

# 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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EDITOR.

### THE COXCOMB DUELLIST.

Now mark yonder coxcomb, that's strutting so vain,  
Like turkey cock bluff, 'mid the loud cackling train:  
His buttons so sparkling; his broad ruffles platted;  
And thick powder'd pate, like a woolen mop matted.  
With hog's lard and essence our noses regaling;  
His own ranker smell in their flavour concealing;  
So haughty he looks with a phiz ever leering,  
You'd think still at something he secret were sneering.  
But, O, from his lips flows what nonsense so pretty;  
What oaths *a la mode*; and what language so smutty!  
All the while on his heel see how graceful he's whirling!  
How playful his seals and his watch rattle twirling!  
Now, pop! the gilt snuff-box in hand is seen shining.  
He gives with such grace too, there is no declining.  
His ruby he shows, while he careless recovers  
His box: these, he says, are the pledges of lovers.  
On the ladies he chief his attention bestows:  
With them how he tattles, and simpers and bows!  
'Bout dresses, looks, characters, ceaseless he chatters;  
And ever the absent his 'larum bespatters.  
Would you think such a worthy a hero profess'd?  
Yes, once, I assure you, he ventur'd his crest.  
He shot his best friend, who, reclaiming some debt,  
His honour a swindler had sty'd in a pet.  
But those of his kinsay, as trifling and naughty,  
Are spiteful as adlers; revengeful and haughty,  
All gain, but themselves, when so easy they venture  
To break for a nothing life's binding indenture. [tag:  
Blind they rush on their fate, like the brutes, never think-  
Nor justice prevents, at their crimes ever winking.

Grave ancients! say, what would you think did you  
Such a proud, noisy, selfish and quarrelsome crew  
Of coxcombs, as daily one ev'ry where meets,  
Pang'd in our assemblies, and thronging our streets?  
That sure, since your days apes had learn'd to dress,  
And their meaning, so brutish, in words to express;  
So like, yet unlike us, in language and face;  
Perhaps you'd suspect we had jumbled our race.  
Could you think e'er that creatures, with reason endow'd,  
Would wear such an outside? Would jabber so loud?  
And, if more of fore-sight than Brutes they could boast,  
Would sport away life at such very small cost?  
Sure, Plato, less man is a coxcomb so smirking,  
Than my cock strutting strapp'd of his feathery jerkon.

### THE SHAKERS OF LEBANON.

New Lebanon Springs, }  
Jun 6, 1843. }

Considerable excitement exists at present in this vicinity in consequence of the Shakers opening a meeting every pleasant Sabbath, on the mountain near this place, at a monument which they have erected there. The monument is situated about two miles and a half south of the Springs on the highest point of Hancock mountain. It is a marble slab, about five feet high, which is sunk

into a rock and fastened with melted lead. Adjoining the monument are five posts set up, about two feet high, to which are fastened six heavy planks, making a five sided yard or basin, containing about forty square feet of land. The whole is enclosed by a very neat fence—making the ground occupied by the brothers and sisters, while dancing, just one half an acre. There are four gates leading from this yard at each point of the compass, that at the west side opens into a road about twelve paces broad made perfectly smooth and bordered on both sides by spruce trees sixteen paces apart. This road leads down the mountain into the Shaker village. On the south side of the monument is this inscription:

"The word of the Lord."

"Here is my living fountain, saith the Holy One of Israel; and here is where I shall set up my kingdom forever more to reign. And from this place shall go forth my word and holy laws to all nations of the earth. And I say, whosoever shall presume to put their hands on this stone, or step their feet within the spot where I have caused these posts to be set up, when their hands are unclean and their hearts impure, shall in some day or other feel the rod of my severity, and fall under an awful curse, which I shall in my own time cause to come upon them. Even I the great I AM, the Eternal Almighty and Overruling Power of Heaven and Earth. My word is truth, Amen."

On the north side of the monument is the inscription:—  
"Done at New Lebanon by command of our Lord and Saviour. Erected here July 26th, 1842."

The shakers are divided into several families, and are distinguished as the 'Brickyard,' 'North House,' 'Church,' 'South,' and 'Canaan families, &c.—These different families take turns in visiting the monument for worship. I was there on the 21st, when the South and Brickyard families were present. On Sunday last the Church and North House occupied the ground. Each different family, it appears, have a different mode of worship, as they went through ceremonies on Sunday last which I did not see on the 21st. When I went there I found the Shakers at the gate which leads into the yard, they were all on their knees in prayer. After singing and other exercises the gate was opened with much solemnity, and they entered, each bowing very low as they passed through. When they got around the monument the elders went through the ceremony of dipping up 'holy water' for the brethren and sisters to drink, and also washed all who desired it, and although they appeared to drink very heartily from the fountain, the water must be invisible to the eyes of 'world's people,' as the basin from which they appeared to dip it was as dry as an oven.

They then formed a ring around the monument and marched to a brisk tune, stopping occasionally to hear the inspiration of one of the brethren who pretended to be one risen from the dead. His name, he said, was James Whitaker, and that he had come directly from Heaven to tell the will of God to his chosen people. But the most important part of his mission was to deliver to the elders a golden chain which he had brought from God to bind them in the holy bonds of unity, which all the powers of the world or of the devil could not separate! He delivered the chain, to appearance, and the elders being placed in a circle were bound together with a chain, and strange to say not a person outside the fence had the power to see that chain.

They then strive to appear like little children, put

their fingers in their mouths, and talked gibberish to each other, twisting their faces and bodies into the most unseemly forms and attitudes I ever saw, speaking as children would talk five years of age, yet not half so sensibly; and each one striving to make himself as much like the inhabitant of a mad house as possible. After dancing and singing until they were exhausted, they seated themselves or went a little distance out of the yard to obtain earthly water for the good of the body, as I judge the water in the fountain is only useful for the soul.

On Sunday last the Shakers were met at the monument by one who pretended to be the "Great I Am," who directed every movement during the day—when he told them to laugh they did so, or cry, shout, sing; or dance—every direction he gave them was immediately obeyed. Among other ceremonies he directed them to go forth, sow, reap, and harvest the holy seed of the Lord; they accordingly formed themselves into a line more than sixty rods in length, and after sowing the land to appearance, they then went to work and reaped and gathered the harvest together and then, to appearance set out their tables and partook of a feast made from the proceeds of their imaginary crop.

No pen can give a correct description of the doings of this curious people, and no idea can be formed of their manner of worship, except by personal observation. I think a visit to the Shaker monument will well pay a person for the trouble of getting to it, even if he does not see the Shakers during their worship, as the prospect is superior to any thing in the State; besides, the grounds are laid out very neatly and every thing bears a stamp of originality and mystery which fills the mind of every visitor with curiosity and astonishment.—  
Yours, &c. H. C. B. [Troy Whig.]

"LOW-POPERY." We learn from the *Spirit of Missions* [through the *Banner of the Cross*] that "three thousand dollars per annum are pledged for the support of three UNMARRIED missionaries to China." This is one of those unwilling admissions of the superiority of our discipline, that our protestant brethren are occasionally compelled to make—we value it the more on that account. We gather, from the same source, that under the imposed condition, no candidates "have yet offered for the work." No one will wonder at the intelligence, for 'this is a hard saying, who can hear it? CELEBACY AND CHINA! The conjunction must be dreadful to the imaginations of the "younger Clergy," who are particularly appealed to, and with whom, it is alleged, rests "the whole responsibility of delay;" because as we infer, the older ministers are disqualified by Matrimony.

The Churches of the Reformation have been slow in learning, what the results of their first experiments with a married clergy should have taught them. What for, example, can be more instructive than the case of Mr. LANCHESTER? [a]. His "young bride, was as remarkable for her warmth of affection, as the young professor for his coolness of manner. Ever full of anxiety for her husband, Catharine was alarmed by the least appearance of danger to the object of her affection. When Melancthon proposed to take any step that might compromise his safety, she overwhelmed him with entreaties to renounce his intention. 'I was obliged,' wrote he, on one of those occasions, 'I was obliged to yield to her weakness—it is our lot.' How many instances of unfaithfulness in the Church may have a similar origin," is the philosophical exclamation of the historian—a protestant, we aver!—*Catholic Miscellany*.

[a] B'Aubigne vol. ii p. 101.