, and, "in your lowest depth, a lower still." (Cheers and laughter.) Another of Mr. O'Connell's Repeal propositions must be under-lower stills? (Cheers, and laughter.) Another of Mr. O'Connell's Repeal propositions must be under-placard bearing the following inscription, which I furnish you

world was pleased to congratulate, my secret purpose rested in my own breast, breathed to none but to God; and it was not till I own breast, breathed to none but to God; and it was not till I saw my duty in what I judged the leadings of Providence, termi-nating with the expressed of men of God, that I finally deter-mined to meet the giant, who has so often and so loudly defied the armies of the living God. [Cheers.] I did believe, my Lord, whatever others may say, I did believe that in 1841, I saw the fearful shadow of 1641. [Hear, hear, hear.] I saw the circumstances merely so far changed, that in 1641 physical force marched in the van of rebellion and massacre; but, in 1841, intellect and eloquence, enlisting argument, passion, advanced in the front to mark and to cover the array of physical force that fearfully gathered behind. (Hear, hear, hear.) I judged the spirit of the terrible movement to lie in pretended appeals to reason, interests, and facts. And I said, in my heart, shall we see the "sword coming," and will no man give warning, and "grapple with it ere it come too nigh?" (Hear, hear, hear.) I did believe, my lord, and I do still believe, that this mighty conspiracy may under Providence, be met, and averted—threfore did I, all unworthily, take one step in advance to meet it. My fellow-protestants will pardon my presumption, for if I know my own heart, it proceeded not from vanity, but from love. (Hear, hear, and loud cheering.) I did not miscalculate when I counted or My O'Council's abuse. way as cold is mained. If it have on Mr. O'Connell's abuse-nay, as God is my judge, I did know I was "taking my life in my hand;" but I did also calculate that my life was in the hands of Him that gave it, and that if one hair of my head was molested, or one drop of my blood spilled-were my children left fatherless, and my wife a widow-yet would the event be overruled to unite more closely all true Protestant hearts, and that the loss of one humble and worthless man might still be the salvation of our church and our country. (Loud and vehe-ment cheering.) I may not, my lord, overlook the newspaper statement, that Mr. O'Connell has challenged me to twenty-six hours of a discussion upon civil and religious liberty. I take him at his word. (Tremendous cheers.) The time, the place I leave to himself, but London and Exeter Hall I take to be the best-(lead arise of here, here here), and Labire her to the best-(loud cries of hear, hear, hear) — and I claim but one condition— the issue of half the tickets. (Cheers.) And never, by the bless-ing of God, since truth tore the cloak of hypocrisy, did man stand for such a stripping as awaits you, Daniel O'Connell. (Ve-hement cheering.) This is no braggadocio, my lord; it is the certainty of the aid of Heaven against *the doomed apostacy*; it is the consciousness of the truth that lies enshrined within our Bibles and our Churches-(hear, hear, hear, and loud cheers)-it is the knowledge of the falsehoods and the tyranniss that lie enshrined in the tomes of the Vatican, from which we are preserved in our Protestant liberties, only as we are preserved in the presence of the foreigner of the jungle, as he paces before us, and measures the foreigner of the jungle, as he paces before us, and heasures us, behind the iron of his cage, and is tame and inoffensive— simply, because he is imprisoned. (Vehement cheering.) Oh! for these vaunted twenty-six hours, in which his deluded followers are beginning to boast—that Heaven might, in mercy, permit me to exhibit O'Connell as he is in heart,-the genius of knavery, and the apostle of rebellion. (Hear, hear, hear, and tremendous cheer-ing.) There is another gentleman who has figured here, and whom I should have left "alone in his glory;" but that, like other cast-off habiliments "being of no other use to the owner," Mr. O'Connell has been pleased to make him a present to Belfast. This gentleman rejoices in the name of Mr. Dillon Brown. (Cheers and laughter.) I know Daniel can well part with him-let him, however, first take the opinion of some folks about the lobby, (a knowing laugh from the M P.'s) Mr. O'Connell comprehends me. Yes, and let Mr. O'Connell send him to one of David Hone's ad-mirable training-schools in Galway, where they "teast" something more than letters and manners, where—Mr. O'Connell under-stands me—they go one step higher, and then we shall consider of accepting or rejecting his present. (Loud cheers.) There is another aspirant for reforming fame, whom it were the grossest injustice to pass over unnoticed. Mr. Henry Grattan, who cut so great a figure in the "great" demonstration lately enacted in Dublin. (Hear, hear, hear.) For one act, on this solemn occasion, one shadow he was pleased to furnish of the march of "com-ing events," I honour him above all competitors for immortal fame ; yes, he seized with emblematic hand, the list of requisition ists to this vast meeting—and as orderly and as rationally as if he had been a born child of Queen Mary, did he trample and stamp had been a born child of Queen Mary, did he trample and stamp on the names of our noblemen, clergy, and gentry, 'twas not up-on the names, but on the necks, you longed to tread. And who are you, Henry Grattan!—that thus would tread upon the noblest names in all the land? Thou feeble son of a mighty sire! Thou unworthy bearer of an illustrous name! Think you the men of Ulster worms, that thus you trample them? (Cheers.) If so, we will turn!—(Continued cheers.) Not in aggression, but in self defence; and instead of our bowing to Dagon, Dagon shall how to us, as sure as he fell prostrate and broken on the threshbert detence; and instead of our bowing to Dagon, Dagon shall bow to us, as sure as he fell prostrate and broken on the thresh-hold of his own temple. (Vehement cheers.) Yes, who are you, Henry Grattan, that thus insultingly dare trample us? (Cheers.) Are you not the Hotspur of Coldblow-lane? (Hear, hear, hear, and load laughter) Are you not the enfranchiser of cabbage stalks? (Cheers.) Are you not the magical converter of goose-herre-bushes into green-grocers? (Load cheers, and laughter)

150,000 in the first two months, or 300,000 in two years. Rapin (ix. 343) gives 150,000 in about four months. Lord Clarendon and the table of the contract of emblematic kindness which you-your heel-inflicted upon our names. (Cheers.)

The constitutional administration of the lords justices were universally popular; and a new era of national improvement and ci-vilization appeared to be opening on this long distracted country. "But these anticipations were awfully disappointed. 'The provement of the nation, from the gradual im-provement of the nation, from the activity of its parliament, from the favourable disposition of the king, from the temper of the English parliament, were in an instant confounded; and the ar-lamities of former times revived in all their bitterness." new velcomed in every land, and the energies of their industry, and the profits of their toils, are only surpassed by their honourable character—(loud and vehement cheers)—the basis of their prospe-rity, and the charter of its continuance. (Continued cheering.) In one word more, I have done with my argument—Look at Belfast, and be a Repealer-if you can. [The Rev. Doctor then retired amid the most enthusiastic

cheering, and long shouts of approbation, which continued for several minutes.]

	10 700 1140
CHURCH CALENDAR.	
May 2 3rd Sunday after Easter.	
-20Ascension Day.	
-23.—Sunday after Ascension. -30.—Whitsunday.	

Advertisements.

THE BAZAAR.

The DAZAAR, IN aid of the Funds of the HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, will be held I at the PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, on Wednesday, 5th May next, and the Ladies, who have kindly undertaken the arrangements, will be in attendance on the Monday and Tuesday previous, to receive any contri-butions which may be sent. House of Industry, Toronto, April 15, 1841. 41 The Newmann is the Given represented to size the above set

The Newspapers in the City are requested to give the above notice a

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Toronto, 10th October, 1840.

October 10, 1840.

TORONTO AND HOME DISTRICT GRAMMAR SCHOOL. TORONTO AND HOME DISTRICT ORDERANCE THIS School will be re-opened, after the Christmas Recess, on Mon-day the 4th of January, 1841. Mrs. Chombie's Seminary will also re-open on the 6th, the Wednesday M. C. CROMBIE', Perviragal. following.

Principal. 26-tf Toronto, Dec. 28, 1840.

BROCK DISTRICT SCHOOL. WANTED, a TEACHER to the Brock District School. References as to Qualification, &c. to be forwarded to H. C. BARWICK.

Woodstock, 16th February, 1841.

HAT, CAP, AND FUR MART.

CLARKE & BOYD, grateful for past favors, respectfully announce the arrival of their Fall and Winter Stock of LONDON HATS, from the most approved makers, and of the very latest London and Paris fashions, with a choice stock of FURS, suitable for the climate. King Street, Toronto, 18th Sept., 1840. 11-tf

AXES! AXES! AXES!!

AXES: AXES: AXES: AXES: THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that in addition to his former business, he has commenced the manufac-turing of CAST STEEL AXES, of a superior quality, which he can recommend with confidence, as they are manufactured under his own inspection, by first rate workmen. Storekeepers, and others in want of the above article, will please to call and examine for themselves. Every Axe not equal to the guarantee will be exchanged. **SAMUEL SHAW.**

SAMUEL SHAW.

120, King-Street.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

BANK OF BERTISH NORTH AMERICA. THE COURT OF DIRECTORS hereby give notice that a Haff Yearly Dividend of Fifteen Shillings, Sterling, per share will be-come payable on the shares registered in the Colonies, on and after the Third day of August, during the usual hours of business, at the several branch Banks, as announced by circular to the respective parties. The Dividend is declared in Sterling money, and will be paid at the rate of Exchange current on the third day of August, to be then fixed by the Local Boards. The Books will close, preparatory to the Dividend, on the Nineteenth day of July, between which time and the Third day of August no trans-ters of Shares can take place. By Order of the Court, (Signed) G. DE BOSCO ATTWOOD, Secretary.

London, June 3, 1840. To be Sold or Let in the Township of Seymour

"Ireland was now in a state of universal tranquillity. At no former period had the country enjoyed so much real prosperity, and so long internal peace. All dissatisfaction or anxiety with and so long internal peace. All dissatisfaction or anxiety with respect to defective titles, had been removed by the confirmation e graces, and by other conciliatory acts of the sovereign and the English Parliament. The Roman Catholic party enjoyed ample toleration. Their nobility were unrestricted in their privileges, and shared in the titles and dignities conferred on the Their gentry were mempeers of Ireland by James and Charles. bers of parliament, judges, magistrates, and sheriffs. Their lawyers occupied the same station at the bar as Protestants, and

I come now to what I suppose Mr. O'Connell's third period-that of the ill-fated James II. I doubt not I am addressing the descendants of some who were driven under the walls of Derry. I know I hold the card of one honoured individual whose ancestor acted a conspicuous part in its defence. And I wot of another who had no name to be either honoured or recorded; but, at the first outbreak of the rebellion, all his family was murdered but one little child; driven from a distant part of the county Down, with thousands of starving Protestants, he carried his child in his arms to Derry; but when he mounted guard at night he had no nurse for his little one, so carried it with him to the wall, and placing it between the embrasures, where the cannon frowned defiance on James and slavery ;-- (cheers)-Providence protected him in the midst of famine and death-and when, in after years, he was questioned how he fared at night for shelter, "Well enough," was the reply, "I had the shelter of my father's gun." (Cheers.) Yes, God protected that motherless and helpless boy, and he who now addresses you is that boy's humble descendant. (Enthusiastic cheers.) Repulsed from the walls of Derry, James hastened to meet his mock parliament in Dublin, and then proceeded, not in military, but in Mr. O'Connell's true and legal style, the third specimen of Popish ascendancy tolerating and fostering Protes-tants. But how? Why, by the most barefaced act of wholesale robbery ever put on record; and what renders the robbery still more execrable, under the royal hypocritical mask of liberty of conscience, and respect for property. (Hear, hear, hear.) By one dash of the royal pen, the Acts of Settlement and Explanation were repealed,--(hear, and a laugh)--and all Protestants who held their estates under these acts, whether as original grantces, purchasers, or by mortgage, were deprived of them in the style of O'Connell slap-dash. (Hear, hear.) Yes, O'Connell is the boy for a slap-dash. (A laugh.) He promised to breakfast in Newry, and attend a procession 50,000 strong, and to give an hour and a and antend a procession 30,000 strong, and to give an hour and a half, to deploy and march, "the green flag waving o'er them." But he passed through at a slap-dash,—(loud laughter)—and si-lence smiled at sleeping echo, in Trainor's lonely hayloft. (Loud laughter.) By slap-dash he was spirited through Hillsborough, and looked sadly askance upon the valley, where the army of William reposed, on their glorious march to the Boyne (Great cheering. Through Lisburn, another slap-dash, with colours flying. (A laugh.) It is true; but they were the colours of his rosy face, for a danger that existed but in his own heart. (Hear, hear.) And by a final slap-dash, he "invaded" his hotel, and speedily bivouacked in his bed-room. (Laughter and cheers.) And there he lay perdue, like a hare in her form, without one ray of comfort, even from the ghostly consolations of Donegall-street. (Cheers.) Now I should not have troubled you with this "tedious brief history,"-(a laugh)-of Mr. O'Connell's talent for slap-dash. or coup de main, were it not that every article of his Repeal project, is borrowed from the slap-dash Parliament of King Jan (Hear, and cheers.) In that Parliament, Protestant property was-what shall I call it? Annihilated? No, no, that cannot be. Mr. O'Connell, that learned and profound historian, has discovered that, during Popish ascendancy in Ireland, Protestants were al-ways fostered! Bravo, Daniel-(cheers)-when you say it, it must have been so; aye, and it was so, with a witness; for witness the king's hand, the Protestants were so cherished, that they were delivered from the intolerable trouble of managing their estates— (cheers and laughter)—and the labour both of recovering and spending their rents, most generously undertaken by the ascen-dancy. (Laughter and cheers.) And this, doubtless, is what Daniel calls fostering the Protestants. Had James prevailed, we should not to-day have been surrounded by the Hills, the Chichesters, the Needhams, the Loftuses, and the Watsons; they would have been foster-nursed with a vengeance (cheers) a la Da-niel; and the next time he sits to H. B. for his picture, I trust he will consent to be represented in the character of an Irish nurse, with Protestantism as baby, which he is rocking with his one

assertion is a point upon which I shake hands with Mr. O'Connell. (A laugh.) But, if 10, Mr. O'Connell, what will become of the

Pope? (Hear, hear.) Gregory XVI (I am scarcely sure of the name, but I pledge myself to the fact), in his famous Encyclical Letter, denounces coascience and the liberty of the press as a a determinal error," "as never to be sufficiently exercated and
I detested." Now, is not your Pope infallible? Perhaps, Mr.
estor O'Connell, like the House of Lords in London, the Pope is but
another old woman in petiticoats. (Laughter and cheers.) But had he power according to his will, where were human libe conscience was fettered and the press annihilated? (Hear, hear.) Ah! perchance under that happy regime the veracious Vindicator that built the "immense pavili "-that beautiful "house that Jack built"-(cheers)-might find it necessary to look more narrowly to his words, else a missive from Rome might furnish a new "distribution" to his types, and a new employment for his black-ball. (Cheers and laughter.) Daniel, if you be a judge, the Pope's no Christian;-(cheers)-and I will pay you an annual rent the longest day I live, if you just go to Rome and honestly tell him so. (Cheers.) And I really think you should go, and I'll tell you why. Rome is a good place for the study of painting; and as you have lately turned portrait-painter, and have exhibite great precocity of genius for the art, I think a little Roman finish would render you a Parliamentary Vandyke. (Cheers and laughter.) I have myself lately had the honour of your pencil, and, with the true dignity of a Milesian gentleman, you have drawn me as "a pale-faced, bland-looking, cunning-eyed cleric-with countenance in which there is very little worth borrowing." Well, believe me, Daniel, I'm glad of that last touch of your pen cil, for it's little you would leave me that was at all worthy your "appropriation." (Roars of laughter.) You paint me "palefaced ;" I am glad you didn't draw me "white-livered." No, that I suspect is too much your own colour-(cheers and laughter)a tinge in which you have greatly improved since your late jaunt to Belfast. (Loud cheers.) Daniel, I have such a pale face as God was pleased to give me-but thanks be to Him, it has never yet had cause to blush for my saying belind any man's back what I dared not utter to his face. (Tremendous cheering.) But to relieve this *tedium*, I shall tell you a story of Mr. O'Connell's mild and tolerant Queen Mary. (Hear, hear.) It was in her inauspicious reign that Calais was taken by France:----and when she was dying, she said to her attendants, "If you open me when I am dead, you will find " Calais' written on my heart." while I heartily wish Daniel O'Connell long life and good health, yet Daniel at last will die; and, when entombed in the appropriate retreat of "Bully's-acre," Michael Cullen, if yet you treat tread the purliens of Channel-row, you owe me an ancient kindness and, when "clothed are the skies in black, and the winds howl horrible round the mansions of the dead," grub up the body of the defunct Daniel, and bear it for my sake, gently, to the Rich mond Theatre of Anatomy; and let some curious hand, with sharpened sealpel and hooked tenaculem, carefully dissect Daniel's larger eye-and indelible upon the retina, you will, perhaps, dis-cover the image of a "pale-faced" man-(cheers)-whose picture follows the charlatan, like the shadowy visions of the hype driac, pointing with steady finger to an unopened file of the Ulster Times, and repeating in the car a convusive conscience-" where, Daniel, where?" (Loud cheers.) My lord, I owe to your lord-ship, and to this vast and splendid assembly, a most profound apology, not merely for the length of this address, but for the pervading egotism with which it has been so largely occupied. [No, no,-go on.] And yet, I may not conclude, without a few words more relative to myself, and explanatory of the too prominent position, I felt it my daty to take. [No, you are in the right position.] My lord, I am thankful for the kindness that judges o, but I am the no less sensible, that that kindness is partiality Now, my lord, I will say-that, in common with many, I have been an attentive student of Mr. Daniel O'Connell. He is a mighty man. But long before he entered Parliament, as the wooden horse entered the walls of Troy, Mr. O'Connell had laid open to me the secret powers upon which he depended. The one I learned when, in the streets of Ennis, he knelt to a Papist

Pity kind gentlemen, friends of humanity! COLD BLOWS my courage, but heat's coming on, See how I trample in "liberal charity"-A shout and a penny-and I will begone.

(Cheers and great laughter.) And, with regard to Henry Grat-tan, I must also begone. (No, no-go on.) I feel I cannot-I feel I need not. Before me, all unopened, lie those piles of documents, with which I had hoped to overwhelm a different antagonist. (Cheers.) They will pass, however, for Exeter Hall. Ard whosoever desires to see the Repeal question set at rest, needs only read my friend Mr. Tennent's Anti-Repeal Speech lately published in the columns of the Ulster Times. (Hear, hear.) But I dare not move my resolutions without saying one word about it. I ask, then, the great Repealer, "Pray Mr. O'Connell did you ever see Belfast?" (A laugh.) You say you did not-well tha (A laugh.) You say you did not-well that vas a pity. (Laughter.) Had you but requested me to be you Cicerone, there's not a brother Lion in the town to which I had not introduced you. (Loud laughter.) I beg pardon-there is one place to which even my influence would not have obtained the entree-you were emphatically tabooed from the walls of the Royal (Loud cheers.) You have uttered one statement abo College our students partly true and partly false, and I love to set your blunders to rights. (A laugh.) You have said, there is no hope of the Presbyterian youth of Uister so long as "that loathsome Theologue, Doctor Cooke, has influence over them. cheers.) Now, that there is no hope of their becoming Repealers is, happily, one truth; but that I have influence over them is utterly untrue. No, Daniel, I will tell what and who has influ ence over them. (Cheers.) The spirit that descended upon Knox, who "never feared the face of clay," has influence over them. (Loud cheers and Kentish fire.) His mantle has fallen them. and their manly shoulders, and they will never exchan the frieze coat of Repeal. (Vehement cheering.) Yes, had you approached the college, well and firmly was the determinat taken to close the gates, and defend it from pollution. (Loud cheers, in which the students present took a conspicuous part.)-The anniversary of your visit would, to future generation produced a holiday; and the shutting of the gates of Derry against James would have stood, not in coequal, but in instructive contrast, to the shutting the gates of our College against the invasion of a similar intruder. (Vehement and prolonged cheers, Kentish fire, and "No Surrender,") My Lord, I beg leave to move:

"That, looking to the numerous and solid advantages which have accrued to Ireland in particular, and the empire at large, from the effects of the legislative Union between the two countries, we have seen, with indignation and alarm, the recently renewed efforts to effect its Repeal."

And with barely one argument shall I support my motion-look at the town of Belfast. When I was myself a youth, remember it almost a village. But what a glorious sight does it now present-the masted grove within our harbour-(cheers)-our highty warehouses teeming with the wealth of every climate-(cheers)-our grand manufactures lifting themselves on every side -(cheers)--our streets marching on, as it were, with such rapidity, that an absence of a few weeks makes us strangers in the outskirts of our own town. (Cheers.) And all this to the Union. (Loud cheers.) And yet, not all,-for throned above our fair town, and looking serenely from our mountain's brow, I behold the genius of Protestantism and liberty, sitting nseparable in their power, while the genius of industry which nightly reclines at their feet, starts with every morning with renovated might, and puts forth his energies, and showers down his blessings on the fair and smiling lands of a Chichester, a Conway, or a Hill. (Vehement cheers.) Yes, Mr. O'Connell, we will guard the Union as we will guard our liberties, and advocate the prosperity of our country. Were you to succeed in effecting Repeal, we know our liberties were strangled for ever. (Tremendo us cheers.) Were the agitator once elevated on the shoulders of ascendant Popery, the "death's head and cross bones" would be the emblems of his "great seal,"-(cheers)yers occupied the same station at the bar as Protestants, and practised as freely in the courts of law. Their clergy were un-molested in the performance of their religious rites, and their other ecclesiastical functions. In obtaining the redress of national grievances, both Protestants and Romanists cordially co-operated.

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JOHN C. CHAMPION begs to inform the dealers in AXES, that he is now conducting the above establishment on his own account, and respectfully solicits a continuance to himself of those orders which have heretofore been so liberally given for Champions' Axes. Hospital Street, 22d July, 1840.

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The Church

Toronto, October 30, 1840.

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