

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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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.

Thus, Money! wond'rous pow'! from pole to pole
Does all beneath thy massy sceptre bend;
Nor is there independent ought on thee:
For o'er th' external world while thus thy sway
Sov'reign presides, the intellectual feels
Its influence irresistible, and stoops
Submissive to thy will and high decree;
Though but capricious most and partial found.

And here, though with regret, as much it grieves
Thy hard to censure whom he'd glad commend;
Yet must I own that still thy mental reign,
For not that reign by right to thee belongs;
Is dull, blind, headlong, and precipitate;
Heavy, and, like thyself, maternal quite:
Nor harmless prov'd, as Innocence has felt,
And Justice, vainly struggling for their rights
'Gainst hard Oppression's gripe; whom oft the fiend
Cruel as heartless, bids thee pond'rous crush.

Oft Genius too, with fire celestial fraught,
Who feels his force, and pants for high renown;
Though born to rival all, whom polish'd Greece,
And Rome, earth's mistress own'd, may proudly boast;
By thee unheeded, and as dull as thee,
As cold, as careless and insensible,
By thy spruce cheats, noble, vain and gay;
Whose worth is rated by its weight and shine;
Shrinks from thy rude rebuff; and, ruder still
The coy indifference shewn, or ignorant sneer
Of thy conceited fools; who judge of all,
Yet judge of nothing right, but solely thee,
Thy toys, thy gewgaws, and in ceaseless round
Fresh pastimes sought, amuse their baby minds.
Too gen'rous form'd his spirit, e'er to crouch
For thy support, though needful; and the puff
Of patronage, were 't more than empty shewn:
But from contemptuous side, as onvious leer,
Withdraws immediate sly, and shuns the sight,
Lost to his country ever, and mankind.

Such check oft Merit meets, and modest worth
From thee and thy proud minions; if not wealth
Or rank is her's, and vaunt of pedigree,
So priz'd ev'n through long line of profligates
Trac'd worthless to the vilest of the race.

Can then thy touch alone the boor refine?
Make amiable the churl? graceful the lout?
The booby sprightly? and the rake rever'd?
Must these alone, with thee familiar grown,
As wise, illustrious, perfect, still be held:
None good alike, none wise or great be found?

For whence, if not from thee, the rank of most
So eminent, and high-blown titles spring:
With which, as Demi-gods, thy sons thou deck'st,
Not vulgar form'd, of human lineage frail?
With crown and crest baronic vain display'd
O'er scutcheon smear'd with barb'rous blazonry,
In horrid forms of beasts and birds of prey;
Eagles and Vultures, Lions, Unces, Pards,
Dragons and Gryphons, and fantastic forms,
That haunt craz'd vanity's unfurnish'd brain:
And, in her fond conceit, fit emblem seem
Of family prowess, real or but feign'd;
By Heraldry, mock science, quaintly rang'd,
And shewn significant, as quarter'd out,
In antic jargon the proud claimant's loast.

Still Nature, oft unceremonious bids
To these thy pamper'd courtiers, pompous styl'd
Your Worship, Honour, Excellence, and Grace,
Most Mighty, High, August, Serene, Sublime,
Disease, and his grim follow'r Death, declare,
That theirs is but that common mould'ring clay,
That shrouds the meanest beggar; and alike,
As mine, their vital part expos'd to pain.

OREGON MISSIONS.

CURIOUS DISCLOSURES AND INTERESTING PARTICULARS.

A letter from one of the Methodist Missionaries to the Oregon Territory is published in a New York sectarian paper, but it sounds more like a communication from a settler or speculator, than from a person purporting to be a minister of the Gospel. He dwells on the water power for manufacturing purposes, the Salmon fishery, the facilities for grazing, the ease with which horses and cattle may be fed—corn, wheat, peas and oats, engage the attention of the holy man. Capitalists are much wanted to open a trade with China; mills and millwrights are attended to, and finally the disinterested missionary asserts that a man can make property as fast in Oregon as in any country. In the midst of his harangue he suddenly remembers his spiritual vocation and thus he alludes to it.

"The influence of the Papists is calculated to be destructive of all vital godliness. Our missionary prospects are not all as flattering as we could desire, but we are not discouraged: we are determined to toil on, trust in God, and hope for success! I sometimes feel blessed in trying to preach Christ to the natives. We are yet as to ourselves trying to make our way to a better world. O may it be so. Let us toil hard for heaven. We have an addition to our family of another daughter. I have written in great haste, as this is to be off early to-morrow morning. Besides I have plenty of company, a number of men being here to buy salmon of which I have the care. (Catch a weasel asleep.) Others are on their way down the river. Indeed my house is at times, as to travellers, more like a public house than a Methodist preacher's. But all goes well with Christ in the soul. Much love to all."

The foregoing jargon of spiritual and temporal matters, gives a fair insight into the thoughts of a Methodist Missionary. If it were not connected with a subject so serious as the souls of men, no reader could refrain from laughter. It happened that whilst we were reading the above extract, in which it is difficult to say whether

impudence or hypocrisy is more prevalent, a man was at our side, direct from the very place where these Missionaries are so pleasantly located. He stated, that the Methodist preachers had four hundred barrels of pickled salmon ready for market; they had fine houses, splendid farms, and Brother Lee, the head man of the mission, had eight hundred head of cattle! Some time before his departure, a disgraceful altercation had taken place between Mr. Lee and another person attached to the mission, respecting the division of some funds, received from the United States. They submitted the difficulty for adjustment to a Catholic Priest, and the end of it was, that one of the parties threatened to return to the States and expose the others!

When these Missionaries departed some years ago to the Columbia river, the vessel, by special agreement, was to be on the principle of Temperance. On the passage one of the sailors was examining a bottle of medicine, of which there were many in the cargo, and having tasted it, he liked it so well that he tasted it again! He was so relieved by its beneficial and happy effect on his head and heart, that he recommended its use to his comrades as a Panacea, and when the ship arrived at the destined port, the medicine, which in pharmacy is called "Jamaica Spirits" was all gone? The Rev. Mr. Lee was indignant, and threatened to hold the Captain responsible for the Medicine, but through the interposition of Gov. McLaughlin of the Hudson Bay Company, the difficulty was adjusted.

Soon after the arrival of Mr. Lee for the conversion of the Indians, his wife died. This was a sad affliction; and as the Rev. gentleman did not coincide with St. Paul, who says—"for I would that all men were even as myself;" "he that is without a wife is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God," he departed to the United States and procured a second helpmate. On his return he gave great edification; he forgot neither the living nor the dead, for he came with the second wife leaning on his arm, and behind came a company bearing a tomb-stone, which he piously brought from the States, for his first companion! The poor man was thus delicately placed between a smile and a tear, "like a rainbow in showers." The second wife has since died, and he has applied for a third one.

It may be well supposed that men so occupied with worldly matters, men who have an extensive store, the contents of which are exchanged with the Indians for valuable furs, have no time to devote to the conversion of the natives. The Methodist papers announced the effect of the preaching of the Missionaries on their first arrival, as like a "second Pentecost," but the spirit has long since evaporated. They tried, indeed, their influence to poison the minds of the Indians against the Catholic Missionaries, by teaching that "the children baptized by the Priests would soon die," but the lives of the respective Missionaries soon satisfied the red men which were most worthy of their confidence. There are now no Indians within thirty miles of the Methodist station.

The other missionaries, Presbyterian we think, are also leading an idle life in Oregon, as far as the conversion of Indians is at stake. They proposed to the Jesuit Fathers on their arrival, that they should keep at a distance from them of three or four hundred miles! The sons of St. Ignatius were not satisfied, however, with the