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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 II.

HAMILTON, [GORE DISTRICT] APRIL 6, 1842.

NUMBER 30.

## THE CATHOLIC

Is Printed and Published every Wednesday morning, at

No. 21, JOHN STREET.



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

Original.

### LAUDA, SION, SALVATORUM.

In sweetest strain now, Sion, sing  
The praises of thy Saviour king,  
And wide resound his fame!  
Exert thy skill the song to raise,  
Not all thy loudest, loftiest lays,  
Can match th' exalted theme.

The living and life-giving bread,  
With which the chosen twelve he fed,  
'Tis giv'n thee to extol;  
Exulting let each heart rejoice,  
While hymns and anthems fill the skies,  
And sound from pole to pole.

For now to mankind is renew'd  
The memory of their mystic food  
In wondrous banquet spread;  
The Christian's path: each Jewish rite,  
As shadows fly before the light,  
At Truth's bright dawn has fled.

"Henceforth, in memory of me,  
"What I have done [Christ said] do ye,"  
At supper as he sat.  
Empow'rd thus by his word divine,  
Into himself the bread and wine  
We're taught to consecrate.

Into his flesh the bread is chang'd;  
The wine into his blood, that cleans'd  
The guilt-stain'd human race.  
Should sense her wonted aid deny,  
To ascertain this mystery,  
Firm faith assumes her place.

Nought but the outward form is seen;  
Its slender veil is left to screen  
His Person unreveal'd.  
His flesh our food: our drink his blood;  
Though he his two-fold nature shroud  
Beneath each form conceal'd.

Him none can bruize, divide, or maim;  
For ever now his glorious frame  
Impassible remains.  
Him one receives: a thousand may:  
Nor he has less—nor more have they—  
Each him entire retains.

Both saints and sinners him receive;  
The first are bid on him to live,  
The last are doom'd to death.  
When priests the sacred host shall read,  
Remember that his whole contain'd  
Each smallest part beneath.

Not he, 'tis but th' external sign  
That broken lies; his form divine,  
His size and shape's the same.  
Behold the Children's sweet repast:  
Angelic fare: not to be cast  
To dogs: no food for them.

This myst'ry was of old reveal'd  
To Israel; though in part conceal'd,  
Behind the typic cloud:  
In holy Isaac sacrific'd,  
And Paschal Lamb, it was disguis'd,  
And manna's wond'rous food.

Jesus, our gracious shepherd, tend,  
Feed here thy flock, and safe defend,  
Till death hence set us free.  
With thee aloft to wing our flight,  
And mingle with the legions bright  
Of saints, who reign with thee!

## THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION DEMONSTRATED DIVINE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

### NUMBERS.

This Book describes the transactions of the Israelites from the second month of the second year, after their going out of Egypt, until the beginning of the 11th month of the 40th year; that is, a history of almost thirty-nine years:—*Douay Bible*.

CHAPTER i. v. 4.—"And there shall be with you the princes of the tribes, and of the houses in their kindreds." God, in ordering his chosen people to be numbered, appoints to every tribe its prince. All is orderly and well organized in the camp of Israel. There are no *independents* or *insubordinates* there. Every one owns his chief appointed by God himself. "How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Jacob! and thy tents, O Israel!"—exclaimed Balaam, when viewing at a distance this army of the Lord encamped by their tribes. "For the spirit of God rushing upon him," compelled him to bless and praise those whom he had come to curse.—Numb. xxiv. 2, 5. Yet this orderly people in all their tribes, under the special protection and guidance of the Most High; whose will is explained to them by Moses and Aaron; by his organs and deputies, their legal priesthood; still following his ark and tabernacle in all their wanderings in the desert; fighting under their several chiefs, and tending onwards to the promised land; were but a figure of the Saviour's church. She, too, like a well-regulated army, under the direction of her divinely appointed leaders, is conducting her people through the desert of this world towards their true land of promise, their heavenly home. Her enemies all fly, or fall before her. And they, like Balaam, who are hired to curse her, are still compelled to declare her blessed. She is always found by these, "that people which dwells alone, and which shall not be reckoned among the nations."—xxiii. 9. Ye are not of this world, says her divine founder to his followers. It is of her that the Saviour speaks thus, in the person of the beloved, in the canticle of Canticles:—"Who is she, that cometh forth as the morning rising; fair as the moon; bright as the sun; terrible as an army in battle array.—"

Canticos vi. 9. *Fair as the moon*, reflecting mild, in the midst of our mental darkness, the light of divine truth, shed full upon her—(raised above all the obscuring fogs of this earth)—by the sun of justice. *Bright as the sun*, which cannot be hid but from those who shut their eyes against her bright effulgence; for "the children of darkness cannot bear the light." *Terrible as an army in battle array*; for all in her is orderly, uniform, and perfectly disciplined; ever ready at all points for defence or attack. In her all hear and obey the voice of her commanders.—Luke x. 16. There is no confounding insubordination, as in the ranks of her enemies; where the lowest subaltern has as great a right to direct or command, as the general in chief, and may fight or fly in whichever way or whenever he pleases. In her, all is unity and concord; with others, all is discord and division. She is one indivisible. My dove is one, says the beloved. "My perfect one is one.—She is the only one of her mother; (the Jewish synagogue) the chosen of her that bore her."—Cant. vi. 8. See is one body in which every member performs its own proper functions, without usurping those of others. In her, "the eye cannot say to the hand, I need not thy help; nor the head to the feet, I have no need of you;" whereas, among her opponents, all is eye—all is ear—all is tongue—all is, or may be, whatever member you please; but no body.—1 Cor. xii. 19. Thus is the chaste spouse of Christ seen by all, as the beloved himself describes her, coming up from the desert; flowing with (spiritual) delights; leaning upon her beloved—Cant. viii. v.—depending upon his promises; "that the gates of hell should never prevail against her; that his spirit, the spirit of truth, should teach her all truth; and that he himself should be with her at all times, even to the end of the world.

Verse 40;—The Levites were not numbered with the rest of the children of Israel. They were the figurative priesthood, like Messiah's priesthood, "taken from among men, and appointed for man, in the things that appertain to God."—Heb. v. 1.

Chapter iii.—To the Levites also different charges are here assigned. All among them were not equal, as persons are in most of our reformed sects.

Chapter v. 6.—"Say to the children of Israel: when a man or a woman shall have committed any of all the sins that men are wont to commit; and by negligence shall have transgressed the commandment of the Lord; and offended; they shall confess their sin, and restore the principal itself, and the fifth part over and above to him against whom they have sinned."

Here, in scripture, is formally established the obligation of confessing our sins. Where in scripture is this obligation as formally abrogated? Our Saviour, on the contrary, has assured us, that he came, not to abolish but to fulfil the law.

Verse 17.—"And he (the priest) shall take holy water in an earthen vessel, and he shall cast a little earth of the pavement of the tabernacle into it."

They who scoff at the use of *holy water* in the Catholic church, scoff at the ordinance of God himself. How strange their inconsistency! While they affect to ground their several sects on scripture only, they abolish and deride every scriptural ceremony adopted from the beginning in the christian church, as allusive to the redeeming merits and sanctifying grace of the Saviour.

To the trial of jealousy described in this chapter, Almighty God seems to have annexed a miraculous efficacy, to distinguish the innocent from the guilty, by protecting from harm the former, and punishing the latter. The oblation of jealousy was not of wheaten flour, but of barley meal, without oil or frankincense; because it was a sacrifice of jealousy; not of a pure, a holy, or deprecatory nature.

Original.

## ON THE SOUL.

Know'st thou th' importance of a soul immortal?  
Behold this midnight glory, worlds on worlds;  
Amazing pomp! Redouble this amaze,  
Ten thousand add and twice ten thousand more;  
Thou weigh the whole: one soul outweighs them  
all;

And calls th' astonishing magnificence  
Of unintelligent creation poor.

*Young's Complaint, Night 7th.*

When I look into myself, and take a view of my own soul; when I consider all her excellent qualities and final destination, I cannot help feeling for myself a certain respect and esteem, which hinders me from doing anything below the dignity of my nature. When my mind has risen to this pitch of thought, if I look abroad among my fellow creatures, and consider them in all the variety of rank and condition, I am apt to think we are all children of one common Father: and that although our present inequality, if rightly understood, be necessary for the preservation and harmony of society; when we are called from our temporary exile to our eternal home, there will be no difference made between the haughty statesman and the humble artisan, the king and the beggar. Full of this idea, I can look upon the greatest monarch as my brother, and the meanest slave as mine equal; without either admiring the grandeur of the one, which is but like the sunny cloud, that fleets with the wind and disappears, or despising the meanness of the other, an imaginary stain, which death will wipe away: I consider in each only that immortal part of man, the soul, which in both is equally great and equally noble.

And indeed what a grand idea does it not give us of the soul, to think that even now, while shut up in the prison of the body, and not suffered to exert all her native energy, she can trace back the events of the most distant ages past, and behold them as present. She can look into futurity, and by rational conjecture foresee what is to happen. She can follow out the thread of human sciences and unravel the most knotty difficulties. Or, if she disdains to confine herself to this earth, she can with Newton wing her flight to the stars; run over the vast expanse of the firmament, contemplate those huge unwieldy bodies; those numberless luminous or illumined orbs, which the hand of the Almighty has scattered through the void; and with the rapidity of imagination she can trace their course in all its velocity. In less than the twinkling of an eye she can overleap the bounds of finite space, and lose herself in the contemplation of the Deity.

There is nothing created, so great, but her imagination can grasp: so perfect, to which she cannot add some new perfection. She even seems in some sense to partake of the divine attributes. Her reason is an emanation of the wisdom of the Creator; her benevolence and charity of his goodness; her love of virtue and abhorrence of vice, of his sanctity and justice; her sense of honor and contempt of whatever is base and mean, of his personal dignity. It is this that impresses on her mind the sense of shame, and makes

her even internally blush, when by any vile action she has degraded her innate dignity. In fine, by being immortal, she, as far as a creature can, divides eternity with the Supreme Being.

Had the soul of man been doomed over to fall back into her ancient nothing, it would have been impossible for God himself to have completed her happiness.—Nothing but the eternal enjoyment of himself was capable of filling up the immense capacity of her desires. Give her all the delights imaginable, allow her bliss to be infinite, save in its duration; the reflection that it all must come to nought, is alone capable of embittering all the sweets of her otherwise perfect felicity. Nay, the more exquisite you suppose her happiness, the greater her reluctance to part with it must be: and God, by adding to her bliss, would in effect only augment her misery. She would view in despair the fatal boundary of her existence, and shudder at the dreadful thought of annihilation:

Did we frequently endeavor by such reflections as these to keep up in ourselves a proper sense of our own intrinsic worth and dignity, we would scorn to busy ourselves so much in the vain pursuits of the momentary and imperfect enjoyments of this earth; but turning our backs on time, and carrying our view beyond the grave, we would make the goods of eternity the sole object of our hope and desire.

O eternity! what is time, or all that is created and that passes with time, if compared with thee! A mere atom dropped from the hand of the Almighty within the immensity of thy sphere; an airy bubble blown up, on the bosom of thy depth which must shortly burst and dissolve into nought. Towards thee am I carried on the wings of time. The scenes of my past life seem but a dream. I see this world passing before me like a phantom: and nothing is permanent here below, nor can my soul any where find rest, till death break the bonds of my mortality asunder, and set her free to wing her flight to those mansions of never ending bliss, which God has prepared for his faithful servants.

**ERECTION OF A CATHOLIC CHURCH IN WINDSOR.**—A richly endowed Roman Catholic Chapel is shortly to be erected at Windsor, for the special accommodation of the Roman Catholics, who are now, or may hereafter be, attendant on her Majesty. This will be very welcome news to foreign princes and ambassadors, &c., of the Catholic faith, who have hitherto been obliged, while the court is at Windsor, to go to Clewer-Green. The Queen of the Belgians, particularly, who was put to great inconvenience last year, will be glad of this. The living is to be in the gift of her Majesty the Queen, with the approval of the Vicar Apostolic of the London District. The curate will be a French priest.—*London Sun.*

**CONFIRMATION AT SHREWSBURY.** On Sunday, December 19, the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh administered the holy sacrament of Confirmation to forty-seven members of the Catholic congregation of this town, twenty-seven of whom were converts.

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, APRIL 6.

As the Feast of St. George, the Patron of England, is at hand, the following authentic account of him, from *Butler's Lives of the Saints*, will doubtless be acceptable to our readers:

## SAINT GEORGE, MARTYR.

About the year 303.

SAINT GEORGE is honored in the catholic church as one of the most illustrious martyrs of Christ. The Greeks have long distinguished him by the title of The Great Martyr, and keep his festival an holy-day of obligation. There stood formerly in Constantinople five or six churches dedicated to his honour; the oldest of which was always said to have been built by Constantine the Great; who seems also to have been the founder of the church of St. George, which stood over his tomb in Palestine. Both these churches were certainly built under the first Christian emperors. In the middle of the sixth age, the emperor Justinian erected a new church, in honour of this saint, at Bizanes, in Lesser Armenia: the emperor Mauritius founded one in Constantinople. It is related in the life of St. Theodorus of Siceon, that he served God a long while in a chapel which bore the name of St. George, had a particular devotion to this glorious martyr, and strongly recommended the same to Mauritius, when he foretold him the empire. One of the churches of St. George in Constantinople, called Manganes, with a monastery adjoining, gave to the Hellespont the name of the Arm of St. George. To this day is St. George honoured as principal patron or tutelary saint by several eastern nations, particularly the Georgians. The Byzantine historians relate several battles to have been gained, and other miracles wrought through his intercession. From frequent pilgrimages to his church and tomb in Palestine, performed by those who visited the Holy Land, his veneration was much propagated over the West. St. Gregory of Tours mentions him as highly celebrated in France in the sixth century. St. Gregory the Great ordered an old church of Saint George, which was fallen to decay, to be repaired. His office is to be found in the sacramentary of that pope, and many others. St. Clothildis, wife of Clovis the first Christian king of France, erected altars under his name; and the church of Chelles, built by her, was originally dedicated in his honor. The ancient life of Droctovæus mentions, that certain relics of St. George were placed in the church of St. Vincent, now called St. Germaris, in Paris, when it was first consecrated. Fortunatus of Poitiers wrote an epigram on a church of St. George, in Mentz. The intercession of this saint was implored especially in battles, and by warriors, as ap-

pears by several instances in the Byzantine history, and he is said himself to have been a great soldier. He is at this day the tutelary saint of the republic of Genoa; and was chosen by our ancestors in the same quality under our first Norman kings. The great national council, held at Oxford in 1223, commanded his feast to be kept a holyday of the lesser rank throughout all England. Under his name and ensign was instituted by our victorious king Edward III. in 1330, the most noble Order of Knighthood in Europe, consisting of twenty five knights, besides the sovereign. Its establishment is dated 50 years before the knights of St. Michael were instituted in France by Lewis XI; 80 years before the Order of the Golden Fleece, established by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy; and one hundred and ninety before the Order of St. Andrew was set up in Scotland by James V. The emperor Frederick IV. instituted, in 3470, an Order of knights in honour of St. George; and an honourable military Order in Venice bears his name.

The extraordinary devotion of all Christendom to this saint, is an authentic proof how glorious his triumph and name have always been in the church.—All his acts relate, that he suffered under Dioclesian, at Nicomedia. Joseph Assemani shews, from the unanimous consent of all churches, that he was crowned on the twenty-third of April. According to the account given us by Metaphrastes, he was born in Cappadocia, of noble Christian parents. After the death of his father, he went with his mother into Palestine, she being a native of that country, and having there a considerable estate, which fell to her son George. He was strong and robust in body, and having embraced the profession of a soldier, was made a tribune or colonel in the army. By his courage and conduct he was soon preferred to higher stations by the emperor Dioclesian. When that prince waged war against the Christian religion, St. George laid aside the marks of his dignity, threw up his commission and posts, and complained to the Emperor himself of his severities and bloody edicts. He was immediately cast into prison, and tried, first by promises, and afterwards put to the question, and tortured with great cruelty; but nothing could shake his constancy. The next day he was led through the city and beleagued. Some think him to have been the same illustrious young man who tore down the edicts when they were first fixed up at Nicomedia, as Lactantius relates in his book, On the Death of the Persecutors, and Eusebius in his history. The reason why St. George has been regarded as the patron of military men, is partly upon the score of his profession, and partly upon the credit of a relation of his appearing to the Christian army in the holy war, before the battle of Antioch. The success of this battle proving fortunate to the Christians, under Godfrey of Bouillon, made the name of St. George more famous in Europe, and disposed the military men to implore more particularly his intercession. This devotion was confirmed, as it is said, by an apparition of St. George to our king,

Richard I. in his expedition against the Saracens: which vision, being declared to the troops, was to them a great encouragement, and they soon after defeated the enemy. St. George is usually painted on horseback, tilting at a dragon, under his feet; but this representation is no more than an emblematical figure, purporting, that by his faith and christian fortitude, he conquered the devil, called the dragon in the Apocalypse.

Though many dishonor the profession of arms by a licentiousness of manners, yet, to show us that perfect sanctity is attainable in all states, we find the names of more soldiers recorded in the martyrologies than almost of any other profession. Every true disciple of Christ must be a martyr in the disposition of his heart, as he must be ready to lose all and to suffer any thing, rather than to offend God. Every good christian is also a martyr, by the patience and courage with which he bears all trials. There is no virtue more necessary, nor of which the exercise ought to be more frequent, than patience. In this mortal life we have continually something to suffer from disappointments in affairs, from the severity of the seasons, from the injustice, caprice, peevishness, jealousy, or antipathy of others; and from ourselves, in pains either of mind or body. Even our own weaknesses and faults are to us subjects of patience. And as we have continually many burdens, both of our own and others, to bear, it is only in patience that we are to possess our souls. This affords us comfort in all our sufferings, and maintains our souls in unshaken tranquillity and peace. This is true greatness of mind, and the virtue of heroic souls. But alas! every accident ruffles and disturbs us; and we are insupportable even to ourselves. What comfort should we find, what peace should we enjoy, what treasures of virtue should we heap up, what an harvest of merits should we reap, if we had learned the true spirit of christian patience? This is the martyrdom and the crown of every faithful disciple of Christ.

Our well-wishing neighbor, the Editor of the Gazette, in his No. of the 5th inst. complains that, in addressing him, we use no complimentary, or respectful terms. We invariably do so towards the polite, the well-mannered and well-meaning of our kind. But who is this worthy claiming a right to be treated by us as a gentleman, a scholar, or a sincere advocate of the truth? One who dubs us all over with his vituperative nicknames of the most criminal and degrading import; such as *Idolators, Superstitious, worshippers* of the saints and angels, more than of God himself; nay, and *adversers* even of stocks and stones, the inanimate works of human hands! one who never styles us by our proper and well known names and titles, *Catholic, or Roman Catholic*; but who continually spits out against us the derisive appellations invented by the meek and modest authors of Protestant discordancy; the sharp and frothy hissings of the vexed snake in sight of its pursuers; such as *Papist, Popish, Papistical, Romish, Monkish, &c.*, preferring all the spiteful

ists and ishes of the snaky fiend, to the unoffensive epithets, and long-established terms, used by all but ignorant and ill-bred bigots, in their literary intercourse with each other. And this insulting scribbler of the dark and dangerous craft, who from his obscure nook in Hamilton, like a toad in his hole, mocks at the church of all ages and nations, would have us return him respectful compliment for his uncalled for abuse; and doubtless thank him for so gratuitously annoying us. A few words more with him, and we have done with him for ever.

"We have broadly stated our belief (says he,) that the priests of the Catholic church of England, (the Catholic church of England!!!) have power by their office, and apostolical succession, to give full absolution."—And yet he has labored to prove that no priest can absolve from sin!!! So much for his consistency. What a fury the blind bigot is in at the creed of pope Pius the 4th which he understands not!—That it is an article of the Catholic's faith, that perfect contrition frees from sin, without confession, we refer him to the 4th chapter of the 14th session of the Council of Trent. But as no one can be absolutely certain, without a special revelation from God, whether he is worthy of love or hatred—Eccl. ix. 1—recourse, when possible, must be had to the ordinary means appointed by Christ of being absolved, or freed from our sins. The lepers were always directed by him, though he could have cured them himself, to go and show themselves to the priests. And this is even the ordinance in the English church.

The praises given to his low Reformers for the breach of their solemn vows, are worthy of their admirers. Luther's doctrine on matrimonial purity cannot but edify them, when preaching he was heard to say, —*SI NON VULT UXOR, VENIAT ANCIILLA—If the wife refuses, let the maid come.* In this chaste spirit, did he, and his truckling compeers, Bycer, Melancton and others, the most celebrated theologians of his new school, grant a formal licence to Phillip the Landgrave of Hesse, to marry, according to the gospel, and keep, along with his first wife, a second, more young and buxome one. How different was the conduct of the Roman Pontiffs, who, rather than sanction the libidinous propensities of Henry VIII., allowed him and his kingdom to be separated from the Catholic church—a circumstance which gave birth to the Protestant church of England.

In the Council of Toledo, the difference between *uxor* and *concubina* was only this, that by the then existing law of Spain, the children of the *uxor*, or wife, of equal condition with the husband, succeeded to the rank and property of the parents; but not those of the party styled *concubina*, a term at the time, indicating one of low or menial extraction. The canon of the Council alluded to, was made to do away with so unnatural a distinction. The other authority quoted, is an honest Protestant forgery.

Gavin's Protestant is but a repetition of Connyer Middleton's wonderful discov-

eries, who, not seeing, as he might, any thing similar to the Catholic ceremonies in the bible, those instituted by God himself, such as holy water, incense, images, the golden cherubim, the miracle working brazen serpent, &c., concluded that Catholics had borrowed all their ceremonies from the Pagans.

Now, we perceive that all this lengthy lumber is raked together and thrown in our way, not for any useful or instructive purpose, but merely, in the sworn spirit of the anti-Catholic craft, for our interruption and annoyance. We shall therefore henceforth pass by unnoticed all the abusive epithets which our Hamiltonian Polomic may bring against us. He can advance nothing unknown to us from his Sectarian mint, and which has not been a thousand times unanswerably refuted. We have, as we said before, a higher and more important duty to perform, than to waste our time arguing with such an unfair and fitful antagonist.

*Hamilton Post Office arrangement.*—We are authorised to state that, from this day to the end of the season of navigation, there will be a delivery from the Post Office every evening, (Sunday excepted) after the arrival of the mail steamer from Toronto.

By an alteration in the hour of leaving Queenston, the American mail in future will arrive about 5 o'clock p.m. in Hamilton.

By these arrangements the public will have the advantage of receiving letters and papers, in the evening, instead of the morning, as heretofore.

We also learn, that the mail by Steam from Quebec and intermediate places, for Hamilton, and the West, will not be detained at Toronto, as was the case last season, but despatched forthwith to its destination.—*Journal and Express.*

A case of gross fraud came under the notice of the Collector of Customs at this port, a short time since, with which the public ought to be made acquainted. A quantity of ground coffee was loaded at Toronto under a permit from one of the Collectors on the Niagara river, and on making enquiry it appeared that something under 400 lbs of roasted coffee and about 2000 of roasted peas had been imported from the United States, and manufactured on this side into an article called coffee, &c. on which some of our country friends may be regaling themselves while we pen this statement.

Our neighbors have long been in the habit of supplying our market with coffee manufactured from roasted peas, but since the new Custom duties act has come into force it has become an object to give the grinding of the article to the Canadians.—*Toronto Examiner.*

The *Bathurst Courier* states that Mr. Kingston of the Bedford mine, has discovered a very favorable line of road between Kingston and Perth, distance not exceeding 56 miles, and passing near the lead mine, which is 28 miles from Kingston. By the present road to Perth it is 98 miles from Kingston. Mr. Kingston has prepared a diagram of the Country, which he intends to lay before the Government.—*Whig.*

## WAR BETWEEN MEXICO AND TEXAS.

New Orleans papers of the 16th inst. bring stirring intelligence from Texas.—A Mexican army said to be 14,000 strong, under General Arista, had crossed the Rio Grande, and detachments from it had taken San Antonio, Goliad and Victoria, without opposition. General Burleson had collected a body of 1200 men for the defence of Austin, and the whole population of Texas was rapidly gathering in arms to resist the invaders. The first battle was expected to be on the Colorado. An armed steamboat was ready to sail from Galveston, with a schooner and sloop to hover around the coast and intercept supplies.

President Houston had issued a proclamation, summoning the people to the contest.

Two commissioners from Texas had arrived at New Orleans, probably to beat up for recruits and solicit donations.—*Adv.*

*ATTACK ON THE MONASTERY OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.*—The Phare du Leman states that the Monastery of the Great St. Bernard was lately attacked, during the night, by fourteen brigands.—The fathers, according to this report, defended themselves with great courage, let loose their dogs, and killed five of their assailants. They had, however, to deplore the loss of their Prior, with three of their servants and several dogs.

*A GLORIOUS RESULT.*—It is stated that in Ireland, during the last two years, no less a sum than £477,000 (being about 32 per cent of the whole) has been struck out of the Irish spirit duty alone, by the efforts of Father Mathew!

The new church now erecting on Brixton-hill, in the parish of Streatham, has no less a display of Popish emblems than four large gilt crosses on the exterior, besides another one of brick work.—*English Paper.*

At a meeting held the other day, at Westbromwich, for the formation of a branch of the Catholic Institute, the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer read an extract from a letter addressed to him by a student in the University of Cambridge, announcing that Puseyism had taken root and was spreading there.—*Id.*

*PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN THE SOUTH SEAS.*—We have often heard golden tales of the thriving condition of these things. The following extract from a friendly colonial journal will show that the missionaries employed in them have thriven tolerably well, at all events:—"THE ORIGINAL MISSIONARY. Mr. Oakes, one of the first missionaries to Australasia, has reached to so advanced an age, that his affairs have been placed by the Supreme Court in the charge of his family. He was, we believe, the first who resided at Tahiti, and subsequently was stationed at the Friendly and other islands of the Polynesian archipelago. He was universally esteemed a great favorite with the different governors, from Capt. King onwards; and by his honest industry (!) amassed a large fortune, upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, being to be divided among the family! Mrs. Hutchinson, wife of the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, of this place (Wesleyan missionary,) will possess considerably above ten thousand pounds!,"—*Australasian Review.*



**THE WANTS OF THE AGE.****MORAL CULTURE.**

It is worthy of remark that the present age has learned what no preceding age seems to have known, that stability of government and the happiness of society, are greatly dependant upon national morality.

The historical illustrations of this doctrine are most melancholy and painful. In various ages have legislators and philosophers devised systems of government, which, one after another, have been adopted, found wanting, and fell to decay. Egypt—Assyria—Greece—Carthage—Rome! where are these. They have perished like the visions of a night that is passed!—perished for the lack of popular virtue; and from their sepulchres is heard the voice of wisdom and warning.

Every form of government has, alike, been the victim of popular corruption—but the progress of decay has been rapid in exact proportion to the popular elements incorporated into each; so that, while the general lesson of decay is sufficiently awful, its special application to a government and institutions so popular as ours, is yet more impressive!

Coincident with the teachings of history are the maxims of modern political science, which inform us that in the book of God's Revelation to man are contained the only principles that can ensure national stability and happiness.

Here then we find the united claims of patriotism and philanthropy presented to us in the most impressive manner by the condition of our fellow men. The necessity of moral culture is also demonstrated by some of the peculiarities of American character: for example by that sordid propensity which is continually driving us into all kinds of enterprize and money-making speculations, and which has attracted the regard of travellers from abroad as a national trait.

Urged on by the national passion the multitude gather about the altar of mammon, while the altars of the living God are deserted or desecrated. The great golden image commands almost universal idolatry. We seem to be impelled by the same spirit that moved the Alchemists of the middle ages: and not the ardor which inspired these enthusiastic explorers of the arena of nature along the thorny path of their investigations exceeded that which animates the mass of our fellow citizens.

Behold the strength and danger of this base passion for wealth manifested in its influence upon our modes of education.

In most of our literary institutions its influence is sadly visible. Every branch of study is estimated by its connexion with the grand business of accumulation, a connexion which we every day hear mentioned under the name of "practical value," a cant expression that has consigned many a noble science to vulgar contempt, and many a god-like genius to starvation. Hence the common enquiry of what benefit is Latin and Greek? Why study abstract sciences, or mathematics beyond vulgar fractions? As though learning and intellectual discipline were to be valued by the pebble-table, or measured

by one's purse strings! as though the sole design of education were to convert a man's mind into a machine like a mill, into one end of which is to be forced the bullion of knowledge, to come out dollars at the other.

Many an undertaking fully equal to this dollar and dime theory is perfectly unable to discover the worth of those sciences which lie at the very bases of civilized society, and which furnish most of the refined and exalted pleasures of life.

We cannot forget, however, the circumstances in our political condition which give rise to this money-loving spirit. These circumstances are that unfettered freedom of thought and action, which allows every mind unlimited range of invention, and every hand unmeasured liberty of performance: that absence of the distinctions of rank and birth which always renders more honorable the distinctions of wealth; that boundless field of enterprise, and those inexhaustible materials of profitable labor, which are the peculiar gifts of a new world, and finally, that wonderful spirit of combination,—of applying science to practical purposes, by which the age is so strongly marked.

These circumstances who would change? But who does not see that to counteract them all will require a moral energy of no small degree, a moral effort of no ordinary power? Moral culture alone can do this.

In our prevailing system of education, in the great efforts that are now making to influence the minds of men, there prevails an enormous error—the neglect of that part of the mental constitution which is called the heart—the moral affections.

By a very large class of society the intellectual powers alone, are deemed fit subjects of cultivation; and therefore the understanding, the memory, the imagination, and the taste are carefully educated, while every wild passion that degrades and debases, is left to flourish in native luxuriance.

This error, whose selfish and unphilosophical character I will endeavour to show, demands from the friends of the race increased exertions in the cause of moral education.

The error is selfish inasmuch as it attends solely to the happiness of the individual, and takes no thought for society at large. It assumes the proposition that the pupil is made happy by intellectual culture, well knowing at the same time that moral cultivation is most essential to the welfare of a community.

It is unphilosophical—for individual enjoyment is not, in fact, drawn from the intellectual part of our nature. It is the heart,—by which is determined the happiness or misery of every thinking being; and unquestionably the misery of the great chief of fallen spirits is vastly aggravated by the almost infinite grasp and compass of his faculties. The heart is the fountain of woe or bliss. In an uncultivated condition it is like the bitter wells of Marah in the desert; the discipline of education operates upon it like the healing power of Moses upon those fountains, and turns its gall to sweet. If we would find the strongest possible proof that knowledge alone confers not happiness, let us look at

the case of that wisest of all the kings of Israel, who, after searching out all knowledge, and learning all that mortal mind could know, was forced to exclaim with sadness of heart,—“it is all vanity and vexation of spirit!”

It ought ever to be borne in mind by those who are laboring so zealously for the diffusion of what is called 'useful knowledge,' that, except they also diffuse the principles of a sound morality, and take care to make that morality an integral part of every system of education, they are only accumulating the fiery element of future mischief and misery: they are like the modern Prometheus, Frankenstein, clothing with life and energy a being whose lack of conscience and moral perception will make him a terror and a curse to the whole world.

It has been recently said by one of our most distinguished citizens that our collegiate institutions do little for the promotion of a sound morality. My own limited observation and personal experience confirm this remark. The system of teaching therein pursued so generally, neglects the culture of the religious nature—the systems of police, of supervision over the conduct of students, is so lax or so clumsy, and the course of study and reading is so certain to cultivate tastes and feelings hostile to the spirit of Christianity, while the contact and companionship of so many thoughtless, impetuous and passionate young men, is so sure to create and confirm vicious habits, that no parent who has passed through this fiery ordeal, can without trembling, commit his son to the same dangers and temptations.

Cowper, in his Tyrocinium, has described the moral influence of English schools, and colleges, in language familiar to many and exceedingly applicable to similar institutions in our minds. There must be a vast change in these establishments before we can confidently regard them as the nurseries of either piety or good morals: And yet the men therein educated have been, and are, and must, on account of their intellectual discipline and learning, the leaders of public opinion—they who shape and color the general character of the community.

Most fervently do I pray that the desired reformation may speedily be effected in these seminaries of learning.—*From the Ladies' Book.*

**CONTRASTS;**

*Or, a Parallel between the Noble Edifices of the Middle Ages, and corresponding Buildings of the Present Day.*

[From a Review of the Tablet.]

**MEANS OF RESTORATION.**

If men could only be led to view Catholic truth, not as she appears at the present time, not as she is distorted by popular prejudice, but in her ancient solemn garb, what immense results might we not expect! The ordinary ideas in England of Catholicism (the pure faith of the merciful Redeemer) are associated with faggots, racks, inquisitions, tortures, daggers, poisoning, and all the horrors which wretched crafty politicians have perpetrated in various ages under the name and cloak of religion; accounts of which, under exaggerated and

multiplied forms, are most industriously circulated. On the other hand, the externals and practices of the church are so decayed at the present time, that it is even difficult to point out to the inquirer after truth any place where he can behold the rites of the church celebrated with the ancient solemnity.

It is only by communing with the spirit of past ages, as it is developed in the lives of the holy men of old, and in their wonderful monuments and works, that we can arrive at a just appreciation of the glories we have lost, or adopt the necessary means for their recovery.

It is now, indeed, time to break the chains of Paganism which have enslaved the Christians of the last three centuries, and diverted the noblest powers of their minds from the pursuit of truth to the reproduction of error. Almost all the researches of modern antiquaries, schools of painting, national museums and collections, have only tended to corrupt taste and poison the intellect, by setting forth classic art as the summit of excellence, and substituting mere natural and sensual productions in the place of the mystical and divine.

Before true taste and Christian feelings can be revived, all the present and popular ideas on the subject must be utterly changed. Men must learn that the period hitherto called dark and ignorant far excelled our age in wisdom, that art ceased when it is said to have been revived, that superstition was piety, and bigotry faith. The most celebrated names and characters must give place to others at present scarcely known, and the famous edifices of modern Europe sink into masses of deformity by the side of the neglected and mouldering piles of Catholic antiquity. If the renunciation of preconceived opinions on these subjects, and the consequent loss of present enjoyment derived from them, be considered as a great sacrifice, does not the new and glorious field that are opened offer far more than an equivalent? What delight to trace a race of native artists hitherto unknown, in whose despised and neglected productions the most mystical feeling and chaste execution are to be found and in whose beautiful compositions the originals of many of the most celebrated pictures of more modern schools are to be traced; what exquisite remains of the sculptor's skill lie buried under the green mounds that mark the site of once noble churches; what originality of conception and masterly execution do not the details of many rural and parochial churches exhibit!—There is no need of visiting the distant shores of Greece and Egypt to make discoveries in art. England alone abounds in hidden and unknown antiquities of surpassing interest. What madness, then, while neglecting our own religious and national types of architecture and art, to worship at the revived shrines of ancient corruption, and profane the temple of a crucified Redeemer by the architecture and emblems of heathen gods. The Pagan monster, which has ruled so long, and with such powerful sway over the intellects of mankind, is now tottering to its fall; and although its growth is too strong, and its hold too powerful to be readily over-

thrown, still its hideous form has been unmasked, and the strength of its assaults daily increases. Already have some desperate wounds been inflicted on the system. The great Overbeck, that prince of Christian painters, has raised up a school of mystical and religious artists, who are fast putting to utter shame the natural and sensual school of art, in which the modern followers of Paganism have so long degraded the representations of sacred personages and events. In France, M. Le Comte De Montalembert (a man, of whom it may be said as of Savonarola, the Dominican, *sans reproche, et sans peur*), has fully set forth the fatal effects of modern Paganism on Christian feelings and monuments; and already his denunciations of these errors, and his exposition of Catholic art and truth, have produced a great improvement of taste and ideas on these manners; and various publications have already appeared, and many more are preparing, on the excellence of the despised middle ages.

The work of M. Rio on Christian painting is an admirable production, and must produce many converts to ancient art.—In England, much has been done towards restoring Catholic antiquity, and a fine spirit has arisen in the head university itself, where a society of learned men has been organized for the study and preservation of Christian architecture. The ecclesiastical antiquities of the country are considered worthy of a patient research and elaborate illustration. Innovators frequently denounced, blocked arches and windows restored, whitewash removed, and stained glasses reinserted. All these are good signs, and promise much for the future.

#### CATHOLIC ART IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Any shapeless fragment, any mean potter's vessel, any illegible inscription, provided it be *but antique*, will be deposited on a pedestal or within a glass case in our national museum. No price can be too great for a cameo or a heathen bust; but every object of Catholic and national art is rigidly excluded from the collection.—In the whole of that vast establishment, there is not even one room, one shelf, devoted to the exquisite productions of the middle ages. In this we are actually behind every country in Europe. At Paris, amidst all the Pagan collections of the Louvre, the Christian student will find exquisite specimens of enamels, ivory carvings, jewels, silver work, chasings in metal—all in the first style of Catholic art, and of every date. At Nuremberg, Rouen, and many mere provincial towns, are public galleries of Christian antiquities of the greatest interest. England alone, the country of all others where such a collection could best be formed, is utterly destitute of it. In sepulchral monuments we are rich indeed. If correct casts of all the effigies of royal and ecclesiastical persons, remaining in the cathedral and other churches, were carefully taken, coloured fac-simile from the originals, and arranged in chronological order, what a splendid historical and national series they would form and this might easily be done at even a less cost than the transport of a monstrous

fragment of an Egyptian god from the banks of the Nile.

The third, fourth, and fifth chapters, on the history of Protestant destruction in England, stand substantially as in the former edition. From the fifth chapter we extract a few eloquent sentences that have been added, on the subject of

#### THE NEGLECTED STATE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The neglected state of this once glorious church is a national disgrace. While tens of thousands are annually voted for comparatively trifling purposes, and hundreds of thousands have been very lately expended in mere architectural deformity, not even a small grant to keep the sepulchral monuments of our ancient kings in repair has ever been proposed; and it is quite surprising to see the utter apathy that exists amongst those who, both by their birth and station, might be looked upon as the legitimate conservators of our national antiquities. Where can we find another spot, I will not say in England, but in Europe, which contains so many splendid monuments of ancient art—doubly interesting from the historical associations connected with them? If we stand immediately behind the high altar screen, of exquisite tabernacle work and curious imagery, we have presented at one view the tombs of Edward I., invader of Scotland; Henry III., rebuilders of the vast abbey itself; the faithful and amiable Queen Eleanor; Henry V., the conqueror of France; Edward III. and his Queen Philippa; King Richard II.; and last, but not least, the shrine of St. Edward, which, although despoiled of its rich and sumptuous ornaments, still contains the more precious deposit of the relics of that holy confessor, whose virtues have even survived the calumnies of the so-called Reformation, and still are held up to the imitation of our monarchs at the solemnity of their coronation.

Through the arched chantry of Henry V. are seen the massive brazen gates and grand entrance to the monumental chapel of the seventh Henry—a matchless example of the latter style. Beyond the tombs I have been describing, extend the aisles and lateral chapels, filled with monumental effigies of ecclesiastical and noble personages, all celebrated in English chronicles, and of surpassing beauty of execution; and these are contained at the *extreme end* of a church of immense length, and whose groined canopy reaches more than one hundred feet from the tessellated pavement—a church whose history is interwoven with that of the country itself, and should be inconceivably dear to us from its religious, ancient, and national associations.—It is not necessary for a man to be an architect, an antiquary, or an artist, to understand the vast claims which the Abbey of Saint Paul's, Westminster, has upon his respect and veneration.—If he possesses but one spark of that love of country and pride of nation that ought to be found in every man's breast, he would view with religious respect every stone of this noble structure; but it is soul-sickening to sit day by day, as I have done, and see the class of people who come to inspect this church, and the feelings with which they perambulate its sacred aisles—a mere flock of holiday people who come

to London to see sights, and take the abbey on their way to the Surrey Zoological Gardens. It might naturally have been expected that, from its vicinity to the Houses of Parliament, the Catholic members would occasionally enter its sacred walls, and try to imbibe some of the devotional spirit of ancient days, which its venerable architecture and sepulchral memorials could hardly fail to impart, and which should be no small consolation and relief to a Catholic mind, compelled to sit during the noisy debates of a political warfare.—But I much question if these gentlemen have ever penetrated westward of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. The apathy of royalty towards this sacred fabric is truly melancholy; we hear much of the interest certain distinguished personages take in the performances of a learned monkey, or equestrian evolutions, but small regard indeed do they pay to the resting place of their ancestors. Even should they refuse to contribute a small sum out of the thousands which they annually squander on trifles, towards so pious and worthy an object as the restoration of the national monuments, a visit to the neglected and desecrated pile of Westminster might teach them the instructive lesson that royalty departed is easily forgotten; and if the memory of those great kings of England, who, by their own personal valour and energy, achieved the most important victories, and were foremost in camp and council, is not sufficient to procure decent respect to their place of sepulture, into what extreme oblivion, and neglect must those sovereigns fall after their death, whose lives are a mere routine of fashionable luxury, their greatest achievement a pony drive, their principal occupation—to dine!

From the Catholic Herald.

#### LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ST. EPHREM THE SYRIAN.

MR. EDITOR.—Your incidental notice, some time since, of the name and writings of St. Ephrem, the great light of the Syrian Church, who flourished in the fourth century, induced me to make some inquiries regarding his history. The result has been to me most gratifying, for it proves most satisfactorily the identity of doctrine of the Catholic Church in the present day, with that taught and defended by St. Ephrem, upwards of 1400 years ago. Having myself been so pleased, and instructed on the subject, I thought the following sketch which I borrow from the faithful pages of a church historian, might prove useful and pleasing to some of your readers.

“St. Ephrem was the most illustrious of all the doctors, who by their doctrine and writings have adorned the Syrian church in the fourth century. He was born in the territory of Nisbis, a strong city in Mesopotamia, and consecrated to God by his parents, from his cradle, like another Samuel, though he was eighteen years old when he was baptized. The great servant of God, St. James, Bishop of Nisbis, was his spiritual director and patron. He spent many years in the desert, out of which he came inflamed with the ardor of a Baptist, to preach penance with incredible zeal and fruit, and to an-

nounce the divine truths to a world buried in spiritual darkness and insensibility. Being ordained deacon of the church of Edessa, he became an apostle of penance, brought many idolators to the faith, and converted great numbers of Arians, Sabellians, Novatians, Millenarians, Marcionites, Apollinarians, Manicheans, and disciples of the impious Bardesanes, who denied the resurrection of the flesh. He never would consent to be promoted to the sacerdotal dignity, but continued always in the humble station of a deacon. His spotless purity was the fruit of his sincere humility and constant watchfulness over himself. He was deeply penetrated with the fear of the Divine judgment, and had always present to his mind the rigorous account he was to give to God for all his actions. Nothing seem more admirable in him than his compunction of heart, the sister of that sincere humility, which all his words, actions, and writings, breathed in a most affecting manner. He appeared always drowned in an abyss of compunction. Night and day his eyes seemed swimming in tears, which readily flowed from him in abundance, as often as he raised his heart to God, or remembered the sweetness of his divine love, or the baseness of sin. “We cannot call to mind his perpetual tears, says St. Gregory of Nyssa, without melting into tears. We cannot read his discourses on the last judgment without weeping. Where is the proud man, continues the same holy doctor, who would not become humble by reading his discourse on humility?—Who would not be inflamed with a divine fire by reading his treatise on charity? Who would not wish to be chaste in heart and spirit, by reading the praises he has given to virginity?”

St. Ephrem spoke with admirable perspicuity, copiousness and sententiousness, in an easy, unaffected style. Words flowed from him like a torrent, when he treated of spiritual subjects. His writings derive a singular energy from the natural bold tropes of the Syriac language, of which he was a perfect master, and have a graceful beauty and force, which no translation can attain; though his works are not studied compositions, but the effusions of an heart penetrated and overflowing with the most perfect sentiments of divine love, confidence, compunction, humility, and other virtues. He wrote seventy-six *Parables*, or moving exhortations to penance, and several treatises and sermons on compunction, on the vices and passions, on humility, on the last judgment, on fraternal charity, on the beatitudes and virtues, and divers other subjects. He also wrote commentaries on the first book of Moses, the fourth book of Kings, Joshua, Judges, Job, and on all the prophets, &c. His works demonstrate the uniformity in faith of the church in the fourth century, with that of the church of all ages. Nothing can be clearer than the texts collected by Ceillier, tom. 8, p. 101. from the writings of St. Ephrem in favor of the real presence of the sacred body of Christ in the holy Eucharist. His confidence in the precious fruit of this blessed sacrament of the altar raised his hopes and inflamed his love, especially in

his last illness, and on his passage to eternity, about the year 376, for he then expressed himself thus:—'Entering upon so long and dangerous a journey, I have my viaticum, even thee, O Son of God. In my extreme spiritual hunger, I will feed on thee, the repairer of mankind. So it shall be that no fire will dare to approach me; for it will not be able to bear the sweet saving odour of thy body and blood.'—[Necroism, can. 81. p. 355. t. 6.]

#### THE O'CONNELL ANNUITY.

\*\*\* "I will not (says O'Connell) consent that my claim to 'the rent' should be misunderstood. That claim may be rejected; but it is understood in Ireland; and it shall not be misstated anywhere without refutation. My claim is this.—For more than twenty years before emancipation, the burthen of the cause was thrown upon me. I had to arrange the meetings—to prepare the resolutions—to furnish supplies to the correspondence—to examine the cause of each person complaining of practical grievances—to rouse the torpid—to animate the lukewarm—to control the violent and inflammatory—to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law—to guard against multiplied treachery—and at all times to oppose at every peril, the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause.

"To descend to particulars. At a period when my minutes counted by the guinea; when my emoluments were limited only by the extent of my physical and waking powers; when my meals were shortened to the narrowest space, and my sleep restricted to the earliest hours before dawn; at that period and for more than twenty years, there was no day that I did not devote from one to two hours, often much more, to the working out of the Catholic cause; and that without receiving or allowing the offer of any remuneration, even for the personal expenditure incurred in the agitation of the cause itself. For four years I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation, without receiving the contributions of others to a greater amount than £74 in the whole. Who shall repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood? Who shall repay me for the lost opportunities of acquiring professional celebrity, or for the wealth which such distinctions would ensure?

"Other honors I could not then enjoy. "Emancipation came. You admit that it was I who brought it about. The year before emancipation, though wearing a stuff gown, and belonging to the outer bar, my professional emoluments exceeded £3,000—an amount never before realized in Ireland, in the same space of time, by an outer barrister. Had I adhered to my profession, I must soon have been called within the bar, and obtained the precedence of a silk gown. The severity of my labors would have been at once mitigated; whilst the emoluments would have been considerably increased. I would have done a much greater variety of business with less toil, and my professional income must have necessarily been augmented by probably one half.

"If I had abandoned politics, even the

honors of my profession, and its highest stations lay fairly before me. But I dreamed a day-dream—was it a dream?—that Ireland still wanted me; that, although the Catholic aristocracy and gentry of Ireland had obtained most valuable advantages from emancipation, yet the benefits of good government had not reached the great mass of the Irish people, and could not reach them, unless the Union should be either made a reality, or unless the heinous measure should be abrogated.

"I did not hesitate as to my course.—My former success gave me personal advantages which no other man could easily procure. I flung away the profession—I gave its emoluments to the winds—I closed the vista of its honors and dignities—I embraced the cause of my country!—and—come weal or come woe—I have made a choice at which I have never repined, nor never shall repent.

"An event occurred which I could not have foreseen. Once more, high professional promotion was placed within my reach. The office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer became vacant. I was offered it. Or, had I preferred the office of Master of the Rolls, the alternative was proposed to me. It was a tempting offer. Its value was enhanced by the manner in which it was made; and pre-eminently so, by the person through whom it was made—the best Englishman that Ireland ever saw—the Marquis of Normandy.

"But I dreamed again a day-dream—was it a dream? and I refused the offer. And here am I now taunted,—even by you, with mean and sordid motives. I do not think I am guilty of the least vanity, when I assert that no man ever made greater sacrifices to what he deemed the cause of his country, than I have done. I care not how I may be ridiculed or maligned. I feel the proud consciousness that no public man has made more, or greater, or more ready sacrifices. Still there lingers behind one source of vexation and sorrow; one evil perhaps greater than all the rest; one claim I believe higher than any other upon the gratitude of my countrymen. It consists in the bitter, the virulent, the mercenary, and therefore the more envenomed hostility towards me, which my love for Ireland and for liberty has provoked. What taunts, what reproaches, what calumnies, have I not sustained? what modes of abuse! what vituperation! what slander, have been exhausted against me! what vials of bitterness have been poured on my head! what coarseness of language has not been used, abused, and worn out in assailing me? what derogatory appellation has been spared? what treasures of malevolence have been expended?—what follies have not been imputed? in fact,—what crimes have I not been charged with? I do not believe that I ever had in private life, an enemy. I know that I had, and have many, very many, warm, cordial, affectionate, attached friends. Yet here I stand, beyond controversy, the most and best abused man in the universal world! And to cap the climax of calumny, you come with a lath at your side, instead of the sword of a

Talbot, and you throw Peel's scurrility along with your own into my cup of bitterness. All this I have done and suffered for Ireland. And let her be grateful or ungrateful—solvent or insolvent—he who insults me for taking her pay, wants the vulgar elements of morality, which teaches that the laborer is worthy of his hire; he wants the higher sensations of the soul, which enables one to perceive that there are services which bear no comparison with money, and can never be recompensed by pecuniary rewards. Yes, I am—I say it proudly—I am the hired servant of Ireland; and I glory in my servitude."

#### THE AGE OF CANT.

The unfortunate, but not unexpected result of the Niger expedition is now occupying the attention of the public, and Captain Trotter's official account of the voyage will be read with a melancholy interest, not unmingled with indignation. The sacrifices to the vanity and folly of the Exeter Hall spouters were allowable enough while they involved merely a crush of evangelical dowdies, and a great consumption of sandwiches and peppermint lozenges. But if the great gods Stephens and Buxton insist upon human victims, we think their worship must be suspended. Vanity is ever the most cruel because the most enduring of human passions, but it must have its limits, or have limits found for it. Stephen talks much—so doth Buxton—but we cannot think the longest and noisest speech ever spouted by either as equal in value to the life of a single British sailor.

Exeter Hall, though usually filled by 'babes' in sense and information, requires very "strong meat" to render it attractive. Protestant Meetings were formerly very available, and Mr. Hugh Stowell had been very effective, as he beat the front rail and abused the Papists, but Puseyism had put a spoke in that wheel. Missionary Meetings had begun to lose their original piquancy—people knew so precisely what was coming when each "dear brother" arose and commenced with a faint and clearing cough, that they heard of the torture of Hin-loos and the starvation of Esquimaux with as much composure and as little feelings as if the sufferers had been English factory children. It was necessary to get up something "startlingly interesting"—or the evangelical actors would have played to empty benches.

So, it was determined to bring out "a striking novelty, regardless of expense" and by an enormous exertion the novelty was brought out, and the energy of the managers deserves praise, whatever may be thought of the motives. They planned this Niger expedition, which as stated in the bills, was to convert Africa to the principles of commerce and Christianity—to suppress the slave trade as a policeman would suppress the orange trade under your parlour window—to induce the black savage to study all theologies and wear breeches—to establish colonies on the Niger and people them with happy and flourishing emigrants from England, and civilized and grateful natives of Africa—and in fact to transform that conti-

nent incontinently from a sort of Black Gang China into a great Cape of Good Hope.

All this sounded very well, and the Exeter Hall people were delighted at the idea of regenerating Africa. And when Prince Albert was prevailed upon to mount the platform, and in a short but graceful speech, to avow his Royal Highness's hope that the expedition would succeed, their joy knew no bounds. The applause was enthusiastic, and praises of the virtues and philanthropy of gods Stephens and Buxton were given out for repetition every day until further notice.—That notice has arrived.

Three vessels sailed on this expedition, the Albert, the Wilberforce, and the Soudan.—They visited the Niger, and ascended it to the distance of 320 miles above the sea. A piece of land was purchased of a native chief, and a model farm was established thereon. All the Europeans placed upon it were instantly taken ill of the fever, with which every breath of air over this accursed river is rife, and they had all to be removed back to the vessels. Officers, crews, and passengers sickened and died, and up to the date of Captain Trotter's letter from Fernando Po, Captain Allen and twenty-nine other valuable lives had been sacrificed to the Exeter Hall gods, many more being expected to share the same fate. The following is an extract from Captain Trotter's communication of the 25th of October.

"I have no exact return of the number taken ill in the Wilberforce, but I believe it may be stated that *only five white persons escaped the fever in that vessel whilst they are only four who have not been attacked in the Albert*, up to the present time, and *no white person in the Soudan escaped it*. And when I add that Dr. M'William is of opinion that *few, if any, will be fit to return to the coast of Africa, who have had the fever*, and that every lieutenant, excepting Mr. Strange, all the medical officers but Dr. Pritchett and Mr. Thompson, all the mates, masters, second-masters, and clerks, the whole of the engineers and stokers of the expedition, and the gunner of the Albert (the only vessel that has an officer of that rank) have been attacked, their Lordships will be able to form an idea of the paralysed state of the steam-vessels."

Such is the style in which, and such is the price at which excitement is got up at the Exeter Hall Theatre. At an immense expense, first rate officers, men, and vessels are sent out to a poisonous and deadly region, on an impracticable task—the money and the lives are squandered—but gods Buxton and Stephens have made their speeches, and received their applause. The subject is too disgusting for further comment.

The *Liverpool Mail*, a staunch Conservative, has espoused the Puseyites, and condemns the bishop of Chester, for licensing several Irish clergy who have been engaged by congregations in his diocese for the avowed object of preaching down Puseyism.

One of the places complained of in the parish of Marylebone, as being infested with Puseyism, is St. Margaret's Chapel. A cross at the present minute appears over the communion table, two or three feet in height: candles and candlesticks of the same height are on each side of it: the minister's books bear the cross, and many of the prayers and the Communion-service is addressed towards the same object.



**SKETCHES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.**

Hitherto, also, little has been thought of the importance of the Irish language as a key to the heart of the peasantry—that heart which occupies so large a part of their nature, that it is made the seat of all their ailments, and was the excuse given for their former habit of drunkenness. But England is at last beginning to open her eyes to this great instrument for the improvement of Ireland; and there is, we understand, in the north of Ireland one excellent nobleman, Lord George Hill, who has recently learned to speak Irish with this very view, and we sincerely wish his example was followed generally. Let it be remembered that a common tongue is one great bond appointed by nature to draw men's hearts together—that although sufficient English may be acquired by the peasantry for mere business, English is wholly inadequate to express the natural warmth and quickness of Irish feeling—that the Irish is identified with all their old and most gratifying associations—that there is a wide difference between using a language so as to be understood by others, and understanding it well ourselves—and that instead of perpetuating a barbarous language, the use of Irish will tend to preserve from destruction many most valuable records of interesting history, and finally, as it has proved in the case of the Gaelic, will render the English prevalent, by encouraging a love of learning. The author of 'Sketches in Ireland' has given an anecdote which we gladly transcribe:

"A shower of rain drove us to seek shelter in the hut of the man who looks after the peasants [on Lord Bantry's domain.] He was alone, and with all the civility that never deserts an Irishman, he welcomed us in God's name, and produced stools which he took care to wipe with his great-coat before he permitted us to sit on them.

On inquiring from him why he was alone, and where were his family, he said they were all gone to the Watch-Mass (it was the Saturday before Easter day.)—"And what is the Watch Mass?" He could not tell. "And what was yesterday?" He could not tell. "And what day will to-morrow be?" He could not tell. "What! cannot you tell me why yesterday has been called Good Friday and to-morrow Easter Sunday?" "No!" Turning to my companion, I was moved to observe, with great emphasis, how deplorable it was to see men otherwise so intelligent, so awfully ignorant concerning matters connected with religion.—"Not so fast with your judgment, my good sir," said my friend, "what if you should prove mistaken in this instance concerning the knowledge of this man: recollect that you are now speaking to him in a foreign tongue. Come, now, I understand enough of Irish to try his mind in his native dialect." Accordingly he did so: and it was quite surprising to see how the man, as soon as the Irish was spoken, brightened up in countenance; and I could perceive from the smile that played on the face of my friend, how he rejoiced in the realization of his prognos-

tic; and he began to translate for me as follows:

"I asked him what was Good Friday? It was on that day the Lord of Mercy gave his life for sinners; a hundred thousand blessings to him for that. What is Watch Saturday? It was the day when watch was kept over the holy tomb that held the incorruptible body of my sweet Saviour." Thus the man gave in Irish, clear and feeling answers to questions concerning which, when addressed in English, he appeared quite ignorant: and yet of common English words and phrases he had the use; but, like most of his countrymen in the south, his mind was groping in foreign parts when conversing in English; and he only seemed to think in Irish. The one was the language of commerce, the other of his heart."—*Sketches*, p. 311.

**WHISKEY.**—A most remarkable reduction has taken place in the demand for this article during the past twelve months. The demand was much reduced a year ago; but now it is not half what it was then. The distillers, four or five years since, were running their works night and day, pressed with the demand for whiskey, and consuming rye and corn in immense quantities; at one time four thousand five hundred bushels daily. Now the consumption is less than two thousand bushels daily, and is rapidly diminishing. There is on hand here a stock of twelve thousand barrels of whiskey and such is the decreased demand, that there is no diminution of stock, notwithstanding the great diminution of supply. The distillers appear to be as much pleased with the change, as their fellow-citizens generally. They are now reducing their work as fast as possible, so that for the next crop of coarse grain we presume the demand in this market from the distillers will not exceed one-fourth of what it was at the highest point. The falling off cannot be less than a million of bushels for the year. This change cannot but have some effect on the market. Yet on the other hand, the men who for years back have been guzzling whiskey and leaving their families half starved, will now eat bread and meat, and keep their families well fed. In a multitude of families this happy change has already taken place. The nation will not be made poor by the revolution, but rich; business will not be stagnated, but stimulated by it. No man is vicious and wasteful without causing some mischief to society, and no man is industrious and virtuous without adding something to the common aggregate of general wealth and happiness. Society does not truly thrive upon the vices and dissipations of its members, but upon their morality and general good habits. Vice will be made a mother of trade, as every thing else is; but those who make money by it, are likely to contract its pollution, and to sink with those whom they pamper or rob. Virtue makes the man who practices it, vigorous and comfortable, and generally gives him some property. As the wealth of a nation is the aggregate of its individual wealth, so the business of a whole people is measured by the aggregate of its industry. The loss of the whiskey business, therefore, will be a gain to the general business and wealth of the country.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce*.

**REMITTANCES RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST.**

**Hamilton**—John Healy, Thos Closhoy, Edward Condon, and Neil Hunter, each 7s6d.  
**Amherstburgh**—Mr. Kovel for Joseph Barron, Israel Beniteau, Color-serjt. John Phelan, 89th Regt., Color-serjeant John Campbell, 89th Regt. each 7s. 6d., and Teovil Lemai, 15s  
**Wilmington Square**—John O'Neil, 7s6d and Mr Cherier, 5s  
**Waterdown**—Thomas English, 7s. 6d.  
**Oakville**—John Sweeny, 7s 6d. and for Mr White (Albany) 3s9d.; M. Chalk, 15s  
**Newmarket**—Rev. Mr. Quinlan, (2nd sub) \$4; and for Wm Wallis, Jas Wallis, Michael Bergin, and Michael Moriarty, each 7s6d.  
**Belleville**—Mr. O'Rielly, 10s  
**Kingston**—Rev P Dollard, Mrs Lynch, W. McCuniffe, Mrs Redmond, Finton Phelan, M. Donoghoe, Archd. McDonnell, Louis Laporte, Thos. Johnson, James Gleeson, James O'Rielly, Anastasia Mullin, Garret Commerford, Alex McDonnell, Michael J. McDonnell, Mrs Hickey, Patrick Curtis, Rev Eneas McDonell, Jeremiah Meagher, Captain Burns, Thomas Baker, Andrew Blake, Cornelius Donohoe, sen., Dacan McPhee, Daniel Hickey, Thomas Moore, Alexander Skinner, Terence McGarvey, each 7s6d.  
**Camden East**—Rev C. Bourke, (2nd sub) \$4; and for John Coen, 7s6d. Thos. Judge, 7s6d. and Mr Phelan, (Napane) 5s.  
**Richmond**—Rev. T. Smith 7s 6d. and for Rev. T. O'Rielly, 7s 6d. and Rev P. Lamb, 7s 6d (Ireland) Also, for John McDonnell, (Fitzroy Harbor) 15s. Patrick Heffernan, James Malone, Peter Cassidy, Patk Gannon, Garret Fitzgerald, James Mantle, Peter Cavenagh, William Shee, Thomas Jones, John Manning, William Walsh, each 7s 6d.  
**Brockville**—Rev Mr O'Rielly for Mrs. Dr. Hubble, and Thos Kennedy, each 7s6d  
**Williamstown**—John Hay, 15s; and since the receipt of this, the Rev. George Hay has included in his remittance, a similar amount to the same address. (See St. Andrews.)  
**St Andrews**—Rev. George Hay for Capt John McIntosh, 7s6d, James McDonald (elder) 7s6d, Wm Hay, 15s., John Hay, 15s. Alexander McDonnell, (elder) 7s 6d Donald P. McDonald, 7s 6d, John McIntosh, (D.B.) 7s6d. Archd Grant, 7s6d Alexander McDonnell, (Angus) 15s. Duncan Eneas McDonell, 15s. D. McIntosh, Esq. 10s.  
**Alexandria**—Ewen McDonell, 7s6d.  
 Mr Jno McDonald, (Aylmer House) will please act as Agent for the Catholic in his neighborhood.  
 The Postmasters of Huntly and Ramsay will oblige us by seeing that no delay occurs in the delivery of the Catholic to our subscribers there.

**SPRING AND SUMMER 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 April, 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.

**WEEKLY & SEMI-WEEKLY N.Y. COURIER & ENQUIRER**

**TO THE PUBLIC.**

FROM and after FRIDAY the 11th instant, the Weekly and Semi-Weekly Courier and Enquirer will be enlarged to the size of the Daily Paper, and offer inducements to the Advertiser and general reader, such as have rarely been presented by any papers in the United States.  
**SEMI-WEEKLY.**—This sheet will be published on Wednesdays and Saturdays. On the outside will be placed all the contents of the Daily sheets for the two preceding days, together with appropriate matter for the general reader selected for the purpose; and the inside will be the inside of the Daily paper of the same day. This publication will of course be mailed with the daily paper of the same date, and carry to the reader in the country the very latest intelligence.  
*Terms of the Semi-Weekly Paper.*—FOUR DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance.

**WEEKLY COURIER & ENQUIRER.**

This sheet also is of the size of the Daily Courier, and the largest weekly paper issued from a Daily press, will be published on Saturdays only, and in addition to all the matter published in the Daily during the week, will contain at least one continuous story, and a great variety of extracts on miscellaneous subjects, relating to History, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Manufactures, and the Mechanic Arts.  
 It is intended to make this sheet the most perfect, as it will be one of the largest of the kind ever offered to the reading public; that is, a NEWSPAPER in the broadest sense of the term, as it necessarily will be, from containing all the matter of the Daily Courier, and at the same time very miscellaneous and literary, by reasons of selections and republications set up expressly for insertion in this paper.

*Terms of the Weekly Courier and Enquirer.*—THREE DOLLARS per annum to single subscribers.  
 To two or more subscribers less than six, to be sent to the same Post Office, Two Dollars and a half per annum.  
 To six subscribers and less than twenty-five, to be sent to not more than three different Post Offices, Two Dollars per annum.  
 To classes and committees over twenty-five in number, to be sent in parcels not less than ten to any one Post Office, One Dollar and Three Quarters per annum.  
 In no case will a Weekly Courier be forwarded from the Office for a period less than one year, or unless payment is made in advance.  
 Postmasters can forward funds for subscribers free of Postage; and all remittances made thro' Postmasters, will be at our risk.

The DAILY Morning Courier and New York Enquirer, in consequence of its great circulation, has been appointed the Official paper of the Circuit and District Courts of the United States.

Prices Current and Reviews of the Market, will of course be published at length in each of the three papers.  
 Daily Papers TEN Dollars per annum.  
 Postmasters who will consent to act as agents for the Courier and Enquirer, Daily, Semi-weekly and Weekly, or employ a friend to do so, may in all cases deduct ten per cent. from the amount received, according to the above schedule of prices, if the balance be forwarded in funds at par in this city.  
 New York, February, 1842.

**Carriage, Coach, and Waggon PAINTING.**

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public, that he has removed his Shop from Mrs Scobell's to Walton and Clark's premises, on York Street, where he continues the Painting and Varnishing of Carriages, Coaches, Sleighs, Waggons, 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 EVERY STABLES**

Near Press's Hotel, HAMILTON.  
 Orders left at the Royal Exchange Hotel will be strictly attended to.  
 HAMILTON, March, 1842.



**BROTHERS OF ST. JOSEPH.**

**T**HIS is the name of a religious Order, commenced under the auspices of the Right Rev. Dr. de la Hailandiere, bishop of Vincennes, for the purpose of imparting to the male youth of the country the blessings of a christian education—similar to that received by the females of this country from the Sisters of Charity.

Six Brothers came last October from France, and opened a novitiate at St. Peter's, Daviess county, Indiana. Several candidates have already been received:—the age of admission is from 15 to 35. It is hoped that in a few years the order will be able to send to every congregation throughout the country, one or more teachers, according as circumstances may require. The field of its labours is not to be limited by the boundaries of dioceses or of States; it will embrace the whole Union.

Subjects are at present wanting. There are no doubt, in different parts of the country, many persons religiously disposed, who may be glad to hear that a religious House is opened, where they can, without solicitude for temporal support, devote their powers of mind and body to the service of God. Candidates, whose youth and talents may enable them to become good teachers, will be most desirable. But pious men, who will be able to promote the object of the society only by manual labour, will be also admitted. The Brothers have a Farm on which such members can be usefully employed.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that the Society is poor, and in immediate want of funds to carry its object into effect.

Few religious undertakings can be conceived more meritorious than this of the Brothers of St. Joseph. Its beneficial influence will be felt by society at large, but more especially by the Catholic body.—Its success very intimately concerns every Catholic parent. No one should view it with indifference: all should vie with each other in promoting it. An appeal to the public is now made by the Brothers for aid. The Rev. J. Delaune is authorised by them, and by the Bishop of the Diocese in which they reside, to receive such contributions as Catholics may be disposed to make.

All communications must be directed to the Right Rev. Bishop of Vincennes, Indiana, or to the Rev. L. E. Sorin, Superior of the Brothers of St. Joseph, St. Peters Daviess Co. Indiana.—*Catholic Herald*, February 17, 1842.

**REMOVAL.**

*Saddle, Harness and Trunk Factory.*

**E.** McGIVERN respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that he has removed from his old stand to the new building, opposite to the retail establishment of Isaac Buchanan & Co., on King street. In making this announcement to his old friends, he most respectfully begs leave to express his grateful thanks for past favors, and hopes that unremitting attention to business will insure him a continuance.

Hamilton, Feb. 22, 1842.

**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.

**ROYAL EXCHANGE, KING STREET,**

HAMILTON—CANADA,

**BY NELSON DEVEREUX.**  
**T**HE Subscriber having completed his new Brick Building, in King Street, (on the site of his old stand) respectfully informs the Public that it is now open for their accommodation, and solicits a continuance of the generous patronage he has heretofore received, and for which he returns his most grateful thanks.

N DEVEREUX.

Dec. 24, 1841.

**QUEEN'S HEAD HOTEL.**

JAMES STREET, (NEAR BURLEY'S HOTEL.)

**T**HE 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 Ostlers.

W. J. GILBERT

Hamilton, Sept. 15, 1841.

**THE HAMILTON RETREAT.**

**T**HE Subscriber has opened his Retreat in Hughson street a few doors north of King street, and wishes to acquaint his friends that they may rely on every Luxury the markets afford; his Wines and Liquors will be selected with care, and no expense spared in making his guests comfortable.

Oysters, Clams, &c., will be found in their season. He therefore hopes by strict attention and a desire to please, to merit a share of Public patronage.

ROBERT FOSTER.

Hamilton, Sept., 1841.

**PATRICK BURNS,**

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

Horse Shoeng, Waggon &leigh Ironing  
Hamilton, Sep. 22, 1841.

**OYSTERS!**

Fresh, and just received,—call at  
C. Langdon's Saloon.

Hamilton, Oct 13, 1841.

CHEAP! CHEAP!! CHEAP!!!

**OYSTERS**

**O**F the first quality at the **Bristol House Oyster Rooms**, for 1s. 3d. per dozen, or 8s. 9d. per 100; or £1 17s, 6d. the barrel.

D. F. TEWKSBURY.

Hamilton, Nov. 24, 1841.

**BRISTOL HOUSE,**

King Street, Hamilton, near the Market,  
**By D. F. TEWKSBURY,**  
September 15, 1841.

**REMOVED IN HASTE.**

**T**HE Subscriber having got under way in his old business wishes to notify his customers that his present abode is next door to Mr. Thom's Saddlery Establishment, and directly opposite Press' Hotel. He also takes this opportunity of returning thanks to his fellow townsmen for their assistance rendered to him during the night of the calamitous fire.

SAMUEL McURDY.

N. B. Those indebted to him will confer a favor by settling up speedily.  
Hamilton, Dec. 1, 1841.

**THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.**

**THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER,**

WITH THE  
**LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD.**

The publishers of this old established and universally popular Family Journal, would deem it supererogatory to say a word of commendation of its past or present excellence and usefulness. Its circulation and increasing circulation, (over 35,000,) is its best recommendation. For the future, however, a determination to be first in the van of the American Newspaper Weekly Press, will call for increased expenditures and renewed attractions for the present year 1842, not the least of which will be an improvement in the quality of the paper, and an addition of popular contributors, embracing, we fully believe, the best list to any similar Journal in the world.

The Courier is independent in its character, fearlessly pursuing a straight forward course, and supporting the best interests of the public. IT IS STRICTLY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS AND RELIGION. It will maintain a high tone of morals, and not an article will appear in its pages which should not find a place at every fire-side. It has more than double the number of constant readers, to that of any other paper published in the country, embracing the best families of our Republic.

Every one should be proud to patronise the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, as by its unbroken series of original AMERICAN TALES, by such native writers as Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Mrs. St. Leon Loud, "The Lady of Maryland," Professor Ingraham, T. S. Arthur, Esq., Miss Sedgwick, Miss Leslie, and many others, it has justly earned the title of the AMERICAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

**FOREIGN LITERATURE AND NEWS.**

Determined to spare no expense in making the SATURDAY COURIER a perfect model of a Universal Family Newspaper, of equal interest to all classes and persons of every nation, we have made arrangements to receive all the Magazines and papers of interest, published in England and on the Continent; the news and gems of which are immediately transferred to its columns thus giving to emigrants as well as others, a correct and connected account of what ever occurs of interest either at home or abroad.

**The Markets.**

Particular care is taken to procure the earliest advices in reference to the prices of all kinds of Grain, Provisions, Produce &c., the state of stocks, Banks, Money and Lands, and our extensive arrangements will hereafter render our PRICES CURRENT

of inestimable interest to the traveller, the farmer and all business classes whatsoever.

The general character of the COURIER is well known. Its columns contain a great variety of TALES, NARRATIVES, ESSAYS, AND BIOGRAPHIES, and articles in Literature, Science, the Arts, Mechanic, Agriculture, Education, Music, News, Health, Amusement, and in fact, in every department usually discussed in a Universal Family Newspaper, from such writers as Mrs. C. Lee Hentz, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Charles Dickens, (Boz.) Professor Duglinton, Professor Ingraham, Miss Ellen S. Rand, T. S. Arthur, Miss M. Michael, J. Sheridan Knowles, George P. Morris, Mrs. M. St. Leon Loud, Mrs. Gore, Douglas Jerrold, Joseph R. Chandler, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Lesli, Wm. E. Barton, Professor J. Frost, Lieut. G. W. Patten, Lydia H. Sigourney, Thomas Campbell, Hon. Robert T. Conrad, Miss Mitford, Robert Morris, Professor Vines, Mrs. C. H. W. Esting, E. L. Bulwer, A Grant, Junior, Joseph C. Neal, John Neal, Thomas G. Spear, Countess of Blessington, Captain Marryatt, R. N. Lucy Seymour, R. Penn South,

**TO AGENTS—TERMS.**

The terms of the COURIER are \$2 per annum, payable in advance, but when any are with difficulty to procure ten new subscribers, we will send us \$15, per money and postage free, we will receipt for one for each. Seven copies for \$10, three copies for \$5, or one copy three years for \$5.

Address, M'MAKIN & HOLDEN, Philadelphia.

**THE CATHOLIC.**

Devoted to the simple explanation and maintenance of the ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH; And containing subjects of a HALLOWED—MORAL—PHILOSOPHICAL—and HISTORICAL character, together with Passing Events, and the News of the Day.

**P**UBLISHED on WEDNESDAY MORNINGS, 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.

**PRICES 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, in sorted 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 advertize 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'Flyn, Dundas
- Rev Mr. Mills, Brantford
- Rev. Mr. G. Hony, Guelp
- Rev. J. P. O'Dwyer, London.
- Dr Anderson, do
- Mr Harding O'Brien, do
- Rev Mr Vervais, Amherstburgh
- Mr Kovel, P. M., do
- Rev Mich. MacDonell, [Maidstone], Sandwich
- Very Rev Angus McDonell, Chatham
- A. Chisholm Esq., Chippawa
- Rev Ed. Gordon, Niagara
- Rev Mr Leo, St Catharines
- Messrs P. Hogan & Chas Calhoun, St Thomas
- Mr Richard Cutlbert, Streetville
- Rev. Mr. Snyder, Winoit, near Waterloo
- Rev Mr. O'Reilly, Gore of Toronto
- Rev W. Patk. McDonagh, Toronto
- Rev Mr. Quinlan, New Market
- Rev Mr. Charost, Penetanguishent
- Rev Mr Proulx, do
- Rev Mr. Fitzpatrick, Ops.
- Rev Mr. Kernan, Cobourg
- Rev Mr. Butler, Peterborough
- Rev Mr. Lallor, Picton
- Rev. Mr. Brennan, Bellefille
- Rev J. Smith, Richmond
- Right Reverend Bishop Goulin, Kingston
- Rev Patrick Dollard, do
- Rev. Angus MacDonald, do
- Rev Mr. Bourke, Camden East
- Rev Mr O'Reilly, Brackville
- Rev J. Clarko, Prescott
- Rev J. Bennot, Cornwall
- Rev Alexander J. McDonell, do
- Rev John Cannon, Bytown
- D O'Connor, Esq., J. P., Bytown
- Rev. J. H McDonagh, Perth
- Rev. George Hay, [St. Andrew's] Glengarry
- Rev John Macdonald, [St. Raphael], do
- Rev John Macdonald, [Alexandria], do
- Rev. Patrick Phelan, Sen. St. Sulpice, Montreal
- Mr Martin McDonell, Recollet Church do
- Rev P. McMahon, Quebec
- Mr Henry O'Connor, 15 St. Paul Street, Quebec
- Right Reverend Bishop Fraser, Nova Scotia
- Right Reverend Bishop Fleming, Newfoundland
- Right Reverend Bishop Furwell, Cincinnati, Ohio
- Right Reverend Bishop Fenwick, Boston
- Right Reverend Bishop Konrick, Philadelphia
- Right Reverend Bishop England, Charleston, S.C