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THE CATHOLIC.

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

VOLUME III.

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

Original.

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

(Continued.)

Their yet imperfect bliss to crown complete,
With all the rumour'd wealth of gorgeous Ind,
Thou, on th' unsteady plank of brittle bark
To wrath of mingling winds and waves expos'd,
Bad'st vent'rous mortals rush into the deep ;
And wide excursive shape their trackless course :
Their guide thy min'ral kinsman Magnet found,
Of pow'rful spell, yet diff'rent far from thine,
Attracted, not attracting. Him thou sent'st,
Constant and true with fairy hand to point
At fancied realms and regions yet unknown.

Embolden'd thus, what dangers Vasco dar'd,
Vasco, his Lusitania's naval boast !
With tempests strange, and seas of monstrous swell,
When long he strove, ere rounded Africk's Cape.
As Camoens sings, sweet bard ! and with his own,
Transmits to latest times his hero's fame.

And thou, Columbus ! ill-requited chief !
What risks did'st run ! what hardships did'st endure !
In all thy wand'rings o'er the boundless breadth
Of ocean unexplor'd ! whom hurricane
Forth rushing sudden, with tremendous blast,
Rears from his bed, in all his furious might
'Toss'd high, till with his foam he lash the stars :
While fast along the mountain billow's top
The Spirit of the Storm careering shrieks,
And calls the thunder forth Ho from his cloud
Assentient sends the flash ; and mut'ring rolls,
With slow progressive sweep, his deep'ning glooms :
Till full o'er head his awful voice he rears,
Loud bellowing to the deep's subsiding roar,
Trembling that shrinks throughout : as from his throne
Th' electric demon slings his forked fires
Terrific, and his gushing torrent pours.

Thus vent'rous did'st thou strive on puny skiff
Through wild uproar of elemental war ;
New latitudes did'st tempt, new heav'ns behold,
Of aspect wond'rous, op'ning on the sight :
Nor, like thy frighted followers, stood'st appall'd,
Whose coward murr'n'ings caus'd thee more alarm,
As near they'd made thee miss thy noble aim,
Than Nature's ev'ry phenomén sublime.
All this thou bor'st with patience undislay'd,
And loyal, ardent, persevering zeal,
To give a thankless king thy look'd for world,
And at his feet her glit'ring treasures pour.

Such proofs adduc'd undoubted of thy hoard,
In regions transatlantic hugely pil'd,
The nations, Money, from their slumber rouse,
Till now lethargic deem'd ; from every port
Thy vot'ries spread the sail, the way now shewn,
For realms, where most thou ling'ring lov'st to dwell.

THE CATHOLIC.

MONDAY, JANUARY 2.

ON THE VALUE OF TIME.

"Why stand you here all the day idle ?" Matt. xx. 6.

This is the question which our Lord in the gospel puts to all those who neglect to work in his service during the short day of their mortal life ; who squander away their precious time in doing nothing to the purpose ; or in doing every thing but that which it is their indispensable duty and main interest to do.

There is nothing so unaccountable as the folly of mankind in mispending their time. Some pass their whole life in idleness, useless to themselves, to their country, and to their fellow creatures. Others plunge into the hurry of business, and mingle in the bustle and tumult of human affairs. Some seem born only to enjoy the fleeting pleasures of this world ; and by the variety of their amusements and pastimes study only to beguile care, and that tedious irksomeness of life which always pursues them close at the heels, how fast soever they seek to fly before it. Others, while they strive by their painful endeavours to heap together the perishable goods of this life, deny themselves the necessary time to lay in proper stores for the life to come.

Thus Time seems a common enemy, whom all men seem to have conspired to make away with. Their whole life seems but one continued study how to get rid of it ; and those are always deemed the most happy, who succeed best in contriving how to make it appear short ; who feel least of its weight, and who are least sensible of its duration. Their frivolous amusements, or more serious occupations, are sweet and agreeable, only in as far as they seem to abridge their days and hours ; and to make them pass away so insensibly as scarcely to be perceived till they are gone, and gone for ever.

Time, that precious depositum with which our God has entrusted us, is then become a heavy, an insupportable burthen to us ! It is true, we would consider it as the greatest of misfortunes to be wholly deprived of it ; but then while it is ours, we cannot support the tediousness of its duration. It is a treasure which we would for ever keep, but which we are ever impatient to waste and to squander away.

Nevertheless it is on the right use of this time, which we seem to value so little at present, that our happiness for eternity depends. Time then is of all things the most precious ; but it is precious only in as far as it is well employed. We must then employ it well, in order to render it precious. It shall therefore be my endeavour at present to show how great the value of time, if well employed, may be ; in order to induce you to employ it well. This shall be the whole subject of my discourse to you on the present occasion.

There are four considerations, which if properly attended to, must convince us of the exceeding great value of time ; and these considerations deserve your utmost attention. Time is precious, 1°. Because it was purchased for us at an infinite price. 2°. Because if well employed, the advantages it produces are nothing less than infinite. 3°. Because it is very uncertain as to its duration ; and 4°. Because, when lost, it is irremediable.

1°. The value of any thing is best known by the

price paid down for it, if the purchaser is too good a judge to be overreached in the bargain. But here, my dear Christians, the purchaser is God himself, who cannot be deceived : and the price paid down for our time is nothing less than the sufferings and death of his only Son made man. For you must recollect that by the sin of our first parents we had all of us forfeited our time. The dreadful sentence passed upon our first father Adam, extended to all his posterity, "In what day soever thou eatest the fruit of the tree, whereof I have forbidden thee to eat, thou shalt die the death." (Gen. ii.) Our fate was inseparably linked with his. We were to be his children, and consequently his heirs. Had he never swerved from his duty, the kingdom of heaven, the promised reward of his obedience, was ours by inheritance. But as he fell by sin from his happy state, and incurred the divine displeasure, it was ours to share with him in the punishment of his transgression ; and this punishment was death. "By one man," says St. Paul, "has sin entered into the world, and by sin death." (Rom. v. 12.) All our time was then at an end. Or if we had been suffered to make our appearance in this world for a while, it were only to entail death, and all its unhappy consequences on our wretched posterity ; when having fulfilled the dreadful purposes of God's justice, we were doomed to become successively the prey of death, and to be cast forth for ever from the face of the Lord.

In this dreadful situation, born as we were but to die ; or, if permitted for a while to linger here, when life itself was become a curse, and but the occasion of augmenting our guilt, by adding actual to original sin : when all our endeavours to effect a reconciliation with our offended God were of no avail ; what would we not have given, what would we not have done or suffered in order to obtain the smallest portion of this time of mercy, of grace and salvation, which we at present enjoy ? Almighty God might have treated us as he did the rebel angels, and denied us the possibility of being ever reconciled with him any more. Nay, his justice called aloud for satisfaction, and pressed the execution of the sentence pronounced against us.

But here his mercy interposes herself in our behalf ; and thrusts herself between us and his avenging justice. The Deity is moved with a pity for lost man, which he had not felt for the rebel angels. He cannot bear to see his child of predilection, his last born, but the most beloved of all his creatures perish ; and perish, not so much through any malice originating with himself, as through that of the infernal serpent, by whom he had been seduced. He therefore resolves to save him, and, at whatever cost, to rescue him from utter destruction.

Great God ! but how then shall thy insenced justice be appeased ! She demands a full and complete satisfaction for our sins ; and a price adequate to the value of that time, which was to be restored. But who shall be able to make the atonement required ; or to pay up the enormous sum stated to our account ? "O, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! how incomprehensible are his judgments, and how unsearchable his ways ! For who has known the mind of the Lord, or who has been his counsellor ?" (Rom. xii.) This debt of satisfaction, which all the creatures together could never have paid off, he himself resolves to cancel. And as man was the one by whom it was due, and of whom it was required, in order to render him capable of clearing it, he even deigns to take upon him-

self our nature, and to unite his own divinity so closely with our humanity, as that God was man, and man was God. Thus man, as God was able to cancel our debt, and to blot out the hand-writing that stood against us. Coloss., i. ii. 14. And God, as man of whom satisfaction was exacted, could atone for sins committed by man. In this mystery is verified that saying of the Psalmist: *Mercy and truth have met each other; Justice and Peace have kissed.* Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

But to what humiliation did not this God-Man submit in order to complete the great work of our redemption! Ah, Christians! how dearly has he brought back for us this time, which we undervalue so much, and are apt to throw away with so little concern! *He became says the Psalmist as a worm and no man; the reproach of men and the outcast of the people.* Ps. xxi. 7.

Born into this world of a poor and humble maid, he had scarce made his appearance among the children of Adam, when they, whom he had come to save, already began to persecute him unto death. His whole life was but one continued scene of extreme poverty; in so much that he himself has heard to say; "the birds of the air have their nests, and the foxes have their lurking holes: but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head." Matt. vii. 29. The Lord and Master of all things wanted for every thing. And while he so plentifully ministered to the wants of all his creatures, he denied himself so much as a home of his own, or a covering to shelter him from the inclemency of the weather.

But not to speak of his poverty, nor of the monstrous ingratitude which he met with from those among whom he was pleased to be born; whom he honoured with his presence in the flesh, and blessed with the sight of his stupendous miracles, and the hearing of his heavenly doctrine: to say nothing of the manner in which they contemned and persecuted, reviled and blasphemed him: let us but take a view of this Man-God in the last stage of his mortal existence, when about to discharge the last farthing of that debt, which was owing to divine justice; and then let us imagine, if we can, the value of that time, for the recovery of which, when lost, so great a price was paid.

Behold him in the garden of Gethsemani, loaded, like the emissary goat, with the sins of men, (*Levit. xvi. 10.*) ready to expire under the pressure of so grievous a load; and in the excess of his agony, bleeding at every pore. See him next betrayed by his bosom friend into the hands of his enemies, by whom he is insulted; blindfolded, buffeted, and spit upon: by whom he is clothed with a fool's coat, and treated as a fool; scourged at a pillar, and crowned with thorns; vested in derision with a purple robe, and, in the guise of a mock king, insulted with the feigned and ludicrous homage of a vile and lawless soldiery, who smite him on the head with a reed, which they had put as a sceptre into his hand. By whom, in fine, after seeing a Barrabas, the worst of men, preferred before him; being now aban-

doned by all his friends, and, as it were, for a moment even by his heavenly father; he, the glory of Israel, and the expectation of the nations, is nailed to an ignominious cross between two thieves; on which like a common malefactor, he at length expires.

Then indeed was the atonement for our sins completed. Then was our peace with the offended Deity ratified and signed with the last drop of the blood of a God made man. Then were the gates of heaven, which had hitherto been shut against all the children of Adam, thrown open. The mystical veil of the sanctuary was torn assunder, and the *Holy of Holies* no longer concealed from our view. Already the grave begins to yield up its dead; and the holy city witnesses the first fruits of the resurrection. Even death itself, once so terrible; is now become more the object of our hope than of fear: and that which was to have been the gate conducting to endless misery, has now become the entry into never-ending bliss.

O Divine Goodness, who hast stretched forth thine almighty arm to save us when about to be swallowed up for ever in the bottomless abyss! Who thyself hast drunk off the cup of sorrow, in order to spare us the bitter draught! O what return can we ever make thee for all thy favours? But thou asked nothing but our love! O thou author of all our good; and only wishest us to profit of all thy endeavours to secure to us that eternal happiness for which thou hast created us: nor ever to be so mad any more as to throw away upon trifles the precious moments of a life, which thou hast purchased for us at so dear a rate.

2d. But if, from the consideration of the price paid down for the recovery of time we pass on to consider the immense advantages accruing to us from the right employment of it; we shall find that not only in whole, but in every part, it may be made infinitely valuable to us. For although God, on account of the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, might indeed have restored us to our forfeited Inheritance, only on condition that we never sin again, and that our whole life, from the first dawn of reason till our departure out of this world, be spent in the most exact observance of his commandments: yet he has been pleased to accommodate his mercy more to our weakness; and besides leaving us in the sacrament of penance a second laver of regeneration, in which, if truly contrite, we are washed anew from the defilements of actual sin; besides having instituted other sacraments for our further sanctification and preservation; he has, in order to give our time its full value extended the merits of the incarnation sufferings and death of his only Son, to any good actions we perform for his sake: and has given those actions a merit and a value in his sight which they could not have had, even in our original state of innocence.—Thus he has put it in our power to be every moment of our life bettering our condition in the world to come; and by laboring diligently in the practice of those virtues which he recommends, to make that weight of glory, which awaits us in the kingdom of heaven, much greater than

it would have been even if Adam had never fallen. Nay he has attached this increase of our future glory to our most ordinary & indifferent actions, if performed with the proper intention, that is, with a view to please him; in so much as he himself declare, "even a cup of cold water given in his name shall not want its reward." Matt. vi. 20. No actions surely can be more common and indifferent than eating and drinking; and yet even these, according to St. Paul may be done "for the glory of God?" and, if done for the glory of God, they necessarily deserve an eternal reward. "Whether you eat or drink," says he "or whatsoever else you do, do all to the glory of God." 1. Cor. x. 31. So that, according to this great apostle, we can do nothing, that is innocent, which may not add something to our glory and happiness in the life to come. How precious then must that time be, every moment of which, if well employed, may secure to us some additional, eternal, and consequently infinite reward! Indeed, if there is anything, which the saints in heaven can regret, it is only the loss of their once precious time, by the right use of which they might have raised themselves to a still higher degree of glory in heaven than even that to which they have attained.

Christians! what have we been doing hitherto? Have we been laying out to interest the precious talent with which we have been entrusted or have we not rather, "like the wicked and unprofitable servant," mentioned in the gospel, buried it in the ground, (Matt. xxvi. 25.) by "minding only the things that are on the earth, and not the things that are above." Coloss. iii. It is well, if instead of augmenting our stock, we have not rather increased our debt, by adding daily new sins to the former. Let us then now at least begin to set our accounts in order, to repair our past losses, and to make the best of that part of our time which as yet remains, that we may not have the misfortune some day to hear that dreadful and irrevocable sentence passed upon us, which was passed on the slothful servant; "Take him, said the Lord, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into exterior darkness, there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

3d. It is true we are apt to flatter ourselves that at some future period of life we will exert ourselves to repair the time we have lost; that some day or other we will take care so to settle our accounts with our Judge as to have nothing to fear, but rather all to hope from his sentence. But, besides that it is an article of faith that we cannot make the least step towards our eternal salvation, without the grace of God; and that he seldom fails to withdraw it from those, who make it only a pretence for continuing to offend him; who has made us so very sure of that time which is to come? or who has measured out to us so very exactly the length of the race, which we have yet to run. Tell me then, if you can, how many years, how many months, weeks, days, or hours as yet remain, ere you may be summoned hence to give an account of your stewardship! Alas, so far from knowing that we shall

have time sufficient to make up for the past, and to provide for an eternity to come; we cannot so much as assure ourselves of pushing life beyond the last point to which it has arrived. Only the present moment is ours; the next may belong not to us, but those who have survived us.

This third consideration of the uncertainty of time, ought to make us prize it the more; as, when least expecting it, and in the twinkling of an eye, we may be deprived of it for ever. What folly is it not then to neglect making our best of it, while we may: not to seize the fleeting moments, as they pass, and distinguish each of them by some good action or other, which shall be remembered when time shall be no more! The very heathens of old could not help valuing time the more because of its uncertainty and the shortness of its duration.—"As our life is short," says Sallust, "we should be the more diligent in performing great and useful actions; lest, like the brutes; that study only to satisfy their appetites, we waste our life in indolence and inactivity." And Seneca in particular gives us to understand how much it is to be prized for the same reason, in one of his emphatical sentences: "No avarice" says he, "is honourable, but that of time. Nulla est honesta, avertitia, nisi temporis." The Roman Emperor Titus, when he happened to let slip any day, without having done any action particularly good, was wont to exclaim with regret: *Diem perdidit*; I have lost a day. How such instances even among the pagans ought to confound the slothful Christian, to whom time should seem, as it really is, infinitely more precious, for the reasons already alleged.

But to bring the subject more home to us by a supposed example. Imagine, if you please, a man entrusted by a friend with a very large sum of money; the use and interest of which for a time not specified, is entirely at his own disposal; what would you think of such a person, if, instead of laying it out to interest; and thus, while he may be providing abundantly for the future exigencies of life; he busied himself only in scattering it up & down along the highways, and throwing it away on every body whom he chanced to meet? Or were it to be wondered at, if at some unexpected moment the owner should make his appearance, & finding not only his money without interest, but wholly wasted and squandered away, should order him to be severely punished for having so unwarrantably disposed of what did not belong to him?

But the case of this imaginary madman is exactly our own. Almighty God has entrusted us with our time, as with a sum of immense value. By laying it out to interest, that is, by employing it in the practice of good works, we may not only make abundant provision for a never-ending eternity; but as we have above shown, we may be every moment purchasing for ourselves new honours and dignities in the kingdom of heaven; and yet although we know not how soon this treasure may be taken from us, we not only neglect to lay it out to interest; but like the madman just now described, we seem quite impa-

tient to get rid of it at any rate. The very keeping of this inestimable treasure seems to us a most disagreeable charge; and without reflecting on the fatal consequences of such a conduct, we throw it away in heaps, and, as it were, in the lump, upon every trifling pretence or occasion; and in proportion as our stock is diminished, we seem to think the weight of our burthen decreased.

Christians! let us now at last be wise. Let us henceforth begin to make up for our past losses by our future care and diligence. To be sure, that part of our time, which is gone, can never be recalled; but still that part of it, which is yet to come, is wholly at our own disposal. And if we know not how much of it as yet remains, let this be but an additional motive for us to prize it the more, and to husband well all the moments, which God is still pleased to allow us. Often have we deserved, on account of our sins to have forfeited all our time: and yet our God has hitherto prolonged it; so that our present life is nothing less than a miracle of his goodness and mercy. For every mortal sin we have had the misfortune to commit, we deserved to die, and to have been plunged for ever into the flames of hell. The dreadful sentence of condemnation was then passed upon us, when the crime was perpetrated; and yet, our Lord has suspended the execution of it, in order still to allow us time to repent. This time of reprieve, which his mercy has granted us, shall we employ it only to augment our guilt, and thus provoke him to put an end to it? O, this were madness indeed; for if once the time of our reprieve is ended, there is no more room left for mercy. If once the short day of our life, during which we may labour, is brought to a close, it shall never more return; but a dreadful and eternal night immediately succeeds, in which, as our Saviour says *no man can work*. John ix. 4. And hence the fourth great & last motive for valuing our time: because, when lost, it is irreparable; when past and gone it can never be recalled.

4°. Indeed, if our life when finished could be renewed, or time, when lost, restored, our folly in wasting it to no purpose, and in squandering it away so profusely, might then be less. But you know, dear Christians! that those who have once passed the gates of death, have passed them never to return: and that the fate of such is decided for eternity, either to reign for ever happy with God in heaven, or to suffer with the devils and the damned in the fiery dungeons of hell. Now which ever of these two alternatives may fall to our lot, after death, and either of them must be our portion for ever: we shall have but too much reason to regret our precious time, when lost, because it can never be recalled.

The Saints who are once admitted to the beatific vision; who see God face to face, and mingle with the glorious princes of his household, are indeed, incapable of regretting with any degree of sorrow the loss of any portion of their time; because they are now completely happy, having attained their last end, which is

God. He is their centre, to which they were tending; and having at last arrived within their sphere, each at his own distance, they continue for ever to move around him, and shine resplendent with the splendor of his Majesty. But yet, to whatever degree of glory they arise, if we except the blessed Virgin Mother of our Lord, and perhaps some other privileged individuals besides, their glory might still have been greater, had their lives in this world been full; that is, had they improved all the moments of their time; or had they employed them in the practice of the more heroic virtues. For "in my Father's house," says our Lord, "there are many mansions," many different degrees of glory. And again, "I will render," says he, "to every one according to his works." And can those blessed souls be sensible of this, and not feel in some degree for the irreparable loss, irreparable even to them of every the smallest portion of that precious time which once was theirs. There is indeed nothing they could desire on earth but the opportunity of time, by the right employment of which might augment their glory, and render themselves worthy of drawing nearer to that God, whom they so ardently love. And if, as I said they feel no such regret for it, as could in the smallest degree impair their bliss, it is on account of the fulness of that bliss, which they now enjoy; and which, though it might indeed have been greater, is yet too great to leave any room for regret. It is because they are now drowned in an ocean of delight, of which, though without satiety, they are full. It is, in fine, on account of the extreme joy they must feel at the dangers they have escaped: and because, having now no other will but that of the Deity, they desire nothing, but what he desires; they love nothing, but what he loves; nor wish or want any thing more than what they now fully possess. Yet are they not insensible of the loss they have sustained, in having let slip unimproved the smallest portion of the time of their mortal life, especially when they now so clearly perceive to what a still greater height of glory it might have exalted them in the kingdom of their heavenly father.

But if we can suppose the blessed in heaven sensible in any degree of the loss of only a portion of their time; how keen and thrilling must be the regret which the damned shall feel for the loss of all their time; and with what bitter, but fruitless lamentations shall they bewail their misfortune, which, alas! admits of no redress! O to them how precious would the smallest portion of that time seem which to us appears of so little value; nay, which we often wish past, and thus struck off from our life, as irksome, tedious, and insupportable! Fools that we are, we little know the value of that time which we at present enjoy. But woe to those who only learn to appreciate time when time shall be no more! What would not a damned soul give for one of those hours, which we throw away on idle conversation, on frivolous amusements, which we waste in doing nothing to the purpose? Or is there any thing within the whole compass of nature, which she would prefer to a few moments

of time, during which she might repent; if by repentance she could but atone for her past guilt; if with floods of tears she could but wash away the horrid stain of mortal sin that defiles her, and extinguish the wrath of an angry God? And suppose a few hours of time were allowed for this purpose, how would she spend them? Good God, Christians, what a penitent should we then see! The sight alone would strike us dead with horror; nor could we endure even to behold the severities she would exercise upon herself in order to appease her offended God.—And, indeed, all the severities she could inflict upon herself were as nothing, or but like an amusement compared with those she must otherwise endure from the chastising hand of offended Deity. But, alas! no such time shall ever be allowed her; for if any time, however short, were allowed her to repent, hell would be no longer hell; nor eternity eternity. For ever, then, must she dwell in those gloomy regions of never ending despair. For ever must she mingle her outcries and lamentations, with the shrieks and groans, the howlings and yellings of her companions in misery; and for ever must she continue to be tossed in tempests and whirlwinds of fire and brimstone in the deep unquenchable abyss. *Fire and brimstone, and the spirit of whirlwinds shall be the portion of their cup forever.* Ps. x. 7.

Ah, Christians, Christians! may the fate of such an unhappy soul never be ours! But then it will certainly be ours, if we continue to undervalue our precious time, and to mispend it, as we have hitherto done. She too once had time, abundance of time, by the right employment of which she might have more than secured her eternal salvation, but, like us, she threw it away upon vanities, or used it for every purpose save that for which had been given her. Wherefore is the light of her short day extinguished in darkness, and in the horrors of eternal night. The inestimable gift, which she knew not how to prize, so long as she enjoyed it, is at last taken from her: and now, too late, alas! she prizes it, when deprived of it for ever.

And shall we, who still enjoy that time, which when lost to us, God himself thought worth the purchasing for us at a dear rate; that time, every moment of which, if well employed, may add something to our glory and happiness in the life to come; that time, which is so very uncertain as to its duration; that time, in fine, which when lost is irrecoverable; and for the recovery of which a soul in hell would give a thousand worlds: shall we I say, who still enjoy that precious time, be so very mad as to continue still to throw away upon trifles and to spend it in the vain pursuit of the momentary pleasures of this life? Shall we still think it long and tedious? Shall we repine at the seeming length of its duration? Shall we wish it abridged of such huge portions of it as often seem to lie heavy upon us? Shall we plunge into the whirlpool of business, or run round in the enchanting circle of amusements, that, being thus intoxicated with the giddy rotation, we may be induced to ima-

gine it short. Short it is, my dear Christians; and of itself it is very short, and God knows how short it may be to us; but, if we are wise, we will strive to make the best of it while we may. Nor let us trust any more to our future endeavours. Let us begin from this very moment to employ it well. The future is not ours; only the present is ours. Then let us seize the present moment lest it be our last. Often have we resolved to begin in earnest to serve our God. As often perhaps have we broken our resolutions. Then let us first begin in earnest, and afterwards resolve.

Nor is it any thing very hard or impracticable which our God requires of us; or any thing, in the performance of which he himself is not always ready to help us by his all-powerful grace. Only to love him above all things, as he every way deserves; and to hate and shun more than any other evil the sovereign evil of sin. Only, in a word, to sanctify our actions by the habitual intention of doing them all to his honour and glory, and in this manner, endeavour to improve all the moments of our precious time. Then shall our life be full. Then, *"whether we eat or drink, or whatever else we do, we shall then do all to the glory of God."* Thus, by making that use of our time, which God intends we should, we shall in the end secure to ourselves the reward which he has annexed to the right employment of it, the enjoyment of himself and a happy eternity.

A story is now going the rounds (says the *Catholic Telegraph*), that the Catholics in some town in Western New York, had a protracted meeting lately at which they burned all the Protestant Bibles in their possession!! The notion of Catholics holding a *Protracted Meeting* is quite new—it is very like the "hat off" story of Senator Duncan, or brother Witcomb's story about the dungeons.

We also perceive that some of our pious sectarian journals have republished a handbill which appeared in New York previous to the late election, on which a large black cross is represented, and which contains an invitation to Catholics to vote a particular ticket. It has been proved that this was an invention of the enemy to create an excitement against the Catholics. It is retailed nevertheless as a true story by those who thrive on falsehood.

Another holy man who styles himself "Pastor," though the appellation of "Wolf" would be more appropriate, warns the people against any commemoration of the birth of Jesus Christ. This was to be expected from a man whose church Catechism contains the four announcement, that "Christ was born in a stable of a mean woman"!!—We are proud of the enmity of a man who labels the Virgin Mary, that spotless being to whom the Arch-Angel was deputed who declared her "full of grace" and who declared himself in the language of inspiration—"Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." "It is a holiday, says Pastor, without any patriotic, moral, or spiritual use." The Angels who sang at the birth of Christ did not think so. We wonder would the Pastor be disedified if one of his Congregation was to present him with a sugar cured ham, or a fat Turkey; on that day? Would he turn up his eyes in holy horror and send back the proffered gift with an intimation that such things were calculated to "strengthen the influence of a church which took away the Bible and Salvation from a people, and gave them masses and shows and prayers in an unknown tongue"! Mr. Pastor will cut a sorry figure on the day of Judgment. He will scarcely come before the seat of the Great Judge and tell Jesus Christ to his face that his mother is a "mean woman."

THE CARRIER OF
‘THE CATHOLIC’
TO HIS PATRONS.

A good New Year I come to bid you,
And of a mite of cash to bid you;
A mite I'm sure you're not begrudging
For all my weary weekly drudging,
In bringing punctual to your door
Both civil and religious lore;
Nor think in me that ought is evil,
Although I'm staid the Printer's Devil,
By whom, and why? but by the rabble,
Because in printer's ink I dabble!
Which often smuts my Christian face,
And makes me seem no child of grace.
'Tis true I can with wizard skill
The sooty liquid change at will,
And make it speak beneath my roller,
As learnedly as any scholar.
But yet for this I've no pretension
To elixir art, 'tis man's invention.
But lest with too much talk I tease you,
And fearing ever to displease you,
I'll end my tale by wishing health,
And happiness, and lots of wealth,
To you, my Patron, much respected,
To whom my suit is now directed.

CALENDAR FOR 1843

	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
JANUARY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
FEBRUARY	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28				
MARCH	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
APRIL	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30						
MAY	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
JUNE	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
JULY	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
AUGUST	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
SEPTEMBER	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
OCTOBER	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
NOVEMBER	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
DECEMBER	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						

ECCLIESIASTICAL.

RUSSIA AUSTRIA & POLAND.

The Pontifical allocution on the Church in Russia has produced a great sensation in Austria, and not without reason; for the subjugation of the Catholic Church in Russia is but a move towards the accomplishment of designs of which Austria is to be the victim. In fact, the more closely the relations of the powers of Europe are examined, the more clearly will it appear that his Holiness, in denouncing the Russian despotism, has placed the Church in her true position—that of advocate of the liberties of universal Europe against the pernicious counsels which threaten not one but all, the nations of the West. The Austrian Government knows well that the agents and emissaries of Russia are labouring to bring over to their detestable schism the inhabitants of Galicia and Hungary. Numbers of liturgical and dogmatical works relating to the Russian worship have been disseminated among them; and one point specially treated of in these works is “the unity of the Greek Church under its universal and spiritual chief the *Csar*.” The danger which Austria apprehends from this insidious propagandism may be judged, when we state, that there are about sixteen millions and a half of Slavonians in Austria. Remonstrances have therefore, on this subject, been from time to time addressed to the Court of St. Petersburg, which of course denies all knowledge of its own doings, and the Austrian police has been zealous in its endeavours to counteract these daring designs. It is thought that the publication and diffusion of the allocution will have the good effect of rendering the Austrian-Slavonians less accessible to the allurements of the Russian tempters. Great numbers of the schismatical Greeks in these provinces are returning to the Catholic church, particularly in the province of Bukovina. On the 31st of last July, in the city of Tehernowitz, on the Pruth, no less than 72 families of husbandmen from the neighbouring village of Rosch, making altogether 349 souls, made profession of the Catholic faith in the Church of the United Greeks. The conversion of the whole village is expected.

On the other hand, the *Univers* of the 5th and 6th inst. gives an extract from a work in Polish, published in Paris two years ago, under the title of “Life of Thomas Ostrowski, late President of the Polish Senate,” in which the writer urges upon the Austrian Government her capability to defend Galicia against Russia, whenever Russia chooses to attack—the sympathies of the people being either Russian or Polish, and in no respect Austrian and the frontier and whole province being utterly destitute of military defence. The writer then enforces the policy of Austria giving up now, and with a good grace, a territory which she will otherwise soon be compelled to surrender to Russia, and making it the nucleus of an independent Polish Kingdom, which will serve her as a barrier against the designs of that empire of which Austria is destined to be a speedy victim.

The following extracts from recent letters in the *Leipzig Gazette* will show the religious tyranny of Russia is strictly impartial, and embraces Protestants as well as Catholics. We gave the substance of this document last week;

“The Government does not confine its persecutions against Catholicism. The Christians of the Greek Church are authorized to close immediately the churches and the Catholic schools in those communes where the Catholics have endeavoured to make proselytes. The Greek Church follows everywhere the same system. By another firman the Greeks not united are charged with all the repairs of the holy sepulchre and the church at Bethlehem. The Catholics are excluded from those churches. Russia makes a simultaneous attack on the Catholic and the Protestant Churches. In those provinces of the Baltic where the Protestant religion has predominated, since the treaty of Nystead, of September 1721, whilst the Greek Church is but a coterie, the children of Protestants are brought up in the Greek religion.

“The persecution of the Catholic Church in Poland every day increases. It has been expressly forbidden to make any repairs in the churches used for the Catholic worship without the special authorization of the Government, an authority which cannot be obtained without the greatest difficulty. This is as it was formerly the case in Turkey during the most fervent days of Islamism. The most insulting humiliations are heaped on the Catholics, even by the Government authorities, whilst any one who renounces Catholicism is loaded with favours and honours.”—*True Tablet*.

AUSTRIA.

Church and state have sustained a great loss in the person of the Bishop of Poelten [St. Hypolite] who is just dead. The learned and pious prelate had been entrusted with the task of revising the legislation of the empire in all Church affairs, and weeding out all the innovations of Joseph II. on matters of ecclesiastical discipline, which had given rise to so many grievances and complaints. The continuation of this work is to be entrusted to another high dignitary of the Church. “One cannot,” [says a correspondent of the *Union Catholique*, who dates Vienna, 24th October,] “but felicitate the Emperor, his minister, and the whole Austrian people on this return to the recognition of the Papal supremacy. Here is their true defence against the schismatical intrigues of Russia. It is by a sincere union under the shadow of the Apostolical Tiara, that the Western States of Europe will show themselves formidable and invincible by that Greco-Slavonian phantom of Unity which Russo-Tartary evokes from the tomb of the Lower Empire to intimidate and subjugate Asia and Europe.”—*ib.*

HOLLAND.

The consecration and reconsecration of several Catholic Churches are announced by the Dutch Catholic press. The old church of St. Catherine, at Utrecht (the see of St. Willebrod, the Apostle of Hol-

land) has been restored by the King, and was reconsecrated by the Bishop of Curium on the 25th of last August. The next day the same prolate entered the Grono (on the borders of Westphalia), was received with much pomp by a guard of honour, there consecrated a new church of St. Calixtus, administered confirmation to 945 children; then passed to Lichvoorde, where he confirmed about 1000 children; and thence to Zieuent, where he consecrated another new Church. On the 19th September the Bishop of Hrena consecrated the new church of Nederweert: a great number of Northern, Dutch and Belgian priests were present at the ceremony.—*ib.*

SPAIN.

This despotic Government, though less violent, is not less active than formerly. From Toledo we learn that a royal order has been issued to the chapter to furnish information as to the propriety of filling up all the vacant canonries, which are at least one-half the number. Apparently the Government hopes, by uncanonically forcing its own unworthy nominees into these vacancies, to secure a majority; and if so, the experiment would of course be repeated elsewhere, and with the most direful consequences. The importance attached by the Spanish Government to this thrusting its irregular nominees into ecclesiastical functions, may be seen by the following sentence, just passed (25th October), at Madrid, upon the courageous and Venerable Bishop of Canaries, who, for the simple fulfilment of his duty, is to be thrust into a dungeon for two years, to pay the costs of his prosecution, and in case of further acts of duty to be punished with additional rigour.

“This is our decision: We must and do declare that the Bishop of the Canary isles, D. Judas, Joseph Remo, has, in the documents addressed by him to the Regent of the kingdom, on the 16th of July and the 20th of August, 1841, been wanting, as a Spanish subject, in that respect and consideration for the laws which have been promulgated by the Cortes and Government ordinances. We declare at the same time that the said Bishop has stirred up disobedience to the Government and endangered public tranquility by instigating the metropolitan of Sevil to proclaim publicly, in unison with his suffragans, that the bishops elected for the vacant churches cannot be named vicars or ecclesiastical governors of those same churches by the Chapters of the Cathedrals. By so acting he has given an opportunity for inducing grievous evils, which would have been the results of his efforts had they been realized, inasmuch that many diocesses in the kingdom are respectfully governed by their prelates elect. Finally we declare that the Bishop of the Canaries excited his subordinates to oppose the execution of the laws, by making known to the superintendent of church property in the parish of Toror the opposition which he himself had given to the law of the 2nd of September, 1841, insinuating that the said superintendent should, on that account, hold himself not bound by the authority which had required the execution of the said law. Consequently, we

condemn the Bishop of the Canaries to two years confinement in whatever place may be appointed by Government, under the watchful care of the local authority; we condemn him, moreover, to pay the costs, for warning him that if he should fall again into the same excess of power he will be treated with more rigour," &c.

In other most scandalous ways, too, the persecution continues, particularly in the famine inflicted on the poor nuns. A letter from Seville states, that there is due from the Government to 536 nuns of that town 51 months' (four years and a quarter) allowance: i. e., three millions of reals; and though the superiors have this year pressed for payment, and the Government has, over and over again, pretended to order the payment of five instalments for this year, only two have been paid, and the poor nuns are literally destitute of daily bread to eat. At Brozis, in Estramadura, these poor victims are absolutely compelled to sell their shifts to procure a scanty supply of necessaries.

In Murcia a *progressist* journal calls the attention of the Government to their painful situation. "They suffer," it says, "all sorts of privations and many persons who formerly gave them credit for the necessaries of life will do so no longer, because the debt is becoming too heavy."

This is only one specimen of the condition to which the vile Government of Espartero is reducing unhappy Spain; universal misery and tyranny are the two legacies he has left her. In confirmation of this read the following from recent numbers of the *Peninsular*. "Not one class of society is content. All deplore the state of misery and despair in which the country is plunged. Robbery is the bond which unites the tyrants in the practice of their tyranny. All classes groan, victims of tyranny and pillage. All, more or less, are plunged in misery and desolation. The pensioners of the State, as well as the clergy, are reduced to beggary. All weep and demand with great cries a morsel of bread, and some have been seen to drop down in the streets dead with hunger. The army is without bread or clothes."

• • • It is impossible to see without indignation the torrent of calamities that inundates the country, the assemblage of atrocities that are committed every day, hour and minute. * * * A frightful emigration is going on in those provinces which contained the most elements of prosperity; the generous youth leave their dear country to seek in burning climes the bread and the labour refused them at home: towns and villages are abandoned by their inhabitants *en masse*, since they prefer to colonise Africa, or submit to the yoke of the monster Rosas, rather than endure the fatal and detestable domination of Espartero."—*Ib*

PORTUGAL.

The Lisbon correspondent of the *Times* has for some time past been amusing its readers with sundry apocryphal stories of the doings of Mgr. Cappaccini, and the progress of the negotiations between Rome and Lisbon. Mgr. Cappaccini is described as "a wolf in sheep's clothing," as a man outwardly devout and demure,

but in reality a mere intriguer, and working for the benefit of his principal—the Pope—upon the silly fears and propensities of female devotees. To make this story appear probable, we are told that the demands of Rome are demands of an ambition resembling that of Hildebrand, and that no good Portuguese can ever think of yielding to them. How far this representation is borne out by the fact, our readers may see from the following statement by the Lisbon correspondent of no friendly journal—the *Morning Herald*:—

"The relations between Portugal & Rome which it took so long to restore to a friendly footing, seem to be again on the eve of a rupture. The chief cause of this is that the Portuguese Government insist upon the confirmation of all the bishops nominated by it since 1833, and the Pope positively refuses to confirm some of them, to whom he objects on the score of their character, which indeed is so notoriously bad that it is a wonder how any government could ever think of promoting them to the episcopal dignity. On other points the nuncio, M. Cappaccini, has shown a willingness to compromise, but on this he declares he is instructed not to make the least concession. The Pope, in consideration of the reasons urged against the restoration to their respective sees of the Archbishop of Evora and the Bishop of Vissel, on account of the conspicuously active part they took in support of Don Miguel withdrew the demand he had made on behalf of those two prelates, and consented to the appointment of capitular vicars to act in their stead. This was a compromise to which he could conscientiously agree; but to sanction the nomination as bishops of men whose flagitious conduct has long been a public scandal to the world and a disgrace to their profession, is what M. Cappaccini has declared his master will never consent to do, whatever may be the consequence of his refusal. The end of this dispute, it is generally expected, will be that Cappaccini will be summarily packed off, as a former nuncio was, for similar reasons, by King Don John V. The great object of the Portuguese Government in seeking a reconciliation with Rome was to obtain the Pope's recognition of the present dynasty; and this point once gained, as it has been, they evidently care little for holding any further intercourse with his Holiness."

As a set off to the doubtful appearance of these negotiations, the *Univers* of Saturday last tells us, that "some churches are returning to their obedience by the appointment of new ecclesiastical governors, invested with the approbation of the Holy See. One of these governors (*evêque successeur*) has just taken possession of the church of Combar. The clergy, who have hitherto remained faithful, and even been persecuted for their fidelity, have offered up a solemn thanksgiving. Many dioceses have obtained the same benefit from the presence of Mgr. Cappaccini. This result alone should make us for ever bless the Providence that has brought the Nuncio to the Banks of the Tagus."—*Ib.*

The *Union Suisse* confirms the statement already published, to the effect that the Catholics in the Protestant cantons of Neuchâtel, Schaffhausen and Vaud enjoy, practically, a complete religious freedom.—*Ib.*

On the 15th ult., Mehemet Ali received at Alexandria, the Catholic Archbishop Salero, who was presented by the French Consul. His Grace returned thanks, on the part of the Pope, for the four alabaster columns sent to Rome for the Church of St. Paul.—(*Times* of Monday.)

ENGLAND:

These Plagued Priests!—At a missionary meeting, held at Preston the other day, it was boasted, that 32,605 anti-Catholic controversial tracts had been distributed in Australia. A most necessary proceeding on the part of that society, it was maintained, seeing that the wicked Papists had actually Christianized a vast multitude of natives! Another equally shameful proceeding on the part of these Papists at Antigua was exposed with becoming warmth. They had positively punished a paper containing an account of the conversion to popery of one Andrew Dunn, which statement differed very slightly from a paper, the chief weapon of the Protestant mission, describing the conversion from popery of another individual. There is really no knowing where to have these Roman Catholics. Why should any creed exist but those of the Pagans and the Protestants?

EXTRAORDINARY MIRACLE.

The *Union Catholique* of Monday last contains a letter dated Nice, 10th October, 1842, which relates a most extraordinary miracle that had just happened in that town, and of which the writer was an eye-witness. The circumstances are briefly as follows: we shall find room for the entire letter next week.—The young Countess de Maistre, 21 years old, daughter of the Governor of Nice grand-daughter of the Count de Maistre, and niece of the Duchess of Montmorency Laval, had for four months lived in almost continual sufferings, contractions, and spasms. The labors she had undergone in the convent of the Sacred Heart at Turin, where she was a novice, had caused a swelling in her feet. Leeches, unseasonably applied, had injured the nerves, and this, which was at first only a slight inconvenience, became at last a distemper of a very frightful character. One of her legs became contracted, bent back, and fixed in a strained unnatural position (*dans un état de flexion exagérée*), so that the knee became twisted, and the foot rested firmly and immovably on the hip. All this was accompanied by "frightful sufferings." Being unable to fulfil the duties of the monastery, her mother brought her home early in last July, "her life already despaired of, neither eating or sleeping, always in pain, able neither to walk nor sit, nor remain in bed." She got worse every day, in spite of the attentions of three excellent physicians, Drs. Roubaud, Secchaux, and Fornaire. "She had besides crises of convulsion; she would fall down on the ground, be covered with black marks, her eyes turned round in her head (*les yeux se tournaient*) and her arms grew benumbed. Moreover, her wounds began to mortify, and death was at hand." On the 6th October her sufferings were so dreadful that an eye-witness fainted at the sight. The day of her cure, four hours before the miracle, she was visited by two of the physicians, who examined the limb. "It was bent, twisted, swollen and of an extraordinary redness. The same evening the surgeon came to the house, and, seeing her, could not help saying, in the presence of all the world, 'There is no hope, I cannot work miracles.'" Such was the state of the patient which we have described pretty fully from the letter. A daughter of the Countess de Komar had great devotion for a Canon, Don Gaspard del Bufalo, who died in December, 1833, in the odor of sanctity, after having founded an

order of Missionaries of the Precious Blood, and worked miracles of all kinds during a laborious course of labors in Piedmont and Italy. Mlle. de Komar had, for some days past, persuaded Mlle. de Maistre to join her in a Novena, and in certain other devotions, towards this holy man. On the 8th October, at noon, in the midst of these devotions, Mlle. Komar urged to do so by a secret and irresistible power, commanded Mlle. de Maistre, in a loud voice, in the name of God, and by the merits of His servant, to do her utmost to stretch out her leg. 'Frances,' said she to her, 'stretch out your leg, try, try.' The patient did so move her leg, and, leaping from her bed, throw herself into her friend's arms, and cried out—'Nathalie, I am cured.' The physicians were at once sent for, and on examination, they found that the knee, lately ossified, was now sound and flexible. It was straight, smooth, white, and perfectly sound; on being repeatedly squeezed, it was perfectly free from pain, though the moment before she had not been able to bear the slightest touch of the linen. The cure occurred at half past three, p. m., and all the rest of the day Mlle. de Maistre continued on foot, receiving visits from the chief people of the place. The next morning she heard three masses, kneeling, and received the blessed sacrament with all her family. Afterwards she went to the hospital, and when the letter was written she was going about from bed to bed, visiting and consoling the sick. The particulars of this occurrence, with the depositions of the physicians, have been sent to Rome. The rumour of it has spread to Genoa, Turin, and through Piedmont, where it has caused the most lively emotion.

French Periodicals.—Periodical publication has increased to a remarkable extent in Paris within the last thirty years. From fewer than fifty in 1812, there are now (according to *La Presse*) 493, including 35 daily, 95 weekly, and 218 monthly. The rest are enumerated as—5 quarterly, 8 thrice a week, 31 twice a week, 8 three times a month, 4 six times a week, 2 every second day, 3 every fifth day, 2 every tenth day, 1 every half year, and 4 at irregular intervals. The prices vary from 120fr. to 24fr. per annum. 15 are devoted to religion (6 Protestant, 1 Israélite), 29 to jurisprudence, 27 to medical subjects, 14 to natural science, 22 to fashion, 4 to naval subjects, 10 to the drama, 4 to philosophy; 5 to moral subjects, 19 to matters of administration, 28 to education, 37 to literature, 1 to freemasonry, 25 to advertisements, 18 to agriculture and horticulture, 10 to the book-trade, 4 to mathematics, 4 to manufactures, 33 to trade, and 14 to music. [Mechanics not mentioned in the list.]

Catholic Churches in Catholic countries, as they should every where be.—A HISTORIC PROTESTANT.—"To the praise of the Papists be it said, no worldly distinctions or human rights of property, much less money-payment for places in a place of worship appear to enter into their imaginations. Their churches are God's houses, open alike to all his rational creatures without distinction of high or low, rich or poor. All who have a soul to be saved, come freely to worship. They have no family-pews, no seats for genteel souls, and seats for vulgar souls. Their houses of worship are not let out like theatres or opera-houses, Edinburgh kirks, for money-rents for the sittings. The public mind is evidently more religionized than in Protestant countries.

A Minister of the English Establishment, residing at Madras, passed a week in the beginning of July, at Pondichery, on his way to Quilon and to Trichinopoly. He visited the Catholic Bishop, Monsignor Bonnard, Vicar Apostolic, and expressed in strong terms the necessity of a reunion of the Anglicans with the Roman Catholics. He is an unmarried man, and wears a long dress.

The Minister *des cultes* in France has given orders that on Sundays and festivals the public works dependent on him, be suspended.

At a meeting of the congregation of Rites, held on the 24th September, the introduction of the beatification and canonization of the venerable servant of God, Joseph Maria Pignatelli, priest of the Society, of Jesus, was proposed. He was born in 1737, of a noble family, at Saragossa in Spain. He entered at an early age into the Society of Jesus, and after its suppression continued faithful to his vocation, having always lived with other members of the Society, till his death, which happened in 1811.

The Pope has presented 300 Roman dollars to the College of Schwytz.—*Cath. Herald.*

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, JANUARY 4, 1843.

DENS—AGAIN:

Or, as the Philadelphia Recorder quoted in the Toronto Church of the 30th December, is pleased to style the work. PARALITIC.

This is too precious a piece of calumnious abuse, got up against the Old Mother Church, not to deserve a conspicuous place among the picnic scraps and tawdry compilations, which, with the most sarcastic vituperations of government (the head of which is the head of that Church of which the Editor boasts himself to be the advocate), make up the bulk and body of his prosing, tedious and tiresome journal. We have seen Der's Theology unanswerably vindicated by the Catholic Clergy of Ireland, from the foul aspersions cast upon it by Protestant ignorance and malevolence. But what of that? Though at home the battle has been fought and won; the routed foes must renew the contest on this side of the Atlantic. Their chance, however, of victory is in their desperation. *Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.* And, indeed, considering the turn things are taking at head quarters, is it any wonder that they should raise the war whoop, and call on their Protestant brethren of every creed, caste and colour, *mongrel grim and mongrel gray*, to rally and unite together in one joint desperate effort to stay the onward march, and orderly, calm, majestic progress, of their common, most dreaded and detested enemy? *An dolus, an virtus.* Fair or foul play with them is all allowable in their promiscuous polemical warfare with the Romans. According to their Protestant Theology, the end always justifies the means. When argument is wanting, some tract peddled tale is substituted, some forgery; some Maria Monk story, some bold calumny or misrepresentation is ventured forth, to deceive their credulous, ignorant and gullible supporters. These are their weapons constantly shot forth from their sandy entrenchments and whimsically masked batteries. But, as the prophet sings of their vain assaults, "The arrows of children are their wounds; and their tongues against them are made weak." (Jos. xvii. 9) Or, as in the Protestant translation, Ps. 61, from beginning to end. As for the work in question, against which our Philadelphian Simon Pure, the Recorder, endeavours among his sham samity brethren to set up a fanatical roar; though it is singled out by Protestants as a sure sample of Papal teaching; we can assure the Protestant public that in the whole course of our own theological studies in France, Spain, Portugal and Italy, we never once heard of such a theological work, nor till we observed it attacked by the Orange, and defended by the Catholic press, in Ireland. In works on moral theology, it is as unavoidably necessary

to treat of the nature and different gradations of sin, or the maladies of the soul, that the spiritual physician may know how to prescribe against it; as it is indispensable in medicine to treat of bodily disease in all its various symptoms, in order to form a skilful bodily physician. In either case the study is a disagreeable one, but must be submitted to. And should the delicacy of any puritanical saint be shocked at such things, we would advise him to pass by certain passages even in holy writ, such as the fifteenth chapter of Leviticus; though he holds that the Bible in all its parts may, and should be read by every one, man, woman, and child; ignorant, alike as learned. Yet the milk is for babes, and the meat for the men.

Extract from a letter, dated

AYLMEH, December 21, 1842.

It will no doubt be gratifying to you to learn, that since the residence here of the Rev. Mr. Desautels, (a good Priest) that Catholicity has advanced rapidly. He has lately established the Temperance society, which even now numbers 500. Our church is a very neat one, although not quite finished; and in justice to our Protestant neighbours I must say we are much indebted to them for their assistance. A decided improvement has taken place in the moral and religious duties of the people, and I, a stranger nearly, have been much edified at the number of communicants every festival.

From the Montreal Times.

The columns of the *Herald* are the congenial resort of a class of correspondents, whose names and disguises, they have long skulked with impunity; and from whence they manfully assail, with venomous shafts, the ministers of religion.

They rarely attack the active and determined layman, who might be disposed to resort to similar weapons, dragging the slanderer from his obscurity, exposing his motives and punishing his presumption. The sport they pursue involves no prospective retribution.

They select, as their victims a class of men who studiously abstain from political contests—men who have forsaken all the allurements and enjoyments of social life—men who stand pledged by the most solemn and binding obligations to labour for others: and not for themselves.

The latest instance of this species of cool and deliberate calumny which has come beneath our notice, is one ushered into existence above the perverted name of Humanity

A writer in that journal, assuming the symbol of Humanity presents himself nominally as the advocate of the poor—in reality as the calumniator of the Catholic Religion—a creed which numbers as its votaries, with few exceptions, those who hold principles and opinions antagonistic to the *Herald*.

He orates with becoming sensibility upon the privations and miseries of the unemployed—the houseless, homeless poor. The severity of a cold, ungenial climate—the dearth of employment and the generous liberality of a particular society. It seems that Mr. Humanity became acquainted with an elderly lady, one of that race known in Ireland as proselytizing charity-mongers—and under her guidance he visits an Asylum for the poor—says the *Herald*: "Which has been provided by the St. George's Society, over the Free Chapel in Griffintown, where I found some fifteen or sixteen families, with about an ordinary number of children belonging to each, comfortably sheltered, warmed and clad, and apparently plentifully fed. The most perfect order and neatness pervaded the establishment, and I was informed that the sick were humbly visited by different benevolent physicians."

Far be it from us to question the benevolence of the St. George's Society, or the charities of Englishmen—our only feeling on this point is, that the name of Englishmen should be so often invoked in this Colony, and the merits of Englishmen so often questioned—when in truth they form so small a portion of the social community, that their influence

is almost unfelt, and their generous and high-minded notions of political power & personal liberty fail, to exercise their legitimate influence.

It is a source of deep regret that this Colony contains so few who can boast of English birth, and that the small number here are compelled to submit in silence and witness the prostitution of their name as British—at the shrine of a party who hold them in contempt as uncertain, if not dangerous, allies.

But the purpose of Mr. Humanity is served if he can parade the charities of the St. George's Society towards Protestants in juxtaposition with the Romans or Irish Roman Catholics. The pious mentor of Humanity having exhibited to him the perfect happiness of one set of paupers, must needs act as pioneer into a dark and noisome cellar, where she said "two Protestant children must be provided for."

Strange that "two children" should be consigned to a dark and noisome cellar, when the other Protestants were carefully fed, clothed and warmed! But, gentle reader, some excuse must be invented for the daring enterprise of visiting this cellar; and it is disclosed in the avowal that two Protestants were there to be found. Now, it is self-evident, that if only two Protestant children were in a cellar crowded with Romans, these Romans must have performed all those charities to the Protestant infants which Mr. Humanity and his female friend sought to ensure.

When a man ventures to tell a tale, there should be no discrepancies—no contradictions. The details should blend together, in order to shed an air of probability over the tale.

These two Protestant children are inaccurately introduced. Why were they in the "dark and noisome cellar" when an asylum over the Free Chapel in Griffintown had been secured "for sixteen families" with about an ordinary number of children? Surely two children could not be deemed an incubration, or absorb the funds of the society.

Reader! the motive is obvious. Mr. Humanity wished to draw a dishonest and disparaging contrast between the charities of English Protestants and Irish Catholics, he therefore adopts the cunning device of asserting that two Protestant children were in a "dark and noisome cellar," and thither his pious conductor must needs lead his, not to assuage the sufferings of the poverty-stricken Catholics, but in order to comfort the two Protestant infants.

We wonder who protected and fed them before Mr. Humanity's visit, if not these same Catholics.

According to his own accounts, he was not over a few feet in his investigations during his sojourn in the cellar. He says:

"I think there were other tenants of the hole but I am not certain, for the air of the room was so stifling as to remind me at once of the Black Hole of Calcutta, so famous in history for its speedy extinction of the prisoners that were committed to it, and I hastened out as soon as possible."

This writer has seen service: he asserts that the air of the cellar reminded him of the Black hole of Calcutta. What a life the man has led!

Yes you, hastened out of it, with all your humanity, careful of your precious person; because doubtless, you are some sublimated specimen of nobility, who never felt the wants and sufferings of poor humanity.

Your faithfulness as a narrator is only equalled by your selfishness. You said in the passage last quoted, that you hurried out of the room, uncertain as to the number or religion of the tenants of the noisome cellar. Let us hear what you say next:

"And who and what, will any one enquire were these wretched beings? I answer, they were all Irish Roman Catholics, whose husbands were either dead or had abandoned them. They had time and time again sought aid in vain of those whose duty it is to provide, as long as they have the means, for their temporal as well as their spiritual wants."

You assert that "they were all Irish Roman Catholics." Why, you must be a witch. You never staid in the cellar to ascertain the number of the inmates, yet you tell us in the next passage all about their nationality—their religion—and you actually descend to the particulars of married life, and state that the husbands of these destitute females had "abandoned them."

But, Mr. Humanity, did you take the trouble to inform yourself, that the Irish Catholics and Irish Protestants, long before you paid your Sabbath visit: had contributed money, food, and clothing, to relieve the desti-

tute, and thereby indirectly preserved the two English Protestant children claiming their protection, and that active and voluntary aid had been rendered by these same Irish as far as their means permitted.

As a prowler by profession in the haunts of wretchedness, the silent stream of charity flowing from sources however feeble, should not have escaped your observation. And ere you deliberately consigned a population by no means unimportant to the indignation of the world, you were bound in common honesty—as an act of justice towards all concerned—to inform yourself whether the Irish residents of this city had neglected the obvious and imperative demands of their forlorn and destitute fellow-countrymen.

As public journalists, we pronounce your statement incorrect—out of your mouth we condemn you as a presumptuous calumniator, a hasty and selfish investigator of the paupers' woes. Had you been more generous and persevering, you would have learned that even the humblest classes of the Irish, both Protestants or Catholics, had contributed to relieve the misery which you deplore.

But however ardent your zeal in the cause of religious regeneration, you disclose too palpably the motives which urge you into the congenial columns of the *Herald*.

You dislike the Roman Catholic religion and you find vent for your spleen in an attack upon all Catholics—but principally against the Priests and Nuns.

"It is, then, against the Roman Catholic community of this city that I bring my complaint. As communities, I suppose the Seminary and the different Numeries of this city, if not the richest, they are amongst the richest in the world. And for what has this vast wealth been put into the hands of these single gentlemen and single ladies? merely to secure their personal enjoyment and aggrandizement? I trow not. If the trust to them has not been trammelled by any conditions from men, it has from God."—*et alid*

How very humorously you allude to the "single gentlemen and single ladies," who merely "secure their personal enjoyment" by witnessing the agonies of the starving.

We know not how society at large may reish this jocular style, or how far they may sanction the vile ribaldry of a writer, who parades the priests and nuns of the Catholic church "as single gentlemen and single ladies"—but according to our perception of the meaning intended to be conveyed by those words—Mr. Humanity bids fair to rival the renowned Maria Monk. We view with abhorrence such atrocious attempts to rouse the religious animosities of the Irish Catholics—and we feel assured that no people imbued with common respect for their religion, or their religious instructors, will tamely stand by and suffer them to be traduced.

"Mr. Humanity" as a polemical disputant, should know that those who take holy orders in the church of Rome, solemnly abjure all private or personal interests—that they devote themselves to the service of their God and the cause of humanity—wherefore then should they be held up to ridicule and contempt, "as single gentlemen and single ladies?"

Our space forbids us to pursue this subject further—but the next time "Mr. Humanity" presents himself even in the columns of the *Herald*, we recommend him to select a more appropriate name.

The steamer *Britannia* lately arrived at Boston from Liverpool, bringing important news from India and China. The capture of Ghuznee and Cabul, in Afghanistan, is officially announced—the English prisoners released—and orders issued to the troops to evacuate the country.—Also, further successes of the British arms in China, and the conclusion of a treaty of peace with that power, of which the following are the most important provisions:

1. Lasting peace and friendship between the two empires.
2. China to pay 21,000,000 dollars in the course of the present and three succeeding years.
3. The ports of Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow-fon, Ning-poo, and Shanghai, to be thrown open to British merchants; consular officers to be appointed to reside at them; and regular and just tariffs of import and export (as well as inland transit) duties to be established and published.
4. The island of Hong Kong to be ceded in perpetuity of her Britannic Majesty, her heirs and successors.

5. All subjects of her Britannic Majesty (whether natives of Europe or India) who may be confined in any part of the Chinese empire, to be unconditionally released.

6. An act of full and entire amnesty to be published by the Emperor, under the Imperial sign manual and seal, to all Chinese subjects, on account of their having held service or intercourse with, or resided under, the British Government or its officers.

7. Correspondence to be conducted on terms of perfect equality among the officers of both Governments.

8. On the emperor's assent being received to this treaty, and the payment of the first instalment, 6,000,000 dollars her Britannic Majesty's forces to retire from Nanking and the grand canal and the military posts at Chimhai to be also withdrawn.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

For Sale, belonging to the heirs of the late JAMES DUNLOP, of Montreal, situated in the Gore, Talbot, Brock, London and Western Districts, viz :

No. of L.	Concession	Prov. ship.	District	Acres
13, 21, & 22	3	B. Verly	Gore	60
N 4 9	2	St. George	Brock	50
E 3 12	8	"	"	150
N 3 21	10	"	"	100
21	12	"	"	200
22	13	"	"	200
1819	7	W. B. Ham	Talbot	800
18 & 19	8	"	"	400
17, 18 & 2	13	"	"	600
12 & N 4 1	10	Carleton Place	"	300
15, 17, 18 & 19	2	Yarmouth	London	800
26 & 25	1	"	"	300
S. 4 11...	1	North Dorchester	"	100
3, 12, 13	2	"	"	100
15, 17, 19 & 22	2	"	"	100
11, 15, 16 & 19	3	"	"	800
15, 17, 19 & 20	4	"	"	800
16, 18, 19 & 21	5	"	"	800
19 & 20	6	"	"	400
8, 12 & 13	1	Romney	Western	600
13 & 14	2	"	"	1000
11, 15, 16 & 17 & 18	11 1/2	L. L. C.	Harwich	1000
14, 15, 16 & 17 & 18	11 1/2	P. P. C.	"	1000
7 & 9	1	W. S. L.	"	600
17 & 18	1	C. E. B.	"	400

13,200

The above Lands (which are owned by persons residing in Scotland) will be disposed of on most favorable terms, viz. —

One sixth of the purchase money to be paid down and the remainder in five or more annual payments as may be agreed on, with interest on the balance remaining due at each payment. Mr. Robert W. Snow, an authorized agent, will be at Hamilton, 9th January. Brantford, 13th do. London, 29th do. Chatham, 27th do. St. Thomas, 8th February.

to receive proposals for the above Lands and to close with purchasers.

Capitalists and Settlers will seldom meet with such an opportunity of obtaining land of the best quality, and situated in Townships which have the advantage of being old settlements, with good roads.

Any further information may be had on application (if by letter post paid) to Messrs. THOMAS & SPAFFORD KIRKPATRICK, Barristers, Kingston.

The Montreal Herald, Kingston Chronicle, Toronto Patriot and all newspapers published in Hamilton, Brantford, London, Chatham, St. Thomas and Simcoe will please insert the above once a week until 1st February next, and send a paper containing the advertisement and their accounts to the Messrs. Kirkpatrick for payment.

Kingston, 8th December, 1842. 13

CASH RECEIVED for the CATHOLIC
 Montreal—Rev. Mr. Richards, 7s 6d; Rev. Mr. O'Connell, 7s 6d; Rev. Mr. Arrand, 7s 6d; Mr. Rudgers, 15s; Mr. Coleman, 15s; Mr. J. Kelly, 22s 6d; Mr. Ward, 7s 6d; Mr. Collins, 7s 6d; Mr. Davy, 7s 6d.

N.B. If our agent at Montreal will turn to the Catholic of 20th April last, he will find the sum acknowledged he refers to in his letter. Moneys also have been remitted to us from Montreal, without the names of the subscribers annexed. This accounts for their not being published.

Aylmer—J. & R. McDonald, 12s 6d; John Foran, 7s 6d; Chas. McCarthy, 7s 6d; Jas. Smith, 7s 6d; J. Doyle, 15s.

PRO-SPECTUS

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 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-farmer 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 Mechanism. Each number will contain a GARDENERS and MECHANICS department, and in the spring and summer months a GARDENERS' 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.

CONDITIONS.

Each number will contain SIXTY-FIVE PAGES, and the work will be beautifully embellished with cuts, illustrating the different subjects on which it treats—making a volume of 192 large pages yearly, for the low price of ONE DOLLAR, free of postage, payable invariably in advance.

TERMS TO AGENTS.

Six copies will be sent for five dollars, if remitted at one time, free of postage. Thirteen copies for ten dollars, if remitted at one time as above. Seventy copies for fifty dollars if sent in remittances of not less than ten dollars at one time as above; and one hundred and fifty copies for one hundred dollars if remitted as above. The extra copies in all cases will be addressed to the Agent ordering the work, and the others to the Subscribers.

N.B. All Orders and Communications to be addressed to the Publisher W. G. EDMUNDSON, Toronto, Post Paid.

ORDERS FOR ENGLAND.

THE Subscribers are prepared to receive orders for Books published in Great Britain, to complete public or private Libraries. Orders received before 16th of January next, will be executed early in the succeeding Spring.

A. H. ARMOUR & CO.

ALMANACS for 1843

For sale by

A. H. ARMOUR & CO.

Hamilton, Dec. 16, 1842. 11

REMOVAL. PRIGG & MITCHELL

Have removed to their new premises, north east corner of King and James Sts., where they are now opening a fresh and extensive assortment of

DRUGS

which they will sell at very low prices for cash.

Hamilton, Dec 7, 1842. 13-6

A NEW ENTERPRISE

By the former Editor of the Saturday Evening Post and Saturday Courier. Comprising the fruits of twenty years experience in the Newspaper business; the aid of the most distinguished newspaper writers of the day; a valuable Foreign Correspondence; with troops of Literary friends, and the determination to publish a Newspaper for all classes, which SHALL NOT BE SURPASSED!

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM
 Of Knowledge, News, and Amusement.

A Family newspaper, neutral in politics—opposed to quackery, and devoted to the useful Arts, Education, Morals, Health and Amusement.

The Tales, Sketches, Narratives, Biographies, Essays, and poems, shall be of the first order—the best Productions of the best writers of the day. Also, articles on History, Astronomy, Chemistry and all the useful Arts, and Sciences, with a liberal portion of light reading, anecdotes, wit and humour, making a varied, rich, and mirth-inspiring Olio.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN.—Furnishing narratives of sterling adventures at sea, showing the courage and heroism of the bold Mariner, as He springs from his hammock and flies to the deck.

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 ENSEMBLEMENTS, 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.

COMMERCE.—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

Mrs. Lesho, Mr. Arthur, Mrs. Sigourney, 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 \$5 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, 1842. 13

CABINET, FURNITURE, OIL AND COLOUR WAREHOUSE,

KING-STREET, HAMILTON, Next door to Mr. S. Kerr's Grocer

MESSRS. 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 establishment 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, Pillar-sees, 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.

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