

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.

Original.

TO MAJOR H.—

The downcast look, the frequent sigh,
The tear, now glist'ning in thine eye,
Tell, Marshal, how thy grief o'erflows,
To think how, like the fresh blown rose,
Nipp'd by the frost, it was thy doom
To wither in life's early bloom.
To think how late on India's plain,
(Where sordid souls hunt after gain
Through each dark art, and winding wile,
That may dread justice's search beguile.)
Thy mind, with nobler ardour fir'd,
At nought, but spotless fame aspir'd
And how thy youth, as fortune led,
In honour's path fast forward sped ;
Belov'd, respected by thy Peers ;
Each pleas'd thy worth rewarded hears.
O, then what vigour nerv'd thy frame !
How glow'd thy breast with warlike flame !
When, o'er thy flying courser hung,
Amid' the foe thou'rt foremost sprung.
As daunted legions round thee reel,
As o'er them waves thy threat'ning steel.
But, ah ! close lurking in the rear,
Pale sickness stops thy bold career :
Arrests thee with her icy hand ;
Bids halt the vital current stand,
Numb'd by her baleful, freezing touch ;
And hangs the o'er the tottering crutch.

Yet think, (the thought thy grief may quell ;
And sorrow's gath'ring cloud dispel ;)
O think, my friend, how many pine
In anguish keener far, than thine.
Nor they, whom guilt's envenom'd sting,
Thrills through nor they, whose follies bring
On their frail frame diseases dire.
Nor they, whom justice bids expire :
Or in the dungeon's dreary gloom,
'Mid clanking chains alive entomb :
Such madly sought, and met their fate ;
And mourn their lot with vain regret.
But they, like thee, whose steady mind
From virtue's path has ne'er declin'd ;
Whom often Providence alwise,
Like Job, with various suif'ring tries
Weans from the world's deceitful toys,
And points to Heaven's perpetual joys.

See in the dreary mountain wild,
From all life's comforts far exil'd,
Beneath old age who feebly bend ;
To stay their steps no friends attend.
Such, famish'd in the lonely cot,
By all th' unfeeling world forgot,
Should sickness seize ; who then shall spread
For their craz'd limbs the downy bed ?
Who warm the couch ? Or with kind care
The strengthening potion quick prepare ?
With soothing words who then shall cheer

Their anguish'd mind ; dispel each fear !
And in life's last and dreaded smart,
When death shall hurl his brandish'd dart ;
Who then shall weeping close their eyes,
And bid their souls to glory rise ?
Of all these helps bereft they mourn,
Unpitied, friendless and forlorn.

While heav'n has granted thee t' enjoy
Those, who their ev'ry thought employ
To sooth thy care. A father's near :
A mother, brother, sister dear.
At times thy friend his visit pays ;
And cheers thee with his newest lays :
Or some quaint anecdotes repeats :
Talk's o'er the news ; reads the debates
Of Britain's statesmen : marks where war
Bloodstreaming whirls her thund'ring car,
And oft by turns th' historic page,
Of moral truths our minds engage.
At times on fancy's wings we soar,
And wh'er's starry vault explore.
While reason's sweets thus copious flow
To quench the bitter cup of woe ;
O, ever be, with equal mind,
To heav'n's mysterious will resign'd !

ROME.

EASTER SUNDAY —It is said there are 5000 English in Rome : these of course include Britons, Irish, Welsh, and colonists. I observed their general demeanour throughout the Holy Week ; it was anything but decorous or respectful ; frequently frivolous ; in some instances insolent, in others absolutely disgraceful—laughing talking, sneering, screaming, running as if in a theatre, and forcing their way to obtain convenient places. As for the unfortunate Swiss Guards, they were set at defiance ; and I have often expressed my astonishment at the patience of this fine troop of young men, who seemed petrified at the cool impudence and laughable pretensions of some bustling cheesemonger, gentleman farmer, or half-pay John Bull, struggling for a first place in the Sistine, or St. Peter's. At the door of the Canon's Chapel, in St. Peter's, the following scene occurred:—A tall old Englishman, with two ladies, forced their way through hundreds, when at length the crowd was so dense that it seemed impossible to go further. A priest was standing before him, when, with the most deliberate audacity, he so move! his shoulder sideways as to throw this gentleman completely out of his position. The ecclesiastic turned round, and asked what he meant. He clenched his fist, put his tongue out of his mouth, and made such grimaces as to excite the disgust and laughter of those who witnessed this painful scene. Another Englishman remonstrated, saying, "you are acting a most improper part." "Oh, G—d—n the vulgar priest, he should not be there in the way of gentlemen and ladies," said this English bear. The event proved who was the Christian and the gentleman. Instead of calling the police, and punishing this barbarian countryman of ours, the Roman priest took calmly out his snuff box, and, with subdued anger in his eye, gracefully offered it to the delinquent. The effect was thrilling. It caused the Englishman to blush with deep shame, and drew from every surrounding lady and gentleman, native and foreigner, a "viva" for the priest. The Englishman offered his box and his hand, and asked forgiveness." "By G—d," he exclaimed, "that has taught me a lesson of Christian charity I shall

never forget." I have seen two other English ladies in the Pauline chapel, in the presence of the blessed Sacrament, laughing so loud as to disturb the crowds that knelt in silent worship. They were seated and behaved with so much scandalous indecorum that I went very quietly, and told them unless they left the chapel I would hand them over to the police. They thanked me very coolly, and walked out. These are only two out of hundreds of similar instances which have excited the just contempt of foreigners for the English on the Continent. They are tolerated nuisances in society merely because they spend more money than other strangers. There are of course many exceptions to this general rule. It was remarked, as a very unusual circumstance, that three of the twelve Bishops who had the honour of attending as assistant-prelates at the Papal throne on Easter Sunday were British-born subjects—namely, the Right Rev. Dr. Griffiths, V. A. of London ; the Right Rev. Dr. Clancy, V. A. of British Guiana ; and the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, V. A. of Lancashire. The rest were Italians and French, with the exception of one Turkish prelate, and the Archbishop of Cuba. The exterior of St. Peter's, and the entire of the outside of its magnificent dome, were covered by thousands (I should rather say millions) of blazing oil-jumps at sunset of Easter Sunday ; the effect was a combination of beauty and sublimity of the highest order. The *tout ensemble* presented a clear and luminous outline of the architectural subdivisions of windows, pillars, pilasters, circles, wreaths, festoons, all gloriously crowned by the illuminated cross, which rests on the summit of this stupendous temple of the Most High and Holy God. On Monday evening, the gironde, or fireworks, of the Castle of St. Angelo poured out their streams of liquid light into the tranquil and balmy atmosphere ; and the oldest Romans vied with the youngest children in their just exclamations of pleasure and surprise, on witnessing the endless variety of glorious forms, and dazzling hues, and varying elevations, which the ingenuity of man imparted with such apparent ease and success. The cannons roared forth their gunpowder thunder in unison with the sky-rockets that shot upwards like expanding serpents, and evaporated in forms of fishes, with stars of purple, white, and red. The whole castle at one moment was one pellucid blaze of silvery starlight, the next a mass of purple liquid flame—again it assumed the form of waterfalls of fire—a moment after, it exhibited the dome of the Church of Orvieto—leafy outlines and endless ellipses of the same burning element succeeded in quick succession ; in fact, the whole seemed a scene of fairy enchantment, or what an imaginative friend suggested, "like a comedy got up in purgatory on the eve of the joyous departure of emancipated spirits from the realms of cleansing fire." If anything merely earthly could be supposed to shadow forth what the heavenly Jerusalem must be, with its angels bearing golden censers filled with frankincense—the never-ceasing songs of strong and pure praise, offered at the shrine of the Eternal—the attendants around the throne of the Lamb clothed in vestures of purple and white linen—its innumerable altars, and doors of crystal, and jasper, and glass—its never-setting sun—the streams of prayers and music, and rejoicings that fill the boundless halls of intermedate space,—certainly Rome, during Easter week (with its symbolical actions, and its endless and holy works of prayer, and fastings, and sacrifice ; its priesthood and hierarchy celebrating the divine offices morning and mid-day, and