

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1899.

NO. 1,000.

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London, Saturday, September 9, 1899

### U. S. NEW POSSESSIONS.

There was a little discussion some time ago at Ashfield, Mass., on the war in the Philippines. A Rev. Mr. Plumb was strongly in favor of hostilities, on the ground that religion and trade would profit thereby. The individual, however, who receives religion from a dum dum bullet or a galling gun will not have much need of missionary services. He might be useful for mummy purposes or he might be cremated and deposited in a tasty little urn which could be placed on the parlor table. Charles Dudley Warner followed the fire-eating minister and thanked him for convincing him of the necessity of a great Christian people going to war for the spread of religion and commercial purposes. "I only want as a little rider: Resolved that we postpone the Christian religion to a more convenient season."

### DREYFUS.

The Dreyfus case is an excellent thing for the cable company and for the imaginative reporter. It is like a continuous vaudeville performance. The generals do their little turn, interrupted now and then by the oratorical feats of M. Labori, who is now, thanks to his wonderful recuperative ability, completely recovered from his "terrible wound." Madame Labori comes in also for much respectful admiration. She is the divorced wife of the Russian pianist Pachman—but that does not grate on anti-Catholic nerves.

### INCONGRUITY.

The Springfield Republican has a ghastly tale of the war in the far East. Burning churches and desecration of all held dear by an enlightened people mark the civilizing progress of the invaders. They war not only against the living but the dead. To despoil men of their holdings and to shoot them for no other crime than that of defending their country is bad enough; but to break open coffins and to rifle the dead is vandalism brutal and barbaric.

And still the man who is responsible for such atrocities was accorded a very gracious reception by the denizens of the Catholic Summer School!

### UNITED IRISHMEN.

Michael Davitt is doing some plain speaking in favor of an United Irish Party. There are signs indicating that before long an unbroken phalanx of Irishmen will be in Westminster to do battle, not for themselves, but for the common good. Instead of seeing Ireland sacrificed on the altar of personal ambition or gain, we shall see Irishmen sacrificing themselves for their country. Mr. Davitt's utterances are entitled to the utmost consideration, for he has given, time and again, proofs of the most unselfish patriotism. As needle to the pole, he has remained true to the cause, and he is as enthusiastic to day as when he first broke a lance for the honor of the old land.

Faction is either dead or is suffering from a hopeless, incurable malady. The people are settling the question of reunion in the only effective manner now possible, namely a popular unity for national purposes seeking combined employment against the enemies of the popular cause. This is the reunion that will succeed, because it possesses all the elements of success and seeks only the good of Ireland.

He says that the men who have stood in the way of Ireland must now stand out of the way, because the people have found that they can go forward without them, and that what Ireland wants is a militant movement against her foes and not a senseless wrangle among her friends. The wrangle may serve a few interested individuals, but it does not serve the national cause and the people have therefore formed a platform for themselves on Land League lines, and will secure true unity under the banner and purposes of the United Irish League.

He is prepared to step down and out of the way by so doing he can help the movement. He has never coveted power or manifested any desire to be a ruling spirit in the party, and he has followed the leadership of John Dillon faithfully and loyally, because he believed Dillon was honest and sincere.

Edward Blake has by wishing God-speed to the League endorsed Mr. Davitt's declaration that unity can come only from the people. Every friend of Ireland must indeed be grateful to Mr. Blake for his unequalled support of the movement. His path in Irish politics has been a thorny one. He has been slandered and ridiculed, and yet with the generosity that denotes a noble soul he has no enmity for the maligner and is ready to be in the fighting line shoulder to shoulder with any Irishman who believes that the Nationalist cause can be forwarded only through a party united in aim, aggressive in its methods and dominated by unselfish love for Ireland.

### JAPANESE "CONVERTS."

Mr. Stafford Ransome's book, "Japan on Transition," quoted by the Standard and Times, should be read by all those interested in Protestant missionary effort. It does not contain anything new or very startling, and is valuable only as a record of the impressions of a Protestant traveller. Referring to the claims to converts, he says there is not one genuine convert in every hundred thousand of the population. This will be disagreeable news for our brother of the Guardian, who believes that "the crucifix of the Romanist" is no longer visible in the flowery land.

Mr. Ransome touches upon the meddling and commercial tendencies of the average Protestant missionary, and then pays the following compliment to their fraternal charity.

"But one of the chief faults of the Protestant missionary is that he has not mastered the fundamental principles of Christianity. 'Brethren, love one another,' is ignored in his practice, and he passes too much of his time in degrading squabbles with his fellows about methods and details of faith. The local foreign papers teem with these controversies, often clothed in bad English, and betraying an un-Christian sentiment. When this sort of a missionary approaches an intelligent Japanese, urging him to forsake his pagan gods and become a Christian, his natural rejoinder is: 'What sort of a Christian? One of your sort or one of the sort advocated by your brother in Christianity, who sent me this pamphlet last week describing you as a worthless charlatan? Which of the hundred and one sects represented out here am I to belong to? For you are always casting mud at each other, and I do not know which to believe.'"

Speaking of their flat failure he says: "The conviction that the interests of Christianity are being abused by the missionaries is so strong that many of the leading Protestant foreigners maintain that the Roman Catholics are the only body of workers who are effecting any real progress in the conversion of the Japanese. The reason for this is plain. All the Roman Catholic missionaries are well educated, and they form a band among whose members there is no dissension. They live the lives of the people, and work quietly, systematically and on a small scale. They set excellent examples, and the bona-fide Japanese Christian is a Roman Catholic rather than a Protestant. There are, of course, many excellent and noble men among the Protestants, but they are greatly handicapped by a large class of men and women half educated and whose lives are often not above criticism. The word missionary to an English or American reader implies a career containing a certain amount of hardship and self-denial and even a risk of life at times. In Japan to-day no such conditions face the missionary. It is one of the easiest places in the world for any sort of person to live."

### ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE.

Not the Church but Political Antagonism the Cause of the Terrible Event.

In the current issue of the Columbian Rev. Dr. P. J. Garrigan, the vice-rector of the Catholic University, whose name is a household word in the Boston diocese, so long the field of his zealous and fruitful labors, writes as follows regarding that much misunderstood event, the massacre of St. Bartholomew:

De Maistre has truly said that "history for the last three hundred years is a conspiracy against truth," and because of the truthfulness of this aphorism Catholics are compelled frequently on account of misrepresentation in public writings and magazines, to deny or correct certain statements which seem to carry with them the authority of a learned institution or a writer of prominence. History, of all studies, is the most important and the most attractive for a student; because it is the narrative of the doings of men; it is man himself in action, and in relation with other men. But history is being reviewed and re-written in the last half of the nineteenth century, and it should be re-read in the new light which critics, with a juster spirit than their predecessors, have thrown upon it. It is written in a more exact, judicial, scientific and thorough manner. The facts of history should not be considered absolutely, but in their relation to the times and circumstances, which gave them birth. However plausible, however comprehensive our views of this or that fact or period of history may seem, it does not follow that our views are not elusive or colored by prejudice and ignorance unless weighed and measured by the

influences of the period in question. In history no conclusion is trustworthy which has not been tried by enemies as well as by friends. No traditions have a claim upon us which shrink from just criticism. To narrate all the vices of a people of an historical period is to betray truth, and it is equally criminal to show nothing but their virtues. Above all things, we should judge the acts of men now living among us—from all their motives and all their environments.

Our main objection to the public statements of the historical fact under consideration, as it has usually been presented to us, clouded in ignorance and prejudice, is the edum its authors have sought to cast upon the Catholic Church by accusing her of inciting and authorizing the bloody massacre. This is a foul imputation, without real foundation in fact. It would be as just to accuse the American nation of authorizing murder, because a few of her citizens, in order to break up the association of the Mafia, which was a menace to the peace and security of society, put to death some Italians in New Orleans a few years ago; or to accuse American laws of favoring bloodshed, because American citizens sometimes take the law in their own hands, in order to protect themselves from a growing evil, and despatch the culprits summarily by lynching. I am not defending lynch law or ku-klux law, or lawlessness of any sort.

The Catholic Church has been accused of authorizing the St. Bartholomew Massacre, because it was Catholics, unfortunately, in this instance, who shed the blood, and because, as it is claimed, the head of the Church, Pope Gregory XIII., ordered a Te Deum to be sung on being informed of the massacre or the uprising in France.

The sixteenth century was a time of great political and religious commotion in Europe, caused in large part by the spirit of the so-called Reformation. Charles IX. was on the throne of France. He was a young king and a weak man, endeavoring to preserve his throne by playing double parts. A Catholic at heart and profession, he had ardent followers among the Huguenots, who were of the new religion, were very powerful throughout the kingdom, and to whom he made very large concessions of place and power. Admiral Coligny, who was at the head of this party, was in close friendship with the king. So that when it came to the actual execution of the plots, as is shown in the Memoirs of Margaret of Valois, Charles wished to spare a large number of Huguenots, and among those even Coligny himself. Moreover, Charles was largely under the influence of his mother, Catherine de Medici, who was an Italian and a free-thinker of the Machiavellian school, who was well aware of the seditious plottings of the Calvinists against the throne, and who, perceiving that she could not otherwise preserve her power, nor even save her son's or her own head, urged her son to adopt the state policy of assassination. She it was, who unknown to the king, planned the removal of Coligny and found the assassin for the deed, hoping thereby to break the power of the opposition by removing its head. She it was who, together with the Duchess of Nemours, the Duke of Guise and the Duke of Anjou, finding that the admiral was not put to death in this attempt on his life, and fearing that there would be an uprising of the Huguenots because of the attempted assassination of their leader, forced the king, in a day, to order the massacre of the Huguenots for his own safety, and as a necessary measure for the preservation of his throne in France.

The king's own sister and brother bear witness in their memoirs, of which manuscripts are found in the Royal Library, that the massacre was decided upon because of the Huguenots having resolved to avenge the attempt on Coligny's life, and that their brother was with difficulty persuaded to consent to this severe measure, yielding only when he realized that his crown and his life were in imminent danger.

These are the bare facts and the motives of the massacre. These are the actors and the circumstances, and from all the data that exact history furnishes us, we must conclude that the massacre was purely a political expediency, resorted to by the king and his courtiers as a dernier resort for the preservation of his life and throne. In the whole affair the Catholic Church was conspicuous by its absence. The executors were not more influenced by religion than the victims were. Perhaps less so. It was crime chastising, punishing crime. No one can justify the cowardly deeds any more than they can the persecutions of English Catholics under Queen Elizabeth, or the slaughter of Irish Catholics at Nimes, in France, by the Huguenots in 1567, and again in 1569.

As to the Te Deum, which was ordered by the Pope to be sung in Rome on the receipt of the news of the massacre, the explanation is very simple. The Papal Nuncio sent a brief, hasty message to Rome that the King and France had been delivered from a bloody uprising; and the words of the Pope to the king congratulating him on his escape should that the Roman Court thanked Almighty God merely for the escape of

the king and the royal family from a Huguenot conspiracy. The Catholic masses throughout France and in Paris itself acted on this occasion in a manner which showed that religion was not a prime agent in the affair on their part. At Lyons, as even the Calvinist martyrology informs us, many of the Huguenots sought and found safety in the archiepiscopal refuge, and in the Celestine and Franciscan convents.

In fine, instead of religion having caused this massacre, we may conclude with Count Alfred Falloux, speaking on this subject, that "considering the state of men's minds at that turbulent period, religion alone could have prevented the massacre. Instead of a court full of intrigues and immoralities, suppose that then there was no influence but that of the Gospel of Christ, that the law of God guided those in power publicly and privately; that instead of a Catherine and Charles IX. there had reigned a Blanche and a St. Louis in France—in such case let us ask enlightened conscience whether such crimes would have been possible?"

The massacre of St. Bartholomew was an affair of state craft and of worldly policy, and the French king and court are responsible for the deeds. The Huguenots, however, had certainly been guilty of high treason, and Coligny, their chief, actuated by hatred of the Catholics and love of power, is shown by his own papers to have been preparing a stroke against the king. The journal of his receipts and expenses and other papers seized after his death, were laid before the royal council and parliament and all revealed deeds and projects which would have ensured his condemnation in any country in Christendom. Concerning these papers, Bellevue said: "The king learned from them that the admiral had established in sixteen provinces governors, military commanders, and a number of councillors, charged with the task of keeping the people armed, or assembling them together for his own purpose at his first sign."

Charles IX. wrote to Schomberg, his ambassador to Germany: "Coligny had more power and was better obeyed by those of the new religion than I was. By the great authority he had assumed over them, he could rise in arms against me whenever he wished, as indeed he often proved. He had arrogated so much power to himself that I could not call myself a king, but merely a ruler of part of my dominions." He even dictated state policy to the king, in terms like these: "Wage war on Spain, sire, or we wage war against you." (Tavernier's Memoirs, 1230.) It was not intended that the massacre should extend beyond Paris. We learn from the same Tavernier that the popular fury rendered the massacre general, to the great regret of its advisers, who had resolved only on the death of the leaders of the factions. In fact, on the very night of the massacre Charles IX. sent orders to the Governors of provinces and cities to take measures to prevent any occurrences like those which had just stained the Capital. On what grounds then can an intelligent man impute the bloody deeds of the St. Bartholomew massacre to the Catholic Church? In the light of history, as written and read impartially in our day, the imputation is groundless and unjust.

### A TIMELY WORD FOR THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

There is much encouragement for those who labor in Catholic journalism in the step just taken by the Archbishop and Bishops of the Oregon province. These eminent prelates have taken advantage of their meeting at Portland for the installation of Archbishop Christie to draw up and issue a circular letter to the clergy of the diocese and their flocks on the necessity of extending a hearty support to the Catholic press, with special reference to the local organ, The Sentinel. Many strong arguments have been put forth in sustenance of the claims of such papers, but what the Oregon hierarchy have put their signatures to appears to be the most forcible and unqualified assertion of the claims of the Catholic press as yet given out. "Of all human powers," they declare, "that of the press is eminently fitted" to place the claims of the Catholic population before the public, as well as stand as the champion and exponent of the doctrines, rights and privileges of the Church. Hence they call upon the people to give a more strenuous support to those who have devoted themselves to this arduous apostolate and so enable them to be still more effective for their great end than they have been in the past.

We deem it no less serviceable that attention should be recalled by those venerable prelates to the resolutions of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore regarding the spirit in which the work of the Catholic press ought to be carried on in order to be effective and productive of permanent benefit. A Catholic paper, according to the Plenary Council, ought to be thoroughly Catholic in tone. It ought to be both instructive and edifying. It should not be disrespectful to constituted authority, or biting and uncharitable

to Catholic brethren. It is one of the present features of Catholic journalism that in some quarters much more zeal is exhibited in the denunciation of the real or imaginary failings of other journals than in the defense of Catholic truth or the refutation of the incessant and omnipresent slanders of outside enemies. Egotism and self-sacrificing appear to be the ideals often striven after, rather than the good of the Church and the diffusion of wholesome literature.

One of the most salutary uses of the Catholic press, the Oregon prelates point out, is to provide an antidote for the virus of the sensational literature of the day—the "yellow" and purulent daily press, the suggestive, seductive cheap magazine. Here is an evil to be confronted whose dimensions are truly appalling. The Catholic press is the only agency by which this tidal wave of moral poison can be stemmed in any measure. It is called upon to compete in point of literary attraction, variety of contents and features of interest for all ages in the family with the secular weekly press. If it only receive the needed encouragement, it may accept the commission with absolute confidence of success. We believe firmly in the ability of the majority of the Catholic editors to make their papers the most welcome visitors to the home, as well as in their loyalty to the principles laid down for the conduct of the press campaign by the wise heads of the Boston Plenary Council.

We make no Archimedean boast, but we may humbly hope to be able to "move the world" in a different sense if we only be afforded the indispenable fulcrum of Catholic support. There is much hope for the future of the Catholic press in the example shown by the Oregon prelates. If a like interest be exhibited—as we have a right to expect it may—in the other dioceses which have hitherto been supine, we cannot but believe the people would respond willingly to the call. The strength of Catholic life in the home, and to preserve this in virtue and freedom from debasing influences must be the supreme concern of every Catholic father and mother in the land.—Catholic Standard and Times.

### SEUMAS MACMANUS: SHANACHY OF DONEGAL.

Undoubtedly "the man of the hour" in the minds of magazine editors is Seumas MacManus. His name appears on the August table of contents of no less than four of the leading periodicals—the Century, Harper's, McClure's, and the Outlook. Regina Armstrong contributes to the current issue of the Critic a sketch of the young Celt, from which we take the following:

In the preface to his "Through the Tarf Snook," Mr. MacManus tells us that the shanachy is a "singer of songs and teller of tales," and in that title, though perhaps in a broader sense, he has happily defined himself. The shanachy is the heartiest minstrel of Ireland, but no longer known except in the few remaining primitive sections. Donegal remains primitive. It is the extreme northwest county of the Isle and makes a wayward little arm of land dipping out into an impetuous sea beyond a forbidding crest of boundary mountains. It is practically shut off. Gaelic is still spoken there to a great extent and the old traditions are practised. The legends of a thousand years have been transmitted by living lips to succeeding generations. It was at the feet of the neighborhood shanachy that Mr. MacManus so well learned the story-teller's art that in time he became the shanachy of Donegal—the best teller of tales within its confines.

In those days he was the "Master," or village schoolteacher, and such a book lover that he thought nothing of trudging a matter of twenty miles over the mountains to procure one of the thumb worn volumes the barren district afforded. Such training and desire could have but one vent—he began writing. His poems and sketches appeared in the local paper, and for them he received the proud compensation of seeing his work in print, although with diffident uncertainty he signed it with the pseudonym of "Mac." He himself published his first book, and under a fictitious imprint, in his native village of Moncharles. It was a collection of poems which he called "Shullers [vagrants] from Heathy Hills." It did not make him famous, but it opened the door to different publications, and when he was ready to issue a book of tales a London publisher took them in hand.

The charm of Mr. MacManus's work is its quality of being near to the soil, its absolute freshness of presentation and its naive sympathetic intimacy. One does not see from the outside but from within, becoming a conspirator with the merry villain and entering the varying plot with human interest. Perhaps this is because Mr. MacManus writes mainly from reminiscence; he knows the wedding, the spree, the wake, the fair, as one to the manner born; he has heard the folk-tale as a lullaby and listened to the poems of Ossian at the feet of the shanachy who had likewise learned them by word of

mouth. He seems nothing incongruous in the rites still practised by the Donegal peasantry for the propitiation of fairies, although his faith in them is not implicit. The poetry and quaint mysticism of it are picturesque, and he would not surrender that. He is a little brother to the soil, elemental as Burns was elemental—the voice, able to express itself, of whole generations of beauty-loving, light-hearted, toiling people. For Donegal is so poor that its poverty has passed into a proverb for the rest of the island:

In Donegal  
They eat potatoes, skins and all.

They are simple fisher-folk and modest husbandmen, yet proud and staunch, patriotic and droll, optimistic and human. They are so primitive that they are cosmic.

Mr. MacManus has all these qualities, with a positive and definite perception of them. He has immense vitality and personal projection; he has a way of going directly to the nucleus of anything separating it from irrelevances and detail. He has no place for superfluities; he quickly knows when it is another story, and uses it as such. He reproduces its idioms and typical words in his expressions, and selects the soft, lyrical effects of its diction. He is prolific and versatile.—Public Opinion.

### A PARENTAL DUTY.

Young people should be guarded against the danger to heart and soul that lurks in bad reading. Parents and guardians owe a duty to those under their care in this respect. Young people who are studiously inclined, and for whom reading has more claims than out-door sports or other amusements, are particularly liable to fall a prey to the evil that is to be found in bad books and papers. For this reason those who have to deal with young folk should keep as strict a watch as possible upon the kind of reading that, in the home, is likely to fall into the hands of their charges.

To unthinking parents there is a feeling of security in knowing that Johnnie or Jennie is "somewhere in the house reading." They think their boy or girl is safe, because he or she is not out in the streets with possibly bad companions. This is sometimes a great mistake. Books are the closest of companions. They can be the best, most refining and elevating of friends and teachers, or the most pernicious foes to the purity and peace of mind of those that read them. They can be the making or marring of a character. Their influence is often greater far than the influence of flesh and blood companions. The average parent would inquire closely as to the sort of boys or girls with whom his own young hopefuls were spending their leisure time, but no question is ever asked as to the character of the reading that finds its way into the home.

The more inclination a child shows for reading the more careful should the older folks be in providing only the best and most wholesome books and papers. The more precocious and imaginative a child shows himself to be the more care should be taken to keep his mind and soul pure. Many lives that might otherwise have been noble ones, have been ruined because in youth the mind was stained and sullied with evil thoughts and images.

Evil literature enters the home in many ways. It may be nowadays asserted that the daily newspaper contains this class of reading in its most insidious form. We have grown so accustomed to the vile stuff that passes for news that the reading of it has ceased to horrify us. There are, of course, some journals which are clean, but in ninety-nine out of every hundred newspaper offices in the land, "news" means detailed accounts of criminal events—the darker the crime the better the news. Yet, knowing this, do we keep these papers out of the hands of our children? Do we exclude such sensational and immoral sheets from our homes?

The responsibility of parents is very great in this matter. If they can not stop the entrance of bad reading into their homes, they should at least provide sound and healthy books and papers for their children, to offset and correct the evil effects of sensationalism and immorality. Subjects that would not be spoken of by father and mother before their children appear in black and white in some of the daily papers, and matter that might be only slightly harmful even to mature minds becomes a positive poison to the active and untrained imaginations of the young.

Catholic fathers and mothers have a duty in this respect which they should consider well and thoroughly. Let them give their children plenty of good reading, so that our youth may grow up with minds and souls pure and unstained by the evil that is to be found in bad books and papers.—Sacred Heart Review.

NOTED EDUCATOR CALLED TO IRELAND.—Rev. John T. Murphy, C. S. Sp., for thirteen years president of Holy Ghost College, Pittsburg, has been recalled to Ireland by his superior in the order and has been appointed president of Blackrock College, in the suburbs of Dublin, says the Pittsburg Observer.