

Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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A CANADIAN EDITOR CULLED.

THE TRICK EXPOSED BY A MONTREAL LAWYER.

The Jesuit in English Literature.

The expectation was that "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE" would be a Canadian monthly, not merely in name but in fact, in which Catholic subjects would be treated without offence to the Catholics of the Dominion, and wherein Protestants might read without being misled. If, however, there were any desire on the part of the Editor to fulfil such expectations, he should have rejected Mr. Kinmount Roy's contribution to the October number, entitled "The Love Story of a Pope, AN AUTHENTICATED PIECE OF HISTORY."

Briefly told the story is this:—Once upon a time an Irish Protestant Bishop visited Italy with his two daughters. The youngest married an Italian Count, who treated her so cruelly that, when he died little more than a year after their marriage, it was found that her sufferings had seriously affected her mind. The physicians suggested that some near member of her own family should come to stay with her. Her sister came; but, before leaving Ireland, the Bishop exacted from this second daughter a solemn promise that she would never marry an Italian. It would seem that such vows are rash. She met the young Count Mastai, who loved her with a love so irresistible that her Right Reverend father had to release her from her vow or see his daughter die of a broken heart. The Irish Bishop was too good a man to hesitate and the beautiful Helen became the fiancée of the youthful Mastai. The vigil of the wedding-day was spent by the happy Count at the residence of his intended father-in-law, but next morning he unaccountably failed to appear for the marriage ceremony. After delay it was learned that he had not returned to his own quarters the night before, and subsequent investigation and search utterly failed to explain the mystery. The unhappy Helen died soon afterwards, never doubting her lover's faith.—'Tis a pity perhaps to spoil a pretty story rather prettily told, but then it has been offered to the readers of the Canadian Magazine as "an Authenticated Piece of History," and what is done here is merely to translate it from the language of romance and restore it to its plain matter-of-fact mother-tongue.

The story resumed tells that as time passed the episode was all but forgotten, "when the lost clew was found in a very unexpected manner." The narrative up to this had given it to be understood that not even a clew had been discovered; Count Mastai had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up; so that how the unfound clew was lost and afterwards found is not quite clear. But that doesn't matter. This, at any rate, is the way the clew was found at last and traced. A pestilence broke out in Naples. Panic seized the multitude, and in the general stampede not even ministers of religion were excepted. It was then that a young priest appeared among the plague-stricken people, ministering to them with such calm courage that it seemed as if he courted death that avoided him. Afterwards his noble conduct was remembered and merited for him rapid promotion, until in an unusually short time he became Archbishop of "Ravenna." The reigning Pontiff died; and the story-teller here confides to the readers of the Magazine that the secular powers of Europe contrive to have a voice in the selection of successors to St. Peter. One day at this time, while this question was under consideration, the French Ambassador, driving through the Corso, pointed to a priest and asked his secretary if that was not the Archbishop of Ravenna who had shown such devotion and heroism during the great plague. Yes, it was the Archbishop. "Then," said the Ambassador, "my Government wishes to see him Pope of Rome." And this was how the lost Count Mastai came to be Pope Pius IX. The narrative then proceeds

to tell how he had been lost. At the time of his betrothal to the daughter of the Protestant Bishop, Count Mastai, you see, was a LAY JESUIT. It is very necessary to impress the mind with this historical fact which underlies and in fact explains the whole mystery of his disappearance. And so it was that when he left his fiancée on the eve of their wedding-day the disciples of Loyola decreed that he left her forever, and carrying out their decree these "men of cool intellect and iron resolution, before whom kings and princes had often confessed defeat," simply kidnapped him and shipped him off to an African port, from which he was allowed to return only when the broken heart of the girl he loved throbbed with love and life no longer. Then only he came back to Italy and became a priest, devoting himself to such worthy works as she would have approved; and ever afterwards, even when he had ascended the Seat of Peter, "the dead Helen was still a tender and pathetic memory in the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff."

Catholics who read this will wonder how it is that a story so lacking in probability should succeed in obtaining a place in a reputable magazine. Probability is one of the essentials of a good story, but perhaps probability may after all be only relative and depend altogether on the people who are called upon to believe. A large number might be quite ready to accept as credible what an equally large number of other people would reject as utterly improbable. There may be among the readers of the Magazine those who don't love the Pope a bit but who would readily extend their sympathy to him when he appeared as the victim of Jesuit plots, not that they hate the Pope less but that they hate the Jesuits more, knowing in reality nothing about either of them. Such people have no knowledge of the subject, but they believe, and the authority for their undoubting faith is generally such "authenticated Pieces of History" as the one Mr. Kinmount Roy has written for them in the Canadian Magazine. They really know nothing about the Jesuits, but the number of things they believe about them is very astonishing. They believe in that myth, the lay Jesuit. They believe the motto of the Order to be "the end justifies the means." Men who are too charitable to think evil of their neighbour until the thing is proved, believe without proof that members of the Order have been guilty of many fearful crimes, and, if the statement has not failed to reach them, they believe that the Order did not hesitate to cause the murder of that Pope who commanded its suppression. They believe that it is constantly plotting against kings and governments, and it never enters their minds to remember that, since the foundation of the Order, wherever the rights and liberties of the people have been assailed the ruler or the government almost invariably prepared the way by banishing the Jesuits from the country. These people have come to believe that the Jesuits are very powerful because of their numbers, and if they could could credit the fact they would be astounded to learn that now, when perhaps the Order is more numerous than at any other time, * its numbers do not exceed 14,000. To such people the story that the Jesuits brutally kidnapped Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferretti is not so ridiculous but that they will give it, if not implicit credence, at least that attentive hearing due to a probable story. For such people Mr. Kinmount Roy wrote, and he cared no more for their intelligence than he did for the susceptibilities of those others who respect the Jesuits because they know them to be devoted priests of the church, who have given up their lives to the teaching of youth and the preaching of truth for the greater glory of God. He cares nothing for the convictions of Catholics, and evidently holds in contempt the intelligence of his Protestant readers.

He gives himself not the slightest pains ever to appear accurate. He tells them practically, "this is history, I have authenticated it, and you had better believe it." He writes as it were by ear and with a running pen, and gives the Pope's surname as MATTEI. So in the same way, sufficiently good he thinks for the readers of the Magazine, remembering no doubt that Pope Pius IX. was at one time an Archbishop of some place, he cavalierly promotes him to a see that he never occupied and makes him Archbishop of RAVENNA, the fact being that previous to his pontificate he was, first, Archbishop of Spoleto and then Cardinal-Bishop of Imola. Of course Mr. K. Roy could easily have ascertained all this, but there was no need he thought of being very particular when writing a story for Protestants about the Pope. It's quite true, and he could easily have found it out, that Pius IX. never was in Africa; but what he wanted to say was that the Pope had been kidnapped by the Jesuits, and there was no necessity to strain after probabilities when telling a story so agreeably acceptable. Who, that knows anything about the one or the other, is not aware that Pius IX. was the friend and protector of the Jesuits, who, according to this latest contribution to History, wrecked his young life?

It is Protestants who should resent most such impudent pervasions of history with which English literature and English that isn't literature abounds. Catholics have long since come to be callous, so accustomed are they to see such performances. They have read that beautifully polished libel of Thackeray's, HENRY ESMONDE, and are not unfamiliar with anti-Jesuit English literature since then, including JOHN INGLESANT, the initials of whose author's name, by strange coincidence, form the monogram of the Jesuit Order, which J. H. Shorthouse hates with such industrious hatred.

Among Protestant readers of such productions as this of Mr. K. Roy, a small number believe it all because they like to believe it, while others don't care whether it is true or not. But even the latter class, by dint of seeing the thing repeated, may end by thinking it must be true. There are no doubt many uncharitable people among Catholics, of the class we would call bigots, and what do they think? Well, when they read these things they probably smile and say to themselves with a certain amount of vain gratulation: "What lies these other people are willing to swallow!" But who could blame a Catholic for being at least amused in this case, when he thinks how Mr. Kinmount Roy with so little trouble gulled the clever editor of the Canadian Magazine, and passed off "The Love Story of a Pope" as "AN AUTHENTICATED PIECE OF HISTORY," relating it, as he assures us, almost word for word as it was told in the English country-house of that distinguished statesman who had the honor of entertaining a very distinguished FARCEUR.

K. J. H.

24th October, 1895.

* [Our contributor is mistaken. Father Drummond, in his reply to the Rev. J. J. Roy on "The Jesuits" (1889), says that "at the time of their suppression (1773), there were 22,000 Jesuits." (page 12)—ED. N. W. R.]

Innocence Vindicated.

From the Tablet.

All our English papers three months ago, like the continental press, readily served up to their readers the sensational details of the trial which brought into such discredit and unpopularity the Alexian Brothers and their hospital at Mariaberg, Aix-la-Chapelle. A howl of indignation went up all over Europe at the abuses and outrages which that trial was supposed to have proved as having taken place in the Alexian institution. Government action followed popular reprobation. The German provincial and communal administration withdrew from the establishment of the Alexians all the inmates who had been placed therein by the public authorities. Moreover, by order of the Prussian Minister of the Interior, the establishment at Mariaberg was closed and the Brothers of the house were forbidden to take any further part in hospital work, except under the direction of persons nominated by the Government. The Ministry further ordered a severe and searching inquiry to be made into all hospitals and similar establishments in the care of Catholic Brothers or Nuns. Meanwhile the anti-

Catholic press was pursuing a bitter campaign against both the Alexian Brothers and all Catholic establishments of a similar nature. How comes it then that our press has not given similar prominence to the extraordinary epilogue of this CAUSE CELEBRE, which has so completely reversed the position and provided such an unexpected vindication of the supposed criminals?

To understand what has happened, let us recall briefly the formal trial. A certain innkeeper, named Mellage, of Iserlohn, in Westphalia, had published a pamphlet accusing the Alexian Brothers at Mariaburg of practising unheard of cruelties upon the unfortunate inmates—lunatics, epileptics, imbeciles, or persons suffering from alcoholic excess—of this hospital. The chief authorities upon whom the writer relied were two unfortunate priests, Forbes, a Scotchman, and Rheindorf, a victim of drink from the diocese of Cologne. The Alexian Brothers brought an action for libel against Mellage, and the case was tried in the summer. The chief witnesses in defence of Mellage were the two unfortunate clerics just mentioned, a servant girl named Fiesel, and the police commissioner Lhoce. It was principally on the evidence of these persons that the case was decided so disastrously for the Brothers. Mellage was acquitted with applause, and the Brothers' guilt was supposed to have been proved up to the hilt, with consequences detailed above. But justice did not stop here. As a further outcome of the case, two of the Brothers, Henry and Irenaus, were put upon trial on the charge of perjury. The trial came off last week at the assizes in Aix-la-Chapelle. The result has been the utter discrediting of the witnesses upon whose evidence the former trial was decided. The whole case against the Brothers collapsed, and both of them amid an outburst of applause, were unanimously acquitted, the one on Thursday and the other on Friday. The impression produced has been intense. The Brothers have been vindicated, and in all probability the police will now proceed with a case for perjury against Mellage and his worthy associates!

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

Glance at our Exchanges.

Sarcastic.

The Blood Reserve Mission is in charge of Rev. F. Swainson, a young gentleman whose frequent clamorings for help to this mission have been the occasion of recent remarks by the Tribune, which remarks have caused his friends to make public assurances of the love and esteem in which he is held by the Indians, and of the really enormous, if quite unapparent, success of his "labors." Mr. Swainson was away from home at the time the fire occurred. The incendiaries have not yet been discovered. The official account in the Sower in the West of this latest indication of progress in a work on which thousands and thousands of dollars have been fruitlessly expended will be awaited with interest. Till this appears it is impossible to say whether this latest evidence of Christianity is a result of the views of the Indians on the School Question, as it was claimed Mrs. Tims' flight from the Blackfoot Reserve was.—Alberta Tribune, Calgary.

In Ye Olden Time.

The following, taken from The Gore Balance, dated at Hamilton, December 20th, 1830, indicates one of the vicissitudes of newspaper life in those days:—"The present number of The Gore Balance has necessarily been suspended until this date (Monday 20th) for want of printing ink which could be procured only by making a journey to York over one of the most frightful roads that disgrace this country. If some mechanic understanding the manufacture of this article would locate himself in the Canadas he would find ample and profitable employment."—The Imprint, Toronto and Winnipeg.

What's in a Name?

The Ohio Populists have nominated for a judgeship a lawyer named Swindler. He has attained some prominence in the community, but it is a mystery how he acquired a favorable standing, handicapped by such a cognomen.—Providence Visitor.

Women Apostles.

The late Archbishop Porter, S. J., of Bombay, in one of his letters writes: "I sometimes think the conversion of India will be brought about by nuns. The great obstacle to conversion is the position of woman in the East and her degradation. Nothing very lasting can be accomplished until this evil is remedied." Much the same might be said of other heathen missions. Nuns have become necessary to their success. There are many pagans to whom the priests can gain no access and many kinds of work which belong exclusively to women. For the elevation of pagan women, the example of religious women is more influential than the exhortations of the most apostolic of men.—Catholic Missions.

Agricultural Wit.

Des produits de la terre, le plus noble est le melon qui descend des pépins; le plus collet monté, c'est la fraise; le plus melomane, le haricot; celui qui a le moins de retenue est le pissenlit; le plus sot, c'est le cornichon; le plus généralement redouté des poissons est la pêche; le plus tourmenteur, c'est le souci; le plus belliqueux, le grenadier; le plus prise est le tabac.—Semaine Religieuse, Quebec.

A New Catholic Magazine.

Walsh's Magazine is the latest venture in periodical Catholic literature. Its first issue, which contains many articles of a high order of merit, displays an enterprise that speaks well for the editorial management. It is published in Toronto, and has no Canadian rival. The Catholicity of its character is revealed by a glance at the table of contents, which include biographical sketches, political and social essays, with a liberal sprinkling of fiction. We wish the new venture a full measure of success.—Ave Maria.

In Vino Veritas.

A little paragraph has gone the rounds of the papers announcing the secession of a Catholic priest to the Church of England. And there has been another paragraph—we set them side by side: On Saturday last, in Patrick Francis Henry VII's Chapel, Gleeson, described as Westminster Abbey, a clergyman of Vaux (anon. Duckworth, bail bridge Road, was the sub-dean, acting charged at Lambeth for the Bishop of London with being found drunk in a public place—viz., a public house, Rev. P. F. Gleeson, D. place—viz., a public house, Brixton. Police Constables Wat-ers, 50 W., said he found the prisoner drunk at half past 8 last evening. He was helplessly intoxicated, and was lying in the road with his face cut; when asked what he had to say the accused replied that he left himself in the hands of the court. Mr. Hopkins ordered him to pay the amount of the doctor's fee, 3s 6d.—Evening Paper, September 21.

We may supplement the paragraph quoted from the Times by saying that we have ascertained that the reverend gentleman there referred to resided in the Vauxhall Bridge Road. From Westminster Abbey to the gutter—and so soon!—Tablet, London, (Eng.).

The Ignorance of Western Ontario.

The fact that the late Louis Pasteur was a Roman Catholic and that he was buried with full service in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, may cause some newspapers in Western Ontario to dwell upon Rome's method of keeping her children in ignorance. It will be difficult for those leading lights of modern intelligence, the editors of the Lindsay Warder and the Hamilton Spectator, to understand how Pasteur lived and died a devoted Catholic.—Ottawa Post.

Precisely So.

The difficulties in the way of teaching religion in state-aided schools are in this country commonly regarded as insuperable. The same difficulties exist in equal degree in England, yet there they are by no means regarded as insuperable. Perhaps this is only another example of the old maxim which says that "where there is a will, there is a way."—New World, Chicago.

Good Spec.

Merchants should advertise for the good they derive from it. Not as philanthropists; not as donations to the newspaper.

(Continued on page 4.)