

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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THE VERY REVEREND WILLIAM P. MACDONALD, V. G.
EDITOR.

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.

But happy he, the happiest of his kind,
Who Merit true discerning, leads her forth
From dark obliv'on snatch'd; as Orpheus won
His much lov'd Eurydice from death's domain;
And gives, on less precarious term obtain'd,
Rich Gift! her genuine worth to latest times.
At him posterity shall grateful point,
As down the tide of time she stately sails,
Who launch'd the beauteous bark, and bade her catch,
With all her canvas spread, the gale of fame.

Ev'n mine perhaps, though small, yet, tasteful
trimm'd,
And fraught with various store of many a clime,
Long and with search industrious, sought, t' enrich
Her cargo, ere she vent'rous quit the port,
And to th' uncertain blast her fate resign;
Nor, Money, but thy ballast, wants she ought
To fit her fearless for th' excursion plann'd;
Ev'n mine perhaps some friendly hand may help,
Straight from her moorings loos'd, her course to shape;
And bear Britannia's and her patron's name
To ages new, and nations yet unborn.

Nor did she 'scape thy nice discerning eye
Ev'n least when seemly seen; a stranded wreck;
By th' adverse winds blown from her hopeful course;
And all but lost. Still, royal Kent, her form,
Though shatter'd, pleas'd thee; and, sea-worthy deem'd,
In Britain's cause that could such dangers brave:
Thou bad'st her, soon refitted and afloat,
Not hopeless steer, in quest of honours new.

Thou gen'rous nation, whom thy virtuous deeds,
And inborn magnanimity have rais'd
To peerless pitch of glory; in thy might
When, hurl'd thy thunderbolts, thou soon had'st quash'd
The demen war, rous'd by thy fellest foe:
Who bad'st, the tumult hush'd, or o'er the land,
Or o'er the deep, sweet Peace her errand speed
Unscar'd; or, sole when Africk's plund'rer fierce,
Thy mandate vainly scorning, barr'd her way;
Did'st send, in just crusade, thine EXMOUTH forth;
Who in his den the Monarch monster sought;
And round his ruffian head thy tempest flung,
Tremendous show'r'd; till, humbled and subdu'd,
The lawless tyrant to thy righteous law
Acceding gave the Christian captive back
To his deliver'r; gave his pledge, compell'd,
Not more by rash infringement of the rights,
Thou so maintain'st of nations, to provoke
Thy wrath and sudden vengeance; which no foe

How'er so strong, resists; so distant, shuns:
Thou, whom the Muse and Learning call their own;
Who Science, Art and Taste, from Greece and Rome
Bid'st to thy happier shore their flight direct;
Nor further dread, from rude barbarian's hand,
The whelming dust and ruin o'er them spread,
To crush and crumble down their lovely forms;
But in thy palaces, in beauteous group,
Though mark'd with many a scar, they stand expos'd
Now to thy children's fond admiring gaze;
Safe by thine awful trident guarded round:
Nor does it not delight, as o'er their charms
The modest eye of blushing Beauty steals,
To find, with those compar'd of ancient times,
Her own not less attractive, and the same:
Thou, who thy suff'ring children to relieve,
When Industry lack'd labour, and the means
To earn his scanty meal, and screen his limbs
From Winter's freezing blast, did'st ready ope
Thy treasures's source exhaustless; wide around
Diffusing comfort to the helpless train:
Who then t y thousands gav'st, and thousands still
Giv'st lib'ral; nor, from needy worth, where shewn,
Dost niggard e'er thy timeous aid withhold:
Thou gen'rous nation! Could but here my bark,
That idle lies, thy looks approving win,
Though fondly fix'd on many a portlier form;
Could here my little bark, so trimly rigg'd,
And stor'd, and fitted for a vent'rous cruize,
Thy smile attract; well might I yet expect,
For thou at once her worth, if worth has she,
Which some not common deem, can'st clear discern;
Well might I yet expect, at thy command,
To see her soon adrift, each fast'ning loos'd;
And from the harbour sheer, a good sea boat,
With sails all set, and thy proud pennant hung,
Bearing away, before the fav'ring gale.

From the Catholic Herald.

PRAYERS.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.

Easter Day, 1753.—O Lord, who givest the grace
of repentance, and hearest the prayers of the penitent,
grant that, by true contrition, I may obtain forgiveness
of all the sins committed, and of all duties neglected, in
my union with the wife whom Thou hast taken from me,
for the neglect of joint devotion, patient exhortation, and
mild instruction. And, O Lord, who canst change evil
to good, grant that the loss of my wife may so mortify
all inordinate affections in me, that I may henceforth
please Thee by holiness of life!

And, O Lord, so far as it may be lawful for me, I
commend to Thy Fatherly goodness the soul of my de-
parted wife; beseeching Thee to grant her whatever is
best in her present state, and finally to receive her to
eternal happiness. All this I beg for Jesus Christ's
sake, whose death I am about to commemorate. To
whom, &c.—Amen.

March 24, 1759.—And, O Lord, so far as it may be
lawful for me, I commend to Thy Fatherly goodness,
my father, my brother, my wife, my mother. I be-
seech Thee to look mercifully upon them, and grant
them whatever may most promote their present and eter-
nal joy.

June 22, 1781.—Almighty God, who art the giver of
all goods, enable me to remember with due thankfulness
the comforts and advantages which I have enjoyed by
the friendship of Henry Thrale, for whom, so far as it
is lawful, I humbly implore Thy mercy in this state—
* * * for Jesus Christ's sake.—Amen.

January 23, 1789.—The day on which my dear mo-
ther was buried. Repeated on my fast, with the ad-
dition:

Almighty God, merciful Father, in whose hands are
life and death, sanctify unto me the sorrow which I now
feel. Forgive me whatever I have done unkindly to my
mother, and whatever I have omitted to do kindly.—
Make me to remember her good precepts and good ex-
ample, and to reform my life according to Thy Holy
Word; that I may lose no more opportunities of good.
I am sorrowful, O Lord; let not my sorrow be with-
out fruit. Let it be followed by holy resolutions and
lasting amendment, that when I die like my mother, I
may be received into everlasting life. I commend, O
Lord, so far as it may be lawful, the soul of my de-
parted mother, beseeching Thee to grant whatever is
most beneficial to her in her present state.

PURGATORIUM.

BAVARIA.—The festival of the Chevaliers of St. George
was celebrated with great pomp, on the feast of the Im-
maculate Conception. The Count de Reisach, Bishop of
Eichstadt, was made a chevalier of the above order,
which is of great antiquity. Each chevalier, on his
reception, vows to defend the Catholic religion, even at
the risk of his life, and to extend it throughout Ger-
many, &c. After the conclusion of a solemn service,
and of other religious ceremonies, the chevaliers sat
down to a splendid banquet, given by the King, who is
Grand Master, to which the public were admitted—as
spectators. It may be remarked here, that, during Ad-
vent and Lent, all public amusements, except concerts,
are forbidden.

CHINA.—We are very sorry to relate that the Pro-
curator of the Foreign Missions in China the Rev.
Theodore Joset, who, it will be remembered, was ex-
pelled by the Portuguese Governor from Macao, and
sheltered by the British authorities in Hong-Kong, died
on the 5th of August last. His death was most exem-
plary and edifying. He (a Catholic) was the first mis-
sionary that preached the gospel in China under British
protection. We hope to be able shortly to lay before
our readers further particulars of this worthy mission-
ary.—*Correspondent.*

This admirable priest is, however, by no means the
last missionary who is likely to preach in China
under British protection—fourteen "labourers" from
the London Missionary Society having, as we are in-
formed, already set sail for Hong-Kong.

HUNGARY.—The Bishop of Sxard has proclaimed,
in his diocese, a jubilee for Spain.—*True Tablet.*

Two of the most remarkable men of the whole world
now reside in Rome, and adorn by their virtues and
science the venerable College of Cardinals; we mean
Cardinals Mezzofanti and Maii, both of them raised to
their present eminent station by the reigning Pontiff
Gregory XVI., in consideration of their high attain-
ments. We would ask whether any Protestant country
can produce two such men? The one speaking forty,
and understanding more than fifty languages—the other
exploring the hidden recesses of antiquity, with an abil-
ity and success unequalled in this age, and perhaps un-
surpassed in any other, except by another Italian priest
of the last century, the famous Ludovico Muratori, whose
works in the same genre, fill thirty-six huge folio vo-
lumes!—*Catholic Advocate.*