

# THE CATHOLIC.

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

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## THE CATHOLIC

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

EDITOR.

Original.

EXTRACTS FROM A POEM ON THE "POWER OF MONEY,"—  
DEDICATED TO HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE  
OF KENT. CANTO II. MONEY'S MENTAL REIGN.

Yet some have been, and still are some of thine,  
Who to thy lustre add the brighter far  
Of native judgment clear, and solid worth;  
And, shedding on their minds her purest rays  
With genial warmth, of science all their own.  
Else, as in barb'rous times of gothic might,  
When nought but force prevail'd, and gaudy shew  
Of baron pageantry or in the field,  
Or at the jostling tournament appear'd;  
Might arts again and learning fly the land,  
To shun the savage din and dazzling glare.

No, Genius wants not friends, if timely known,  
Though long ere known to most; nor till he soar  
Above the crowding mists, that drown his shine.  
As silver Cynthia, from her parting cloud  
Emerging, pours her streaming radiance forth,  
That glads the eye; as o'er th' ethereal space,  
Peopled with twinkling stars, her silent course  
She wheels sublime, and seeks her highest noon.  
Yet many a clouded night from human eye  
Has hid her lovely beam, from first her dawn,  
Down to her setting in the troublous sky:  
And many a soaring mind has strove in vain  
To send her radiance through th' obstructing gloom,  
And sank at last unseen, to rise no more.

So glided unperceiv'd the beamy form  
Of Gilvray good, athwart th' invidious fogs  
That damp'd his fire, and veil'd from gen'ral view  
His orb's effulgent blaze, meridian shed;  
Nor clear'd before his milder ev'ning ray.  
Yet his was light celestial, purest caught  
At truth's orig'nal source; no borrow'd gleam,  
Reflected on the mental vision cold;  
But glowing bright with ev'ry gayest hue  
That blooming Iris in her train displays:  
To gild the moral path, distinctly shewn,  
Through life's obscure perplexing lab'rinth trac'd:  
And, while divinely fair it gave to view  
In all her charms attractive Virtue drest,  
Not painful dazzling, but still genial found:  
Enlivening and exhilarating all.  
His course is sped; and of his sacred fire,  
Unnotic'd while it burn'd, no trace is left,  
T' illumo the wilder'd pilgrim's cheerless steps.

Thou too, thy Caledonia's boast and shame,  
As better known, great Burns, neglected bard!  
Had'st long, with all thy native strength, to strive,  
Ere through the more than mists autumnal roll'd  
From mountain's side along the lowly vale,  
Escap'd at length thy flaming disk appear'd;

And caught th' admiring gaze. The gaze was all.  
The wealthy noble tribe but wond'ring view'd  
The glorious phenom' from darkness sprung:  
Nor cheer'd him in his course. He from the sight  
Indignant plung'd amidst the thickest clouds,  
And hurried headlong, ere his noon tide won,  
His careless flight down to its sudden close.

Nor boots the vain regret, so keenly felt,  
Of his departed worth: boots nought too late  
The likeness sketch'd, the bust and statue rais'd,  
His much lamented mem'ry to recall.  
Nor ev'n what more must sooth his angry ghost,  
The friendly club, met annual to relieve  
His Widow's wants, and to his Orphans grant  
The needful pittance, from their sire withheld.  
Not all can more his are extinct relume,  
That with Horatian splendor ardent glow'd,  
Though no Mæcenus fann'd the sacred flame;  
Or bid, so rarely seen, unimely set,  
His luminary bright its course renew.

## SANDWICH ISLANDS.

A METHODIST MINISTER FLOORED.

In the Sandwich Islands the interests of religion are advancing in spite of the recent persecutions and the present threats, arts, and trickery of the American Methodists. The following is a public discussion between a Catholic and Protestant:—

I am about relating to you some discussions which I have had on the latter points with the Protestant ministers. I myself was placed in the midst of a tribe, distant from Honolulu, about a day's walk. A Methodist, Mr. Emmerson, wished to avail himself of my absence, to make an effort to pervert my Christians. On my return the latter related to me all the minister had said to them, and expressed a desire to see him convicted of falsehood in their presence. I proceeded, therefore, to the house of Mr. Emmerson, followed by a great crowd of natives, and I communicated to him, through a Christian, that since he had accused me publicly of deceiving my neophytes, I begged of him to be so good as to unde' my deception before the entire tribe. The wife of the minister answered that her husband could not come out, but that if I desired to have a private interview with him, I was at liberty to enter the house. This was not what I required; my neophyte replied, that my design was to give a public explanation in order that every one might judge on which side was the truth of calumny. The minister at length promised to attend so soon as he had finished a letter he was then writing. I waited for him a long time in vain. A second messenger, whom I sent to him, had no better success than the first. Then, addressing the crowd that surrounded me, in which there were many Protestants, I began to demonstrate that we were not idolaters, as we had been accused of being. The sound of my voice at length brought out the minister, who was, no doubt, afraid that I might draw after me his disciples. We sat down together on the stones, and the attentive multitude ranged themselves around us.

Mr. Emmerson brought out three or four volumes in foreign languages, and he commenced by asking me if I knew them. I answered him, that I wished to discuss

only in the Sandwich tongue, that all the assembly might hear us. "You accuse us of idolatry," said I; "for a conclusive reply to this reproach, allow me to ask you this question: Is this crucifix that I carry on my breast the God we adore?"—"Perhaps it is, or perhaps not," he answered. I had in my pocket a small book printed by the Protestants, in which, amongst a great number of engravings, representing all sorts of objects, there is a picture of our Divine Saviour crucified. I begged of the minister to tell me whence came this book and this picture. "Not from us," he answered; but, at the same moment, all the natives present raised their voices and cried out, "Thou art a liar; it was thou who gave this book to the school-children." It is not easy to imagine the confusion of the minister. He had to confess that the book and the picture came from the Protestants. I then said to him, "How can you dare to accuse us of adoring pictures, since you yourselves distribute them to your proselytes?" I asked him again if he believed that our worship was directed to those material paintings that adorn our churches. He dared not affirm this, and he concluded by saying that he saw very well that we do not adore images; but that having heard it said in America, he had, without further examination, taught so to his disciples."

The above incident is related in the last volume of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, by the Rev. M. Caret.

AWFUL DISCLOSURES.—A Swindling Religious concern.—It appears from certain developments in the Lowell papers, that the Freewill Baptist Corporation in that city, with its minister, Rev. Mr. Thurston, for an agent, has been trying its hand at speculation, in which operation it has failed of success most signally. The members of this society took it into their heads to use their corporate powers for other purposes than the dissemination of the truths of the christian religion, so they set their minister to work to obtain by loan such sums of money from female members of the church and others as could be come at, which they proceeded to invest in dwelling houses, stores, lots, and the like, with the expectation of reaping a rich harvest of profit from such investments; but the thing did not succeed. A burst-up took place, and the concern, with a list of debts amounting to \$50,000 is expected to pay some forty or fifty cents on the dollar. The sufferers are mostly females, who entrusted their little all to this set of religious swindlers. One woman who had laid by four hundred dollars, which she had obtained by *picking waste*, had invested the whole of it in this way. Another, a widow, had cleared \$1000 by taking boarders, which sum had passed into the hands of elder Thurston. A girl who had \$160, says, "Elder Thurston has robbed me of my last dollar. I am now wandering about the streets, not knowing which way to turn or what to do."—*Fall River Argus*.

Abolition of Slavery in Tunis.—The march of civilization is onward among the Mahomedans. We were informed the other day by a gentleman recently from the Barbary states, that the Bey of Tunis has at one blow, by a decisive comprehensive decree, struck off the fetters from every slave in his dominions, shut up every slave market, and declared the entire extinguishment of human slavery.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*