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Editor-in-Chief.

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Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1898.

CURRENT COMMENT.

We are now honoring St. Joseph, the
Foster-father of our Blessed Lord,
whose intercession Catholics have al-
ways found so powerful. This month
of March should not be allowed to pass
without special devotions to him whom
St. Matthew (1: 19) calls "a just man."
His self-effacement and subsequent
conquest over Catholic hearts is to us
all a great lesson of humility, sincerity
and the ultimate triumph of truth.

The Ontario elections are a surprise
to most people. The Conservatives are
waiting the result of the recounts. So
far the Liberals have but a small ma-
jority, hardly workable. The Patrons of
Industry have been wiped out; so have
the P. P. A.'s, for which we are duly
thankful. Toronto has risen in the
esteem of those who love fairplay by
electing a Catholic member, the gifted
lawyer, Mr. Foy. It can no longer be
said that no Protestant constituency
ever elected a Catholic, for what can
be more aggressively Protestant than
the Queen City? The tide for the Con-
servatives became a real mill-race in
the French Canadian counties. This
fact should make Sir Wilfrid Laurier
put on his thinking-cap.

Bayan's Monthly Visitor is a beauti-
fully illustrated Catholic periodical, the
second number of which has reached us.
The contents for February are: Frontis-
piece, a magnificent statue of
Faith by A. de Cerner; sketch of Mas-
sillon, with two portraits; St. Hubert's
Day at the Chateau de la Duchesse
d'Uzes, who is the sculptor of the
statue of St. Hubert in the Archbishop's
garden here; the Cathedral of Reims
with seven excellent half-tone pictures
and one wood-cut; the Star of the Magi,
a poem illustrated by four of Tissot's
wonderful paintings; Bouguereau's Ma-
donna with the Infant Jesus and St.
John the Baptist kissing each other a-
cross the Blessed Mother's knee; a page
about St. Guirec of Ploumanach in
Brittany, which we don't half like;
and the Madonna of Sant' Agostino in
Rome. The yearly subscription is only
50 cents. Address: 6 Barclay street,
New York.

This month the *Catholic World* has a
particularly strong number. It opens
with a thoughtful essay by Archbishop
Keane on "America (by which His
Grace means the United States) as seen
from abroad." He defends the part
taken by Catholics in the Parliament
of Religions at Chicago, and says,
equivalently, that the Holy Father
condemned only such Parliaments of
Religions as might be held in Europe;
which is not at all what our memory
tells us. Our womanly Ruskin, Eliza
Allen Star, writes with supreme artistic
discrimination of the medieval ways of
representing the scourging and the
crowning of thorns. She admires the
traditional reserve of Glotto, Sodoma
and Luini, who accentuate the Godhead
at the expense of realism. To our mind
they seem artificial and we prefer some
of the modern realistic representations
of Our Saviour's passion. This may
come from our having no doubts as to
the Divinity of Our Redeemer and
wishing to realize the intensity of his

humiliations and sufferings. Hence it
is that we welcome the terrible "Fla-
gellation" of James Tissot with a copy
of which the article closes. But who
authorized the editor to insert, after
Miss Star's paper, in which she expres-
ses over and over again her horror of
the realistic school, one of the most
striking pictures of that school?

The Late Archbishop Cleary.

On the 24th of last month the Church
of Kingston lost its first Archbishop.
The loss is one which all Catholics in
the Dominion will mourn. His Grace
of Kingston was a mighty power in the
defence of truth. Catholics were proud
of him; fanatical enemies of the Church
feared his trenchant pen.

James Vincent Cleary was born in
Dungarvan, County Waterford, Ire-
land, September 18, 1828, and was thus
in his seventieth year at the time of
his death.

At the age of 15, after a good classi-
cal training at Dungarvan, he was
sent to Rome for his ecclesiastical edu-
cation, where he spent two years, after
which he was recalled by the Bishop of
Waterford and placed in the Royal
College of Maynooth, where he won the
highest prizes in each department and
completed his theological course at 23.
He was ordained that same year, 1851,
and spent three years in the Spanish
University of Salamanca. In 1854 he
was appointed to the chair of Dogmatic
Theology and Exegesis in St. John's
College, Waterford, whence in 1853 he
was chosen by the hierarchy of Ireland
to give what is called "A Public Act,"
i. e., the first public defence of all
philosophy and theology given in Ire-
land since the Reformation lowered the
standard of studies. This ordeal, com-
pared to which the stiffest modern Uni-
versity examination is mere child's
play, Dr. Cleary stood for three whole
days, answering publicly, on the spur
of the moment, in presence of a most
critical audience thoroughly familiar
with the matter in hand, all the objec-
tions made to him by the most learned
theologians from all parts. This was
his introduction to the chair of theology
in the new Catholic University of Ire-
land.

In 1873 Dr. Cleary was appointed
President of Waterford College, and in
1876 became Parish Priest of his native
parish, Dungarvan. Thence in 1880
he was called to the Bishopric of King-
ston. Twice he remonstrated on the
score of ill health, but to no purpose.
He was consecrated in Rome, Nov.
21st of the same year, by Cardinal
Simeoni, Prefect of all the missions of
the Catholic world. Kingston having
been raised to an archiepiscopal see, he
was promoted to the metropolitan digni-
ty July 28, 1889.

This dry sketch can give no idea of
the great work His Grace accomplished
in the second oldest diocese in Canada.
His administrative abilities were of a
very high order. He visited every part
of his diocese and stimulated good
works everywhere. He was especially
earnest in the cause of education, be-
stowing large gifts to help on strug-
gling schools. The crowning glory of
his life was the re-opening of Regiopo-
lis College, for which he has left in his
will the comfortable sum of twenty-
five thousand dollars. We are now at
liberty to mention that Archbishop
Cleary was one of the most earnest
supporters of our own valiant Archbish-
op in the fight made against the so-
called "Settlement." Most Rev. Dr.
Cleary's private letters to His Grace of
St. Boniface were to the latter a source
of great comfort and encouragement.

Had Archbishop Cleary devoted
himself to literature, he would have
made his mark as a man of letters.
Some of his phrases have burnt them-
selves into the memory of his contem-
poraries with the ineffaceable stamp of
genius.

In the work of founding institutes
for the poor and afflicted he was es-
pecially zealous. With all his stern ex-
terior, he had a generous and sym-
pathetic heart and appeals to his chari-
ty were never made in vain.

His Grace's illness began three months
before his death. It was sarcois of the
liver, which at first confined him to
his room and afterwards to his bed.
Three days before his death, with
characteristic strength of will, he declined
to take any more medicine because this
would only torture him and becloud
his mind, which he wanted clear in
the face of approaching dissolution. So
he went to his Maker in the full strength
of a vigorous conformity to the Divine
Will.

Tortoises and turtles have no teeth.

A ton of coal yields almost 10,000 feet
of gas.

A paper watch has been exhibited by
a Dresden watchmaker.

Brann's Iconoclast.

The *Iconoclast*, a monthly review
edited by Mr. W. C. Brann at Waco,
Texas, has been so often quoted by
Catholic newspapers, not excepting
this one, that some of the faithful,
reading only Brann's vigorous defence
of many Catholic institutions and not
seeing the review itself from which
choice extracts were made, have come
to look upon Mr. Brann as almost a
Catholic, and to think that his *iconoclast*
must be a sort of edifying family pa-
per. It is too bad to have to dispel
such fond delusions; but we who have
read the original *Iconoclast* have little
hopes of Mr. Brann's conversion and
are still less inclined to view his work,
on the whole, as edifying. The very
name he has chosen—a breaker of
images—shows that the bent of his
mind is rather destructive than con-
structive. To edify one must build up.
He delights in pulling down. The lat-
ter is a comparatively easy process
for one who has no doctrinal scruples
and little respect for the proprieties.
To build up or edify requires a much
higher cast of intellect.

Mr. Brann is a product of the wild
Southwest. Glimmerings of the finest
culture are in him obscured by clouds
of coarseness and vulgar exaggeration.
Of himself he is capable of loftier and
more sustained flights, but his envi-
ronment and the effect of early in-
fluences often drag him down to the
level of the "Arizona Kicker." Wit-
ness this sentence, in which there is
as much bathos in the thought as in
the final drop thereof: "Carlyle, great-
est of critics, the supreme lord of liter-
ature,—that Scottish Arcturus before
whom even Shakespeare's glorious
star pales its ineffectual fires—awards
the palm of correlated cussedness to
Cagliostro." The man who can prefer
the ranting, turgid, overwrought, pre-
posterous Carlyle to the delicately
balanced genius of a Shakespeare quite
naturally drops into such a phrase as
"correlated cussedness."

In his issue of January last Mr. Brann
indulges in a perfect torrent of abuse
against the late Archbishop Cleary for
his famous letter on marriage, and then
adds: "Of course due allowance must
be made for the fact that he is a
Canuck." Considering that His Grace of
Kingston was fifty two years old the
first time he set foot on the American
continent, Mr. Brann's assertion that
he was a Canadian is, like many of
his other pseudo-historical remarks,
based altogether on a perfervid imagi-
nation. But listen to what the *Iconoclast*
has to say of us as a nation:—

"Canada is but half-civilized. It is
still 'loil' to old England, the strumpet
of nations, the governmental harlot of
history. It continues to take its man-
ners and customs from the old country.
It is tied to the Queen's apron-strings
like an idiot's scalp to the belt of an
Apache squaw. Whenever John Bull
whistles it comes running like a half-
grown spaniel at the call of a stable-
boy. It has never mustered up suffi-
cient sense and sand to set up for itself.
It is the red bandana upon which
Britannia blows her protrusive bugle.
It is the cuspidore into which she voids
her royal rheum. We could not expect
much even of a Catholic Archbishop
in such a country. In fact the Cana-
dian Catholics, like the Canadian Pro-
testants, are so narrow between the
eyes that they can look through a
keyhole with both eyes at once. Their
heads are small and ill-furnished. The
winters are so long that the sap can-
not rise to the top—it stops at the belly-
band and there coagulates."

As a merely humorous skit this is
not half bad. As an attempt at serious
criticism through the medium of slang
and billingsgate it is a ghastly failure.
The fellow who can deliberately write
thus of a whole nation is, to quote
himself, "one ass." Though Texas and
Arizona are the happy hunting-grounds
of blatant sciolists of the Brann type,
we refuse to believe that the great
Southwest does not harbor men of real-
ly well balanced and fully informed
minds, who while laughing good-nat-
uredly at Brann's madcap humor, know
just what a very light weight he is.
These people will understand us when
we say that a diatribe like the forego-
ing increases our taste for connection
with Europe and Britain in particular,
where such literature would be impos-
sible. Not even Carlyle or Victor Hugo
in their wildest paroxysms could
write such balderdash.

Why, then, do we quote Brann's *Icon-
oclast* in favor of Catholicism? If he
is so lacking in judgment, what can be
the worth of his opinion? Because he
no sooner addresses himself to the de-
fence of Catholic principles than his
clownish ways drop from him like a
borrowed garment and he becomes
suddenly sane and wise, his humor
takes on a finer polish, his reasoning
powers come into play, he no longer
draws on his imagination for his facts,
his local and national prejudices disap-
pear. Despite the heresies, illogical
reasonings and sentimental gush with
which his secular articles teem, his

Catholic instincts rise to the surface
whenever he elects to take up the cud-
gels in favor of Holy Church. And so
it affords us real pleasure to quote him
when he is at his best, although we
cannot recommend the *Iconoclast* as an
edifying family paper.

THE TABLET

The VÉRITÉ of Quebec has a long
article criticizing the COURIER DU
CANADA for its too severe hand-
ling of the London TABLET. The
COURIER complains bitterly that
the great English Catholic organ,
under the indirect patronage of
His Eminence the Cardinal Arch-
bishop of Westminster, should
allow itself to be influenced, on our
school question, by astute and un-
principled politicians on this side
of the water, and should be want-
ing in respect to our Canadian
hierarchy whose conduct on this
very question has been so un-
reservedly praised in the Holy
Father's Encyclical AFFARI VOS.
To this LA VÉRITÉ replies that it
has not noticed in the TABLET any
lack of respect toward our Bishops,
and that Cardinal Vaughan, being
nearer to Rome than we are and
placed far above our petty party
squabbles, may know the mind of
the Vicar of Christ better than we
do. The NORTHWEST REVIEW
ventures to think that there is a
much more obvious explanation of
the TABLET's regrettable versatility
on this question. We believe that
the editor of that confessedly able
paper is alone responsible for its
shifting views, for its blowing hot
one day and cold the next, for its
handling the matter with masterly
accuracy in one issue and then
making a mess of it in another.
Tripping on almost all non-defined
subjects, Toryism for the British
Isles always expected, has been
a tradition of its editorial depart-
ment for the last twenty-five years.
The best proof that the Archbishop
of Westminster does not direct its
policy is that even under the
masterful rule of Cardinal Manning,
who was an enthusiastic lover of
Ireland's liberties, the TABLET's
attitude toward the Sister Isle was
just as exasperatingly contemptuous
as it is to-day. No doubt it is un-
fortunate that a paper so full of
Catholic news from all parts of the
world and of so unquestionable a
literary quality should take a one-
sided, political view of our school
status; but, on the other hand, it
is well to bear in mind that com-
paratively few Catholics in England
and hardly any elsewhere attach
any importance to its opinions
whenever those opinions are liable
to be influenced by motives of ex-
pediency.

REGULATIONS FOR PRIESTS OF ORIENTAL RITES IN THIS COUNTRY.

There has been, during the
past year, a large influx of Gali-
cians into this province and the
Northwest Territories. Many of
these immigrants are Roman
Catholics who, while claiming
full allegiance to the Sovereign
Pontiff, Leo XIII., belong to one
of the Oriental rites. In order
that there may be no misunder-
standing as to the ecclesiastical
status of priests belonging to the
same rite who may happen to
visit them with a view to ad-
ministering the sacraments, the
Sacred Congregation of the Prop-
aganda has recently laid down
the following rules to be observed
by all priests of any Oriental rite
on this continent.

First. Before starting, they
must be authorized to come by
the Bishops of the various dioc-
eses in which they intend to la-
bor.

Secondly. They must bear a
written authorization from the
Propaganda.

Thirdly. As soon as they
reach the diocese where their
follow-Orientalists reside, they
must present themselves before
the Bishop of that diocese.

Fourthly. If they wish to re-
ceive contributions from their
flocks they must have a special
authorization therefor.

Any priest not conforming to
the foregoing rules has no juris-
diction to exercise the sacred
ministry and consequently the
faithful are warned not to con-

fess to any such priest, since his
absolutions would be null and
void.

Newman Literary Guild.

The Newman Literary Guild held its us-
ual weekly meeting last Friday evening.
There was a considerable increase in the
attendance compared with former meet-
ings. The prospectus of the first number
of the Newman Monthly was produced
and read by the Editor-in-chief, who
had been ably assisted in its preparation
by one or more sub-editors. It proved
to contain some well selected and con-
cise written articles on historical as well
as other important subjects. After the
reading of the paper, its object as well
as the articles which it contained were
discussed at considerable length by a
number of members, all of whom praised
the paper very highly. It was carried
unanimously that this paper be one of
the special features of the entertain-
ments.

The meeting then decided that one of
the young ladies of the Guild should
prepare a paper on the characteristics,
style and works of Bret Harte, for the
regular meeting of the 18th inst.

Next Friday evening there will be a
very interesting debate, the subject
chosen for this occasion being: "Resolved
that the annexation of Canada to the
United States would be beneficial to
Canada."

EDITORIAL NOTE: We beg to enter a
decided protest against the subject an-
nounced for the next debate. With
Catholics loyalty is not mere sentiment,
it is a duty, and therefore such a ques-
tion as annexation to the United States
ought not even to be discussed. More-
over, we cannot help regretting that a
Catholic literary association should deem
it advisable to neglect the wide field of
Catholic literature for the sake of Bret
Harte. His works, most of which we
have read with no little relish, are all
very well in their way; but surely, in
this community especially, where so
many of our own people are so ignorant
of Catholic literary gems, there is ample
opportunity for making them known.
Not to speak of current Catholic litera-
ture, on which Walter Lecky in the *Catholic
News* keeps his readers well informed
from week to week, why should not the
Newman Literary Guild take up some of
Newman's works? Charming papers
could easily be written on "Loss and
Gain," "Callista," "Historical Sketches,"
the "Grammar of Assent," the "Idea of
a University" and the immortal
"Apologia." Or is the title of the Guild
merely the shadow of an unknown name?
How many of the members of the Guild
have read one of the thirty matchless
volumes of the King of English prose?

The Catholic Chaplain of the "Maine."

Father Chidwick of the ill-fated *Maine*,
is one of the few priest chaplains in our
navy. When his guest on board the
battle-ship the bright young clergyman
told us that one hundred and forty of the
one hundred and ninety Catholics on the
ship belonged to the League of the
Sacred Heart and went to Holy Commu-
nion on every first Friday of the month.
From the officers we learned that the
young priest lectured twice a week on
some scientific subject in the great mess
room, and that it was rarer for an officer
to be absent than a marine. Father
Chidwick was the idol of the ship, and
no wonder the papers are full of his
praise.—WESTERN WATCHMAN.

Father Burke's Reply.

Father Tom Burke was riding one day
in Dublin on top of an omnibus, and
reading his breviary. A theological oppo-
nent got on, and thought to read Father
Tom a lecture.

"The Lord tells us, sir," he said, "that
when we pray we should not be as hypo-
crites are, who love to pray in public,
and at the corners of the streets, that
they might be seen of men. No, when I
pray, I enter into my closet, and closing
the door, pray in secret."

"Yes!" replied Father Tom, without
taking his eyes off the book, "and then
you come out on the top of an omnibus
and tell everyone all about it."

RUN IN.—In is little wonder that
foreigners are in despair in learning to
speak the English language. One of the
greatest difficulties is the way in which
the same syllabic sounds have often very
different meanings. "You'll get run in,"
said the pedestrian to the wheelman
without a light. "You'll get run into,"
savagely responded the cyclist, as he
knocked the pedestrian down and ran
up his spine. "You'll get run in, too,"
said the policeman, as he stepped from
behind a tree and grabbed the wheel.
And just then another scorcher came
along without a light, so the policeman
ran in two.