

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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LONDON.

That wondrous mart—what city like to thee—
Thy palaces and towers—how fair they be!
Ten thousand homes of luxury are thine,
Where matchless skill and purest taste combine
To grace each lofty hall:—what cheering hues,
The pictured wall,—the lamp's soft light diffuse,

And through thy myriad streets, in humbler guise,
Around each glowing hearth, what comfort lies!

The household charm, to favor'd England dear,
The social joys, that cheat the fading year
Of its pale light,—tho' the winds may blow,
The gathered circles health and joy may know,
Hark! to the roaring blast,—the driving rain,
Beats fast and hard upon the curtained pane.
Music and mirth shall hush the dreary sound,
And bring old Winter's home-felt cheer around.

But list ye, to the low and murmured cry,
Borne on the chilly blast that hurries by—
Too near your glittering homes the wretched weep,

And roofless—homeless—weary vigil keep!
Hopeless!—for not to them does labor give
The well-earn'd boon of toil, that they may live,
For them the humblest hearth gives not its light,

The meanest roof no shelter for the night—
Thro' the long hours, unto the frowning sky,
They turn the helpless gaze imploringly;
Sigh for that shelter calm—the last and best—
The grave's still mansion, where the "weary rest!"

And shall this be?—shall pampered luxury wait,
In selfish ease for ever at the gate?

And, robed in purple at the sumptuous board?
To misery's child no friendly aid afford?
N'er let this be!—Ye who adore His name,
Who, for our race to want and suffering came,
To point our way to Heaven, he mourn'd and bled.

The Stranger had not "where to lay his head!"
Our highest boast be still that Name to bear,
Let distant lands with us the blessing share.
Tell to dark souls their heritage on high,
But leave not wretchedness at home to die.

Fair Charity! "twice blessed!" is thy meed—
Seeking the lost in the dark hour of need:
Soft, as the dews of Heaven, thy bounties spread
O'er all—by uninquiring pity led!

City in this, thy great and palmy day,
Let pity's tear thy diadem array,—
And where the lovely dwell—the wise—the free—

Banish not thence the charm of sympathy:—
Bound by one tie, let all thy bounty share,—
Free as the gifts of Heaven—the light and air,
So o'er the nations shall thy name be blest,
And no reproach upon thy glory rest.
—London Sun. Mrs. H. W. R.

The business of gold washing is rapidly increasing in the Ural mountains. Upwards of nine thousand pounds weight of the precious metal has been collected the last year.

LANDED PROPERTY OF THE IRISH CHURCH.

"A statement of the gross number of Acres, in statute measure, attached to each see in Ireland; the amount of rent from tenants of all descriptions; and of the Net Yearly produce of each see (including rent,) and of the preferments annexed to it:—

Archbishops of	Acres.	Rent.	Nt.Rev.
Armagh,	100,563	£4,634	£14,464
Dublin,	34,040	3,202	7,706
Cashel,	20,046	2,100	6,308
Tuam,	86,899	2,930	6,989
Bishops of	Acres.	Rent.	Nt.Rev.
Meath	29,269	3,065	4,068
Clogher	22,501	2,365	8,668
Down & Connor	30,244	1,852	4,204
Derry,	77,102	2,593	12,159
Raphoe,	1,392	1,451	5,042
Kilmore,	28,531	1,537	6,225
Dromore,	18,422	1,513	4,216
Kildare,	5,074	2,629	6,061
Ossory,	21,730	1,015	6,061
Ferns,	26,294	2,096	5,730
Limerick,	12,985	2,452	4,973
Waterford,	13,189	2,494	3,933
Cork,	11,485	1,471	3,901
Cloyne,	12,482	1,341	4,091
Killaloe,	16,765	1,345	3,966
Elphin,	42,483	2,044	6,363
Clonfert,	11,744	543	2,970
Killala	45,443	1,280	3,410

Acres, 669,800. Rent, £45,258. Net Revenue, £128,808 sterling!!!

It appears, by the recent parliament returns, that there are altogether One Thousand Five Hundred and fifty-six Benefices, or livings, in the Irish church, of which one (in the diocese of Down) is of the yearly value of 2,800l.; ten are between 2,000l. and 2,500l. twenty between 1,500l. and 2,000l. twenty-three between 1,200l. and 1,500l. and forty-eight between 1,000l. and 1,200l. seventy-four between 800l. and 1,000l. one hundred and forty-eight between 600l. and 800l. two hundred and eighty-one between 400l. and 600l. three hundred and eighty-six between 200l. and 400l. and four hundred and sixty-five between 30l. and 200l. Estimate the acres at 20s per acre per annum, and then we have 669,247. per annum from bishops' lands. But there are also glebe lands for the parochial clergy—in the Diocese of Derry alone, 17,000 acres of glebe are possessed. Suppose for all Ireland 100,000 acres, at 20s. per acre, another 100,000l. per annum; adding the revenue of the bishops from other sources, and what might be the rental of their lands, and the Glebe lands, we should have 852,799l. per annum. It is stated that in Ireland 13,603,473 acres are subject to tithe. As a tax for the church, this is in addition to the enormous sum already specified.

IRISH BUTTER.

"At the annual meeting of the "Crichton Estates, Agricultural show," the Earl of Erne, one of our most excellent and improving landlords, made some observations of great importance to the Irish Butter Trade. When last in England, he said that he found Irish Butter had obtained a bad name in the markets, and of course did not fetch the high price it ought. This led him to enquire into the cause,

and the result he stated to the meeting, as follows:

"You will never have your Butter fetch a good price, or bear a good character in England, if you do not work a reform among the coopers. Tubs should be made of well seasoned oak sycamore, or sally; the staves should be made much thicker, otherwise they do not hold the brine. The hoops should be always peeled, as the bark will give a taste to the butter; they should be strongly put together, as the casks are liable to be knocked about. The coopers also put in green wood in the heads and bottoms of the casks, to make up the proper weight for casks which gives a peculiar taste to the butter, and, of course is injurious. The tub, when sent home to the farmer, should be filled with boiling brine, and closely covered, to stand 24 hours before it is emptied out for packing with butter. When the milk is brought from the cow, it is strained into proper vessels, and never removed until ready for churning, which state in warm weather, it will be in the course of four days.—The practice of mixing hot water with the milk to raise the temperature is bad: it causes the butter to be pale, which renders it nearly unsaleable, except at low prices. The method for country people, in winter, is to place the churn in a tub of hot water until its contents acquire the temperature which experience proves to be best for the production of good butter, viz. from 18 to 16 degrees. A few potatoes, given raw with other food, will raise the colour of the butter in winter, and are good for increasing the quantity. It is of importance that the butter should undergo as little handling as possible.—When the butter is taken from the churn, it should be washed with brine, and the buttermilk completely extracted from it, and never put aside a lamp without being salted, which is the custom in some dairies, where they wait for several churning before they put any into a cask. You should be most particular in having your salt; purchase none but the best; the salt manufactured from sea-water only, contains much bitterness, and spoils the flavour of the butter. Pure salt is known by its taste, and the absence of any bitter flavour, and should be rolled until it becomes a fine powder, the finer the better. The butter having been well washed in a wooden bowl with cold water, should then be salted, one pound of salt to twelve pounds of butter, well mixed, and again washed with cold spring water, until the salt is just perceptible.

A very particular part is in expelling the milk, which is done by taking the butter in small pieces and clapping it well into the cask it must be well pressed, to exclude the air between the makings: the butter should be covered with a cloth soaked in strong pickle, wrung out each time in cold water, and again steeped in brine to cover the cask; and when the cask is full, it is covered with pickle made of half a pound of salt, and one of nitre, dissolved in a pint of water, and allowed to remain twenty four hours before closing it for market." We hope these excellent observations will not be lost on our agricultural friends in Canada.—Patriot.

Extraordinary Chinese Presents to her Majesty.

Her Majesty is becoming rich in Chinese presents. A fortnight since we had pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the collection of military trophies in Windsor Castle; but we have now the satisfaction of presenting them with some examples of Chinese fine Art, deposited in Buckingham Palace, which, in value, far transcend their warlike associates, and which are in fact, the very finest specimens of Celestial civilization which have reached this country. They consist of a huge bell, and a pair of elegant vases, both taken from a temple at Ning-po.

The bell is about five feet in height and three feet diameter. Its shape is singularly elegant; its mouth scalloped like the limb of a monopetalous corolla in flowers; and its general contour very closely resembles the bell of the *campanula tremuloides*—the harebell of Shakspeare and our country botanists. In the selection of this form—for the model is beyond all doubt, a copy from nature—the Chinese artists have shown a refinement and elevation of taste greatly in advance of the national style, which glories in grotesque fancies, uphill perspectives, and impossible combinations of form and colour. The metal of which it is composed appears to be a mixture of tin, copper, and silver in a very large proportion. The tone of the bell is consequently sharp, sweet, and calculated for "far distances." The exterior surface is entirely covered with inscriptions and bas-reliefs, of sharp and perfect execution. Round the bell are three bands, composed of figures of distinguished personages of the Buddhist sect. Between these, Chinese inscriptions on open scrolls are placed, consisting, for the most part, of lists of devout persons of both sexes. Several bands of ribbons of words divide and separate the tablets, and on these are inscribed sentences, descriptive of the doctrine and worship of Budh. One of these lines, in larger characters than the others, contains the name of the Peen ling pe sze, or Peen ling pe temple, where the bell was cast. This appears, from other inscriptions, to have been near the city of Shaau-ching (Shaou-ching). On other parts of the bell are some inscriptions in Tibetan or Sanscrit, in which the bell is stated to have been cast under the direction of persons officially connected with the temple and the fort Shaou-ching, in the eighth moon of the nineteenth year of the reign of Saou Kwang, the present Emperor, A. D. 1839. These Sanscrit inscriptions are deeply interesting, as they seem to intimate a more ancient and familiar intercourse with the peninsula of Hindostan than historians have yet found a place for in their conclusive chronicles.

The casting—the foundry work—of this bell is as remarkable as its literary character. The work is perfect, and must, without doubt, have resulted from a course of operations precisely similar in their details to our own. Many of our readers are acquainted with Schiller's "Song of Bell," and its ending its gar-