

# THE CATHOLIC.

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

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## THE CATHOLIC

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### THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.\*

This beautiful constellation can only be seen in the southern hemisphere. The following stanzas are supposed to be addressed to it by a Spaniard travelling in South America.—*Catholic Advocate.*

In the silence and grandeur of midnight I tread,  
Where savannas in boundless magnificence spread;  
And bearing sublimely their snow-crowns on high,  
The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The fern tree waves o'er me, the fire-fly's red light,  
With its quick glancing splendour illumines the night;  
And I read in each tint of the skies and the earth,  
How distant my steps from the land of my birth.

But to thee, as thy lode-stars resplendently burn  
In their clear depths of blue, with devotion I turn,  
Bright cross of the south!—and beholding thee shine,  
Scarce regret the lov'd land of the olive and vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er the main  
My fathers unfolded the ensign of Spain,  
And planted their faith in the regions that see  
Its unperishable symbol emblazon'd in thee.

How oft in their course o'er the oceans unknown,  
Where all was mysterious and awful and lone,  
Hath their spirit been cheer'd by thy light, when the deep  
Reflected its brilliance in tremulous sleep.

As the vision that rose to the lord of the world, †  
When first his bright banner of faith was unfurl'd,  
Ev'n such to the heroes of Spain when their prow  
Made the billows the path of their glory, wert thou!

And to me as I traverse the world of the west,  
Thro' deserts of beauty in stillness that rest,  
By forest and rivers untamed in their pride,  
Thy beams have a language, thy course is a guide.

Shine on!—my own land is a far distant spot  
And the stars of thy sphere can enlighten it not;  
And the eyes that I love, tho' e'en now they may be  
O'er the firmament wand'ring can gaze not on thee.

But thou to my thoughts art a pure blazing shrine,  
A fount of bright hopes and of vision divine,  
And my soul, as an eagle exulting and free,  
Soars high o'er the Andes to mingle with thee.

\* This fine poem is by Mrs Hemans, but is strangely omitted in the editions of her works.  
† Constantine.

### THE MORMONITES.

When the Mormon heresy first became known in England, and its pernicious tenets had begun to allure the uncouth Saxon laborers on Ribbleside from their peaceful homes, we exposed in this journal the rascality, forgery, and imposition of the knave and fanatic, Joe Smith, its author. The discovery of the gold plates which Joe read through a pair of free-stone spectacles, the great variations in the first and second translations of the plates,

ably detected and exposed by the ingenuity of an American book-seller, were fully detailed; since that time many country people have been enticed away by a knavish agent, and have deserted comfortable situations and moderate prospects, to go in quest of wealth and happiness at the great Mormon city of Nauvoo. From their practice of re-baptizing grown-up persons, they are nick-named by the people Dippers, and some of the dupes have paid for their rashness and credulity with the forfeit of their lives. During an inclement season of the year a weak and delicate female was persuaded to undergo the process of dipping, and she died soon after in consequence of it. This made a deep impression; but still batches of young people were enticed away to go in quest of the terrestrial paradise at Nauvoo. Letters have since been received from them by their friends, and though some of them were too proud at first to own that they had been duped, yet the melancholy truth has at length come out, and they declare their intention of returning from that dismal earthly hell as quick as they can. But the harpy followers of the Nauvoo prophet have taken the precaution to ease them of their money, so that their minds might not be blinded in the pursuit of spiritual by the possession of earthly goods. Before leaving their own shores a goodly consideration was exacted from them to pay for their passage; but these strong Lancashire yeomen, fed on beef and bread, found themselves well nigh famished on ship diet. Still they were buoyed up by the notion that Nauvoo would bring them peace and plenty, and ease them of all their troubles: but, they found the prophet, like the rest of men, eating and drinking of earthly food, and not sipping nectar and ambrosia, as their fond fancy had depicted. Though living almost within the precincts of the temple, and breathing the same atmosphere of the prophet, they found that they could neither procure a night's lodging nor a mouthful of food without an equivalent of dollars. To their cost they found that the spirit of prophecy had not subdued the spirit of the Yankee in Joe Smith; and that, though associated with the new world, they had still to transact business with the old. But for this timely arrival of a letter from the disappointed dupes of Mormonism at Nauvoo, the writer of this article would not have been able to dissuade several respectable families from committing their all to the rapacious grasp of Joe Smith and his harpies on this side the Atlantic. A Mr. Caswell has lately given us an account of his visit to Nauvoo; and strong proofs it contains, if any were needed, of the imposition practiced on the credulity of these poor people. In one vessel alone he found 300 English Emigrants on their way to the city of the Mormons. Many of them were decent-looking people, and by no means of the lowest class, from the neighborhood of Preston: perhaps some of the very ones whose fate we have been recording. The city is built on a grand plan accommodated to the bend of the Mississippi; and the situation of the temple, which is a large rough unfinished stone building, about ten feet above ground; it is 120 feet in length by eighty in breadth. In the centre of the temple is a large baptismal font twenty feet square and four deep, made of wood, supported on the backs of twelve oxen as large as life, also of wood, but hereafter to be covered with plates of gold. In this will be performed baptism for the dead, and for healing diseases: baptisms for the remission of sins will be performed in the more cleansing waters of the Mississippi.

The arch-impostor, the prophesier, seer, merchant, revelator, president, elder, editor, and general of the Nauvoo legion, is described as a person of course, pious in aspect, exhibiting in his countenance a curious mixture of knave and clown; his hands are large and fat, and on one of his fingers he wears a massive gold ring. His dress corresponds with his look, being of course country manufacture. Mr. Caswell showed the prophet a Greek Psalter in the MS. character of the 13th century, and begged him to explain its contents. The prophet asked him if he had any guess of its meaning. He replied that he took it to be a Greek Psalter. "No," he said, "it ain't Greek at all, except, perhaps a few words. What ain't Greek is Egyptian, and what a n't Egyptian is Greek. This book is very valuable—it is a dictionary of Egyptian hieroglyphics." Pointing to the capital letters at the beginning of each verse, he said,— "Them figures is Egyptian hieroglyphics, and them which follows is the interpretation of the hieroglyphics, written in the reformed Egyptian. Them characters is like the letters that was engraved on the golden plates." Mr. Caswell then asked the Nauvoo seer to explain his own hieroglyphics, written on papyrus and kept in glass frames; but, Joe, something like his fat namesake in "Pickwick," seemed very reluctant. Finding that no answer was returned to his request, to have one particular figure explained, he looked up, and behold! the prophet had disappeared; but, on descending to the street he saw him flourishing his whip, and driving away in his waggon as fast as two fine horses could draw him.

Had any thing been wanting to expose the barefaced knavery and wretched ignorance of this scamp and trafficker in merchandize and religion, this interview of Mr. Caswell, an Anglican parson, would have done it: still Greek and Egyptian are things about which a countryman's notion are all afloat. Had the prophet tried to persuade some knowing farmer, that a sow and her litter was an ewe and her lambs, or a cow and her calves, he would have turned away with a thorough contempt for the silly fool; and yet, Joe's attempt to palm the Greek Psalter on a Greek scholar, as a work written in Egyptian hieroglyphics, is equally foolish, silly and knavish. If the fabulous golden plates were written, as Joe stated, in the same character as the psalter, it is clear that their meaning never could have been discovered by him, even though he possessed the aid of his free-stone spectacles.

A melancholy reflection must here come athwart the readers' mind—in what a mass of ignorance is our country population involved! And on whom rests the responsibility? In whose gift are the numerous schools founded out of the proceeds of the suppressed monasteries? What class of men are appointed as masters? Whom does the state pay, and pay largely too, for instructing the people? It is clear that the established church has utterly failed to instruct and educate the people, and therefore has utterly failed in the great and only object of a state church.—Were the money now swallowed up by the church parsons and their childrer, legitimate and illegitimate justly disposed of, there would not be a single hamlet which would not share, and amply share too, in the blessings of a liberal, sound, and commercial education. As it is, all who do not belong to the established church have nevertheless to contribute to the support of its schools; and at the same time are obliged to support schools for the education of their own children, as the establish-