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**MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.**

By a Protestant Theologian in 'The Sacred Heart Review.'

V.

The massacre of Vassy, in March, 1562, gave the first impulse to that of St. Bartholomew's, in August, 1572. For the bloodshed of Vassy, according to Froude, the Huguenots were responsible, by their reckless contempt of Catholic feeling, and of courteous Catholic requests. Froude's narrative, if accepted, fully establishes this, and it is not contradicted either by Guizot or Ranke.

As we shall see, the murder of the Duke of Guise by the Protestants in 1563 was, definitely, the spark which, smouldering nine years, finally burst out into the great massacre.

The murder of Guise (which must not be confounded with the assassination of his two sons by Henry III., in 1588) would not have issued in the St. Bartholomew, had not the Calvinists taken pains, as it were of set purpose, to make it believed that they were, as a body, accessories before the fact. Nor was this belief wholly amiss. According to Guizot, who assuredly takes no pleasure in blackening the character of his fellow Protestants, Poltrot, the murderer, had been accustomed to boast among his party, showing his right hand: "This is the hand that shall work deliverance for the righteous cause." One or two vague warnings, I think, were sent by Huguenots to Guise, that a fanatic of their party was seeking his life, but no one seems to have thought of confining Poltrot, and the warnings, if sent at all, were of no avail. The Calvinists continued to use Poltrot as a spy, and Coligni gave him the means which enabled him to work the murder. The Admiral solemnly declares that he knew nothing of the murderer's design, and as he was a man of truth and honor, I think we are bound to believe him. However, in his exaggerated fear of being thought a hypocrite, he used language than which none could be more fatally apt to bring about a terrible sequel. Said he, in a letter to the queen-mother: "Let not Your Majesty suppose that I lament the death of the Duke of Guise. I esteem it the greatest good fortune which could have befallen the kingdom, the Church of God, and especially me and my house." After such a declaration, proffered in the highest place, what could the murdered man's kinsmen think but that Coligni was not only the murderer's accomplice, but his chief accomplice, and that of design, as it came out to knowledge, that he had indeed been his chief accomplice in fact?

Had the Calvinists, as a body, abhorred and denounced the murder, perhaps the Guises might still have been brought to accept the Admiral's disclaimer of previous knowledge. Unhappily the Protestants did the exact opposite. They rendered solemn thanksgivings for the assassination of the formidable Duke. (Their great leader, Du-Plessis-Mornay, to his lasting honor, would not suffer this to be done at Rochelle). We hear

much, and it is a direful scandal, of the rejoicings and processions at Rome, by occasion of St. Bartholomew's. Yet Guizot is at pains to point out that Catherine and the King had deceived the Pope and Cardinals. They assured them that a dreadful plot had been formed by the Huguenots, to cut off all the Catholic leaders, to exterminate the House of Valois, to seat the Huguenot Henry Bourbon on the throne, and in his name to give all the Catholics of the kingdom the choice between apostasy and the sword. As matters stood in France then, this was by no means a particularly improbable account. Indeed, except that there was no thought of murdering the King and his brothers, the designs imputed to the Calvinists were not very widely remote from those which they had. Therefore the distorted account spread by Charles IX. was not hard to believe. At first the massacre appeared, as the King gave out, only an anticipatory act of self-defence. Yet, says Guizot, the Pope soon learned the truth and was overwhelmed with shame and grief. He was often found weeping alone over the horror. The man that has done this, he exclaimed, has surely brought down on himself the vengeance of heaven, an augury which, as we know, was fully accomplished in the horror of Charles's death-bed.

Unhappily no such mitigation can be urged in favor of the Protestant rejoicings and thanksgivings in France over the death of the Duke of Guise. There was there no mistake or cloudiness over the matter. It was known for what it was, the treacherous murder, by an individual, of an individual general of an army engaged in open, ordered warfare, and therefore entitled to precisely the same exemptions from lurking murder which we should claim now for a South African general, English or Dutch. Any excuse of the Huguenot rejoicings over the death of Guise is equally an excuse of the rejoicings at Madrid over the murder of the Prince of Orange.

What view was taken of the murder of Guise by the theological leader of the French Calvinists, Theodore Beza, on the point of becoming, by the death of Calvin, the leader of universal Calvinism, the Calvinistic Pope, so to speak? Here are his own words, in a letter written in May, 1563. The Duke had been murdered in February. "God has raised up for us another Ehud, who by the slaying of Guise has not only freed that city but all France." What does he say, after full reflection, in a formal treatise, his Apologia? This: "If I—being, we must remember, no enlisted soldier—in the glow of this so righteous war had found means, either by craft or by violence, to rid him out of the way, I say that such a deed, wrought on a foe, would have been legitimate, and I should have no need to excuse myself."

Coligni glories in the deed, as a benefit brought about in God's providence. This higher authority, we see, justifies the deed itself, and extols the assassin. Indeed, he expresses a pious envy that he had not been able to anticipate him. Calvin did not, that I know, use any such language. Yet Beza's approbation of the murder in no way impeded his speedy succession to the seat of the great hierarch

of Geneva. How ridiculous, then, to pretend that there was then any particular difference between Catholics and Calvinists as concerns the readiness for assassination and massacre! The Catholics murdered a great many more because there were a great many more of them. The Protestants of France, on the other hand, were far more deliberately cruel in the protracted tortures with which they slowly destroyed the three thousand of the Catholic clergy. Taking one death by slow torment as being, in the outrage done to human instinct, equivalent to ten murders in hot blood, this makes the French Protestants the virtual murderers of 30,000 Catholics. Adding to this the 5,000 lay Catholics murdered by them, we have 35,000 murders of Catholics, exactly the number, on Professor Fisher's estimate, of Protestants murdered by Catholics. And as the Protestants were only one-third as numerous, this makes them to have outraged humanity, between 1555 and 1590, in a measure equivalent to the massacre of 105,000 men. In other words, they appear to have been nearly or quite three times as ghastly in their cruelties as the Catholics, including St. Bartholomew's. If any modern Protestant, however, esteems that it would be no greater strain on his feelings to torture a man slowly to death than to butcher him at once, and that therefore our doctrine of equivalents has no meaning for him; let him come forward and say so. We are talking only about human beings, not about monstrosities.

As we very well know, the French are intense in their feelings, almost above all other men, in their antipathy to those of another way of thinking. Paris, as the focus of this intensity, is inclined to terrible explosions of murder above all the rest of France. From 1871 back to 1572 and in the centuries behind that, it has been so. What then, could the Parisians be expected to feel when they were told, apparently with truth, that the Calvinists had called in an army of Lutherans from Germany, and had promised these the free plunder of Paris, with all the horrors implied in that? The purpose failed, but would the memory of it fail out of the minds of the Parisians, deeply cankered as they were by continual tales of burning monasteries, plundered churches, and execrating murders wrought on monks and priests? I shall hope to have done with this ghastly topic in another paper.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

12 Meacham street, North Cambridge, Mass.

The Filipinos of Manila celebrated Holy Week, as they always do, with great fervor. The American occupation merely calls attention to the time-honored ceremonies of Maundy-Thursdays and Good Friday. All the flags were at half-mast, no bells were rung, and not a carriage was to be seen in the streets. The richest people walked.

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**FATHER BROSNAHAN'S REPLY.**

A short time ago President Eliot, of Harvard university, published an article in the Atlantic Monthly, in which he pleaded for the extension of his pet elective system to secondary schools. In the course of his article he criticized the Jesuit colleges in rather an offensive way, and coupled them with the Moslem schools in his description of their methods. He made a number of statements to which Professor West, of Princeton university, objected, and the Atlantic Monthly printed what Professor West had to say. Father Brosnahan sent a reply to President Eliot's strictures on the Jesuits, but the Atlantic Monthly refused to publish it. Speaking of the matter, The Bookman, a well known literary journal (non-Catholic), says:

"However, Father Brosnahan has had his reply printed in an attractive pamphlet, and has sent it all over the country, so that for the last month or so educators have everywhere been talking of it. And well they may, for it is one of the neatest bits of controversial literature that we have seen in a long, long time. In the first place, it is a model of courtesy and urbanity; in the second place, its style is as clear as crystal; in the third place, its logic is faultless; and, finally, its quotations, illustrations and turns of phrases are apt, piquant and singularly effective. It does not represent a personal controversy, nor does it concern itself particularly with the Jesuit educational methods as such; but it is, in reality, a keenly critical and thoroughly practical examination of President Eliot's theories about 'electivism'—theories which have made Harvard into a curious jumble of college and university, and which President Eliot would like to see carried down into the schools, in the apparent belief that babes and sucklings have an intuitive and prophetic power of determining just what is going to be best for them in all their after life.

"Some of the touches in this little monograph are delicious, as where the author says with the most urbane and deferential air that 'it would, for the sake of erudition, interest many to have President Eliot cite, or at least give references to the passages of the Koran' which would justify his description of 'Moslem' methods. Again, there is much neatness in the paragraphs which show that where President Eliot in his large way has spoken of a certain system as existing unchanged for 400 years, the period in question, as a matter of fact, is just about 15 years in length. Altogether, we have not in a long time read anything which compacts into so small a compass so much dialectical skill, so much crisp and convincing argument and so much educational good sense. We hope that President Eliot has been reading this over very thoughtfully himself. He has been so long an autocrat in his own particular microcosm as apparently to make him somewhat careless when he addresses a larger public."

In connection with the above valuable praise from a critic of continental reputation, the fol-

lowing from Dr. de Costa, the recent famous convert, is singularly opportune:

"Another reason why I am a Catholic is because of the superior educational system of the Church. The other religions have produced some great universities, such as Harvard. But Harvard's degrees are not recognized at Berlin, whereas the degrees of the Boston college, a Jesuit institution, are recognized at Berlin."

**A PRIEST WAYLAIED.**

The Sault Ste. Marie (Mich.) News of April 21 reports that about 9 o'clock in the evening of the 19th Rev. O. B. Devlin, S.J., was struck on the head with a bit of iron pipe by some unknown tramp evidently in search of money. Though the priest lost consciousness for a few moments he cried out and his cry attracted a policeman who rushed up and was met by a stranger asking him to hurry up, as someone had attempted to kill him. The policeman continued his rush to the rescue, but, noticing that the stranger, instead of following him, was running away in another direction, he started in pursuit but lost him in the darkness. Meanwhile Father Devlin, who was fortunately near his own residence, managed to crawl thither. Dr. Ennis, who was sent for, made four stitches in the wound, and found the skull intact. Fr. Devlin is weak, but no serious results are apprehended. He is well known in Winnipeg where a few years ago he preached a successful mission in St. Mary's Church with Fr. William J. Doherty, S. J.

**A QUEENSBERRY FINISH.**

A friend of the late Marquis of Queensberry has this to say of the famous father of the British prize-ring:

"Personally he was a strong excitable man, cheery, big-voiced and genial, with a courtesy of manner that astonished all who met him for the first time and could only associate him with the prize-ring. If he had a quick temper, he also had a kind and generous heart, and rarely bore any man a grudge. Once when riding round his property, he saw a laborer—a great, big-limbed fellow—idling, and began to rate him violently. The laborer stared insolently at him, and Lord Queensberry, in a temper, was about to strike him, when the laborer suddenly plucked him off his horse and flung him over the hedge. The noble lord slowly rose to his feet, knocked some of the mud off his clothes, and then, in his suavest and most courtly manner, said to his assailant across the hedge: 'Would you be so very kind as to throw my horse over after me?'"

Father Verlooy, C. SS. R., of Brandon, is preaching a mission this week to the French-speaking people of Winnipeg.

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