

**CATHOLIC NEWS AGENCY'S WASHINGTON LETTER.**

Monday, Sept. 28, 1903.

It has always been the aim of the affiliated colleges of the Catholic University to surround their students with aesthetical influences calculated to refine and elevate. For this purpose fine specimens in painting and sculpture, either originals or copies, have been from time to time acquired. One of the latest of these valuable acquisitions is Girlandajo's Holy Night, a beautiful painting of priceless value, recently donated to Holy Cross College. It is about 6 by 8 feet, and the magnificent Florentine frame alone is valued at \$200. It is considered, next to the statue of Leo XIII. at McMahon Hall, the greatest art treasure at the University.

In my letter of September 14, I stated that little progress had been made in the study of Gaelic at the Catholic University. While this statement is true, I must add that it is not through any fault or lack of interest of the authorities. Great difficulty has been experienced in securing a suitable man for the position. Those who were qualified and received a call to this chair, declined the honor. Mr. Dunn, who is now studying under Dr. Kuno Meyer in Germany, will probably take charge of the chair in another year, expecting to finish his studies in Ireland. In the meantime a professor has been engaged for the coming year, and the study of Gaelic will be resumed in earnest. There are those who wish to revive an interest in Gaelic for the purpose of making it a live and spoken language, and have priests who are able to preach in Gaelic. It is extremely doubtful if this consummation can ever be realized. It may be possible in Ireland, but in the United States, where people who speak a foreign tongue, lose the use of it in a few generations, it will be found problematical.

The Messenger of New York City draws attention to a timely article entitled "The Truth about Hayti," by his Excellency J. N. Leger, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Hayti to the United States. The article is a forcible and clear presentation of the condition of the people of that island, and closes with this emphatic statement:

"The truth is that voodoo and cannibalism do not exist any more in Hayti than the 'night doctor' in Washington."

There is, of course, no such an individual as a night doctor in Washington, but there certainly is a general belief among the more ignorant of the colored people that there are doctors who prowled at night and catch any "niggers" they can for the purpose of cutting him or her open. Colored mothers invoke that mythical being to keep their children out of the street at night, and succeed when all other subterfuges have failed. This fear of the night doctor is not confined to children, but the bulk of the colored population of the city, which is easily 33 per cent. of the whole population, has a horror of this mysterious doctor. Young girls and grown women are afraid to go out alone at night, and if they happen to do so, dodge away from any suspicious looking white man they chance to meet. If this condition is possible in Washington, it may be inferred that the negroes of Hayti have some pet superstition, without throwing a reflection upon all the people of that little island. Mr. Leger, who is a representative Haytian, is a most polished and cultured gentleman, and a devout Catholic. His two boys, who have been attending St. John's College, conducted by the Christian Brothers, can hold their own with any American boy at the school, so that it would be folly to assert that the Haytians are an inferior people.

The craving that Protestants have frequently shown to bring Catholics to their churches is illustrated by a good story. It appears that an Irishman was in the habit of pasturing his cow along the road side in a country town. In an enclosure in which stood the Methodist church the grass was especially rank, and the cow occasionally found her way there through the open gate. One day the minister met the Irishman in the act of

chasing the cow out of that same lot, and gave him permission to pasture her there if he would acknowledge the kindness by attending his church. To this the son of Erin readily agreed, but after a time the minister discovered that he not alone went to his church, but also to early mass at the Catholic church. He took occasion to speak to Patrick about this, and Patrick was ready with his answer:

"You see, sir," he said, "I go to the Catholic church for the good of my soul, and to your church for the good of my cow."

The minister, who wanted the glory of having a Catholic attend his church under any reasonable conditions, decided that half a loaf was better than no loaf, and agreed to continue the arrangement regarding the cow.

E. L. Scharf, Ph. D.

**SECTARIAN MENDACITY**

Rebuked by a Non-Catholic Journal.

Sectarian intolerance is bad enough anywhere, but the intolerance which breaks out among missionaries engaged in the conversion of the heathen to Christianity surely reaches the lowest depths of baseness, writes Mr. Labouchere, M.P., in London Truth. The United Free Church of Scotland Mission at Old Calabar, Southern Nigeria, is responsible for an exceptionally disgraceful exhibition of this sort. A newspaper entitled the Calabar Observer is published by the mission, and with it is issued a supplement in Efik, the native language of that part of the country. In the supplement for March there appeared a paragraph of which the following is a translation. It has been forwarded to me by an English officer in Southern Nigeria, who explains that owing to the nature of the Efik language a literal translation is almost impossible, but that the sense of the original has not been in any way altered:—

"We know that two strangers arrived here on February 8 in Duke Town. They are those whom we call Roman Catholics; though they call themselves Christians, they do not preach the Gospel. They light candles, they bow down to images, they worship pictures, their way of worship is a mere play. (A play in the sense of the Efik word used is a dancing ceremony, which invariably winds up in a drunken orgie.) They wear fine apparel and perform many useless ceremonies. The Roman Catholics do harm wherever they establish themselves. The peoples of the large towns do not follow in their ways. Their ways are not suited to the Efik people. They are great liars, and they deceive men more than men can tell. They do not permit the reading of the Bible, and what is more, they affirm that all who do not accept their creed will surely go to hell. Efik people beware."

"How these Christians love one other" is doubtless the reflections of the native pagans who read this atrocious piece of scurrility. Among Europeans, irrespective of creed, it has excited the greatest loathing and indignation. The Roman Catholic missionaries themselves treated this Presbyterian libel with the contempt it deserves, but the authorities at home can hardly afford to pass over so outrageous an outpouring of malice and uncharitableness.—The Observer.

**A SMALL BOY'S QUESTION.**

"Papa, don't fishes have legs?"  
"They do not," answered papa.  
"Why don't they, papa?"  
"Because fishes swim and don't require legs."

The small boy was silent for a few minutes and papa forgot about the questions. Then he said: "Papa ducks have legs, don't they?"

"Yes."  
"Then, why don't fishes have legs if ducks do? Or why don't ducks not have legs if fishes don't?"  
Papa gave it up.—Ex.

**BABY LACKED STYLE.**

Aunt Edith—And what do you think of your little baby sister?  
Little Elsie—Oh, I dreffully disappointed in her.

Aunt Edith—Disappointed?  
Little Elsie—Yes. Why, she does not look a bit more stylish than the baby our washwoman got last spring.—Ex.

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