

# THE CATHOLIC

QUOD SEMPER, QUOD UBIQUE, QUOD AB OMNIBUS CREDITUM EST.—WHAT ALWAYS, AND EVERY WHERE, AND BY ALL, IS BELIEVED.

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## MISCELLANY.

To the Editor of the Montreal Transcript.

Sir,—A few days ago, I saw in the Gazette a good article on the insidious proceedings of the unprincipled people of the United States tempting our soldiers to desert to their land of liberty and slavery. This is far more frequent in Upper than Lower Canada. Several years ago, my affairs led me annually for eight or nine years, from Upper Canada to New York, an I twice or thrice every year. On my journeys, I often remarked the degraded situation of the British deserter, and the contempt with which he was treated. One instance remains strongly on my memory. Returning from New York to Upper Canada, by the way of Sackett's Harbour, in the month of October, as usual I stopped at the tavern, and requested the landlord to get his boat ready to convey me to Kingston. While this was getting forward, I sat down with mine host, whose eye was directed to an altercation on the highway a few yards from us. Upon enquiring what it was, mine host said, "It is a dispute between two stupid fools, who, about six weeks ago, deserted from Kingston to this place, and have since been working for the two farmers with whom they are disputing for their wages, and I guess they will get none. I went to them and found two good looking Irishmen in faded, ragged regimentals, each disputing with a farmer for their wages.

**Soldier**—You promised eleven dollars per month, and I have worked hard for near two months.

**Farmer**—You lie; I never promised you any wages.

**Soldier**—You did; I will take my oath on it.

**Farmer**—You lie; I promised you nothing.

**Soldier**—I will take my oath on it.

**Farmer**—You take your oath on it! Don't you know yourself to be a perjured villain. I should like to see the Magistrate that will take the oath of a perjured British soldier. You are both villains; we never promised you nothing.

Here the two wretched men held their heads down; they felt their degraded, helpless fate; they felt they were no longer on British ground. I returned to the tavern, and asked mine host what these two poor soldiers were to do. He replied, "Why, the fools, they must do as other deserters have done before them—beg and steal along the high-roads until they get into the State Prison." The boat was now ready, and I walked to the beach. Here I found the two deserters, who implored me to make their case known to their Colonel; and, if he would promise that they should not be shot, they would return and suffer any punishment. On my landing at Kingston, finding the boat would stay there some time, I called on the Colonel, and related what had passed. He felt for them, and said, I have several applications from deserters, but what can I do? They may return if they please, but if so, they must abide by the sentence of a court martial. I returned this answer, and heard no more of them.

During my travels, and with the stoppage at the tavern, I some times, remarked men passing who had not the step and air of the country people, and enquiring of mine host who they were, the general answer was, "I guess they are British deserters; you see they hold their heads down, nobody pities the fools." However willing the British deserter may be to degrade himself to the lowest class in the States, and thus pass unobserved, yet he cannot readily divest himself of the firm regular step and manly bearing of the British soldier. How different the reception of the "poor but honest sodger," on his return from foreign climes to his native land.

Sue wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
And lovelier was than ever;  
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,  
Forget him shall I never:  
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,  
Ye freely shall partake o't—  
That gallant badge, the white cockade,  
Ye're welcome for the sake o't!

If the simple facts I have detailed, should defame one thoughtless British soldier from ruining and degrading himself, by desertion, I shall not have written in vain. How can a conscious perjurer and traitor expect aught but contempt and contumely, who he is known to be such?

I am, Sir, yours,

"A SOLDIER'S FRIEND."

March 5, 1844.

**A WHITE QUAKERESS.—Curious Scene.**—A female belonging to the class called White Quakers, whose name appeared on the charge sheet as Lucy Jacob, of Williamstreet, was put into the dock, and charged by police-constable GG, D, with collecting a crowd of persons, and obstructing the footway on the quays. When the constable took the book, in order to be sworn, the prisoner said in a loud shrill tone of voice—"Thou art commanded, and I command thee to swear not at all, neither by Heaven above, for it is God's throne, nor by the earth beneath, for it is his footstool."

Mr. Stubbert told the constable to state his complaint.

The constable said he got the lady on the King's quay, some time before that; she was distributing these papers. (Here he handed one of the documents to Mr. Stubbert. It had reference to the festival of Christmas, and was one of the most bigotted compositions which we have seen emanating from the White press) to the people, who collected about her in large numbers. He wanted her to go away, and not collect a crowd or obstruct the footway; but she refused, and he was compelled to take her to the station house.

Mr. Stubbert—Pray, ma'am, what have you to say to the charge?

Miss Jacob (turning to the constable)—Thou hast told a lie in the sight of thy God, and the face of this man, whom the world calls magistrate.

Mr. Stubbert—Were you not on the quay, distributing papers, as he says? I was distributing papers; what hast thou to say to them?

Mr. Stubbert—I have not looked at any of them. Pray, constable, was there a

crowd of persons present so as to obstruct the footway?

Constable—There was, your worship. Miss Jacob—No, there was not; I was walking quietly along the street, and it was this man with the brass letters and figures on his coat collar, like one of the common jaunting cars that ply for hire, came up and created the crowd himself—the man with the brass figures, and "he that hath ears let him hear, for the beast hath a number, and the number of the beast is 66 D" (loud laughter).

Mr. Stubbert—You are doing a great deal of mischief by your acting in this manner. You wear a peculiar dress and

Miss Jacob—And is that any affair of thine, friend, what I wear? I am a free agent and must do the work that—

Mr. Stubbert—That Joshua Jacob sent you to do I suppose (laughter). Would it not be better for you to mind your own business, if you have any business to mind than to be strolling about the streets in your peculiar garb, obstructing the passengers and distributing nonsensical papers.

Miss Jacob—Man, thou knowest not what thou sayest. Art thou aware that I am doing God's work? and callest thou that nonsense? I tell thee, man, I am fulfilling the command of God.

Mr. Stubbert—I think you are greatly mistaken, young lady? will you go home and mind your business!

Miss Jacob—Whether am I to obey your command or the voice of the Lord? I must do the work I am commanded to do by—

Mr. Stubbert—By Joshua Jacob, I suppose. Will you go home and keep yourself quiet, if I let you off this time?

Miss Jacob—God told me when I came on his mission not to mind thee at all, or anything the princes or rulers of this world might say to me.

Mr. Stubbert—You may quote texts of scripture for your purpose, but the devil can do the same to suit his own purposes; go away now, and if you are brought here any more on a similar charge I will certainly hold you to bail.

Miss Jacob was then handed out of the dock, when she said "I was taken and dragged here without cause for the truth's sake, and now I am turned by the man (looking at the constable), and the number of the beast was 66 D" (loud laughter).  
*Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

**FALLS OF NIAGARA.**—In the last number of Silliman's Journal—just issued—there is a paper communicated by Mr. Z. ALLEN, an engineer of reputation, in which he has furnished a computation, based on actual measurement, of the hydraulic power of the Niagara Falls. The principal measurements and the resulting mechanical power of the Falls are thus stated:

The volume of the Niagara river, as measured at its discharge from Lake Erie, is stated as equal to 374,000 cubic feet of water per second

This is stated to be equal to 22,440,600 cubic feet, or 167,862,420 gallons, or 701,250 tons, or 1,402,500,000 pounds of

water flowing out of Lake Erie every minute.

Mr. Allen then takes Watt & Bolton's estimate of the power of a horse, and deduces from it to the quantity of the hydraulic power of the river at the Falls.

That estimate of a single horse power makes it equal to a force, that will raise a weight of 33,000 lbs. one foot high, in one minute.

The perpendicular fall of the water is taken out at 160 feet; and one third of the mechanical power of the water is deducted, to cover waste in the practical application of it.

The result is, that 1,402,500,000 pounds of water, multiplied by 160, as the number of feet of fall, and the product divided by 33,000 as equal to the power of one horse, gives, after subtracting from the quotient one third for waste, a net quantity of power equal to 4,533,334 horses. The formula is stated thus:

$$\frac{1,402,500,000 \times 160}{33,000} \times \frac{2}{3} = 4,533,334$$

To illustrate the practical amount of this power for business purposes, Mr. Allen makes the following statement:

He states that Mr. Baines, of England, in 1835, estimated the total quantity of motive power then at work in all the cotton mills in Great Britain, as equal to a horse-power of 33,000; the whole motive power employed in the woollen, flax, and other manufactures, as equal to 100,000 horses; and the whole motive power employed in mining, in propelling boats, &c., as equal to 50,000 horses. Thus Mr. Baines made the entire motive power employed in all these ways, in 1835, in Great Britain, equal to 194,000 horses.

Since 1835, this aggregate of moving power is supposed to have increased about 20 per cent, or say 39,000 horse-power, making the entire aggregate of motive power now in use in Great Britain, in all the manufactures of cotton, wool, flax, &c., in mining, &c., equal to 233,000 horse-power. But all this power, the working of which produces so vast a proportion of the wealth of Great Britain, amounts to no more than one nineteenth of the motive power of the Niagara Falls!

**THE DEAD OF 1843.**—Among the distinguished persons who have died the past year, we perceive the name of Robert Southey; La Motte Fongue, author of "Undine"; Mahmetmann, the founder of the homoeopathic school; Cassimir Delavigne, the French poet; Foster, the author of valuable essays; Noah Webster; Washington Allston; Hugh S. Legare; Cleveger, the sculptor; Thomson, the founder of the Thomsonian system of medicine; and Dr. Channing.

The white of an egg is said to be a specific for fish-bones-sticking in the throat. It is to be swallowed raw, and will carry down a bone easily, and certainly. There is another fact touching eggs which it will do well to remember. When, as sometimes by accident, corrosive sublimate is swallowed, the white of one or two eggs, taken immediately, will neutralize the poison, and change the effect to that of a dose of calomel.