

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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From the Catholic Herald.

WHY SHOULD MORTALS BE PROUD?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortals be proud?
Like a fast fleeting meteor, a fast fleeting cloud—
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave.
He passed from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak, and the willows shall fade—
Be scattered around and together be laid,
The young and the old, the great and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The hand of a king that a sceptre hath borne—
The brow of a priest that a mitre hath worn,
The eye of a sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by,
And the memory of those who had loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with the goats to the steep—
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven—
The wise and the foolish—the guilty and just
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

We are the same things that our fathers have been—
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking on, they too would think,
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink.
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling,
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on its wing.

Joy, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain—
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Shall follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of youth, to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon, to the bier and the shroud
Oh! why should the spirit of mortals be proud?

From the Quebec Herald and Catholic Advocate.

MR. EDITOR,—Will you oblige me by inserting in the next number of your independent paper, the following most extraordinary instance of fanaticism, I believe, on record. It occurred in Dublin, in September 1840. I happened to be in that city, at the time, and had the opportunity of seeing the unfortunate victim with my own eyes.

A young man, in the employment of Mr. Molly of Ship street, whose family and connections, I was assured, are highly respectable, and employed the greater portion of his time in reading and studying the Bible, and, of course, in interpreting its meaning as his fancy dictated, until he had wound up his mind to such a degree of enthusiasm as to lead him to commit the following deplorable act. He was one day reading the 5th Chapter of St. Mat., and was particularly struck with the 29th and 30th Verses of that Chapter; so much so, that, whether in the house or in the street, at his business

or otherwise, he ceased not to repeat these words: "And if thy right eye offend thee pluck it out, and cast it from thee, it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish rather than that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee cut it off and cast it from thee, it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish than that thy whole body should be cast into hell fire."

Shutting himself up, one day, in his room, he actually followed up to the very letter the counsel given in those passages, by scooping out his right eye with a knife and casting it from him; and afterwards cutting off his right hand!!! Shortly after the perpetration of this deplorable act, he was found extended on the floor of his room, (where he had fallen from loss of blood) writhing in the most dreadful agony. To the various questions put to him by his friends as to what could have induced him to mutilate himself in this frightful manner, his only reply was that in acting as he had done he "merely obeyed the command given by the divine Jesus, in the Bible, the ever blessed word of God." The unfortunate young man was immediately removed to Meath street hospital, where through the kindness of a medical friend, I had frequent opportunities of seeing him, and where he exhibited another proof, if any were wanting, of the danger of that protestant principle, which constitutes each man the interpreter of Holy Writ. Strange to say the wretched victim of this most absurd and perverse doctrine seemed to glory in what he had done, and, one day, while I was present sang a hymn of thanksgiving praise to the Lord for the extraordinary grace which he had bestowed upon him. He appeared to me to be about 23 years of age.

In a conversation which I had yesterday with a respected Protestant neighbour on the subject of *Millerism*, and the many instances of extraordinary delusion originating in the doctrine of Private Judgment, I mentioned the above fact; and it is, I beg to assure you, Mr. Editor, at his particular request, that I am induced to trespass on your valuable space with its recital. He is of opinion that, even in the good city of Quebec, there are many who wrest the *Scriptures to their own destruction*, as this unfortunate Youth did. He mentioned several facts, which he stated to have occurred here in the course of the last year, and instanced two in particular, that of a young-man, who all last summer, held forth from a chair which he planted in one of the most populous streets of St. Louis Suburbs, to the very great amusement of the children of that neighbourhood, and the other of a Saint not far from the same place who attempted to cut her throat, in order that she might be the sooner delivered from her house of clay, and enjoy Christ in the kingdom of heaven.

I remain Mr. Editor,

Your very Obedt. Servt.

AN ENEMY TO BIBLE HUMBAG.

A HINDOO DEITY.

Lord Combermere brought a Brahmin ox from India, and presented it to Her Majesty. The "natural viciousness," says the daily papers of the "sacred animal" rendered its confinement necessary. It was visited by Her Majesty and Prince Albert, and as the newspaper account states, "greatly admired for its beautiful symmetry and immense size:" having been so admired,

it was forthwith sentenced to execution. It is to be hoped that Her Majesty's millions of Hindoo subjects will not learn the fate of their deity. After it was killed, it was, says the report, beautifully dressed-up for the inspection of Prince Albert and the Royal visitors at the Castle, dressed not by the cook, but by the butcher. The Hindoo deity weighed 180 stone, and its heart 10 pounds. The rump of the deity was by Her Majesty's command, cured and salted for the Royal table. The skin is to be tanned and made into a hearth rug; the horns are to be polished. What would the Hindoos think of all this, if by chance they should hear of it? And what a reverse of fortune was that of the ox? Worshipped in one part of the world, imprisoned in another, then slaughtered, its rump eaten by the Queen of its worshippers, its skin made her hearth-rug, its horns stuck up in a hall! This, should it be known, will be a set-off to the gates of Somanath, and give the Mahometans the laugh against the Hindoos.

THE STATE OF SOCIETY.

The poor have little—beggars none
The rich, too much—enough, not ONE!

INJURIES TO PUBLIC GARDENS.—The English are perhaps, the only people in Europe who cannot be admitted freely into public walks, gardens, or buildings, without committing some injury, or nuisance. Names are cut on trees and benches, or something or other is mutilated or defaced. It is very different on the continent. The public gardens at Frankfort are only separated from the high-road by a single rail, and yet nothing is injured, although no one is excluded. In these gardens a nightingale had for many years built its nest on a particular spot, close to one of the walks. It was seen by every one, and yet no one molested it, until one day a foreign servant saw and took it. When it became known the man was hunted by a mob, taken before the city authorities, and the fact being proved, he was sentenced to have his coat turned, to be drummed out of the city with every mark of disgrace, and never to enter it again. I am inclined to hope, by degrees, we are becoming more manly and trust-worthy sight-seers than we have hitherto been. The fine gardens of Hampton Court Palace are thrown completely open to the public, and I believe that the instances are very rare in which any injury is done to the plants.—*Jessey's Gleanings in Natural History.*

AGE OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely exceeds twenty years of age; a dog lives twenty years, a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen; hens are long lived, one was known to live seventy years; a hare or squirrel seven or eight years; rabbits seven. Elephants have been known at the age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Perus, king of India, he took a great elephant which had fought valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the Sun, and let him go with this inscription: "Alexander the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun." This elephant was found with this inscription 850 years afterwards.

Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to sixty-two, but averages from twenty to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of a hundred. Stags are long lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten; cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considered it probable that whales sometimes live a thousand years. Mr. Malletton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred years. Pelicans are long lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of a hundred and seven.