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MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

By a Protestant Theologian in The Sacred Heart Review.

VIII.

Our investigations, conducted chiefly on the lines of those three zealous Protestants, Guizot, Ranke and Froude, have certainly not diminished the horror and hideousness of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve. They show, however, that even counting in St. Bartholomew's, according to the largest estimate of victims admissible by sober history, 22,000, we find the French Protestants, relatively to their numbers, not, indeed, equal to the Catholics in the recklessness of assassinations and massacres, but still within measurable distance of them, and in deliberate and protracted cruelty apparently beyond all measurable distance of them.

Having thus disposed of the matter, I shall now, for a paper or two, throw things together rather disjointedly, having a general reference to the affairs of French Protestantism, but going off on occasion as far as we seem to be called. An olla podrida of miscellaneous fact sometimes throws sidelights on history that are missed in consecutive narration.

A curious exhibition of Coffin's blundering malice deserves mention here. I have seen it lately stated that the young people of our country towns are deeply interested in history, which is greatly to their credit. Unhappily it is mentioned that they are great readers of "The Story of Liberty," and of "Old Times in the Colonies." Their ingenuous curiosity deserves a better fate. Aside from that part of the second book which treats of early New England, in which I do not think I have been able to find an erroneous or unjust statement, beyond some Puritan flings at the Episcopalians, the rest of the two works is little else than one continuous falsification of history, and that in the basest form, which assumes that the other side is one conglomeration of evil, of which, at best, treats with low and narrow contempt excellence of the ancient days when exhibited in forms that our smug and self-indulgent conventionalism finds it hard to understand. A peculiarly odious instance of this is Coffin's treatment of St. Francis of Assisi, and of the Dominicans, to which I shall return. It is true, even this does not equal the low level of voluntary and malignant ignorance to which the Cambridge Tribune has descended, in its endeavor to blacken the reputation of St. Francis Xavier. In the lowest deep you can always find a lower deep.

As between Coffin and Lansing, I should commend Lansing to our young people. He is so deliciously shallow, so devoid of even the elementary points of historical knowledge, that our youth, if they would read his "Romanism and the Republic," would all the while think that they were going to lay hold of something, and yet at the end would find that they had no coherent image of any historical facts whatever. It is not so

with Coffin, who is of a much higher intellectual level. To be sure, outside of New England, he cares no more than Lansing for dates, or names, or facts, or the truth of characters, or the meaning of events. Yet, out of his confused and falsified data, he deduces coherent images, and coherent narratives, which sometimes come within a certain distance of the truth, but quite as commonly distort it into mischievous falsehood. Lansing turns history into dishwater; Coffin transmutes it into poison. Yet these are the books which learned Cambridge commends to her scholars for historical reference, and which the eminent firm of the Harpers has published as having a serious meaning! The worthlessness of these things does not excuse us from careful dissections of them, as long as they have such sanctions behind them. Although the connection is unwarranted, it is hard to get rid of a vague impression that somehow or other Harvard herself is answerable for them. Our great university town should be as cautious as Caesar's wife of her reputation in such matters. Of course, we do not mind misstatements about the Jesuits. They are fair game, in close seasons and open. Here the sacred principle which our great father Luther has propounded and blessed, "The end sanctifies the means," has full application. Indeed, it might be said that for every stone, of fact, or fancy, which a Protestant—being in a state of grace—will shy at the Jesuits, there will be remitted to him in purgatory 10 years and 10 novennas. But surely we ought to stop there.

Mr. Coffin says that after the massacre Catherine de Medici had the head of the Admiral struck off, and sent it to her uncle, the Pope. I am afraid that Mr. Coffin's faith is not that which the Saviour commends, for it is wholly divorced from morality. However, if it does not remove mountains, it tumbles about facts and dates with heroic sublimity. Mr. Coffin had already put Alexander VI., immediately on his uncle's death, into his uncle's seat, ruthlessly shutting out from their rights four successive Popes, Pius II., Paul II., Sixtus IV. and Innocent VIII. He has thus prepared us for his present exploit in turning the papal succession topsy-turvy once more. As he has not thought it worth while to learn the name or date of Calixtus III., so he has not thought it worth while to learn the names or dates of Catherine's two papal grand uncles, of whom Leo X., in 1512, had been dead 51 years, and the other, Clement VII. (a grand-uncle in the wider sense) had been dead 38. Now to which of these two deceased pontiffs did the queen-mother send the head? And how did she send it? Was it to be put in the papal tomb? That could only be meant for a great honor to the martyred Huguenot. Was Queen Catherine, after all, secretly a Calvinist, who, considering that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, provided 20,000 martyrs for the good of the cause, and at the same time secretly made arrangements for a happy reconciliation and joint canonization of her uncle and the Admiral? Really, reading Coffin or Lansing, we never know what we are coming upon, or whether we are on our heads or our heels.

However, having maturely

pondered the matter, I have settled on this solution. It is well known that Catherine was a practiser of magic arts. No doubt she imitated the Witch of Endor, and brought up her two uncles, to let them know what honor she intended them, if they had only been alive to receive it.

Sober history, not having had the advantage of consulting with Coffin or Lansing, tells a different story. It mentions that Coligni's head was struck off, embalmed and started on its way to Rome, not, however, to a dead, but to the living Pope Gregory XIII., nor had Catherine anything to do with the ghastly present. It was sent by the implacable Duke of Guise, who could not forgive the man whom he believed his father's murderer. The King got word of the despatch of the head, and sent a messenger to Lyons, to intercept the Duke's messenger and to take away the head, doubtless in order to bury it. The messenger of Guise left Lyons for the South four hours before the messenger of Charles arrived from the North, and nothing more is known of him. Probably he reached Rome, and Gregory, in silent disgust, put the head at once under ground.

The great leader of Catholic massacre, before St. Bartholomew's, was Montluc; the great leader of Protestant massacre, Adrets. Guizot remarks that the language of the two was precisely the same. Each used to say: "If we had begun this matter, we should be hideous murderers. However, it is the other side that has made the beginning; and therefore our cruelties are not cruelties, but only reprisals." Doubtless in one part of the country the outbreaks might begin with the Catholics, in another part with the Huguenots. The sum of the matter is, in Guizot's own words, that where resentment or danger stirred up the Calvinists of France, they were to the full as merciless as their antagonists. Each of us should be humbled in the dust over the fearful memories of an age in which sympathy with adversaries, even in the minds of good men, was hardly beginning to be known. Neither side has any warrant for lifting itself up proudly against the other.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

12 Meacham street, North Cambridge, Mass.

BIRDS AND THE CRUCIFIXION.

From the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

A number of bird myths are associated with the legends of the Cross. From the folk-lore of more than one nation comes the story that when the sparrow mocked at the sufferings of Our Lord, a swallow, perching upon the fatal rod, sang tender notes of love and consolation. Since that awesome day the swallow has never sung a note, and is the most silent and most sombre of birds. The crossbill wears forever, in the strange shape of his beak and the red stain of his plumage, tokens of his efforts to draw out the agonizing nails. The robin, too, by breaking a thorn from the crown, received on her breast a drop of Sacred Blood, which still tinges her ruddy feathers. The thrush carried the whole crown away, and her red coat still shows how she was wounded in the effort.

STARS OF THE SEA.

Written for THE REVIEW by an English Banker.

Many of those who dwell near to or who frequently visit the sea coasts are familiar with those strange, motionless creatures which are so often thrown up by the waves in a state of semi-torpidity, or which are very frequently seen, apparently inanimate and inert, in the sea-pools amongst the rocks at low tide, which are termed by naturalists "Echinodermata," or in plain English, "Hedgehog-skinned."

There are many varieties of those dull and spiritless denizens of the deep, the strangest of all being perhaps that extraordinary creature known as the Brittle Star, which is fairly common in many parts of the coast and elsewhere. This astonishing variety of the star-fish appears to be of an extremely nervous temperament, for if a specimen be observed in a pool of shallow water, and any attempt be made to capture it, it immediately proceeds to divest itself of all its arms, or rays, which it throws off without a moment's hesitation, even the arms themselves partaking of the same sense of fear, for each one of them immediately falls to pieces, and is separated into a number of loose segments. The disc, or central body of the fish, which, however, represents but an extremely small fraction of the entire fish, remains intact, surrounded by its discarded and its disjointed arms. From this disc, however, if it be placed in an aquarium it will be seen that in a very short space of time another series of rays or arms is rapidly produced, and in a comparatively short period the creature has again assumed its ordinary form, probably again to go through the same unintelligible process of dismemberment if a second time subjected to a sudden fright.

Probably in the whole range of nature there is no other living creature which under the influence of fear or anger could or would divest itself of all its members—arms, legs, wings or otherwise—leaving only a helpless crippled trunk, until it could produce a duplicate set of limbs.

Some varieties of these star-fishes, which are such common objects of the sea shore, are very beautiful when closely examined. The commonest of all, the orange star-fish, varies in colour from a bright scarlet to a striking blue-mauve, shading off at the edges of the rays to a brilliant orange tint. Almost the whole of its body is covered with warty spines or prickles, which, when examined with a microscope, are found to be of exquisite geometric forms, while its whole body is an elaborate bony skeleton or framework, consisting of several thousand distinct bones. Although it has probably thousands of feet, or "ambulacra," like pellucid threads armed with powerful suckers, yet its progress is extremely slow, scarcely exceeding that of a snail. The animals are extremely voracious, and may occasionally be seen settling down like a devouring ghoul upon an unfortunate mussel, the shell of which is soon dragged open, and the helpless creature torn out of its home by the powerful tentacles of the many-

armed despoiler, and slowly and surely gorged.

How varied the forms, how exquisite the structure, how perfect the functional economy, of all the living creatures which the Great Architect of Nature has called into being! And if not even a sparrow can fall to the ground without His knowledge, how careful should we be to remember that His eye is ever upon us, observing our every action, and solicitously watching, whether we are doing our best to please Him, or whether we are systematically insulting our Creator by forgetting Him. For He has solemnly told us that those who forget Him will be turned into that same dismal region of terror and remorse which is the lot of those who deliberately sin against Him.

TWO RECREANT DUKES.

To the Editor of THE NORTH-WEST REVIEW.

Sir—The writer of the article headed "In the Octave of St. George," published in your issue of the 19th, remarks: "It is not our converts, who are so well acquainted with these things, but the old Catholic families who kept the faith through the dark days of penal times." Later on the writer says: "Not all the Dukes of Norfolk have been good, though none abandoned the faith."

Being myself one of the half educated converts described in the article, and desiring to acquire as much information on the subject as is possessed by the writer of the article and his favoured brethren of the old Catholic families, I would draw his attention to the following facts in order that he may square the same with his statement:

(1) That Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk and godson of King Philip of Spain, who was beheaded in 1573, was a communicant of the Established Church, and publicly declared from the scaffold that he was not a Catholic and that he died in the faith of the Anglican Church.

(2) That Henry Howard, Duke of Norfolk, the son of Catholic parents, who succeeded to the Dukedom in 1688, was a notorious Protestant who raised a regiment of soldiers for William of Orange, which regiment fought against the Irish Catholics at the battle of the Boyne, and who voted in the House of Lords for the transfer of the Crown from James to William and Mary. Of this Duke it is related that on one occasion King James went to Mass in state and was preceded by the Duke bearing the sword of state. At the church door the Duke refused to enter and the King remonstrated, saying: "My Lord, your father would have gone further." The Duke replied: "Your Majesty's father was the better man and he would not have gone so far." Yours, etc.,

WM. JOHN MANBEY.

Oak Lake, May 18, 1900.

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