

THE NEW ZEALAND TABLET

THIRTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 2.

DUNEDIN: THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1902.

PRICE 6D

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.
Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.
April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope

Current Topics

A Pen Picture.

That luminous pressman who once described a Catholic prelate as entering the sanctuary with a thurifer on his head and a tonsure on his sleeve, might well shake hands with the author of the following pen portrait of Cardinal Parocchi, which has found its way into a Christchurch daily: 'During the performance of church ceremonies he sits beneath the baldachin stiff and motionless as a "dies iræ," his feelings tightly held in by his firm and obstinate lips.' The 'Dies Iræ' is the title of the long and beautiful Catholic liturgical sequence which is sung (in Latin) at solemn Masses for the dead.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sybils say.

A man who could look like a 'dies iræ' should inspire respect, anyhow. One cannot help thinking he would prove as great a curiosity as the cable-demon who could write with some degree of accuracy or intelligence about matters Catholic.

Oracular Nonsense.

Sundry scribes on the New Zealand newspapers and on a few of the Home magazines are at present earning their thistles in attempts to forecast the as yet unneeded successor of Leo XIII. Readers of the N.Z. TABLET will know exactly what importance to attach to these idle conjectures. Formerly we had the assurance of the cable fiend that the matter of succession was pre-arranged by the existing Pontiff. That apparently did not leave sufficient room for those dark, mysterious intrigues and underground burrowings which to a duly imaginative and misinformed Protestant represent the inner workings of the papal court, and so we now make the further discovery 'that although the Pope's testament is consulted, it does not follow, by any means, that his nominee will be elected.' We have already explained the procedure in connection with a papal election. An elementary knowledge thereof would have saved the manufacturers and retailers of those silly legends from making themselves a laughing-stock. If they cannot give us the honest truth, let them at least serve up a plausible lie.

'Civilised' Warfare.

In the Kentuckian idea, some kinds of whisky are better than others, but none are bad. A reverse comparison might be applied to methods of warfare. Some are worse than others, but none are good. Even at its best war is an evil game. Thackeray has said that it taxes both sexes alike—taking the blood of men and the tears of women. When the note of Weyerism is added to its normal horrors, it is a Herod slaying the innocents. In the concentration camps of South Africa it has produced among the hapless little ones a heart-rending mortality that, despite all the efforts of apologists of various degrees, is at last creating a strong agitation among people of all creeds and parties in Great Britain. The long-drawn war in the Philippines is hell let loose. Here is, for instance, a sample of how a reputable and staunch American journalist at the front describes, in the Philadelphia *Public*

Ledger, the 'benevolent assimilation' of the Filipinos by the Bashi-bazouks of Uncle Sam:—'The present war is no bloodless, fake, opera-bouffe engagement. Our men have been relentless, have killed to exterminate, men, women, children, prisoners and captives, active insurgents and suspected people, from lads of ten up—an idea prevailing that the Filipino, as such, was little better than a dog, a noisome reptile, in some instances, whose best disposition was the rubbish heap. Our soldiers have pumped salt water into men "to make them talk," have taken prisoners of people who held up their hands and peacefully surrendered, and an hour later, without an atom of evidence to show they were even insurgents, stood them on a bridge and shot them down one by one, to drop in the water below and float down, as examples to those who found their bullet-loaded corpses. It is not civilised warfare, but we are not dealing with a civilised people. The only thing they know and fear is force, violence, brutality, and we give it to them. The new military plan of settling the trouble by setting them at each other is one that looks promising. We have now sent a thousand Maccabees to Samar. They are hereditary enemies of the "Ladrones," and go forth to the slaughter gaily.'

*

In the ruder and coarser days of the eighteenth century—long before international law was placed upon its present basis—strenuous objection was raised to the employment of armed Indians by both sides during the wars between Great Britain and France on the American Continent. Nowadays people make little more than a passing comment at the employment of armed half-savage Maccabees in Samar and the occasional appearance of scarcely half-civilised Kaffirs as combatants upon the battlefields of the South African campaign. In some respects neither military nor popular sentiment seems to have quite kept pace with the more humanising tendency of international law. True civilisation is still sorely in need of (1) a code of honestly Christian warfare with 'inferior' races; (2) an international force courageous enough to speedily note and strong enough to promptly punish infractions thereof; and (3) an upright judge and a squad of able-bodied hangmen to treat to a course of Manila hemp white demons such as those who are roaming about seeking whom they may devour in the Philippines.

Broke the Bank.

In *Pudd'n-head Wilson's New Calendar* Mark Twain works off this bit of wisdom: 'There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate: when he can't afford it, and when he can.' When a man elects to make a sheep of himself he will find plenty of people to shear him. And for neatness, despatch, and thoroughness in the process of fleecing, the gaming-tables of Monte Carlo take the medal every time. They would satisfy even the capricious demands of the 'Jubilee Plunger.' Once in a blue moon the newspapers announce some exceptionally lucky gambler as being 'a man who burst the bank at Monte Cah-ahr-lo.' A few days ago the cable-demon forgot to slay the Pope, in the excitement of passing over the wires to the back of the earth the portentous news that the Earl of Rosslyn had won 100,000 francs (about £4000) by playing on a 'system.'

BROPHY & Co. having had 20 years' experience of the district are in a position to give reliable information as to the Grazing and Dairying capabilities of Property in the Manawatu and surrounding districts.