

# THE CATHOLIC.

QUOD SEMPER, QUOD UNIQUE, 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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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.  
Continued.

But, Money, chief thy pond'rous sway disturbs,  
Unhinges, quite upsets the moral world.  
For what, from love of thee, than love of ought  
In heav'n or earth besides, more ardent felt,  
Will human heart not dare? O had I not  
Such picture dark to draw; such gloomy scenes  
With trembling hand to trace; as now thou hold'st  
Up to my startled fancy, that would shun  
The fearful retrospect; could I revoke  
The lay descriptive, rashly pledg'd on thee!  
How diff'rent far from fabled golden age,  
By poets sung, must mine, no fable seem!  
Theirs innocence was all, and bliss on earth,  
Ere yet established far and wide thy reign:  
Mine guilt throughout, and wild uproar, and woe.

Full oft the sacred ties of kindred dear,  
With which our common parent, Nature, links  
Her children each to each, are broke by thee.  
Hence grumbling discontent and hatred grows;  
And strife domestic scares affection sweet  
Far from her cherish'd home: a hell become,  
From glutless greed of thee. Let Hist'ry tell,  
For she takes note of most, what fam'ly feuds,  
Which to their base have kingdoms whole convuls'd,  
From thy dire source have sprung; not pregnant less  
Than fam'd Pandora's box, with ev'ry ill.

How, by thy pressure cold, is numb'd the heart  
Of youth, so gen'rous first, and feeling form'd;  
And oft to all is deaden'd but the wish,  
The monstrous wish, unnat'ral forced by thee:  
Of relative's demise: whose ling'ring life  
Th' expected heritage so long defers!  
Nor ev'n, dire deed! urg'd by th' impatient wish  
Still brooding on his mind, the vital spark,  
That lighted his, does he not desp'rate crush,  
And seize the pelf with parnicidal hand!

Oft, too, is meanly barter'd for thy dross  
The Virgin, though reluctant: nor her tears  
And loud lament, her tyrant parents move  
To change their purpose vile, for thy sole sake  
To force her hand, by wealthy suitor crav'd,  
Which ne'er her heart can yield; and wrung perhaps  
From kinder clasp of him her soul adores.  
Thou, than their child to such, than all her bliss  
Through life, and future joy, art dearer far;  
Nor rate they ought th' effects, so fatal found,  
Of disappointed love. Indifference cold  
Such wedded pair soon for each other shew;  
Which settles in dislike and mutual scorn.  
Then peace domestic flies; and wrangling brawl,  
Contentions, jealousies, mistrusts, succeed;  
Till home no comfort knows: which now abroad  
Each sep'rate seeks in haunts, which Virtue shuns:  
While honour's lost; and, at the blind caprice

Of chance uncertain risk'd in gambling mood,  
Their fortune, madly stak'd is ever down;  
Then, as remede of now ret'neless woe,  
Themselves, their family, if with fam'ly curs'd,  
Quite ruin'd and undone, they duly strive  
The tie to lose, th' better ne'er had been:  
Or, 'gainst themselves severe, their hand they lift,  
And think with hemp or steel to end their pain.

### THE POPE---RELIGION IN ROME.

A correspondent of the *New World* newspaper in this city, writing from Rome, has some remarks which may be read with interest. We give them without material abridgment, the manifest prejudices of the writer giving the greater value to his statements. Our readers will of course estimate rightly the spirit which when there is no open wrong doing to carp at, is fain to suspect there must be some in secret.—*N. Y. Free Jour.*

"We have just returned from the Vatican, where we have gazed to our hearts' content at his Holiness. Gregory XVI., the present Pontiff, is seventy-six years of age, large in person, with homely features; his huge nose shadowing his cheeks, with a mild demeanor mirroring a kind heart. Our reception was marked by simplicity and taste, for meekly does the present successor of St. Peter wear the Papal tiara; but for his monkish robe and our court dress, it was a transcript of a visit to our republican President. His Holiness was born at Belluno, a little village of Venetian Lombardy; his father a brazier, and his uncle a rich farmer; by the latter he was educated for the priesthood, and has ascended by four steps to his present position, thus: Monk of St. Gregory, Prelate, Cardinal, Prefect of the Propaganda, Pope! He is deservedly held in high esteem by his people; for his charity, I am told, is unostentatious and extensive; his sincerity of belief unquestioned, and his private life without a stain. *En passant*, my near approach to this same Romish Church, and the result of my inquiries respecting its condition and prospects, have filled me with amazement. I thought to laugh at its absurd forms and absurder worshippers; it seemed to me at a distance to be dying of inanition; our reverend clergy, I said, are beating the air in their contests against it; they are fighting a corpse, and invoking aid where none is needed, for no human power can revivify the swollen carcass which has lain rotten for many centuries. I mocked its weakness, and I tremble in contemplation of its strength. It is like a strong man waking from slumber; its power has increased and is increasing; and I have the authority of well informed men for the assertion, that more converts are now pressing into its folds than at any time since the days of the Reformers. Its priesthood are stirred up to vigorous action; its idle and dissolute friars are among the *have-beens*; open licentiousness and monkery are no longer synonymous; a show of morality is now indispensable in those who minister at her altars; the sting of the serpent is hid among flowers! Among the Catholic population of Italy I find an excessiveness of external devotion for which I was not prepared. I have entered their cathedrals, open daily from the rising to the setting sun; and seen, in the sancted chapels, kneeling on the cold marble before the blessed Virgin and symbol of their salvation, men, women and children, whose bread is earned by unceasing labour, forgetting, in their thirst for the water of life, that material hunger which is stamping its ghastly impress in those thin pale faces,

and dragging graveward those wan forms! It is not strange that the priests of Rome are dear to their flock, for they are ever ready to minister to the spiritual wants of each, however poor, wretched, and despised he may be. Behold on that living straw, a felon, a diseased remnant of mortality, whose touch is death; a priest is kneeling by his side administering to him the consecrated wafer, while the soothing cup is held to his parched lips by a sister of charity, who though the affianced bride of heaven, is not unmindful of the pains, and toils, and cares of that world from which she is forever separated."

**CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY.**—We often hear it said by Protestants (says the *Catholic Telegraph*), that the celibacy of the Clergy is an innovation of this, or that, Pope, this, or that, age, or nation. Hear how Hallam settles the question in his "Middle Ages." . . . . "Celibacy had been, from very early times, enjoined as an obligation upon the Clergy. Some of the fathers permitted those already married for the first time, and to a Virgin, to retain their wives after ordination, as a kind of indulgence of which it was more laudable not to take advantage; and this after prevailing for a length of time in the Greek Church, was sanctioned by the Council of Trullo in 691, and has ever since continued one of the distinguishing features of its discipline." In a note, he adds: "Bishops are not within this permission, and cannot retain their wives by the discipline of the Greek Church."

"The Latin Church, however, did not receive these Canons; and has uniformly persevered in excluding the three orders of priests, deacons and subdeacons, not only from contracting matrimony, but from cohabiting with wives espoused before their ordination." And in a note, he adds: "The authority of the fathers must terribly perplex an English high-churchman defending the matrimony of the Clergy, for which not a single lawful precedent, I believe, has ever been produced from St. Paul to Luther." Vol. 1. p. 436. Philadelphia 1824.

The *Watchman of the Valley* denies the truth of a fact lately stated in the *Telegraph*, respecting the destruction of the Stereotyped version of the Catholic Bible in the Spanish language, by the American Bible Society. The *New York Freeman's Journal* was the first paper which directed public attention to the fact. When a Catholic Editor makes a statement and we have no other cause to dispute its correctness than the assertion of a Calvinistic Preacher, we cannot, in the absence of better testimony, believe the word of the latter. Should the fact be as he states, we will do him justice.

The plates of the Spanish edition were assuredly destroyed, and this fact fully sustains all that we intended to state, and all that we have stated.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

**QUICK PASSAGE BETWEEN AMERICA AND IRELAND.**—Sir Valentine Blake, M. P., urging the eligibility of Galway for a packet station, informs Sir R. Peel that the passage between North America and Galway has been effected in six days.

**ZURICH.**—The Protestant government of this canton has liberally offered to give up the ancient church of the Augustine for the Catholic worship. Thus the Catholics are nearly unrestricted in the Protestant town of Zurich.