



# 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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## THE CATHOLIC

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THE VERY REVEREND WILLIAM F. MACDONALD, V. G.  
EDITOR.

EXTRACTS FROM A POEM ON THE "POWER OF MONEY,"—  
DEDICATED TO HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE  
OF KENT.

(Continued.)

Nor only thine to break the debtor's thrall;  
Thou too canst snatch from savage pirate's fangs  
Th' unfortunate captive, else to drudgery doom'd,  
Far from his country, kindred, friends and home,  
Of vilest Mussulman the fetter'd slave;  
But, like dumb horse or ox, for labor fed  
Or market tatted; while to lewd embrace  
Of brutal ruffian are the charms consign'd  
Of hopeless beauty from her lover torn.

Such, in derision of that suffering God,  
Whom mightiest states and proudest monarchs own,  
The lot degrading of his vot'ries seiz'd,  
Their sons and subjects, while they vent'rous ply  
On peaceful errand bent, their seaward course;  
Like felons, seiz'd and bound, and dragg'd along;  
Or dogs, with kicks and blows to kennel driv'n,  
By fierce Mahome's lawless prowling crew;  
That dares defy the Christian Pow'rs, combin'd  
In holy styled alliance; though to prove  
The title good, and shew the term is meant  
In all the gen'rous sense that term implies;  
The sacred task remains to pour their wrath  
In one broad burst of vengeance, unrestrain'd  
On th' unprovok'd aggressor's miscreant head;  
Till havoc o'er his quarry, prostrate laid,  
Like feasted vulture screams, and claps his wings;  
While Desolation drives, with thund'ring crash,  
His lev'ling ploughshare o'er the mosque and dome,  
With humblast hut, in one vast ruin spread:  
And to the wild uproar awful succeeds  
The stillest calm of death; nor other sound,  
Save echo to the stranger's lonely tread  
Amid the fractur'd piles, is flitful heard;  
And, in the dust while sleeps the crescent's pride,  
High rear'd in air the cross triumphant shines.

Yet Heav'n such retribution long delay'd  
Itself prepares; and round th' inhuman tribe,  
Like meashy snare, that sweeps the finny race,  
Bids Pest her close encircling curtain draw,  
And warp in deadly toils her fated prey.

O may from Britain's isle be wafted far  
Th' infectious blast! May ne'er her crimes deserve,  
(Though more is daily swell'd the huge amount,  
Than duly cancell'd) such afflictive scourge,  
By Heaven's avenging wrath tremendous wav'd!

Another new sect has sprung up in Germany, under the name of *Philalethen*, or lovers of truth. These lovers of truth having some confidence in their numbers and the power of their protectors, have raised the standard of the most audacious rationalism, and open their programme with a declaration that they are anti-Christians.

## OPINION OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS GORRES ON THE PUSEYITE MOVEMENT.

The work of Gorres, entitled "Church and State after the termination of the Cologne dispute," appeared in Germany a short time back, and is now exciting a great sensation. It is inferior to none of his former productions, and contains, among other things, a splendid a masterly view of European history. We were much struck with the following passage relative to the Puseyites, which, as peculiarly interesting to English readers, we have taken the liberty of translating. It evinces all that fresh originality of thought and youthful fervour of fancy which this great master retains in his advanced years. It is as follows:—

"Such being now the position of the Church as ordained by Providence, in respect to the dissenting communions, the question occurs, will the hitherto existing state of war continue between them; or will those communions, returning to the paths indicated, render possible the establishment of peace? None of the contending powers stands more in need of such a peace than the German Protestant community, which is on the verge of total dissolution and annihilation. Will it, in order to gain new life, go over to that cold, pallid death, which stares at it on one side; or will it, passing by the north, draw from the well in the Byzantine south? That well hath run out into the sand, and is overlaid with ruins, since the re-union with the Church once effected, was never consummated. On the other hand, if German Protestantism would still go on in its old course; no step in advance is any longer possible; for all paths break off where gaping Pantheism opens her wide jaws to swallow down the traveller. But the established Church of England is so excellently constituted, so secure in her foundations, so solidly vaulted in, that it was there men should have long ago looked for the foundation and outline of a firm ecclesiastical edifice. If the blind join the lame, both will fall together into the pit. While the true Church in England, entirely despoiled, begins only now to unfold her power, the Anglican Church, which, in order to secure the Mammon of this world, had given up her inward treasure, and her strength and resources, chose the worse part, and now, amid all her riches, she sits poor as a beggar. The springs of life being utterly dried up, wealth has exerted over her all its petrifying influence, and she stands, indeed, firm, but upheld merely by the *vis inertiae*. She points, in truth, with uplifted arm to heaven; but the blessing can scarcely circulate in that metallic blood which creeps slowly through her veins. One advantage have all institutions founded on an hierarchical centre, which, though spiritually inane, has yet the fulness of material forms; it is, that in that fulness the image and the reflection of the *Divine plenitude* are mirrored forth. Hence, where the image is preserved, the desire for the reality is soonest awakened, and from thence the return to a better order of things is shorter and easier. In no church, therefore, hath the sense of dissatisfaction with her own condition so often and so strongly manifested itself as in the Anglican; and the great movement which at this time agitates her hath its origin in this feeling. Like every other Protestant church, in working out the principle which constituted her, she hath brought to life innumerable sects, and America will shew the motley-coloured patterns of that natural progeny whom she sent forth into the wilderness. All these sects, as for centu-

ries they have been growing up, are distinguished from each other in this respect; that each succeeding sect differs from the preceding by a centrifugal course—by an ever wider departure from the common centre of Christianity in the Catholic Church. Of a sudden we have seen in our days the opposite centrepetal course begun by the Puseyites. It would appear as if the prayers which, in France, have been put up for England's return to the faith, have not remained unblest and without fruit, and that suddenly the scales have fallen from many an eye. The best and profoundest spirits whom the Anglican Church possesses in her bosom at once have looked about them. The inconceivable delusion which hitherto held their eyes fast bound has been removed; that harsh, bitter, hostile spirit, which, in the Anglican communion as much as in any other, exhaled its fury against the Church, has been, as if by exorcism, dispelled. With a free, impartial eye, they look upon things, they have contemplated the beginnings of their Church, its fundamental error: the talisman of the whole enchantment they have discovered under its foundations; and now, as it is removed, the whole deception of the edifice, in all its parts, is unveiled to their view. Now, having fallen upon the right path, every step they take in advance reveals to them some new, long-decried, overlaid, and trampled truth; and the whole internal concatenation of all these truths becomes every day more apparent to them. No wonder that their converging views, so unlike the hitherto tumultuous divergence of opinions, should more and more attract all vigorous intellects; and the high Church, in the unequal struggle between the spirit and her own corpulency, comes certainly the worse off. England has ever served as a sort of barometer to the rest of Europe. If her heights were clouded or serene, the state of the weather during the whole century might always be foretold; as the constellations of the Reformation and the French Revolution, a hundred years before those events took place, were to be read in cloaz characters on England. Well, then! recognize now the prophetic character of this great movement of minds which has arisen within her bosom; read in her, already prefigured, what the coming generations will have to achieve. The glacier, which you took for the firm primitive rock, has given a sudden start under your feet; a shock of a sudden hath darted through the mass, which many winters had frozen together; the great ice-boat in history is about to commence. For a heavenly warmth hath lightly and gently breathed upon the earth; the cranes have flown by, and the green vegetation begins to peep out; it continues to grow up under the feet of the impotent folk,\* who would fain trample it down." Pages 209-12.—A Correspondent.

\* In a sermon delivered at St. Paul's, before the King of Prussia, Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, said, that "the Puseyites should be trampled underfoot, like tasteless salt."—L. G. A. S.

We have heard, since the return of Father de Smet from the Rocky Mountains, that about *nineteen hundred* Indians of the Flat Head tribe had been converted. The worthy Missionary gives a most edifying account of their extreme punctuality in the observance of all their religious duties, rivalling the accounts which we read of the primitive christians. Many of them approach the Holy Communion every Sunday morning.—*Cincinnati Telegraph*.

All letters and remittances are to be forwarded, free of postage, to the Editor, the Very Rev. Wm. P. McDonald, Hamilton.

## THE CATHOLIC.

Hamilton, G. D.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21.

TO

### AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

We begin to fear in earnest that we shall be forced to discontinue our paper for want of adequate support; and then our enemies may say of us, uncontradicted, whatever they please. Is it possible that the Catholics in all the Canadas, and, except Nova Scotia, in all America, are not able to save from sinking the only English paper in this Province edited in defence of their so much calumniated religion? Had we the means ourselves of keeping it afloat, we would not begrudge the so necessary and meritorious outlay, without taxing the careless, niggard, or unwilling portion of our people. But with all we can command and receive, we find ourselves greatly in arrears of payment for printing, paper, &c., and we are under the disagreeable necessity of warning our reverend and other agents, that if more assistance cannot be afforded us, than what we receive at present, we must, however reluctantly, give up the concern. Numbers of our subscribers, pleading poverty, have withdrawn their names from our list; and no new names appear to be forthcoming. We had been led to believe, indeed we had flattering promises made us by several of our reverend friends, that increasing numbers would be added to our list. But where are they? Have their endeavours proved unavailing with their flocks to strengthen and uphold our righteous cause? Our enemies and calumniators may now shout victory without fighting, should we be forced to beat our retreat for want of what with them is abounding, the innumerable, more indeed the promised portion of worldlings, than of "the children of light." We covet it not for our own personal advantage, nor otherwise than as the Saviour exhorts us, "to make with it for ourselves friends, who when we fail, may some day receive us into everlasting dwellings."

### MONASTIC INSTITUTIONS.

Monasteries and Convents are as ancient as Catholicity; they are the sweet and halcyon retreats, where the wounded of the flock may flee for repose—may indulge in the luxury of silence, and the peaceful fruition of solitude—a solitude with God. When Christianity first revealed her beauty in the Holy Land, diffusing herself throughout all Asia, the zeal of the catechumen knew no limit. The soul became alienated from earth, and allied to Heaven; and so impressed were the zealous Christians, of those days of sanctity, that the light of faith would be extinguished in the great flood of Pagan life, that they chose nature for their shield, and solitude for their protector. Oft has the saintly anchorite celebrated the Christian rites amid the heatombs of the Egyp-

tian Necropolis, or beneath the shadow of some verdant mount, beyond the confines of the Memphian city.... When the devastating sword of the Pagan would sweep the budding mind of Christianity from earth, leaving not a solitary representative of the religion of Jesus, a fervid recluse would appear from some oasis of the Lybian sands, and sow again the precious seed. Thus, in the sacred retirements of a religious life, was always found a blooming branch of the Christian tree, which, returning from its shade, would plant its root in the common soil, spread out its foliage, and where religion had not a solitary bloom remaining, she would again appear in all the plenitude of her hallowed beauty. The anchorite was the primitive ascetic. He reared his monastery upon the bright spots of the desert. Nature was then the only champion of revealed revelation; for the cross was the mockery of man and the signal of extermination. But when the zeal of the apostles had spread the new faith throughout the world, until imperial Rome became its metropolis, the gothic temple upraised, the gilded cross glittered in the sunbeam, and the monk and the nun offered up their orisons and chanted their anthems in the monastic cell. Profound, indeed, was the bliss of this retirement. Isolated from the sinfulness of the world, the mind would imbibe the purest thought, and reflect but to luxuriate in visions of heaven. Within the consecrated walls was ever heard the prayer of the suppliant, or the praise of the Deity by the "pure of heart." The matin bell would wake the solitaries from their peaceful slumbers, and soon assemble in the monastic chapel, which even in its littleness wore an impressive grandeur, homage to the Creator would be the first act of the soul. The chapel was also the tomb of the departed, and the echo of the hollow aisles spoke to the heart as the voice of the dead; banishing all thoughts of earth and its mockeries, investing the spirit with an appropriate solemnity, and telling with a most impressive eloquence, that the universe, with all its gay and animated life, was sadly mutable. Yes, 'twas a voice from the coffined ashes beneath; humbling was the tale it told to the heart. The morning prayer ended, a ramble among the beautiful parterres of the garden, would offer a thousand themes for pious reflection, and the blushing rose, or the modest lily, which for the world would have no claim but their fragrance, was to the pious recluse an evidence of the power of the God-head. The requisite and fragile tendril, with its almost imperceptible veins, was a proof of heavenly perfection, and if the gay and beautiful in their loves expressed the hearts emotion in the language of flowers, this chaste and unborn jewelry of earth, was to the monk and nun a vernal lexicon of virtue. Oh! surely sainted must have been the dwellers of these pious haunts, where all was God, and his soulless works were eulogists of his glory! The day was consecrated to charity; visitation of the sick, the dying and the poor. The humble monk would bear to the soul its immortal sustenance, and to the body its corporal wants. And kind-

ness would infuse an ethereal sweetness into every act, the heart of the dying would lose its obduracy in gratitude, and where sin had built its throne upon the ruins of virtue, the incarnate Jesus would find a fitting temple.

Nor was the nun less Heavenly in her occupation. The orphan would know a mother's gentleness, care and instruction; the poor would know a love and assiduity which the gold of the affluent could not purchase; and expiring nature would receive the blissful soothing of an angel, ere yet in Heaven. There would earthly beauty shine in its native sphere; for, the cheek, in its pale transparence or blushing hue, the eye in its blue or dark brilliance, were gifts of God to guide to Heaven. There does beauty receive a ray from the angels; it glows with the expression of religious intellect; and with the silent pathos of a holy heart.

Monastic institutions are the grafted branches of Catholic religion; they are Catholic in their deep and sincere piety, in their charity and in their blissful solitude.

In modern times they were not so numerous; they were peculiar in their number and their excellence to the bright days of the church, when christendom knew but one faith. When the gilded cross threw back the sunbeams from every spire, and the same hosanna rose to Heaven from every christian heart. But, yet, we possess them, though not in such plenitudes as did our fathers; therefore should they by us be cherished. They are the exhaustless fountains of charity, gentleness and love; they are the store-house where is garnered the purest piety, and virtue, which would shed a lustre on the seraphim; for within their precincts, there is no lure, no taint for the heart. All things are made to yield their tribute of pious reflection; and from the smallest bud, though arrayed in thorns, they will extract, with the dexterity of the bee, the sweets of Heaven. Let us, Catholics, upraise them in our pilgrimage, until those treasures of the best created nobleness, cultured intellect arrayed in the divinity of religion, shall stud the earth like myriad jewels, crowned with the brilliance of the sacred cross, and earth seems but a reflection of the starry heavens.

### JAMES II AND DISSENTERS.

Among the addresses presented to the king on his accession came one from the Society of Friends. "We are told," they said, "that thou art not of the persuasion of the church of England, no more than we; wherefore we hope thou wilt grant us the same liberty which thou allowest thyself." The penal laws which had been fabricated by the church and aristocracy during the previous reign permitted liberty of worship to neither. By numerous acts of parliament, all Quakers, Papists, and Non-conformists of every hue were made criminals, and the magistracy were charged to hunt them out and drag them to the felon's bar. It stands recorded on the highest authority of the time—that of William Penn—that from the "blessed restoration" of Charles II. to the declaration in favour of liberty

of conscience by James in 1687, fifteen thousand families had been brought to ruin, and five thousand individuals had perished in the dungeon, for accusations relative exclusively to points of conscience before God. (1)

Was it strange that James should exercise the power, which he undoubtedly believed himself lawfully to possess, of dispensing with these inhuman laws? Was he more or less than man, that having the means of sheltering his persecuted fellow-churchmen, he should not use them? He may have been a bigot in heart, he may have been a despot in design he may have done, as doubtless he did, many unjust and arbitrary things; but let him be judged justly; let it be remembered that his dispensing edicts put a stop to this brutal havoc, which the high church and aristocracy had carried on for five and twenty years, and which when they had dethroned James, they recommenced under "the faithful Willeam." They viewed the progress of toleration with dismay. Numbers whom fear had for a long time departed from attending public worship in the way that their consciences approved, or whom it had induced to conform to the established ritual availed themselves of this new liberty. Evelyn, a zealous churchman, saw "a wonderful concourse of people at the Dissenters' meeting house at Deptford, and the church exceeding thin; what this will end in God only knows." (2)

By the dissenters and Catholics these merciful measures were received with unbounded joy. "As our sufferings would have moved stones to compassion, so should we be harder than stones if we were not moved to gratitude." (3) To many of them the dispensing power was thoroughly odious, it is true. They had been taught to associate prerogative with all that was sanguinary and tyrannical; and they could not forget that if royalty at its whim could open the gates of their prison-house to-day, it might of its caprice close them again to-morrow. We may even suppose that not a few of the Dissenters might have been persuaded to wait for a more constitutional enfranchisement, had any reasonable hope of such appeared, rather than accept so dangerous a boon from the absolute hand of the King. But the men who were now leagued in implacable hostility to James were the same who had forged the chains of the non-conformists after the restoration, and who had answered every cry for mercy by adding weight thereto. No man believed their feelings changed. James was sincerely anxious to obtain some modification of the penal laws from parliament. He wearied himself in personal argument with the men of leading influence, to try and move their intolerant resolves, but without effect. Even the concurrence of his treacherous son-in-law in the repeal of the test act, had been made the object of reiterated solicitation, but all to no purpose. William

(1) See "Good Advice, &c." quoted by Wallace Hist. viii. p. 79.

(2) Penn's Diary; 10 April, 1687.—iii. 228.

(3) Penn's Speech on behalf of the Quakers to the King.—Somers Tracts.—ix. 34.

talked incessantly about toleration, and had even the effrontery to tell the Pope, that he would do more for the Catholics were he the king of England than his feeble father-in-law could do. But his peremptory refusal to acquiesce in any parliamentary measure of relief was ostentiously promulgated; and the Dissenters were too glad to forget the means of their liberation and the insecurity of their new tenure of freedom, in their joy at the plenitude in which it was accorded them.

Each emancipated sect tendered in turn the tribute of its gratitude to James. The Presbyterians begged him "to believe the thankfulness of their hearts beyond any expression of their lips or pens, for his gracious declaration for liberty in the worship of God; and forasmuch as it had pleased his Majesty to give this safe port to his poor subjects so long tossed with tempests, and justly to believe that loyalty is not entailed to a party, so they should not ease to bow their knees to the God whom they served and by whom kings reign, beseeching Him to recompense this favour to his Majesty with uninterrupted health, success in his councils and affairs—crying as with one voice, "Let the King live for ever." (4) Were there no direct proof of the fact, it is surely impossible to believe that these men could join in dethroning him.

The Quakers deputed William Penn to thank the King for them. They told him in their address that he had well fulfilled the divine precept of rendering to Cæsar, the things of Cæsar, and to God the things of God: "for while he was himself a subject he gave Cæsar his tribute, and now that he had become a Cæsar, gave God his due, viz., the sovereignty over consciences." (5)—*McCullagh on the Revolution of 1688—North of England Magazine for October.*

**TEE-TOTALISM:**

We have great pleasure [says the Toronto Patriot] in copying the following admirable remarks of one of the ornaments of our Church, the Lord Bishop of Norwich, on the subject of Teetotalism. They exactly square with the humble views which on more than one occasion we have expressed on this subject.

The two most reprehensible features in the Teetotal movements are—1st. The almost blasphemous denunciation of the use of Wine as one of the elements of the Holy Sacrament, and 2nd. The disgusting exhibition of respectable maidens and innocent children publicly paraded through the Streets of a City as members of a Society of persons bound by a pledge to avoid making beasts of themselves by wallowing in the mire of intoxication.

With perfectly equal propriety and reason they might enrol themselves members of an anti-Grand-Larceny-Society, or an anti-Burglary-Association.

It is a poor veil this Teetotalism, under which a man may be intemperate in all the various relations of life, cruel—avaricious—gluttonous—unfaithful—let him only become a Teetotaler, and the pewter or silver pledge will serve as the broad screen for all his other peccadillos. But listen to His Lordship of Norwich:—

"The Teetotalers.—What I object to is their violence, they will not allow pro-

ple to be sober their own way, so that if they will not follow without deviation, their rules and regulations, they are denounced as traitors to the cause of Temperance; nay, I have heard the whole body of the British and Foreign Temperance Society denounced as worse than drunkards. It is really a sort of paradox, for I am sure that you, my Lord, and every person in this room, has the greatest possible dislike to intemperance in any shape; and it is therefore denounced, and I only regret that we are not in Exeter Hall with teetotalers around us; I should think myself justified in using such arguments as I thought fit against their exclusive system. They are temperate certainly but it is a physical kind of temperance; "temperance does not consist in mere abstinence from wine or from spirits, but in abstinence also from anything that conduces to unhinge the human mind, and to unfit it for the society in which it moves." This is too much to be seen in teetotalists; they are characterized by a sort of moral intoxication, if we may so call it; when once their passions are excited they know no bounds; they irritate, oppose and denounce, which is all foreign to the precepts and principles of the gospel. Again, there are certain fallacies in these arguments which ought to be exposed. They object to anything containing alcohol. Then why don't they object to sugar! Their common sense is at fault as well as their chymistry. In order to explain the mention of wine in Scriptures, they try to make it out that it is unfermented wine, instead of perceiving that the great principle of Scripture is [as might be illustrated by passages innumerable,] that it is the abuse, not the use of the thing in which sin lies. I think teetotalers are in some sort morally intoxicated upon this point; "and judging from their conduct upon too many occasions, I might almost say they were laboring under a specious of delirium tremens."—*Times, Oct. 21.*

*From the Montreal Commercial Messenger.*

Many people hereabouts will persist in being in a rage about the recent introduction into the Cabinet of Messrs. Lafontaine and Morin. There are many reasons why this should not be. Let us enumerate:

1. Responsible Government has placed Messieurs Lafontaine and Morin in power, and Responsible Government, it is likely, will keep them there. To exhibit rage then, is not what we call wisdom, for those who do exhibit it are quite certain of being laughed at by the very persons they are in a rage with, and affect to despise.

2. It was not bad policy to give place and power to Messieurs Lafontaine and Morin. A phalanx of thirty votes in an assembly of eighty-four was, and is, and always will be a political paunch gun in that assembly. The French Paunch in the House at Kingston was admirably worked. Its shells told. Thirty votes acting as one vote were truly formidable. Managed with skill, they could almost to a certainty have prevented good government.—How much better was it then to have the gun with us than against us, which we did simply by admitting the bombardiers to a share in the responsibility of managing the ship.

3. Mr. Lafontaine is said to be a reformer in earnest. He is said to desire the amelioration of the country, and to care little for "nos loix" when "nos loix" come into collision with measures calculated to benefit the colony. If this be so we have not lost by the recent change, because Mr. Lafontaine is powerful among his countrymen, and if he goes into the amelioration plans in a true spirit, we may expect results highly favourable to the country and the people.

4. The recent change could not be avoided. It was imperative upon Sir Charles Bagot.—It is unjust, then, to assail him with vituperation and abuse.

It should be remembered that he represents the Queen, and that his doings are approved of by Her Majesty, who thereby, through her Ministers, assumes the responsibility of his doings.

*From the Quebec Mercury.*

We have great pleasure in recording a simple and touching occurrence which, of itself, will speak volumes in illustration of the deep rooted gratitude, and personal esteem, the policy of Sir Charles Bagot has awakened for himself with the Lower Canadian population. On Wednesday last the inhabitants of the village of St. Nicholas, a few miles distant from Quebec, celebrated high mass, with all its solemnities, for the restoration of the declining health of the Governor General, and the prolongation, for yet many years to come, of his life.

When known to his Excellency, this fact cannot but have the most marked effect in soothing the mental irritation which, in his precarious and delicate state of health, the unsparing vituperations he has experienced at the hands of a portion of the people he came to rule, cannot but have created, and will more than recompense him for all the newspaper calumny heretofore heaped upon his head. If this display of feeling has been elicited in a spot where politics have as yet excited but little or no active interest, what may we not fairly presume to be that existing in the districts where they have formed a portion of the every day thoughts of their residents? This is a gratifying proof that the generous and just intentions of His Excellency, towards them, have strongly wound themselves around the hearts of the French Canadians, when they thus incorporate his memory with their acts of devotion, and voluntarily offer up their humble aspirations to the Throne of Grace; that He, in his Divine Mercy, may vouchsafe to raise him from the couch of sickness, and preserve him from the hands of the smiter.

Apart from the consideration of this incident as acceptable to the Governor General, individually, we may fairly assume it to be an epoch whence to date the commencement of a high moral change with our fellow subjects of French origin. It may fairly put to the blush of shame any who can step forward and say those people do not evince a deeply imbued respect for the representative of the Queen, and attachment, through him, to the parent state, and the wisely and impartially administered constitution she has accorded them. That they have erred, sadly and fatally erred, the better-thinking among them fully admit; but the contrition which is now following, the conviction now daily impressing itself upon them that they shall no longer be a distinct race, but considered in common with those of English descent—justice dealt out to all alike—the desire they evince for peace, and one common coalition of all to the general weal, all these cannot but work the happiest prospective results.

Shall it be said, then, that Englishmen were those who refused the extended hand of amity and of peace—that they declined to rivet the proffered bond of Union and hesitated to receive to their bosoms an erring but now penitent brother—can it,

we repeat, be said that Englishmen, whose generosity and forbearance are, by words and proverbs, denied all these? The memory of our forefathers, the records of our noble and glorious father-land, common Charity all, all forbid it.

*From the same.*

As one of the oldest papers in the French language extant in this province, and as read and supported by a class of the French Canadians whose opinions are entitled to consideration, (as being calculated to influence a large proportion of their fellow-countrymen,) the principles enunciated in the *Canadien* must be accounted of weight, and should be considered as these truly actuating the intelligent portion of the true Canadian community. With this impression we translate the following extracts from that journal, forming a portion of his remarks upon the opinions of the French press on the affairs of Canada.

"The French journals have their conviction of the affairs of this province wholly on those advanced by the English press, who in turn are swayed by the writings of English portion of the Canadian press, in misrepresenting the passing political events of the day. The French Canadians do not think, even, of that "entire independence," that "emancipation," of which the Constitutional, &c., speaks. They refused it, when the United States, backed by France, offered it; and it might again be tendered them, and they would once more reject it, and that with wisdom, so long as Great Britain shall render them even handed justice. They ask not, nor have they ever sought, more than a permission to enjoy in peace, and on footing of equality with their fellow subjects of another origin, those rights accorded them as members of the great and glorious British Empire, and secured to them by acts and treaties of the most solemn and binding nature.

Those of their friends, in France, and elsewhere, who impute to them any desire for "emancipation" or "independence," fall into the snare spread by their enemies.

The French Canadians have always cherished an affectionate remembrance of France, as the land of their origin, but they entertain no sympathy for its government; and if at any day they did "emancipate" themselves, it would not be to place themselves under its tutelage. Nor would such a step be taken with a view to their "independence," for that they well knew could not be maintained for a few months even, apart from England; even could it be secured, the country, with its meddly population, would speedily become the prey of anarchy, and of faction, until in the end the British would attain the supremacy, and then—fare well nationality!

They are attached to their "institutions," to their laws which they inherited from France, and under which they have so long happily lived, and to "their language," which is dear to them, as is that of any to its people; but the moment they see all these cherished inheritances at once swept away would be to free themselves, and to shake off their allegiance to England.

England claims no subjects more loyal, or more devoted, than the French inhabitants of the Channel Islands, and yet these people are so strongly attached to their laws, their institutions, and their language, (also French) as the Canadians; and of this they have furnished a recent proof.

Without the French Canadians, Great Britain would not possess an inch of American territory: their fidelity, and their devotion, have already twice saved the country, and may again once more be brought into the field for the same purpose."

(4) Somers Tracts:—ix. 35.

(5) Idem:—ix. 31.



eye, or even life itself. But poor Protestantism, and every *ism*, from then till now has no such faith; no such heavenly life-giving food. As St. Prosper saith:—

*'They who depart from Christ, eat not His flesh, nor drink His blood, though they daily take to their own condemnation that august sacrament.'*

St. Jude, by the Holy Ghost, hath put a mark upon such men for all time. He saith:—

*'Certain men are secretly entered in (who were written of long ago unto this judgment), ungodly men, turning the grace of our Lord God into riotousness, and denying the only Sovereign Ruler, and our Lord Jesus Christ. These men blaspheme whatsoever things they know not; and whatsoever things they NATURALLY know, like dumb beasts, in these they are corrupted.'*

If, for instance, they cannot discern the Lord's body in the Eucharist, it is 'a blasphemous fable;' and the part they can discern, like brute beasts, even in that they are corrupt, as St. Jude goes on to say—'feasting together without fear, feeding themselves.'

He says:—

*'Woe unto them, for they have gone in the way of Cain (by murdering spiritually their brethren); and after the error of Balaam, they have for reward poured out themselves (by putting-scandal before God's people, for their own private ends); and have perished in the contradiction of Core.'*

That is Korah, like whom, and his company, they oppose the divinely appointed governors of the Church.

*'These are spots in their banquets, feasting together without fear, feeding themselves, clouds without water, which are carried about by winds (as St. James saith, "by every wind of doctrine,") trees of the autumn, unfruitful, twice dead, plucked up by the roots, raving waves of the sea, foaming out their own confusion, wandering stars; to whom the storm of darkness is reserved for ever. These are murmurers, full of complaints, walking according to their own desires, and their mouths speaking proud things—mockers. These are they who separate themselves, sens. il men, having not the Spirit.'*

Read the whole of St. Jude's Epistle; never was description more accurate. You may see him, wrapped in holy inspiration, pointing, as it were, directly to the 16th century, to that Hydra of faith, conceived and born in lust. You might almost imagine that Cain, Balaam, and Core, were Calvin, Luther, and Cranmer, the three chief abettors and leaders of that awful heresy.

But, O my brethren, how fain am I to leave this gloomy tale! Would that it were not true! Or, that being true, an end were forever put to the unhappy cause. In every section of the globe, the Church of God unites in offering up her fervent prayer that this may be the blessed consummation. Her watchmen are on the towers, and long for signs of dawning day. Hope is on the wing, and ever and anon, a ray (however faint) cleaves the

surrounding mists, and seems to foretell a more resplendent day than e'er has dawned upon the Church. A day "when the wound of God's people shall be healed;" when "errors, heresies, and schisms" shall be no more found; and when it shall be said, "behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Thus have we, although in hasty sketches, and as we could snatch the time from pressing duties, endeavoured to prove, by Liturgies and faithful witnesses of early times, that "the Sacrifice of Masses in which it was commonly said, that the Priest did offer Christ," is not a "blasphemous fable, or a dangerous deceit;" but, that the article which contains the charge, in the fullest sense, deserves that name.

PAUL.

*From the True Tablet.*

#### PANCRAS PAUPER SCHOOLS.

We intend to make a few comments this week on the strange inquiry that has just finished with respect to the poor-schools at the St. Pancras work house, and the odd jumble of Atheism and Anglicanism which that inquiry has brought to light. The receipt however, almost at the last moment, of the various communications from India, given elsewhere, compelled us to employ both our space and our time rather differently; and we must, therefore, beg our readers' patience for another week, in the mean time laying before them the following interesting letter from the Rev. Mr. Hearn, of Somers'-town chapel:—

8, Charles-street, Clarendon-square,  
Oct. 29 1842.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your inquiries respecting St. Pancras workhouse, you will, I am sure, be happy to learn (after the *expose* that has lately taken place there on the subject of education,) that there is at present but one Catholic child within its walls, at least as far as I have been able to ascertain. Secondly, any Catholic children, whose misfortune it is to become inmates of that establishment, are subjected in all respects to the same system of education the other children are there taught. We have left no available means untried to save those poor children from being Protestantized, or, as it now appears, un-Christianized. We have repeatedly solicited permission to be allowed to give religious instruction to them, and that this most important portion of their education should be entrusted to us alone, but in vain. Even when our influence at the Board was rather strong and respectable (which it is not at present), our efforts in this respect were always unsuccessful, and defeated by no means or another. Some time ago I discovered, after much difficulty in the investigation, that there were six or seven Catholic children in this workhouse. Having ascertained this fact, I intimated to the master my intention of bringing this subject once more before the Board.

He gave me to understand, that a positive refusal would be the result; and before I could do anything in the matter, those unhappy little ones were removed altogether from the house. The Board,

no doubt, was made acquainted with my intentions, and they adopted this as the most easy and decisive way of frustrating them. Hence it is obvious, that, until the Legislature interposes, this cruel and most painful grievance will continue unredressed. I think it fair to state, however, that in other respects we are better circumstanced than some of our confreres seem to be in other workhouses. First, our poor people are allowed to come out to Mass on Sundays (with some reasonable exceptions); secondly, we have free access to the sick whenever they send for us, or we choose to go to them; and, thirdly, any books we give them they are allowed to retain and make use of when they like.

With much respect,

Dear Sir, yours truly,

J. B. HEARN.

F. Lucas, Esq., &c. &c.

The Right Rev. Dr. De la Hailandiere, Bishop of Vincennes, visited this city last week. The bishop described to us a singular and beautiful Lunar Phenomenon, witnessed by himself and many others at Vincennes, on Friday the 18th of November. The moon was about fifteen degrees above the horizon, and marching onward in a sky of clear blue, when suddenly the genius of the rainbow came to invest her with its beautiful robes. A well defined circle of rainbow colours surrounded her, and serving as radii to this circle, appeared a broad cross of light traversing the planet at right angles. The cross was of the Greek form, and its light was brilliant as that of the moon herself. Above the apex of the rainbow, and at some distance from it, appeared a part of a reversed circle of nebulous white. The Phenomenon was beautiful, and gave rise to much speculation and some dread. Miller the Prophet should have seen it. It would figure well in his sermons as one of the 'signs in the moon,' &c., before the end of the world.—*Catholic Advocate.*

#### IRISH HOSPITALITY.

The hut was low, and built with shingles; it consisted of but one room. Nevertheless, it was clean, orderly, and to us, accustomed to southern cottages, comfortable. An old woman was spinning, and a cheerful girl, plain but of a pleasant countenance, was in the act of putting some small fish into the everlasting three-legged pot. "Ech!" she exclaimed, "but the luddy is wet," and down she knelt to pull off our shoes and chafe our feet, while the good dame hung up our dripping cloaks, and assured us it would be fine by-and-by; and then she would have us sit close to the fire; and after some whispering between mother and daughter, a little round table was brought from the dark corner, and covered by a clean white cloth, and the little fish were dished, and potatoes, full and floury, raked out of the ashes; and if we had not partaken of this genuine hospitality, we should have given offence to those who meant so kindly. The old woman spoke with clannish devotion of her old landlord, Doctor McDonnell. She only wished he was able to come to Murlough Bay, and then she was sure he would build her another "hoose." She was quite self-possessed from the moment we entered until we departed; there was no southern shyness mingled with the national hospitality; the ease of manner of this poor woman and her daughter was perfectly wellbred. When she had placed all she had to offer, both asked permission to resume their wheels; and they conversed with us, and speculated on the weather. And the old woman spoke of the traditional feuds between the Macquillans and the McDonnells, and as-

sured us that Fairhead was better worth seeing than the Causeway, and told how her husband and her other children were at "wark" in the doctor's fields. And at last, when the boat came in sight, and the rain ceased, she rose, "cloaked" us carefully, and clasping her hands, bade God bless us, with a rustic grace and earnestness we have not forgotten; the girl watched our departure, but the mother immediately returned to her wheel. We have often thought of the humble cottage of Murlough Bay. We do not remember to have seen one where industry and cheerfulness made a braver stand against poverty. We have been in many huts, where the inmates sat, unremitting, side by side with misery, as if it were their sister; but here was the resolve to displace misery by industry,—the effort gave the dignity of independence to the poor inmates.—*Mrs. Hall's Ireland.*

*Summary of London.*—London is the largest and richest city in the world; occupies a surface of thirty two square miles, thickly planted with houses, mostly three, four, and five stories high. It consists of London city, Westminster city, Finsbury, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, Southwark, and Lambeth districts. The two latter are on the south side of the Thames. It contains 300 churches and chapels of the establishment; 364 Dissenters' chapels; 22 foreign chapels; 250 public schools; 1500 private schools; 150 hospitals 156 almshouses, besides 205 other institutions; 560 public offices 14 prisons; 22 theatres; 24 markets. Consumes annually 110,000 bullocks, 766,000 sheep, 250,000 lambs, 250,000 calves, and 270,000 pigs, 11,000 tons of butter, 13,000 tons of cheese, 10 millions gallons of milk, a million quarters of wheat, or 64 million of quarter loaves, 65,000 pipes of wine, 2 million gallons of spirits, and 2 millions barrels of porter and ale. Employs 16,402 shoemakers, 14,552 tailors, 2361 blacksmiths, 2013 whitesmiths, 5030 house painters, 1076 fish dealers, 2682 hatters and hosiers, 13,208 carpenters, 622 bricklayers, &c., 5456 cabinet makers, 1005 wheelwrights, 2180 sawyers, 2507 Jewellers, 1172 old clothesmen (chiefly Jews), 3623 compositors, 700 pressmen, 1393 stationers, 2638 watch and clock-makers, 4227 grocers, 1430 milkmen, 5655 bakers, 2061 barbers, 1040 brokers, 4322 butchers, 1536 cheese mongers, 1082 chemists, 4199 clothiers and linendrapers, 2167 coach-makers, 1357 coal-merchants, 2133 coopers, 1381 dyers, 2319 plumbers, 907 pastry cooks, 369 saddlers, 1243 tinmen, 803 tabacconists, 1470 turners, 556 undertakers. [The above are all males above 20 years of age], 10,000 private families of fashion, &c. About 77,000 establishments of trade and industry, 44,000 public houses, 330,000 shops. There are bridges over the Thames at London. London docks cover 20 acres; 14 tobacco warehouses, 14 acres; and the wine cellars, 8 acres, containing 22,000 pipes. The two West India docks cover 51 acres. St. Catharine's docks, on the opposite side, are also very large. There are generally about 5000 vessels and 3000 boats on the river, employing 5000 water men and 4060 labourers. London pays about one-third the window duty in England, the number of houses assessed being about 120,000, rented at upwards of 5 millions sterling. The house rental is probably seven or eight millions.

We take the following extract from a London paper received by the last Steam Packet.

The Ecclesiastical battle has been fought on the arena of St. Pauls Cathedral last month. The Clergy there have been publicly accused in the daily press of positively & wilfully neglecting the injunctions of the Rubric in the performance of Divine service. This they deny; but in denying they seem to acknowledge it. The 'Times,' in a leading article forgets when it complains of the indecencies of the Lessons appointed by the Church, and recommends a substitution of something better! Modest people, it avers, hide their faces with shame at the abomination of the sacred teaching of the Church! What more can an infidel assert? The Bishop of London has given an ambiguous justification of Puseyism in his Charge, and the new Anglican Popery is making rapid progress, only the Pope as yet is "non est inventus"—not at home.

## UNITED STATES.

From the Cincinnati Telegraph.

We refer our readers to another column for a detail of the cruel treatment inflicted by members who stood high in the Methodist Society, on a near and aged relative. Travellers say that Hottentots expose their old parents to the weather, that they may soon depart from a world in which their presence is considered burdensome to their relatives, but we little thought that in this vain and boasting generation, such contempt would be entertained for the great idol of the present age—human respect by those lovers of outward appearances, the few extra-holy members of the Methodist community. We take no pleasure in revelations of this character, we would rather that hypocrisy might prosper a little longer, than that new sins should be committed to accelerate its exposure, but we may fairly add our mite to the circulation of the afflicting narrative, to warn the unsuspecting and exhibit the practical proofs of the errors of Wesleyism, even in one of its preachers. Ah! Sleek Methodists, you have been abusing the Catholics for months, in your periodicals, with a venom unworthy even of Turks. When we banished from our church a degraded minister, you took him with exultation to your bosom, and have been publishing all the dirty stories which an apostate could devise to cover if possible, with ignominy, the pure spouse of Christ. Who so ready as some of your members to tell fabled stories of the Catholic Clergy, to joke about their celibacy, to vilify their convents, to sneer at their devotion, and to circulate every wicked book reckless of its falsehood if it was only profane in clammy. These things have you been doing and we have had to endure it all with patience, because no reply could reach the thousands who ignorantly believe the slander. Even he who stands out most prominently in guilty relief on this disgraceful picture which the press has copied, even he was most troubled about the poor Papists! How he lamented their ignorance, deplored their blindness, supplicated for their conversion. The chambers of the dying were not free from his intrusion, and more than once did he disturb the late hours of the almost expiring Catholic! The Lord has interfered to vindicate his persecuted church, and how terrible have been his judgments! We trust that the events of the last week will teach the leaders of Methodism to remember, that there is a virtue called charity—a virtue without which there is no Christianity. Pity it is that there is not a little more of it amongst them and others, who never let an opportunity escape to stir up sectarian animosities, as if Protestantism could be only supported by the abuse of Catholicism. Pity it is that those who clamour so much about dungeons beneath the Cathedral, did not remember the poor creature locked up and starved in a house which echoed to the loud prayer of the Pharisee.

From the Daily Times.

## A TALE OF HORROR! SOMETHING WORSE THAN THE TALE OF AN AVERY!! LIFE IN CINCINNATI!!

"The love of money is the root of all evil."  
SOLONON.

Gold—"This yellow slave—  
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;  
Make the hoary hairs adore—place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
With ministers in the pulpit."

SHAKESPEARE.

One of the most revolting cases of human depravity, degradation, and black hearted selfishness, which we ever heard of, came under our notice last week, from an authentic source. The place, Cincinnati—the time, a few weeks since—the victim an old lady, about ninety-five years of age, and the principal actors her children. The love of gold and the reluctance to part with it, was the prime cause of an aged lady being incarcerated in a small room, almost in a state of nudity, nearly starved to death, with nothing but a miserable filthy straw bed to rest her aged limbs upon, with but a scanty covering, and so neglected that her person swarmed with loathsome vermin and was covered with her own evacuations. Horrible thought! Well and truly has the poet said, —Selfishness, that subtle fiend,

Can and does sever all the ties of blood—  
Of faith, of friendship, of devoted love;  
Arm brother against brother, and unite  
The fiend at hand in one unbroken league  
Against the breast that bore and nurtured them!"

The circumstances as detailed to us are as follows — they are substantially correct. The old lady referred to, living in the city of New York, possessed of sufficient property to smooth the downhill of life and make her comfortable in her declining years.

A son, now living in this city, in good circumstances, it was stated, squandered a part of this sacred fund and came to this city with the balance, leaving his parent to the cold charities of strangers. After some time, a daughter of the old lady brought her out to the West, with whom she lived near the Little Miami river, for a while; but at last getting tired of her, she brought her to this city, and quartered her on another sister, who in a short time, reflecting no doubt, that as her brother had possessed himself of all the old lady's property, he ought to take care of her, and therefore applied to him to receive her under his roof; this he refused to do. Determined not to be at the expense and the trouble of shielding that venerable grey head and those feeble limbs, and of comforting that heart-broken mother who had nourished her from her own bosom, fondled her in her arms and watched her slumbers in infancy and childhood, she placed her tottering frame in a carriage and proceeded to her brother's house, when not finding the family at home she seated her mother on his door steps, and left her in the rain, where she remained for an hour or two. On the return of the son she was placed in a small back room in his house—a miserable straw bed and covering were given to her, and then she was locked up. The condition in which she was found is sufficient proof of the treatment she was subjected to. Humanity shudders at the pic-

ture—the mind is unable to conceive, and the pen inadequate to describe the scene in all its loathsome particulars and heart-rending imaginations. Suffice it to say, that the lady who first heard accidentally of the circumstance, told her husband, who immediately called on one of the sons-in-law of the sufferer, a local preacher or exhorter, in one of the Methodist churches of this city (the Wesley Chapel), who is in the yearly receipt of several thousand dollars of rent from his real estate, and stated the information he had received in relation to his wife's mother, and his apprehensions that unless something was done immediately she could not survive such cruel treatment. Alas! he conjectured truly—the old lady died soon after.

"Lute's fitful fever over,  
She now sleeps well!"

Peace to her spirit! She has felt

"How worse than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child."

The Christian (?) minister answered—  
"He knew it all; the old woman is very old, and ought to have died years ago; and that it was nobody's business."

But our friend was not to be so balked, the holy precepts which he had imbibed taught him to persevere. He accordingly called on the Township Trustees, and insisted on their going to see her, which at first they refused to do; and it was only after he had threatened to publish them if they refused, that they consented to go.

His wife, previously to this, had called on the wife of her minister, and taken her down to view the scene.

After the whole matter was thus made public and earnest threats made to the relatives of the victim by our informant, that if they did not provide for her, they would publish them to the world, they consented to, and did employ, a woman to board and wait on the aged and helpless invalid. They gave her some food, which she devoured as a famished wolf would have done—they cut off her hair and combed her head, and washed and dressed her. While the process of cleaning was going on, her daughter advanced, placed her gold spectacles upon her nose, and gave directions "to be careful and not leave any of the creases!"

The poor old creature was at last made clean and comfortable, and removed to under the roof of a hireling, where she afterwards died.

Our informant states further, that one of the regular stationed ministers of the Methodist Church in this city, was an eye witness to the condition of the deceased, and remarked afterwards, "that he never had witnessed such a case of human wretchedness, such a revolting scene—it was, he thought, without a parallel in a christian community."

As yet, we understand, the consciences and christian feelings of the church associates of these guilty ones, remain unawakened—the thunders of the church sleep—and the wealthy son-in-law of her who now sleeps beneath the clod, desecrates the altar and temple of the Most High, by exhorting his brethren from the holy desk. The preacher, too, who witnessed the miserable condition of the old lady, after approaching the foolstool of

his God, with prayer, praise and thanksgiving, calls upon him "to close the meeting"—and when called on by one of the members, to enquire if he intended to insult his congregation by such an outrage on the best and holiest feelings of our nature, answered—"he didn't think of it, or he would not have done it!" He had forgotten it! Yes, he had forgotten it! When asked if he did not intend to bring the man before the church tribunal, he said, if any one would prefer charges he should feel bound to notice them. But who will do it? we ask. Well do most people know, that, "Plate sin with gold the lance of justice falls harmless; but when clothed in rags, a pigmy straw would pierce it."

In relation to the above article, we copy the following

From the Montreal Weekly Transcript.

The prevalence of crime in the United States at present is fearful in amount, and is becoming daily more horrible and revolting in its forms. Our modern Reformers both in moral and political science would do well to learn a lesson from these facts and apply its teachings in the formation of their endless theories for the improvement and perfectability of the species. It has become the fashion now-a-days for our Philosophical Reformists to discard all that has been, as the foolish prejudices of our ignorant and narrow-sighted forefathers. A theory based on the wisdom of ages and built up with materials of experience, cannot enlist the attention or command the assent of our enlightened days. Any thing old in politics, morals, or philosophy, is like an old coat, fit for nothing, not even for paper rags. The changes which are made in these are not made so much for use, comfort or convenience, as for the sake, and by the gloss, of fashion.

We are happy that we can congratulate ourselves on the comparative absence of crime in Canada, notwithstanding the lamentable ignorance of a great part of our population. In respect to intelligence and education, the masses of the people in the United States are undoubtedly much superior to the mass among us; but education has there failed to assure the boasted theory of our modern Philosophers, who assert that intelligence is the test and security of virtue. Crime is receiving a fearful increase—and general intelligence instead of diminishing it, seems to show the very opposite as the fact.

The Press now reaches every hut and hamlet in the land; but instead of bearing on its wings, quiet contentment, morality, and reverence of law, it is becoming the pander to man's lowest appetites, and furnishes fuel to the deadliest passions which burn in his bosom. Fearful is the responsibility of those who wield and direct this all powerful engine for the world's weal or woe. Removed as we are on this Continent from the powerful stimulants to crime found in the dense and over-crowded population, the terrible competition, and the consequent want, hunger and misery, of the old world; in some parts of this Continent, we seem to

rival and surpass its most infected portions in the amount and horrible catalogue of crime. Favored in every respect as we are for exhibiting a picture of morality, it is to be feared, the dark charges made against us are but too true.

There are causes at work south of the line 45° (which happily) have not as yet been fully felt in Canada, both in the nature of the Government and the character of the people formed under it, and by its influence. The popular will is omnipotent, and nothing can successfully oppose it until the storm of passion among the masses, has spent itself so that they will listen coolly to the voice of reason and the dictates of enlightened prudence coming from the educated and thinking classes of society. The press, unable to oppose the current, or desirous of advancing party at the price of truth and the real and lasting weal of society, lash the storm into a tempest, while by so doing they most effectually for the moment swell their subscription list with names, and their pockets with dollars. The vitiated taste of the lower classes is thus rendered more depraved, and the cheapness of newspaper literature, which indeed is almost the only literature read in the United States, ensures a wider sphere for the circulation of the poison. Excitement, in one shape or other, is the great end and aim of the people—in politics, from the election of a President and the deliberations of the Senate, down to a town election and the appointment of a constable for the year. In literature the same spirit is apparent; the class of cheap publications in newspaper form—which follows strictly the principle of political economy, that the supply depends upon, and is governed by, the demand—sufficiently proves what the taste of the people is in literature. This again reacts inevitably and powerfully on individual virtue and the morality of society, and the great moral engine for its regeneration and preservation is converted into its greatest curse, and must, if unchecked, result in its ruin. We have been led into this rather unusual line of editorial remark from the recent horrid developments of crime making in the United States, a few of which we have barely noticed, and because a portion of the press of this Province seems at present to be labouring, whether consciously or unconsciously we know not, but certainly most devotedly, and with untiring energy, for the same end. Let the press look to this, and let the people also deeply consider the causes of this fearful increase of crime, and let both unite for their eradication, and the prevention of such a state of things among the population of Canada.

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For the Second Volume of the  
**B.A. CULTIVATOR**

WILLIAM EVANS, Editor.  
W. G. EDMUNDSON, Pub. and Proprietor.

This is the twelfth monthly number that has been published of this Periodical since its commencement in January last, and it is for the Subscribers to judge how far we have fulfilled our engagements to them. It has been certainly our desire to make THE CULTIVATOR useful and interesting, but it will be for others to show, by their future support and encouragement, if we have been successful in our endeavours. We offer the columns of THE CULTIVATOR to the communications of any who may desire to instruct or enlighten their brother-farmers, on the science or practice of agriculture, or its sister arts, of any subject connected with their improvement or prosperity.

In the future numbers of this work, more attention will be paid to the important subject of Horticulture and Mechanic. Each number will contain a GARDENERS and MECHANICS department; and in the spring and summer months a Gardener's CALENDAR will be prepared monthly, adapted to the Canadian climate, seasons, and productions.

In presenting the SECOND VOLUME of The Cultivator to farmers and other classes to whom it may be useful in British America, we again promise that we shall do all in our power to submit the best information we can collect on the science and practice of husbandry, and advocate in the best manner we are capable, the interests of agriculture. This publication is a proper medium for communicating the wants and wishes of Canadian farmers, and we respectfully solicit for it their unanimous support.

From the general testimony in favour of the manner in which this paper has been conducted from the public press, and the most experienced farmers throughout the Province, there is every reason to believe that it will prove universally acceptable, and remunerate its readers tenfold for their subscription.

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Hamilton, Dec 7, 1842. 136

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Where amusement confronts him with images drear,  
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,  
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire.

Foreign and Domestic News, Congressional Proceedings, and a general view of all matters of interest or importance, will appear.

PICTORIAL ENAMELLING, comprising maps, landscapes, architecture, portraits of distinguished personages, of both sexes. In these, as well as in neatness of typography, the Museum shall not be surpassed.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.—Arrangements have been completed for securing a regular Foreign Correspondence more extensive and complete than has ever enriched the columns of an American Newspaper.

COMMERCIAL.—The state of business, of stock, price of grain, flour, and all descriptions of country produce, merchandise, &c., will be given from actual sales, in Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York, Boston, &c.

**SELECT AND ORIGINAL GEMS FROM**

Miss Leslie	Mr. Arthur,
Mrs. Sigourner,	Mr. Irving,
Miss Sedgwick,	Mr. Cooper,
Mrs. Hale,	Mr. Morris,
Mrs. Stephens,	Mr. Chandler,
Mrs. Loud,	Dr. Bird,
Miss H. Gould,	&c. &c. &c.

**ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.**  
At an early period, will be announced the offer of One Thousand Dollars, which the proprietors intend awarding in premiums for the best Literary Productions, Instructive Stories, Touching and affecting Descriptions, Essays, Poems, &c., in order to enlist the strongest array of the best Native Talent in favour of this great Literary Enterprise. It being, in fact, the determination of the proprietor, to leave nothing undone, and to spare no pains, exertions, or expense.

**TO AGENTS.—TERMS, COMMISSIONS, &c.** Any individual who will take the trouble to procure the names of his friends, and remit the funds, will be entitled to the commissions which are at present, and will continue to be, until further notice, more liberal by far than have yet been offered by any Newspaper of real character or merit. A commission of 70 cents will for the present, be allowed to Agents upon each subscriber.

**TERMS.**—The Philadelphia Saturday Museum is published every week at \$2 per annum, as usual, in advance, or \$3 at the end of the year. For \$20 in current funds, 16 copies of the Newspaper, and 16 copies of the Library will be forwarded, securely packed, to any part of the U. States. 3 copies for \$5. All orders and communications to be addressed, free of postage to

THOS. C. CLARKE & CO.,  
Saturday Museum,  
No. 101 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

**MEDICAL HALL.**

OPPOSITE THE PROMENADE HOUSE  
King-Street, Hamilton.

**C. H. WEBSTER,**

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,  
GRATEFUL for the very liberal patronage he has received since his commencement in Hamilton, begs to inform the inhabitants of Hamilton and vicinity, that he has just received a large supply of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, AND PATENT MEDICINES,

which he will sell as low as any establishment in Canada; and begs further to state, that he is determined to keep none but pure and unadulterated Medicines, & trusts by strict attention, to receive a continuance of their confidence and support.

A large supply of Hair, Hat, Cloth, Tooth and Nail Brushes; also, Paley's fragrant Perfume.

Horse and Cattle Medicines of every Description.

Physician's prescriptions accurately prepared.

N. B. Cash paid for Bees Wax and clean Timothy Seed.

Hamilton, Dec. 18-42. 13

**CABINET, FURNITURE, OIL AND COLOUR WAREHOUSE,**  
KING-STREET, HAMILTON,

Next door to Mr. S. Kerr's Grocer.

**MESSERS. HAMILTON, WILSON, & Co.**, of Toronto, desire to announce to their friends and the public of Hamilton and its vicinity, that they have opened a Branch of their respective establishments in this place, under the direction of Messrs. SANDERS and ROBINSON, and that they intend to manufacture all kinds of Cabinet and Upholstery Goods, after their present acknowledged good and substantial manner.

**—ALSO—**

Painting in all its branches, Gilding in oil and burnished do., Lettering Signs, &c. &c., Paper Hanging, Rooms Colored, &c. &c., which they will execute cheap and good. To their friends, many of whom they have already supplied, they deem it superfluous to give any further assurance; and to those wishing to deal with them, they would respectfully say 'Come and try.'

King street, next door to Mr. Kerr's Grocery.]

N. B.—Gold and Plain Window Cornices of all kinds, Beds, Mattresses, Pillows, Looking Glasses, Picture Frames, &c., made to order on the shortest notice.  
Hamilton, June 28th, 1842.

**WINNER'S**

**Canadian Vermifuge.**



Warranted in all cases.

THE best remedy ever yet discovered for WORMS. It not only destroys them, but invigorates the whole system, and carries off the superabundant slime or mucus so prevalent in the stomach and bowels, especially those in bad health. It is harmless in its effects on the system, and the health of the patient is always improving by its use, even when no worms are discovered. The medicine being palatable, no child will refuse to take it, not even the most delicate. Plain and practical observations upon the diseases resulting from Worms accompany each bottle.

Prepared and sold wholesale and retail by  
J. WINNER,  
CHEMIST, King street, Hamilton



Carriage, Coach, and Waggon PAINTING.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public, that he has removed his Shop from Mrs Seobell's to Walton and Clark's premises, on York Street, where he continues the Painting and Varnishing of Carriages, Coaches, Sleighs, Waggon, or any kind of light Fancy Work. Also, the manufacture of OIL CLOTH.

Having had much experience during his service under the very best workmen, he is confident of giving satisfaction.

C. GIROURD.

Hamilton, March 23, 1842.

GIROURD & McKOY'S BEVERLY STABLES Near Press's Hotel, HAMILTON.

Orders left at the Royal Exchange Hotel, will be strictly attended to.

SHIP INN.

JAMES MULLAN begs to inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from his former residence to the Lake, foot of James street, where he intends keeping an INN by the above name, which will combine all that is requisite in a MARINER'S HOME, and TRAVELLER'S REST;—and hopes he will not be forgotten by his countrymen and acquaintances.

N. B. A few boarders can be accommodated.

Hamilton, Feb. 23, 1842.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has re-opened the Store lately occupied by Mr. J. Layton, in Stinson's Block, and is now receiving an extensive assortment of Birmingham, Sheffield and American Shelf and Heavy HARD WARE, which he will sell at the very Lowest Prices.

H. W. IRELAND.

Hamilton, Oct. 4, 1841.

PAPER HANGINGS.

2,000 PIECES of English French, and American PAPER HANGINGS, of the most choice and fashionable Patterns, for sale, wholesale and retail, at exceedingly low prices, by

THOS. BAKER.

Hamilton, Aug. 1, 1842.

WEAVERS' REEDS.

600 STEEL AND CANE Weavers' Reeds, of the necessary numbers for Canada use, for sale by

THOS. BAKER.

Hamilton, August 1, 1842.

PATRICK BURNS,

BLACKSMITH, KING STREET, Next house to Isaac Buchannan & Co's large importing house.

Horse Shoeing, Waggon & Sleigh Ironing Hamilton, Sep. 22, 1841.

PRINTERS' INK.

LAMB & BRITAIN, Manufacturers of Lamb's Blacking, begs to inform Printers in British North America, that they have, after considerable labour and expense, with the assistance of a practical and experienced workman from England, commenced the manufacture of PRINTERS' INK. They are now prepared to execute all orders which may be sent to them. Their Ink will be warranted to be equal to any in the world and as cheap.

Ink of the various FANCY COLOURS supplied on the shortest notice.

Corner of Yonge and Temperance Sts. Toronto, June 1, 1842.

Cure for Worms. B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

Prepared by B. A. FAHNESTOCK & CO. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

THIS preparation has now stood the test of several years' trial, and is confidently recommended as a safe and effectual medicine for expelling worms from the system. The unexampled success that has attended its administration in every case where the patient was really afflicted with Worms, certainly renders it worthy the attention of physicians.

The proprietor has made it a point to ascertain the result of its use in such cases as came within his knowledge and observation—and he invariably found it to produce the most salutary effects, not unfrequently after nearly all the ordinary preparations recommended for worms had been previously resorted to without any permanent advantage. This fact is attested by the certificates and statements of hundreds of respectable persons in different parts of the country, and should induce families always to keep a vial of the preparation in their possession. It is mild in its operation, and may be administered with perfect safety to the most delicate infant.

The genuine Vermifuge is now put up in one ounce vials, with this impression upon the glass, FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE, and the proprietor's accompanying each vial have the signature of the proprietor; any medicine put in plain ounce vials, and the signature of which does not correspond with the above description, is not my genuine Vermifuge.

The Subscribers deem it their duty to use the above precautions in order to guard the public against mistaking other worm preparations for their deservedly popular Vermifuge.

We have appointed Mr C C Bristol No 207 Main St Buffalo, N. Y. our Sole Agent for Western New York & Canada West. The medicine can be obtained there at our wholesale Pittsburgh prices. Terms Cash.

B. A. FAHNESTOCK & Co.

For Sale in Hamilton by Messrs John Winer, T. Bickle, M. C. Grier, and C. H. Webster.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS For 1842

HAVE BEEN RECEIVED BY THE SUBSCRIBER HE ALSO wishes to acquaint his Patrons, that he has REMOVED to his New Brick Shop on John Street, a few yards from Stinson's corner, where they may rely on punctuality and despatch in the manufacture of work entrusted to him.

S. McCURDY.

Hamilton, 1st Oct., 1842.

QUEEN'S HEAD HOTEL.

JAMES STREET, (NEAR PRESS'S HOTEL.)

THE Subscriber respectfully acquaints his friends and the public generally, that he has fitted up the above named house in such a style as to render his guests as comfortable as at any other Hotel in Hamilton. His former experience in the wine and spirit trade enables him to select the best articles for his Bar that the Market affords, and it is admitted by all who have patronized his establishment, that his stabling and sheds are superior to any thing of the kind attached to a public Inn, in the District of Gore.

N. B.—The best of Hay and Oats, with civil and attentive Osters.

W. J. GILBERT

Hamilton, Sept. 15, 1842.

THE Subscribers have received further supplies of Catholic Bibles and Prayer Books, &c: among them will be found

The Douay Bible and Testament Key of Heaven; Path to Paradise; Garden of the Soul; Key to Paradise; Poor Man's Manual, Catholic Catechism.

Sold wholesale or retail, by A. H. ARMOUR, & Co., King Street, Hamilton.

November, 1842.

SAMUEL McCURDY, TAILOR,

JOHN STREET, HAMILTON.

LIN'S

CELESTIAL BALM OF CHINA.

For the cure of all diseases of Man or Beast that require external application.

FELLOW CITIZENS—Perhaps you think that this Balm is intended to cure too many diseases, but we assure you that all diseases of this character, and many others that might be mentioned, are speedily cured, or in truth persons greatly relieved, by the use of this medicine. We earnestly request the afflicted to give it a fair trial.

Have you a pain or weakness in the small of your back? If so, apply the Balm freely morning and evening with the flat of your hand, and occasionally rub the part well with a rough cloth, and it will certainly relieve you.

Have you the rheumatism? If so, wash the part affected with cold water and castile soap, then bathe, it with warm vinegar, and rub well with a rough cloth, and then apply the Balm with the flat of your hand before the fire. Wash every third day, and use the Balm twice a day, and you will soon be free from this troublesome disease.

Have you a numbness or coldness in your legs, arms or feet? If so, rub the affected part well with a rough cloth, and apply this Balm freely twice a day, and in a short time it will be removed.

Have you the Piles? If so, apply the a lin three times a day, and in a short time you will be well.

Have you the Nettle Rash or Erysipelas? If so, apply the Balm three times a day, and all unpleasant sensations will soon disappear.

Have you sprained yourself? If so, apply the Balm three times a day, rubbing well with your hand, and it will soon be removed.

Have you Bruises or Burns? If so, apply the Balm three times a day, and you will soon be well.

Have you a Cut or Wound? If so, apply the Balm with a feather two or three times a day.

And are your Limb's or Joints swelled? If so, apply the Balm three times a day, and the swelling will soon disappear.

Have you the Tetter? If so, apply the Balm every morning and evening, washing every third day with castile soap, and removing the scurf from the surface of the skin.

Have you a pain in your Breast or Side? If so, apply this Balm morning and evening, rubbing it well with the flat of your hand, and you will soon be relieved.

Have you Sore Eyes? If so, wet a soft rag with the Balm, and apply it on the outside of the eyes every night on going to bed.

Are your toes, fingers or ears Frosted or Poisoned? If so, apply the Balm three times a day, and it will positively cure them.

Have you Corns on your Feet? If so cut them well and apply the Balm, and it will generally cure them.

Have you itching or irritation of any parts?—Then apply this Balm thoroughly and it will cure you.

Have you fresh wounds of any kind? Spread the Balm on linen and keep it bound on the parts, changing daily, and it will heal without proud flesh or inflammation.

Have you an old sore that wont heal? Keep the Balm bound on it, renewing it daily, and it will soon heal from the bottom.

Be sure you get the true Balm from COMSTOCK & CO., and no other.

The above is for Sale, at all the Drug-gist Shops in Hamilton. October 5th, 1842.

THE CATHOLIC.

Devoted to the simple explanation and maintenance of the ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH; And containing subjects of a Religious—Moral—Philosophical—and Historical character: together with Passing Events, and the News of the Day.

PUBLISHED ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, in time for the Eastern and Western Mails, at the Catholic Office, No. 21, John Street, Hamilton, G. D [Canada.]

TERMS—THREE DOLLARS HALF-YEARLY PAID IN ADVANCE.

Half-yearly and Quarterly Subscriptions received on proportionate terms.

Persons neglecting to pay one month after Subscribing, will be charged with the Postage at the rate of Four Shillings a year.

PRIZE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

Six lines and under, 2s 6d first insertion, and 7d each subsequent insertion.—Ten lines and under 3s 4d first insertion, and 10d each subsequent insertion.—Over Ten Lines, 4d. per line first insertion, and 1d. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements, without written directions, inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Advertisements, to ensure their insertion, must be sent in the evening previous to publication.

A liberal discount made to Merchants and others who advertise for three months and upwards.

All transitory Advertisements from strangers or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

Produce received in payment at the Market price.

LETTER-PRESS PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION NEATLY EXECUTED.

AGENTS.

NOTICE.—It is confidently hoped that the following Reverend gentlemen will act as zealous agents for the Catholic paper, and do all in their power among their people to prevent its being a failure, to our final shame and the triumph of our enemies.

- Rev Mr. O'Flynn, Dunbar
Rev Mr. Mills, Brantford
Rev. Mr. Gibney, Guelph
Rev. J. P. O'Dwyer, London.
Dr Anderson, do
Mr Harding O'Brien, do
Rev Mr Vervais, Amherstburg
Mr Kovel, P. M., do
Rev Mich. MacDonnell, [Maidstone], Sandwich
Very Rev Augus McDonell, Chatham
A. Chisholm Esq., Chippewa
Rev Ed. Gordon, Niagara
Rev Mr McDonagh, St Catharines
Messrs F. Hogan & Chas Calhoun, St Thomas; Streetsville
Rev. Mr. Snyder, Wilmot, near Waterloo
Rev Mr. O'Reilly, Gore of Toronto
Rev Mr Hay, Toronto
Rev Mr. Quinlan, New Market
Rev Mr. Charcat, Penetanguishent
Rev Mr Proulx, do.
Rev Mr. Fitzpatrick, Ope
Rev Mr. Butler, Peterborough
Rev Mr. Lailor, Picton
Rev. Mr. Brennan, Belleville
Rev F. Smith, Richmond
Right Reverend Bishop Goulin, Kingston
Rev Patrick Dollard, do
Rev. Angus MacDonald, do
Rev Mr. Bourko, Camden East
Rev Mr. O'Reilly, Brockville
Rev J. Clarke, Prescott
Rev Alexander J. McDonell, Cornwall
Very Rev P Pholan, Bytown
D. O'Connor, Esq., J. P., Bytown
Rev. J. H McDonagh, Perth
Rev. George Hby, [St. Andrew's], Glengarry
Rev John Macdonald, [St. Raphael], do
Rev John MacDonald, [Alexandria], do
John McDonald, Aylmer
Mr Martin McDonell, Recollect Church Montreal
Rev P Mahon, Quebec
Mr H. O'Connor, 15 St. Paul Street, Quebec
Right Reverend Bishop Fraser, Nova Scotia
Right Reverend Bishop Fleming, Newfoundland
Right Reverend Bishop Purcell, Cincinnati, Ohio
Right Reverend Bishop Fenwick, Boston
Right Reverend Bishop Kenrick, Philadelphia