

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 18, 1899.

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Calendar for Oct., 1899.

MOON'S PHASES.
New Moon, 4th, 3h. 2m. p. m.
First Quarter, 12th, 1h. 57m. a. m.
Full Moon, 18th, 5h. 52m. p. m.
Third Quarter, 26th, 5h. 28m. a. m.

Day of Week.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Moon rises.	Moon sets.	High Water.	Low Water.
1 Sunday	6 53	5 31	2 48	8 27	8 27	2 48
2 Monday	7 29	6 38	3 48	9 15	9 15	3 48
3 Tuesday	8 27	7 42	4 52	10 04	10 04	4 52
4 Wednesday	9 25	8 42	5 53	10 53	10 53	5 53
5 Thursday	10 23	9 38	6 36	11 42	11 42	6 36
6 Friday	11 21	10 31	7 19	12 31	12 31	7 19
7 Saturday	12 19	11 21	8 02	1 19	1 19	8 02
8 Sunday	1 16	12 10	8 45	2 08	2 08	8 45
9 Monday	2 14	1 00	9 28	2 57	2 57	9 28
10 Tuesday	3 12	1 49	10 11	3 46	3 46	10 11
11 Wednesday	4 10	2 38	10 53	4 35	4 35	10 53
12 Thursday	5 08	3 27	11 37	5 24	5 24	11 37
13 Friday	6 06	4 16	12 20	6 13	6 13	12 20
14 Saturday	7 04	5 05	1 03	7 02	7 02	1 03
15 Sunday	8 02	5 54	1 46	7 51	7 51	1 46
16 Monday	9 00	6 43	2 29	8 40	8 40	2 29
17 Tuesday	10 00	7 32	3 12	9 29	9 29	3 12
18 Wednesday	11 00	8 21	3 55	10 18	10 18	3 55
19 Thursday	12 00	9 10	4 38	11 07	11 07	4 38
20 Friday	1 00	10 00	5 21	11 56	11 56	5 21
21 Saturday	2 00	10 50	6 04	12 45	12 45	6 04
22 Sunday	3 00	11 40	6 47	1 34	1 34	6 47
23 Monday	4 00	12 30	7 30	2 23	2 23	7 30
24 Tuesday	5 00	1 20	8 13	3 12	3 12	8 13
25 Wednesday	6 00	2 10	8 56	4 01	4 01	8 56
26 Thursday	7 00	3 00	9 39	4 50	4 50	9 39
27 Friday	8 00	3 50	10 22	5 39	5 39	10 22
28 Saturday	9 00	4 40	11 05	6 28	6 28	11 05
29 Sunday	10 00	5 30	11 48	7 17	7 17	11 48
30 Monday	11 00	6 20	12 31	8 06	8 06	12 31
31 Tuesday	12 00	7 10	1 14	8 55	8 55	1 14



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Lying Legend of the Cenci.

Correspondence of The Catholic Standard and Times.

Rome September 19.—It is interesting to be present at the destruction of a hoary and lying legend; a fascinating task to assist in the demolition. Such legends are like the massive and ghastly haunts of crime which have been cleared out of sight by the expansion of modern cities—the lurid, fetid, horror-ridden symbols of indwelling guilt. Every devil and every passion have found refuge within them; every evil association of crime and wretchedness has clung to them. Such is the legend, gaunt and hoary, of the Cenci, where we have crime natural and passing the bounds of natural depravity; the loathsome passion of a father, the terrific vengeance of a daughter, the conspiring of the children for perdition, the chicanery and tortuousness of the law, the essential injustice of the human system of justice, the thrice hateful greed of a Pope tottering on the borders of the grave—the well lifted upon a vast and unequalled scene of horror. That is the legend of the Cenci.

It is pleasant to assist in its demolition with Professor Rodani ("La Storia Vera di Beatrice Cenci," etc. 11 Setti, 1899; Roma, 1899). Publishing his work on September 11, the third anniversary of the decapitation of Beatrice and her brothers, Professor Rodani has summarized the wonderful discoveries of Bertolotti and added valuable researches of his own. The result is this: The burden of crime is shifted from the shoulders of the murdered father to those of the murdering daughter; the sensation and scandal of the crime are thereby greatly lessened; the longanimity and fairness of the Papal judiciary and the just and temperate action of Pope Clement VIII. are set in certainty; the Pope's family, the Aldobrandini, is shown to have profited nothing by favoritism from the confiscation of the Cenci possessions; a variety of minor revelations alter the bearings of our knowledge upon the case.

No tragic and romantic story out of order of classic history is better known than the legend which literary fables have created and circulated as the history of the Cenci. I paraphrase the legend: Count Francesco Cenci, born in 1549, was a Roman noble of cruel disposition and wild passions, and the father of several children. Those surviving in 1598 concurred in a plan of murdering him, instigated thereto by his daughter Beatrice, acting as the vindictor of her own honor against the most unpardonable of all possible assaults. "Count Francesco was murdered by two hired assassins in his desolate castle of Petrella. One of the murderers held a nail over the eyes of his victim, whilst the other hammered it into his head. The body was then thrown from a window upon the branches of a withered tree, in the hope that he might be supposed to have fallen and that his brain had been pierced by accident. The whole family immediately left Petrella, Giacomo, Bernardo and Paolo returning to Rome and going into mourning for their father."

But Papal justice was not slow. "The Government put a price upon the head of the assassins. One of these, Olimpio Calvetti, was killed. The other assassin, Marzio Catalano, was taken by the executioners of one Gaetano Guizza. The confiscation of Catalano led to the arrest, on December 10, 1598, of Lucrezia (the stepmother of Beatrice) Giacomo Bernardo and Beatrice Cenci. Sympathy will always follow one who sinned under the avowal of provocation, and whose cruel death was due to the avowal of Clement VIII. for the crime which the Church acquired by the confiscation of the Cenci property."

Such is the legend in the form given by Mr. Hale in his "Walks in Rome," as recorded after the discoveries of Bertolotti. But the older legend was still more mendacious. It arose from the fact that a manuscript in the Minerva Library telling the story as a tale was given as history by Muratori in the continuation of his "Annali d'Italia" and unjustifiably embellished by him. So solemn a blunder, so sacred a sanction explain everything; all the successive developments of the story in fiction, in poetry and in history, in the "Geschiede der Hierichtung der B. Cenci" (1789) in the "Nuovo Dizionario Storico" (1791) in the tragedy, "The Cenci," of Shelley (1820); in "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," by Miss Eaton (published, I think, about 1821), and in the many more modern works enumerated by Bertolotti which had carried on the fable from these beginnings through the stentorian yappings of De Stedahl, Guerrosi, Story, Gori and even Byron von Hubner until the publication of his own wonderful "Beatrice Cenci e la sua famiglia" in 1877.

And now when the work done by Bertolotti in 1877 and by the republication and enlargement of his book in 1879 has been left incomplete by his untimely death, a modest Roman scholar, an old man unknown to fame, comes to consolidate it with many new proofs and much new light. Beatrice appears as the accused, not the accuser, of her father; he the protector of her honor, as falsely accused before the tribunal of history. All his care at Petrella was to safeguard her in every way; even the male and female servants of the household were kept apart in the Old World way, testified of by Mr. Marston F. Crawford in his "Ave Roma Immortalis." Though more than twenty years of age and dowried, Beatrice was still unmarried—an anomalous condition for a noblewoman of Rome in those days. Calvetti, the vulgar Castellan of Petrella, appears as her lover and the murderer of her father for the sake of her love for himself in the first place and of his own love for her in the second place. The old Cenci died—assuredly as reluctant as Dreyfus—for the innocence of his daughter, to stand accused of the very reverse from the days of Muratori to those of Mr. Marston F. Crawford, the latest to spend his time in the hopeless glorification of Beatrice the sinner.

How different now the action of the Pope, the pious and aged friend of St. Philip Neri, who gave the Cenci a year in prison in order that they might find the means for their redemption if that were possible; who would even have been indulgent to their partridge for sweet mercy's sake had not three cases of similar family crime followed their arrest, two of these crimes being in noble families of Rome; who allowed his nephews, the two Cardinals Aldobrandini, to act as the go-betweens, protectors and courtiers of the accused; who besides allowing the defense so long a time of preparation and such lawyers as Farinaccio, Inoronati and Altieri, actually pardoned the youngest son, and who, after the execution of the guilty, promised favor and help to the surviving members of the hapless family.

How different, too, is Beatrice, who confesses—this also is a startling revelation which alone suffices to revolutionize the legend—that she murdered her father on behalf of the passion to which she had already sacrificed her honor; how different all these parables of the family; how diversified the legendary glory which clings to her now; how inane as well as valueless the oceans of tears which respectable American ladies have shed over her romance and the worlds of sighs which they have gasped before her portrait by Guido Rinaldi in the Barberini gallery; the which lovely painting could not be by Guido Rinaldi if it were her portrait, and not her portrait if it were by Guido Rinaldi, and which in reality is neither her portrait nor a work by Guido.

How could Pope Clement pardon the Cenci partridge on any plea when Paolo Santarocco murdered his mother at Subiaco, when a Massimo had murdered his step-mother, and when a similar crime had occurred in a less distinguished household at Velletri? Justitia regnum supradatum. And, it must be remembered by the cultured and repeated to the stupid, that the great plea of extenuation, that of provocation, which unhistoric students have forged for Beatrice, was not even proved by her advocates, while her various testamentary dispositions, recently discovered, and her confession before death, also discovered of late, show her to have had little claim to their freely given title of virgin and martyr as Cleopatra—I had almost said Messalina.

And as the truth now shines irreparably, Pope Clement VIII. is the tender father, not the atrocious tyrant, of the patriotic descendants of Pope John, dead long centuries before, the truly element Pontiff tempering justice with mercy, measuring soft feeling with stern duty, mitigating even the accusation and verdict of partridge with extenuation, although the legal aphorism of such cases, nulla excoatio habet locum, must have rung in his ear. With him are exculpated two Cardinals, his nephews, Cardinal Onorio Passeri-Aldobrandini, the friend of Tasso, and Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini, who reduced for piety's sake even the formalities of the execution ceremony at the bridge of St. Angelo, the relatives of Pope Clement and the relatives of other Popes. These other relatives and the Aldobrandini were accused of having profited by the partial confiscation of the Cenci possessions decreed in the sentences of death; the truth is quite different now, and thanks to the researches of Professor



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For Rodani it is clear that not a scrap of the land of Vila Borghese belonged to the Cenci. So we say evant to a myriad-faced horror. The haunted house of historical romance is dismantled and gone, and on its site rises a monument of the paternity and justice of Pope Clement VIII. element by name and act, but just to his sorrow and to the honor of the Papacy.

More Praise for the Filipino

The American people are daily learning more and more about the Filipino, and every bit of additional information which comes to us is calculated to give us a higher opinion of those islanders who, only a short while ago, were so commonly described as illiterate, uncivilized and savage. "Without any qualifying exceptions," says Mr. John H. Peyton, army secretary of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, a Protestant society, who has just returned from Manila, "the Tagala are the most moral and the most religious people I ever saw or read of." And here is some striking testimony to the educational accomplishments of the islanders taken from a recent interview accorded to the New York Tribune by General Reeve of Minnesota, former American chief of police at Manila:—

"There seems to be much misapprehension in this country concerning the Filipino nation, which is generally regarded as being composed of a semi-barbaric, uncouth, and uneducated people. This is, however, far removed from the truth; for the natives are very generally educated. Inside the walled city were two universities, which previous to the war were well patronized by the Filipinos. The university of San Tomas, which was established in 1607, is one of these, and had, without any exception, the most magnificent library collection I have ever seen. This collection has been catalogued in four royal octavo volumes by the friars, and contains specimens of all the flora and fauna, geological specimens, birds, animals, and, in fact, every form of vegetable and animal life to be found in the archipelago. The other is the Dominican university, which is of enormous size, and occupies two entire blocks within the walled city, and precious to the outbreak of hostilities it carried no less than 8,000 names of native students on its rolls. It teaches many branches of education, including academic law, medicine, and applied sciences, with the complete necessary paraphernalia in all departments. In all the villages throughout the island also excellent schools are to be found, and I have heard it stated by competent authorities that 90 per cent of the natives are educated, but this I think is an exaggeration. From personal observation, however, I should say that 80 per cent are educated. You find no female servants in the Philippines, all forms of work being performed by the men, and the Filipinos I had as ordinary house servants could read and write Spanish and understood figures in their simple forms. The boys there are educated in church schools in the various villages, and I think in their schools, colleges and school of applied sciences they teach everything we do here in America, with the possible exception of telegraphy. As a matter of fact, since 1873 the Filipinos have sent to Asiatic and European universities 200 of their young men annually. There are 11 schools for women alone in Manila, and besides the regular forms of education, these women are taught sewing, embroidery and the like, as are girls in this country. They are taught by native nuns, and their needlework is wonderful."

These words of General Reeve, it may be added, not only refute the misstatements made about the intelligence of the Filipinos; they also contradict many of the charges leveled against the insular clergy. For were the Philippine priests the immoral, illiterate, cruel characters their calumniators accuse them of being, it would be a moral impossibility for the Filipinos to become such a people as General Reeve and Mr. Peyton declare them to be.—S. H. Review.

As his contribution to the discussion of lay co-operation with the clergy, the credits Dom Gasquet shows that in pre-Reformation times the laity controlled the whole financial field now abandoned to the clergy,—they contracted church debts, ordered improvements, bought what was needed for divine service, etc. Three positions only, according to Dom Gasquet, are open to the layman in the modern church: kneeling before the altar, sitting before the pulpit, and putting his hand into his pocket to pay bills. He had numerous correspondents like-minded with him, who have recently been discussing this subject in England, contend that since the laity have to meet the bills they ought to have a voice—the only voice—in contracting them. It must have been a little surprising to find how ready at least one poor priest was to accept the suggestion. Writing under the appropriate pen-name of "Practical," he says:—

I have no objection to the principle of no taxation without representation; but if I have laymen they must do something besides contracting parochial bills and then sending them to the rector to pay. So I would insist, if your modern Catholic church-wardens will actually raise the cash and meet the bills, like men. It will not be of any use for them to come to the rector to organize a loan; for the obvious reason that if the rector has to money-grub at all, it is much more pleasant to grub for the debts he contracted himself than for those contracted by his beloved flock. To the principle of no taxation without representation I would add another: no responsibility without control. No priest, no man, will accept liability for bills sent round for payment. My own congregation is at present in want of a good organ; about £200, they say, will do it. Will any group of the laity band together and, with my blessing, get the money? But they must not disturb me reading "The Spiritual Combat." Let us have church-wardens, by all means; let them foot the bills and, if necessary, face the bailiffs. But they must not go cheerily into the contract of £200 for an organ and send me to beg from door to door. If any gentlemen are willing to be church-wardens on these terms, they are just the men I want.—Ave Maria.

We observe that a number of persons have so far yielded to excitement as to propose a boycott of Paris fashions and the Exposition next year. Worse still, certain English Catholics, as cork-headed as any of the French factionists, have proposed to boycott communities of French nuns working in England, and especially to protest against admitting the monks of St. Simeon into the choir of the new cathedral of London. It ought not to be pleasant for these people to read this tribute in such a publication as the "American Review of Reviews." There have been occasions when the attitude of England toward Ireland, and toward individual Irishmen, has been about as pertinacious as just as the attitude of France toward Dreyfus. Assuming that Dreyfus is innocent—which is by no means sure,—England has herself furnished enough Dreyfus to start a new colony.—Ave Maria.

The manager of a London theatre where a drama of Jewish life is to be produced has received notice from the chief rabbi of that city that it would be "inconvenient with the reverence due to divine worship" to permit hymns to be sung on the stage in the original Hebrew. The manager has decided to use an English version instead. The immediate effectiveness of an earnest protest where religious sensibilities are involved is one of the lessons Catholics may learn from this incident. The London Tablet thinks there is yet another: "The idea that a sanctity is inherent to Hebrew yet lacking in English has an application which is surely a curious moment's attention from the supporters, here and in America, of the renegeing of the Canaanite's most solemn officers in the vernacular.—Ave Maria.