

THE CATHOLIC.

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

VOLUME III.

HAMILTON, [GORE DISTRICT] DECEMBER 21, 1842.

NUMBER 15.

THE CATHOLIC

Is Printed and Published every Wednesday morning, at

No. 21, JOHN STREET.



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

EDITOR.

EXTRACTS FROM A POEM ON THE "POWER OF MONEY,"—
DEDICATED TO HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE
OF KENT.

(Continued.)

Nor only thine to break the debtor's thrall;
Thou too canst snatch from savage pirate's fangs
Th' unfortunate captive, else to drudgery doom'd,
Far from his country, kindred, friends and home,
Of vilest Mussulman the fetter'd slave;
But, like dumb horse or ox, for labor fed
Or market tatted; while to lewd embrace
Of brutal ruffian are the charms consign'd
Of hopeless beauty from her lover torn.

Such, in derision of that suffering God,
Whom mightiest states and proudest monarchs own,
The lot degrading of his vot'ries seiz'd,
Their sons and subjects, while they vent'rous ply
On peaceful errand bent, their seaward course;
Like felons, seiz'd and bound, and dragg'd along;
Or dogs, with kicks and blows to kennel driv'n,
By fierce Mahome's lawless prowling crew;
That dares defy the Christian Pow'rs, combin'd
In holy styled alliance; though to prove
The title good, and shew the term is meant
In all the gen'rous sense that term implies;
The sacred task remains to pour their wrath
In one broad burst of vengeance, unrestrain'd
On th' unprovok'd aggressor's miscreant head;
Till havoc o'er his quarry, prostrate laid,
Like feasted vulture screams, and claps his wings;
While Desolation drives, with thund'ring crash,
His lev'ling ploughshare o'er the mosque and dome,
With humblast hut, in one vast ruin spread:
And to the wild uproar awful succeeds
The stillest calm of death; nor other sound,
Save echo to the stranger's lonely tread
Amid the fractur'd piles, is flitful heard;
And, in the dust while sleeps the crescent's pride,
High rear'd in air the cross triumphant shines.

Yet Heav'n such retribution long delay'd
Itself prepares; and round th' inhuman tribe,
Like meashy snare, that sweeps the finny race,
Bids Pest her close encircling curtain draw,
And warp in deadly toils her fated prey.

O may from Britain's isle be wafted far
Th' infectious blast! May ne'er her crimes deserve,
(Though more is daily swell'd the huge amount,
Than duly cancell'd) such afflictive scourge,
By Heaven's avenging wrath tremendous wav'd!

Another new sect has sprung up in Germany, under the name of *Philalethen*, or lovers of truth. These lovers of truth having some confidence in their numbers and the power of their protectors, have raised the standard of the most audacious rationalism, and open their programme with a declaration that they are anti-Christians.

OPINION OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS GORRES ON THE PUSEYITE MOVEMENT.

The work of Gorres, entitled "Church and State after the termination of the Cologne dispute," appeared in Germany a short time back, and is now exciting a great sensation. It is inferior to none of his former productions, and contains, among other things, a splendid a masterly view of European history. We were much struck with the following passage relative to the Puseyites, which, as peculiarly interesting to English readers, we have taken the liberty of translating. It evinces all that fresh originality of thought and youthful fervour of fancy which this great master retains in his advanced years. It is as follows:—

"Such being now the position of the Church as ordained by Providence, in respect to the dissenting communions, the question occurs, will the hitherto existing state of war continue between them; or will those communions, returning to the paths indicated, render possible the establishment of peace? None of the contending powers stands more in need of such a peace than the German Protestant community, which is on the verge of total dissolution and annihilation. Will it, in order to gain new life, go over to that cold, pallid death, which stares at it on one side; or will it, passing by the north, draw from the well in the Byzantine south? That well hath run out into the sand, and is overlaid with ruins, since the re-union with the Church once effected, was never consummated. On the other hand, if German Protestantism would still go on in its old course; no step in advance is any longer possible; for all paths break off where gaping Pantheism opens her wide jaws to swallow down the traveller. But the established Church of England is so excellently constituted, so secure in her foundations, so solidly vaulted in, that it was there men should have long ago looked for the foundation and outline of a firm ecclesiastical edifice. If the blind join the lame, both will fall together into the pit. While the true Church in England, entirely despoiled, begins only now to unfold her power, the Anglican Church, which, in order to secure the Mammon of this world, had given up her inward treasure, and her strength and resources, chose the worse part, and now, amid all her riches, she sits poor as a beggar. The springs of life being utterly dried up, wealth has exerted over her all its petrifying influence, and she stands, indeed, firm, but upheld merely by the *vis inertiae*. She points, in truth, with uplifted arm to heaven; but the blessing can scarcely circulate in that metallic blood which creeps slowly through her veins. One advantage have all institutions founded on an hierarchical centre, which, though spiritually inane, has yet the fulness of material forms; it is, that in that fulness the image and the reflection of the *Divine plenitude* are mirrored forth. Hence, where the image is preserved, the desire for the reality is soonest awakened, and from thence the return to a better order of things is shorter and easier. In no church, therefore, hath the sense of dissatisfaction with her own condition so often and so strongly manifested itself as in the Anglican; and the great movement which at this time agitates her hath its origin in this feeling. Like every other Protestant church, in working out the principle which constituted her, she hath brought to life innumerable sects, and America will shew the motley-coloured patterns of that natural progeny whom she sent forth into the wilderness. All these sects, as for centu-

ries they have been growing up, are distinguished from each other in this respect; that each succeeding sect differs from the preceding by a centrifugal course—by an ever wider departure from the common centre of Christianity in the Catholic Church. Of a sudden we have seen in our days the opposite centrepetal course begun by the Puseyites. It would appear as if the prayers which, in France, have been put up for England's return to the faith, have not remained unblest and without fruit, and that suddenly the scales have fallen from many an eye. The best and profoundest spirits whom the Anglican Church possesses in her bosom at once have looked about them. The inconceivable delusion which hitherto held their eyes fast bound has been removed; that harsh, bitter, hostile spirit, which, in the Anglican communion as much as in any other, exhaled its fury against the Church, has been, as if by exorcism, dispelled. With a free, impartial eye, they look upon things, they have contemplated the beginnings of their Church, its fundamental error: the talisman of the whole enchantment they have discovered under its foundations; and now, as it is removed, the whole deception of the edifice, in all its parts, is unveiled to their view. Now, having fallen upon the right path, every step they take in advance reveals to them some new, long-decried, overlaid, and trampled truth; and the whole internal concatenation of all these truths becomes every day more apparent to them. No wonder that their converging views, so unlike the hitherto tumultuous divergence of opinions, should more and more attract all vigorous intellects; and the high Church, in the unequal struggle between the spirit and her own corpulency, comes certainly the worse off. England has ever served as a sort of barometer to the rest of Europe. If her heights were clouded or serene, the state of the weather during the whole century might always be foretold; as the constellations of the Reformation and the French Revolution, a hundred years before those events took place, were to be read in cloaz characters on England. Well, then! recognize now the prophetic character of this great movement of minds which has arisen within her bosom; read in her, already prefigured, what the coming generations will have to achieve. The glacier, which you took for the firm primitive rock, has given a sudden start under your feet; a shock of a sudden hath darted through the mass, which many winters had frozen together; the great ice-boat in history is about to commence. For a heavenly warmth hath lightly and gently breathed upon the earth; the cranes have flown by, and the green vegetation begins to peep out; it continues to grow up under the feet of the impotent folks,* who would fain trample it down." Pages 209-12.—A Correspondent.

* In a sermon delivered at St. Paul's, before the King of Prussia, Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, said, that "the Puseyites should be trampled underfoot, like tasteless salt."—L. G. A. S.

We have heard, since the return of Father de Smet from the Rocky Mountains, that about *nineteen hundred* Indians of the Flat Head tribe had been converted. The worthy Missionary gives a most edifying account of their extreme punctuality in the observance of all their religious duties, rivalling the accounts which we read of the primitive christians. Many of them approach the Holy Communion every Sunday morning.—*Cincinnati Telegraph*.