

# The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## TIMEO DANAOS

That line of Virgil has passed into a proverb: *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. "I fear the Greeks even when they bring gifts." Decidedly these words find application almost daily in our time. There are some whose gifts are more dangerous than their curses; there are many whose fair words of unstinted and spontaneous praise are but the cloaks that hide the dagger of real enmity. Much as we appreciate kind feelings nicely conveyed, and generous sentiments unsolicitedly expressed, still we are generally suspicious that these may cover up some real but not apparent motive of a different nature. Particularly it is so when we find pronounced and recognized enemies of our faith going out of their way to defend the Church and to praise Catholics. It is not a want of confidence in men, nor a lack of appreciation of disinterested actions that may lead us to such conclusions; rather is it the experience learned in the rude arena of Catholic journalism—a stage upon which you must be ever ready to wrestle for your rights if you desire that they be respected.

An example of this we find in the current number of that ably written and most important magazine, the *Arena*. It is obvious, to any one familiar with the pages of Mr. Flower's publication, that no person need seek Catholic inspiration at that source. In fact, so anti-Catholic is the organ that it seems to drift at times into Socialism and Materialism. Yet it contains very powerful papers; the more dangerous on account of their power. Whenever a writer in the *Arena* attempts to praise Catholicity or do justice to Catholics we become suspicious; we do not give expressions to our doubts until we have verified them; but as a rule we find that they are well-founded. Here is an example.

In the June number of the *Arena* is an article, entitled, "A New Disease," from the pen of Mr. Elbert Hubbard. The editor, in his comments for the press on this article, gives it an overdose of praise and squanders a lot of Victor Hugo's "let in the light" talk upon the merits of Mr. Hubbard's attack upon the A. P. A. and defense of the Catholic Church. What Mr. Hubbard has done amounts to this: the A. P. A. faction accused Roman Catholics of arming to destroy all the Protestants and stated the Pope sent out a circular to that effect. Mr. Hubbard kindly took upon himself to sift the matter to the bottom, and by personal investigation he found out that

the Papal circulars were forgeries and that the accusations of arming and organizing were lies. In other words he discovered what every sane and honest man knew to be the truth, without ever troubling himself to go and examine convents or compare writings. He also found that a Catholic driver on an engine that ran at a mile per minute prayed to God all the time that he held the lives of hundreds in his hands. Nothing wonderful in all that. Mr. Hubbard then generously flies into print, and the *Arena* opens its pages to him, for the purpose of proving, from his experience, that Catholics are as good citizens as any others, and that the A. P. A. is an unpatriotic and dangerous organization. For all this we thank Mr. Hubbard and are grateful to the *Arena*. But still we repeat—*timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*!

As an off-set to all this very wonderful plea for justice to Catholics, Mr. Hubbard says: "As for myself I do not recognize the Church of Rome as a 'divine institution,' any more than I regard the New York Central Railroad as such." By the way we will show, from his own words, that he does not recognize any "divine institution," nor does he believe in a "Divinity." He continues: "I have just as much faith in the infallibility of Chauncey M. Depew as I have in that of the Pope. Both are pretty good men as men go." Dear reader, look honestly at this: is it not a lifting up of Catholicity in order to fling it down? is it not a most deceitful method of warfare? We are not as easily caught with the Hubbard kind of chaff as we might have been years ago; we are suspicious of such praise, for we know it has no good motive as far as our Church goes.

After all his laudation of Catholics and condemnation of the A. P. A., this generous detective of motives reduces the two to the same level and applies to them both a blasphemous standard. He says: "The orthodox Protestant brother who is so busy organizing A.P.A. lodges is made from the same stuff as the hated Catholic." He has just filled three pages to prove the contrary of what he here states. "They are both 'Christians,' and both 'sincere.'" He is after going to great trouble to show that the "sincere" A. P. A. is a circulator of forged papers and a liar about Catholics. But he adds: "The distinguishing feature in the religion of each is that they teach that Jesus of Nazareth did not have a man for his father, and that only by a certain belief in this Jesus can we escape perdition."

We quote no more. This suffices to show the extent of Mr. Hubbard's Christianity, and the degree of respect for Our Saviour that the *Arena* must have. Much as we dislike the A. P. A., yet we have a greater dread of these so-called liberal-minded writers, who neither believe in Christianity, nor feel the necessity of religion. They are dangerous to Protestantism as well as to Catholicity. The A.P.A. and all kindred organizations will die a natural death; but these humanitarian principles that have no solid foundation and that are as vanishing as all merely human affairs, are pernicious in the extreme. If the defense of Catholicity and the praising of Catholics are the pretexts for writers to pour out their infidel and dangerous theories, then the Catholic Church would be very grateful to them if they would let her fight her own battles. She has come safely through the trials of nineteen centuries, and the A.P.A. is not going to destroy her; no more is the *Arena* or Mr. Hubbard going to add any vitality to her by their disinterested laudations. "We fear the Greeks even when they bring us gifts."

## THE POPE AT HOME.

Numerous are the questions asked, from time to time, regarding the Pope's residence, his way of living, his surroundings and all connected with the Vatican. Countless are the exaggerated statements made by those who do not belong to our Church on this subject, and even amongst Catholics there is a certain lack of accurate knowledge on the question of Papal expenses. Some people imagine that the Pope revels in luxury and that he is a hoarder up of millions. The truth is that the Sovereign Pontiff leads the simplest of lives, and all the splendor and riches of the Vatican—which palace is really a treasure-house of art and literature—is as much, and even more, the property of the public than of the Pontiff. He has little time, indeed, to spend amongst the collections of the palace; his own rooms are as humbly arranged as is consistent with his high station, and his hours are so occupied with the countless duties of his office that his life might well be compared to that of a hermit or monk. Prayer, work; work and prayer; his recreations are few and quiet; his hours of rest are very short; and his personal table is very plain.

In a recent issue of the London *Univers* we find the following short account of the different personages that go to make up the Pope's household, which consists of a certain number of charges, ecclesiastical, civil and military, not very well known to the public in general, but whose origin is ancient and which have been kept up through the vicissitudes of the Church even as has been the Church itself:

"The ecclesiastical charges are those of the Cardinal palatine, and the prelate palatine, and the intimate Chamberlain. The civil dignities are those of Prince Assistant, the Marshal of the Holy Roman Church, and Guard of the Cloak and Sword. The latter fulfil the following functions: Grand Master of the Saint Hospice, Grand Marshal of the Court, Grand Equerry and Superintendent-General of Posts. The military dignities are those of Commandants of the Noble Guard, of the Swiss Guard and of the Palatine Guard of Honor. Among those charges some are hereditary, such as Prince Assistant, Marshal of the Church, and Standard Bearer of the Noble Guard. Each different administration of the Vatican has a sufficiently numerous staff. For instance, there is an Inspector of Fine Arts, a director of medical services, even a judge with magisterial functions, and to execute them the Pontifical gendarmes. Some of the dignitaries are exclusively Italian; others are extended to foreigners, especially the title of Chamberlain of the Cloak and Sword. These latter must not be confounded with the Private Chamberlains, who are laymen, discharging the same offices toward the Holy Father as gentlemen of the bed-chamber with the distinctions characteristic of the Sovereigns in whose service they are engaged. The Private Chamberlains of the Cloak and Sword are of three categories: first, *mace di numero*, who are only four, and must be Italian; next, the supernumeraries; and lastly, the honorary."

It must be remembered that all these functionaries are not there for mere show; they all have work to do, equal to and often in excess of the duties imposed on government officials in other lands. The business of governing two hundred and fifty million subjects is no small matter and requires a considerable and proportionate staff of employees. Several, also, of the offices are the creation of necessity in the days when the Sovereign Pontiff had the possession and enjoyment of his temporal rights. As a temporal monarch, at whose court the representatives of the different powers were received and to which they were accredited, it was requisite that state regulations should be observed. Since the Pope has been unjustly robbed of his legitimate possessions the powers

still continue to be represented at the Vatican; and to abandon any of his prerogatives or efface any of the offices connected with his temporal kingdom, would be a tacit acknowledgment, on the part of the Pope, that he had no expectation of receiving back that which belongs to him, and might be construed into an admission of the legality of the spoliation. Such a course could never be taken by the Pope.

We have often pointed out, in these columns, that the actually reigning Pontiff is more a custodian of those rights than the actual owner of the property that belongs to them. The Papal territory is the property of the Catholic world; the Pope has no right to dispose of it in any way. When he dies, the palace, its treasures, the money that may be to the credit of the Holy See, and the claim to the temporal states, all pass to his successor. In no way could he give, either by donation or will, to his relatives or others, the slightest particle of those possessions. He is obliged to cling to his rights; it is a duty he owes to his successors and the whole Catholic world. When the Italian banditti robbed the Sovereign Pontiff of his temporal states, they actually robbed each individual Catholic on earth. Outside the question of the temporal sovereignty there is a certain amount of dignity, attached to the most important See in the universe, that must be kept up. It would be a strange anomaly if the Archbishop or Bishop of a diocese were to have a more imposing and more extensive household than the Holy Father; and yet many of our non-Catholic friends would argue that the Pope's surroundings are out of proportion to the requirements of his station. It would be well if some critics and writers on the Papal question would spend a while in gathering correct information and carefully studying the matter before rushing out before the world with baseless contentions and absurd statements. The Church will last till the end of time—Christ said so. As long as the Church lasts the Sovereign Pontiff will reign. And as long as a successor of St. Peter exists, the Catholic world will support him and uphold his dignity.

For the benefit of the gentleman, who undertook a few weeks ago, to bring us to task for having given credit to Lord and Lady Aberdeen for all they have done for the Irish people, we will quote the words of one of the grandest Irish Catholics on the American continent. Honored by Rome, respected, beloved and admired by all sincere Irishmen and all Americans, the Hon. Mr. Onahan stands forth as a most conspicuous figure in the world of refinement and education. In his recent eulogium, on the work of the Countess of Aberdeen for the Irish people, he said: "It is the outcome of nobility of soul, common sense and the highest womanly tact." The warm, spontaneous, magnificent reception at Queenstown the other day, proves that these words find an echo in every true Irish heart at home. The only exception we ever heard of is the gentleman from Piper City. But a solitary exception like that serves splendidly to prove the rule.

On the 21st May, the six anarchists, convicted of complicity in the attempt of Pallas to assassinate Captain-General Martinez, were shot outside the Citadel of Mount Juich. Two of them seemed to realize their position, and joined with the priests in their prayers. The other four shouted revolutionary cries and put on a great amount of bravado. It must be a fearful spirit that animates these men; they seem to delight in murder and revel in human sufferings. Still they do not apparently fear death, otherwise they might be more careful of themselves. They must be the dupes of an unholy system and the slaves of demonic masters. Anarchy is evidently a pestilence and to day it is epidemic in Europe.