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HERO OF "HIAWATHA."

MARQUETTE FURNISHED IDEAS FOR THE FAMOUS POEM.

A Jesuit Father Shows How Longfellow Embodied Passages From the Missionary's Journal into His Beautiful Work—Comparison of Extracts From the Journal With Parts of the Poem.

A Jesuit Father of Loyola College, Baltimore, in a contribution to the Baltimore Mirror, demonstrates that Longfellow's poem "Hiawatha" contains passages that were taken almost word for word from the journal of Father Marquette, the missionary and explorer, whose statue now occupies a prominent place in the Capitol at Washington.

Some time ago, writes the Jesuit Father, I borrowed, from the obliging librarian of Woodstock College, John Gilmary Shea's work: "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley," for the purpose of making myself and my students better acquainted with the life of Father Marquette. While reading the journal of the voyage of his discovery, of which Dr. Shea prints both the French original and the English translation, I came upon several passages which seemed to me familiar. They reminded me, in fact, of passages in Longfellow's Hiawatha. Imagine my surprise and pleasure, when, on comparison, I discovered that Longfellow had, without the shadow of a doubt, read Marquette's Journal, and embodied almost verbatim passages from it in his beautiful poem.

The proof of my assertion is found below in the passages from the missionary's Journal and from Longfellow's poem, which are placed one after another:

p. 22. At the door of the cabin in which we were to be received, was an old man awaiting us in a very remarkable posture: . . . This man was standing perfectly naked, with his hands stretched out and raised towards the sun, as if he wished to screen himself from its rays, which nevertheless passed through his fingers to his face.

xxi. At the door-way of his wigwan Hiawatha stood and waited Towards the setting sun his hands were lifted. Both the palms spread out against it, And between the parted fingers Felt the sunshine on his features, Flecked with light his naked shoulders.

p. 35. The calumet is made of polished red stone, like marble, so pierced that one end serves to hold the tobacco, while the other is fastened on the stem, which is a stick two feet long, as thick as a common cane and pierced in the middle; it is ornamented with the head and neck of birds of beautiful plumage; they also add large feathers of red, green and other colors, with which it is all covered.

xxi. From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe, Very old and strangely fashioned; Made of red stone was the pipe-head, And the stem a reed with feathers.

p. 22. When we came near him he paid up this compliment: "How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! All our town awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace."

xxii. Then the Joyous Hiawatha Cried aloud and spake in this wise: Beautiful is the sun, O strangers, When you come so far to see us! All our town in peace awaits you, All our doors stand open for you; You shall enter all our wig-wams.

p. 22. There was a crowd of people who kept a profound silence. We heard, however, these words occasionally addressed to us: "Well done, brothers to visit us!"

xxii. All the old men of the village, All the warriors of the nation Came to bid the strangers welcome; It is well, they said, O brothers, That you come so far to see us!

p. 23. The Schem rose and spoke thus: I thank thee Blackgown, for taking so much pains to visit us; never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright as to-day; never has our river been so calm, nor free from rocks, which your canoes have removed as they passed; never has our tobacco had so fine a flavor, nor our cornfields look so beautiful as we behold them to-day.

xxii. Never bloomed the earth so gayly, Never shone the sun so brightly, All to-day they smile and blossom, When you come so far to see us! Never was our lake so tranquil, Nor so free from rocks or sand bars

For your birch-canoes in passing Has removed both rock and sand-bar, Never before had our tobacco Such a sweet and pleasant flavor, Never the broad leaves of our corn-fields Were so beautiful to look on.

(Life, p. lxii.)

God alone can fix these fickle minds and place and keep them in His grace, and teach their hearts, while we stammer at their ears.

xxii. And the Black-Robe chief made answer, Stammered in his speech a little, speaking words yet unfamiliar.

p. 24. He made us a present, an all mysterious calumet . . . The first course (of the banquet), was a great wooden dish full of Indian meal.

p. 25. We were everywhere presented with belts, garters, and other articles made of the hair of the bear and wild cattle (bison) dyed red, yellow and gray

xxii. . . . Hiawatha . . . seated them on skins of bison, seated them on skins of ermine, Brought the food from the wigwan, And the calumet, the peace-pipe.

p. 14. I told them that I was sent by the Almighty to illumine them with the light of the Gospel; that the Sovereign Master of our lives wished to be known by all nations.

xxii. Listen to the truth they tell you, For the Master of Life has sent them.

pp. 55, 56. The Father resolved to speak to all publicly in general assembly.

A beautiful prairie near the town was chosen for the great council; it was adorned in the fashion of the country, being spread with mats and bear-skins, and the Father having hung on cords some pieces of Indian taffety, attached to them four pictures of the Blessed Virgin, which were thus visible on all sides. The Father explained to them the principal mysteries of our religion, and the end for which he had come to their country; and especially he preached to them Christ crucified.

xx. Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet, Told his message to the people, Told the purport of his mission, Told them of the Virgin Mary, And her blessed son, the Saviour, How in distant lands and ages, He had lived on earth as we do; How He fasted, prayed and labored; How the Jews, the tribe accursed, Mocked Him, scourged Him, crucified Him.

We have here another proof of the singular fascination which the records of our missionaries have always exercised upon the historian and the poet, a fascination to which the Bancrofts, the Parkmans, the Kips, and others, have cheerfully borne witness. There are rich mines of poetry hidden in the simple unadorned tales of our forefathers.

The Jesuit Father who made the discovery noted above says that after his article had been prepared his attention was called to a note of Longfellow's which he had not seen before. This note as found in the Diamond Edition of his works of 1886, after referring to the line—"Toward the sun his hands were lifted," continues as follows:

"In this manner, and with such salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinois. See his Voyages et Decouvertes, Section V., in Shea's Discovery and Explorations of the Mississippi Valley, pages 22 and 242."

AN EX-PRIEST'S CAREER.

THE RECORD OF "BISHOP" McNAMARA LATELY OUT OF JAIL.

He and His Wife Go About the Country Telling Disreputable Stories "Admission 15 Cents"—Sent to Prison in Kansas City for Slander.

From the American Catholic News.

A year or more ago J. V. McNamara, an ex-priest who calls himself a "Bishop," was sentenced in Kansas City to one year's imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$500 for slandering a priest. It seems that he has served his term and is now on a "lecturing" tour, for readers of the Catholic News have sent us inquiries as to his record. His is a story that is anything but elevating, and we would refrain from printing it in these columns were it not that, in self-defence, it is absolutely necessary to expose this slanderer.

McNamara, according to hand bills sent to the Catholic News, was in Columbia early in the month. On June 2 he "lectured" on "Rome's Treatment of

Women in and out of Convents," admission 15 cents, and on June 3 the "ex-priest's wife" delivered "a startling and instructive lecture to ladies only," subject, "Confessional and Convent Life," admission 15 cents. On the night of June 3 McNamara himself delivered to men only "one of the most astounding lectures ever delivered in America," subject, "Romish Theology or the Devil's Court House Thrown Open to Inspection," admission 25 cents. There were "lectures" on other subjects so blasphemous that we would not print even the titles here.

It is evident that McNamara and the woman who accompanies him on his travels are on a tour, ever willing and eager to "entertain" evil-minded persons who are ready to pay an admission fee. The Catholic Truth Society of St. Paul, Minn., in a pamphlet issued some time ago, gives the record of McNamara as follows:

"John Vincent McNamara was born about 1830. He entered the Lazarist Order, or, as it is more properly called, the Order of St. Vincent de Paul. When dismissed from the Order he did not immediately leave the Catholic Church, but for a while held a pastorate in Raleigh, N. C. Those who knew him intimately say that he was crazy for a long time before he entered on his present career. This would bear out the aphorism 'whom the gods wish to destroy, they first deprive of their senses.' In 1875 he left his charge at Raleigh and returned to New York, where he conceived the idea of establishing an Irish Catholic Church in contradistinction to the Roman Catholic Church. With the assistance of those who are ever ready to hold up the hands of an antagonist against the Catholic Faith he was enabled to hire a hall and procure an advertising agency. The hall was a room on Water street previously occupied as a saloon, and the agency was a 'sandwich man' who perambulated City Hall Park on Sundays with the announcement that 'Denunciation and excommunication of the Pope' was the principal business at the Water street mission. McNamara was a small man and at this time somewhat rotund. He had, of course, a good education, and was furthermore gifted with a ready wit and a command of words which passed as eloquence among the people he gathered about him. When the novelty and scandal of his first appearance passed away and the inevitable thinning of his following succeeded, he had recourse to a new expedient to gain notoriety. In the Catholic Church only a bishop can consecrate a bishop, but McNamara had not gone over to Protestantism without learning some of its methods. He had founded a new church and what was more natural than that he should desire to be its bishop, and if he could not become a bishop according to the ancient rite, why not make use of the modern one?"

"Accordingly, on Nov. 16th, 1879, with four or five other 'ex-priests' he held a meeting at Standard Hall, Broadway and Forty-second street, the object of which was to put the Irish, or, as it was also called, the Independent Catholic Church, on a grand scale by having himself declared its bishop. Dr. H. Heath and John A. McDowell were the managers of the affair, and the installation was made unceremoniously by Rev. John O'Connor, a former priest of Chicago. After this ceremony he was known as 'Bishop' McNamara. But even the episcopal name did not save his waning fortunes. He had had previously some dealings with the notorious woman swindler 'Countess' Ann O'Delia Dis Debar, which did not enhance his credit with the public. A letter written to the Sun, under date Jan. 27, 1894, by John E. Bryant, a former regular attendant at the Water Street Mission, purports to tell what these dealings were.

"To the Editor of the Sun: 'Sir,—I have read in the Sun of Jan. 23rd an article in which I am alluded to. The facts which I have heretofore refrained from making public are as follows:

"In the winter of 1878 I was introduced to McNamara by a Presbyterian clergyman of high standing, then and now interested in rescue mission work in New York. McNamara was at that

time engaged in rescue mission work in Water street. I became deeply interested in this work, and frequently visited the mission as I had confidence in McNamara, although I did not approve all that he did. By McNamara I was introduced to a woman known as Countess of Landisfeldt, but commonly called the "Countess." He told me that she had been introduced to him by a Methodist clergyman of Brooklyn. He trusted that woman and I trusted him.

"It was proposed by McNamara and the "Countess" to lecture in public and I was requested to introduce them. One day McNamara said to me, "The 'Countess' has proposed to me to get married," and he asked for my advice. I asked for time to consider the matter. Very soon after the "Countess" told me that McNamara had asked her to marry him.

"Mr. Bryant goes on to state that he brought the parties together and each accused the other of making misstatements. Anyway the marriage did not take place nor were the blood-curdling lectures proposed by Dis Debar delivered under McNamara's auspices. This was his business and he did not propose to share it with anyone. His relations, however, with the notorious swindler brought him into such discredit, that after assuming the name of "Bishop," he removed to Boston. Here, likewise, fortune failed to smile upon him. Returning to New York he found his business monopolized by Rev. John A. O'Connor, who had rented a church at the corner of Madison avenue and Twenty-eighth street. Here, despite his dignity, the "Bishop" became an assistant. But he soon tired of holding a secondary position, and accordingly began to lecture. In the autumn of 1880, at the age of fifty, he was married to a Miss Gilmore, who was scarcely out of her teens, and shortly afterwards, to the surprise and chagrin of his associates, the "Bishop" was baptised and received into the Baptist church by Rev. Justin D. Falton, of Brooklyn. Mr. Falton is the author of a book so vile and filthy that many of the typesetters of a printing firm in Boston gave up their positions rather than have anything to do with the printing of it. It has been his business for years to deliver lectures against the Catholic Church. If there are Protestants who derive any edification from his lectures, their delicacy and moral sense must have been completely blunted by their fanaticism. It was with such a man McNamara found congenial brotherhood.

"How he passed the following decade of years the general public is not aware. His supporters in Brooklyn seem to have swindled to the point of total desertion." But on the rise of the A. P. A. movement he emerged suddenly from his long obscurity and blazed into notoriety once more.

"The methods of the American Protective Association are well known. It was only natural a man like McNamara would find employment in the ranks of a society which accuses Catholics of hiding Winchester rifles in the basement of the churches, in order, at a given signal, to murder all Protestants, and which has the effrontery to forge documents bearing on their face the most glaring evidence of their forgery. This association was most virulent in the west and to the west McNamara, this star of modern reformers, took his way. In 1895 he appeared in Kansas City in a role that must have satisfied even his love of notoriety. McNamara, after the usual advertising, lectured one Sunday evening to a small audience. But he knew how to advertise himself so as to bring a big one. A stone was thrown on the stage at the end of a lecture teeming with severe statements against the Catholic Church. Instantly McNamara drew his revolver and kept it displayed until he reached his carriage. This was enough to ensure him a large audience on the following evening. About twelve hundred persons gathered in the hall. It is needless to say that it is not the best elements which are gathered by such methods. McNamara mounted the platform with a Winchester rifle in his hands and dared the enemy to come. After many a challenge, as nobody seemed to thirst for blood, he proceeded with his disgusting remarks. After the lights were turned out the crowds waited patiently to see McNamara and his wife

make their exit. After an interval of forty-five minutes they came, McNamara with a rifle in one hand and a revolver in the other, his wife holding a revolver across her breast. As the carriage started one of the doors flew open and a man from the crowd ran forward ostensibly to close it, but either advertently or inadvertently, he broke the glass with his stick. Immediately McNamara pointed his pistol out the window and fired point blank into the crowd. Such bravado only brought on the natural result. Shots were fired, sticks and stones were thrown, and it was only the bravery of the driver and the fleetness of the horses which saved the unfortunate pair from the worst ill usage.

"In his lecture McNamara did not confine himself to general statements, but made libellous charges against local priests and nuns. He was accordingly, a few days later, arrested for slander while hiding in a garret of a relative's house. He was tried by a jury, convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of \$500 and spend one year in jail. On appeal this sentence was sustained. In the meantime State Secretary Jackman of the A. P. A. secured, against the vigorous protests of McNamara, a resolution cutting the order loose from "ex-priest."

SMALL BOYS IN COMIC OPERA.

"Polyanthus" Well Sung by the Students of St. Francis Xavier's School.

From the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

An adaptation of Gilbert and Sullivan's well-known opera "Iolanthe" was sung on Tuesday evening in the college theatre, West Sixteenth Street, New York, by the boys of St. Francis Xavier's parochial school, who have on many occasions given very creditable performances of light opera. Tuesday's production was unique by reason of the omission from the cast of any female characters, to comply with the rule in Jesuit colleges that the boys must not play female parts in costume.

While the music score was unaltered, this rule necessitated the rewriting in great part of the libretto, so that the text was practically new. The Rev. John Gerard, S. J., formerly prefect of studies at the great Jesuit College at Stonyhurst, England, is the author of the new libretto, and so skilfully has the transformation of theme and characters been effected that not a point has been lost, and full justice is done to the graceful wit and airy lightness of Gilbert's libretto. Indeed, as Koko would say, the female characters "never would be missed."

For Iolanthe, the beautiful fairy who fell into disgrace for marrying a mortal, is substituted Polyanthus, an elf who for playing "craps" with a school boy, is banished to school for life. In the opening scene of the opera he is pardoned by Robin Goodfellow, King of the Elves, for his commendable good conduct (from an elfin point of view) in systematically setting his school mates by the ears. He has conscientiously educated the boy, Duplex, to be a perfect imp, although retaining a human body. Duplex, who is aptly described as an Arcadian shepherd, who "gets hold of men that are sufficiently sheeplike and fleeces them," induces Simplex, a millionaire ward of the Court of Chancery, to become his backer in a scheme for extracting sunlight from cucumbers. He is opposed by the Liberal and Conservative peers, who are anxious to secure so eligible a recruit for their respective parties. The Lord Chancellor, who is of an unmathematical turn of mind, is driven frantic in his efforts to make the accounts of his ward's estate balance, and is uncertain whether the colossal fortune is £1,000,000 or one million pennies.

The elves come to the rescue of their protegee, Duplex, and venturing into the precincts of Parliament are caught in the political whirl and join the upper house, which, on the principle that "pars major trahit minorem," they transform to their own likeness and all the peers become fairies.

So closely has Father Gerard followed Gilbert's ideas that the work is more (Continued on page 2).