

# 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 F. MACDONALD, V. O.

EDITOR.

Original.

EXTRACTS FROM A POEM ON THE "POWER OF MONEY," IN THREE CANTOS, VIZ.—ON MONEY'S PHYSICAL, MENTAL AND MORAL REIGN.

(Continued.)

O had not fate ordain'd thee ever mute,  
That to th' attentive ear thou might'st unfold  
Thy tale eventful, Money! and the mind  
Inform; as with magnetic pow'r thou draw'st  
The heart attracted, prompting th' ardent wish!  
Then full as wond'rous might thy feats appear  
Ante as poste deluvian; nor, than now,  
Thy worship less establish'd, and throughout  
As absolute the sway o'er human kind.  
But, ah! their mem'ry's lost. All round our globe  
The huge o'erwhelming inundation roll'd,  
And, but one fam'ly, swept our race away,  
With all the records of the ancient world.

Well had'st thou nigh then perish'd from our sight,  
Deep in th' abyss engulf'd; nor e'er again  
Had'st from th' oppressive load of rocks and hills  
Hurl'd o'er thee, and in wild confusion pil'd  
By rush of mighty waters, rear'd aloft  
Thy flamy crest, and empire re-assum'd.

But human thought surviving so dly cling  
Still to thy dear remembrance; and pursu'd,  
By secret sympathy towards thee led,  
Its search industrious; till at length descried,  
Or in the deep dug cavern's strata mix'd,  
Or gradual oozing through the rocky cleft,  
Or cavern's cranny dank, or in the brook,  
That, winding through thy subterranean cell  
Its secret way, still pilfers, as it goes,  
Thy shining substance, and thy haunt betrays;  
Forth blaz'd thy pow'r; mounted his tarnish'd throne;  
Resum'd his sceptre, and 'gan rule mankind.

Now in thy liv'ry deck'd each loves t'appear,  
As lackey in his lord's; or bravely vain,  
As soldier in his sov'reign's. First the fair  
Bow willing to thy yoke their captive necks;  
Thy fetters court; and, round their wrists entwird,  
Receive thy beamy shackles: in their ears  
Insert, or on their snowy fingers slip  
Thy glancing ringlets, and thy badges bear.  
Witness in sacred story Isaac's bride,  
With brac'lets bright and ear-rings woo'd and won  
Rebecca, th' earliest known, though not the first,  
Of thy fair female vot'ries since the flood.

Nor these alone, the mightiest soon put on  
Like emblems of their vassalage to thee;  
Princes and potentates are foremost seen  
In thy dependant train; who each with each  
Vies emulous, thy pond'rous chain to drag,

And most he's pleas'd, whose load is heaviest felt,  
Ev'n for their fare new relish to the taste  
Thy touch imparts: more delicate each dish,  
Serv'd up by thee, to their nice palate seems:  
And choicer, else not priz'd, the choicest wines,  
When sparkling pour'd by thy relucent hand.  
Not Araby's perfume, the sweetest shed  
In grateful cloud of fragrance on the sense,  
Save from thy chafing vase inhal'd, seems sweet;  
Nor sounds, though ravishing, delight the ear,  
On lute, or lyre, or harp, unclasp'd by thee.

## INSTITUTIONS OF PUBLIC CHARITY AND PRIMARY INSTRUCTION AT ROME.

From the "London Catholic."

How little do those tourists who differ from us in religion ever see or know of the real character of Rome! How little conscious are they, when residing in the hotels of the Piazza di Spagna, or rolling about in their carriages, or exploring the curiosities of that capital, with their guide-books in their hands, and their Cicero's at their sides, of what is hourly going on in the interior of the ecclesiastical, social, charitable, and scholastic systems of the metropolis of Christendom! Having put down in their tablets such notes as their time may permit, or their memories may suggest, they fancy that when they have gone through the churches, museums, palaces, public galleries, and antiquities of the place, they have gleaned all the information they can desire to possess. They attend at some of the solemn functions of the church, their conduct at which shows, and their publications (when they do publish) abundantly prove, that they believe our holy religion to be a mere exhibition of pageantry and idolatry, got up to captivate the senses of the ignorant, and to keep them benighted in the lowest abysses of superstition and credulity. They behold in the streets, at all hours of the day, great numbers of the clergy moving about in all directions; they know not that these men are either returning from, or proceeding to, churches, hospitals, colleges, schools, where they have all their appointed duties to perform, or that they have just been beside the bed of disease, administering spiritual consolation to the suffering patient, or soothing his dying agonies with the last rites of the church. Ignorant of all this, our hasty travellers set down these crowds of our clergy as so many drones and idlers, a mere mass of hypocrites, sunk in the depths of every species of corruption.

What can be said of Lady Morgan and other still more ignorant and superficial travellers, when even Sir John Hobhouse, a writer of no ordinary research and genius, deliberately accused of idolatry a number of devout men and women whom he found assembled in the Pantheon at Rome, reciting the rosary before an image of the Madonna? One of the latest libellers of our religion, as she saw it practised in Rome, Mrs. Jameson, could scarcely think of any thing while she was in the Sistine Chapel at high mass, than the unfolding of the trains of the cardinals as they came in, a description of which Lady Morgan has wrought into a gross caricature? It is thus that the same authoress (Mrs. Jameson) speaks of the celebration of one of the most splendid ceremonies of our church, on the anniversary of St. Peter's entrance into Rome, and of his taking possession

of the Papal chair:—"To see the high priest of an ancient and wide-spread superstition publicly officiate in his sacred character, in the grandest temple in the universe, and surrounded by all the trappings of his spiritual and temporal authority, was an exhibition to make sad a reflecting mind!"

How often have we heard from such authorities as these of the state of imbecility, vice, and degradation into which the Roman nobility have fallen—how little they do for their country—how depressed they are in the scale of aristocracy—how selfish they are—how irreligious—how mean and contemptible in every respect! The very writers who have defiled their pages with these calumnies forget that in the palaces of those princes to which they have been most hospitably admitted, they have found materials for many a page of their publications, in the countless and often incomparable works of art which they have seen in the galleries of those "selfish," "mean," and "contemptible" men! How deplorably ignorant they must be of the real characters and habits of those noblemen! Why, there is not—we believe we may speak literally—not one of those noblemen—nay, not even a man of any respectability in the city of Rome—who is not enrolled in some confraternity, for the purpose of performing practical works of piety and charity. There is scarcely an hour in the day in which members of these admirable associations may not be seen moving in companies through the streets of Rome, their faces closely masqued, and their persons enveloped in a coarse garment, which saves them from being known. They are either going to bury the dead, or to attend the sick in the hospitals, or returning from those deeds of corporal mercy! Most, if not all the members of the highest orders in Rome, male and female, belong to associations for the perpetual adoration of the most holy sacrament. We might name a number of wealthy princesses, and of the ladies of foreign ministers in Rome, who hold weekly meetings for the purpose of arranging secret visits to the houses or apartments of the poor, who, though suffering extreme privations of every kind, are "ashamed to beg." Relief, in money, in personal apparel, in comfortable clothing for their beds, in supplies of medicine, of wine, when necessary, and of all things calculated to mitigate their sufferings, reach them, they know not from whom. We could name some ladies of rank and fortune who almost daily inspect hospitals and poor schools, supported chiefly by their own bounty, or by collections which they obtained from their friends. We have seen them watching over the beds of sick orphans, administering to them medicine, standing as sponsors for them at confirmation, and arranging for the due supply of their little wardrobes. What did Lady Morgan, who has so grossly vituperated all Italian nobles—those of Rome most especially—know of the facts we have just mentioned?

Every body is aware of the infamous titles by which foreigners, differing from us in faith, are accustomed to designate Rome: the "scarlet lady," the "pit of corruption," the "residence of antichrist," and "the mother of shame and pollution of every description." Instances have been known—and we could mention some ourselves—of German Protestants being ordered by their medical men to repair to Naples for the improvement of their health, and of their putting themselves to the utmost inconvenience in the course of their journey, in