

Northwest Review



"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

THE ONLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF ENGLISH SPEAKING CATHOLICS WEST OF TORONTO.

VOL XI, NO. 2

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1895.

\$ 2.00 per Year.
Single Copies 5 cents.

BIGOTS BRANDED.

Catholic Editor Brann of Texas Goes for Slattery and His Imitators.

Language not Quite Orthodox or Parliamentary.

Main Contention Correct.

Talk to me about the Church of Rome muzzling free speech when the A. P. A. would mob an American citizen for defending his character from the infamous falsehoods of a foreign tramp! 'Throw him out!' Why throw him out? I'll tell you: The sanctified buzzards had gone there with appetites sharpened for a mess of carrion, and they were afraid I'd kill their cook. 'Throw him out!' But I noticed that those who were splitting their faces as wide as Billy Kersands' were glued to their seats. They wanted someone else to throw him out. They were anxious to see a mob of three or four hundred sanctified hoodlums trample upon me, but there was not one amongst those self-constituted protectors of this mighty American nation with sufficient 'sand' to lead the mob. If there were no better Americans than those trailing in the wake of the Rev. Joseph Slattery, like buzzards following a bad smell, I'd take a corn-stalk, clean out the whole shooting-match and stock the country with niggers and yaller dogs. If such cattle were sired by Satan, damned by Styx and born in hell they would dishonor their parents and disgrace their country.

Slattery insists that Catholics believe thus-and-so, and that no man with such a faith concealed about his person can be a good American citizen. I don't know about that, but I do know that if the Catholics act in strict accordance with their religious creed they are the only people in this country that do so. I've learned that you can't judge a man by his Catechism. Slattery assures us that he has discarded the Pope and taken Christ for his immediate guide. The latter commands his following to pray for those who spitefully use them; but if Slattery did any praying for the 'apostle' during his sojourn in this city he managed to keep that fact a profound secret. Christ enjoys patience and humility. He tells His followers to turn the other cheek to the smiter, yet Slattery assured the ladies Wednesday night that he was 'a great believer in the muscular Christianity.' Then he placed his 250 pounds of stall-fed beef in fighting attitude and declared he'd like to have his enemies come at him one at a time, —to be prayed for I presume. If Christ taught 'muscular Christianity,' I have inadvertently overlooked a bet. Christ commands us to love our enemies, but doesn't suggest that we should manifest our affection by lying about 'em. He rebuked those who tattled about a common courtesan; yet Slattery defames decent women. No, you can't judge a man by his creed. If the allegiance of the Catholics to the Pope is of the same character as that of Slattery to the Lord Jesus Christ, Uncle Sam need not be awake o' nights to worry about 'Papal plots.'

Had Slattery been truly a Christian, instead of blackguarding me when protected by the presence of ladies, he would have put up a fervent prayer for my immediate conversion to the Baptist faith. But his milk of human kindness had soured—he was short on Christian charity and long on all.

'Faith, hope and charity,' says St. Paul; 'and the greatest of these is charity.' And he might have added that it's also the scarcest. Perhaps that's what makes it so valuable—the supply is never equal to the demand.

Speaking of charity reminds me of my experience with the Protestant preachers of San Antonio, some of whom, I understand, are aiding and abetting this A. P. A. movement, 'designed to preserve the priceless liberty of free speech.' While editor of the morning paper of that city I was in the habit of writing a short sermon for the Sunday edition for the benefit of those who could not go to church. I supposed that the ministers would sanction my clerical efforts, but they didn't. They wanted no assistance in saving souls; considered that they

should be accorded a monopoly in that line and were entitled to all the emoluments. They proceeded to thunder at me from the pulpit and sometimes three or four perspiring pulpiteers were pounding away at me at the same time—and incidentally making me very popular. I dropped into a swell church one Sunday morning to get a little grace—a building that cost up in the six figures while people were living in \$4 jackals and subsisting on fifty cents a week within sound of its bells—and the minister was holding a copy of the Express aloft in one hand and the bible in the other and demanding of his congregation: 'which will you take—Brann or God?' Well, they seemed to think that if they couldn't have both they'd best take God, though some of the sinners on the back seats were a trifle subsequent in making up their minds.

I kept hammering away—preaching to my little congregation of 15,000 or 20,000 readers every Sunday, as I now do once a month, until finally the Ministerial Association met, perorated, where-as, resolute and wound up by practically demanding of the proprietor of the Express that I be either muzzled or fired. And all this time the Catholic priests said never a word, and San Antonio is a Catholic city. But the Baptist ministers were running a sneaking boycott! Yet the church of Rome is the boa-constrictor that's trying to throttle the American right of free speech!

The Y. M. C. A. invited me to lecture on humbugs, and that scared the Ministerial Association nearly to death. They thought I was after 'em now sure, so they went to the officials of the Y. M. C. A. and made them cancel the date. And the only Protestant minister in the entire city who did not join in this attempt to throttle free speech was an Episcopalian, and the Episcopalian are not Protestants to hurt. Yet when these ministers, who are now so fearful that the church of Rome will muzzle somebody, found that they couldn't drive me out of town; that they couldn't take the bread from the mouths of my babies because I had dared utter my honest thoughts like a freeman; that I was to continue to edit the Express so long as I liked, they came fawning about me like a lot of spaniels afraid of the lash! But not one of them ever tried to convert me. Not one of them ever tried by kindly argument, to convince me that I was wrong. Not one of them ever invited me to his church—or prayed for me, so far as I could learn. Perhaps I, they thought, was past redemption.

Slattery cautions you not to send your children to convent schools, declaring that he 'never yet saw a nun who was an educated woman.' That statement standing alone, ought to convince every one blessed with a thinking apparatus that Slattery's a fraud. Some of the best educated women in this world have entered convents. Women upon whose tuition fortunes have been expended are now making convent schools deservedly popular with intelligent people.

He says ignorance is the correlative of Catholicism and points to Spain as proof of this startling assertion. There was a time when Spain stood in the very forefront of civilization, in the van of human progress, the arbiter of the world's political destiny—and Spain was even more Catholic then than it is to-day. Nations and civilizations have their youth, their lusty manhood and their decay, and it were as idle to attribute the decline of Spain to Catholicism as the decadence of Greece to paganism. The Catholic church found Spain a nation of barbarians and brought it up to that standard of civilization where a Spanish Monarch could understand the mighty plans of Columbus. It was her Catholic majesty, Queen Isabella, who took from her imperial bosom the jewels with which to buy a world—who exchanged the pearls of the orient for the star of empire. The Catholic church found England a nation of barbarians and brought it up, step by step, until Catholic barons wrung from King John at Runnymede, the Great Charter—the mother of the American Constitution. It found Ireland a nation of savages and did for it what the mighty powers of the Caesars could not—brought it within the pale of civilization. But for the Roman Catholic Church Slattery might be wear-

ing a breech-clout, digging roots with his finger nails and gorging himself with raw meat in Ireland to-day instead of insulting the intelligence of American audiences and wringing money from fanatics and fools for warring upon the political institutions of their fathers.

Slattery was horrified to learn that some of the nuns were inclined to talk about each other. I sincerely trust that he will find none of the Baptist sisters addicted to the same bad habit.

From what I could gather of his discourse—before I was 'put out'—and from the report of his alleged wife's lectures, I infer that this delectable twain impeach the virtue of the Catholic Sisterhoods. Malice, like death, loves a shining mark, and there is no hate so venomous as that of the apostate. But before giving credence to such tales let me ask you: Why should a woman exchange the brilliant parlor for the gloomy cell in which to play the hypocrite? Why should a cultured woman of gentle birth deliberately forego the joys of wife and motherhood, the social triumph and the freedom of the world, and condemn herself to a life of labor, a dreary round of drudgery, if her heart's impure? For shame!

Who is it that visits the slums of our great cities, ministering to the afflicted, comforting the dying, reclaiming the fallen? When pestilence sweeps o'er the land and mothers desert their babies and husbands their wives, who is it that presses the cup of cold water to the feverish lip and closes the staring eyes of the deserted dead? Who is it that went upon the Southern battlefields to minister to the wounded soldiers, followed them to the hospital and tenderly nursed them back to life? The Catholic Sisterhoods. God bless them!

One of those angels of mercy can walk unattended and unharmed through our 'Reservation' at midnight. She can visit with impunity the most degraded dive in the Whitechapel district. At her coming the ribald song is stilled and the oath dies on the lips of the loafer. Fallen creatures reverently touch the hem of her garment, and men steeped in crime to the very lips involuntarily remove their hats as a tribute to noble womanhood. The very atmosphere seems to grow sweet with her coming and the howl of hell's demons grow silent. None so low in the barrel-house, the gambling hell or the brothel as to breathe a word against her good name; but when we turn to the Baptist pulpit, there we find an inhuman monster clad in God's livery crying, 'Unclean, unclean!' God help a religious denomination that will countenance such an infamous cur!

As a working journalist I have visited all manner of places. I have written up the foulest dives that exist on this continent, and have seen Sisters of Charity enter them unattended. Had one of the inmates dared insult them we would have been torn in pieces. And I have sat in the opera house of this city, boasting myself a centre of culture, and heard a so-called man of God speak flippantly of the Catholic Sisterhoods and professing Christians applaud him to the echo. Merciful God! If heaven is filled with such Christians send me to hell with those whose sins are human! Better everlasting life in a lake of fire than enforced companionship in Paradise for one hour with the foul harpies that groaned 'awmen' to Slattery's infamous utterances. God of Israel! to think that those unmanly scabs, those psalm-singing vultures, are Americans and our political brethren!

I know little about the private lives of the Catholic priesthood, but this I do know—they were the first to plant the standard of Christian faith in the new world. They were the first to plant it in Texas. They were the first to teach the savages something of the blessings of civilization. I do know that those of them who were once Protestants are not making a specialty of defaming the faith of their fathers. I do know that neither hardship nor danger can abate their holy zeal and that hundreds of them have freely given their lives in the service of the Lord. And why should a man devote his body to God and his soul to the devil? I do know that one of them has given us the grandest example of human sacrifice for other's sake that this great world affords. Even Christ prayed in the Garden of Gethse-

mand, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me;' but Father Damien pressed a cup even more bitter to his own lips and drained it to the dregs—died for the sake of suffering mortals,—a death to which the cross were mercy.

The Protestants admit that they are responsible for the inoculation of the simple Sandwich Islanders with the leprosy; yet when those who fell victims to the foul disease were segregated, made prisoners upon a small island in the mid Pacific, not a Protestant preacher in all the earth could be found to minister to them. The Lord had 'called' 'em all into His vineyard, but it appears that he didn't call a blessed one of them to that leper colony, where people were rotting alive, with none to point them to that life beyond the grave, where all the sins and corruptions of the flesh are purged away and the redeemed stand in robes radiant white at the right hand of God. I blame no man for declining the sacrifice. To set foot upon that accursed spot was to be declared unclean, and there confined until death released you—death by leprosy, the most appalling disease in all the dreadful catalogue of human ills, the most dreaded arrow in the quiver of the grim destroyer. Yet Father Damien, a young Catholic priest, left home and country and all that life holds dear and went deliberately forth to die for the afflicted barbarians. There he reared an humble temple with his own hands to the God of his fathers; there, through long years of confinement, he ministered to the temporal and spiritual wants of the afflicted; there he died, as he knew he must die, with his fingers falling from his hands, his flesh from his bones, a sight to appall the veryimps of hell. No wonder the Protestant ministers held aloof. Merciful God! I'd rather be crucified.

We are brave when the war-drum throbs and the trumpet calls us to do battle beneath the eyes of the world when, touching elbows with our fellows and clad in all the glorious pomp and circumstance of war, we seek the bubble of fame e'en at the cannon's mouth. When the music of the battle breeds murder in the blood, the electric order goes ringing down the line and is answered by the thrilling cheer, the veriest coward drives the spurs deep into the foaming flank and plunges, like a thunderbolt, into the gaping jaws of death, into the mouth of hell; but when a man was wanted to go forth alone, without blare of trumpet or roll of drum and become a life-prisoner in a leper colony, but one in all the world could be found equal to that supreme test of personal heroism, and that man was a Catholic priest. And what was his reward? Hear what Thomas G. Sherman, a good Protestant, says in the New York Post:

Before the missionaries gained control of the islands leprosy was unknown. But with the introduction of strange races, leprosy established itself and rapidly increased. An entire island was properly devoted to the lepers. No Protestant missionary would venture among them. For this I do not blame them, as, no doubt, I should not have had the courage to go myself. But a noble Catholic priest consecrated his life to the service of the lepers, lived among them, baptized them, educated them and brought some light and happiness into their wretched lives. Stung by the contrast of his example, the one remaining missionary, a recognized and paid agent of the American Board, spread broadcast the vilest slanders against Father Damien. So it appears that the world is blessed with two Slatterys.

There are three kinds of liars at large in the land: The harmless Munchausen who romances for amusement and whose falsehoods do no harm; the Machiavelian liar, whose mendacity bears the stamp of original genius, and the stupid prevaricator, who rechews the fetid vomit of other villains simply because he lacks a fecund brain to breed falsehoods to which he may play the father. And Slattery's a rank specimen of the latter class. When he attempts to branch out for himself he invariably comes to grief. After giving a dreadful account of how Catholics persecute those who renounce the faith, declaring that they were a disgrace to the Church while within its pale, he produced a certificate from a Philadelphia minister to the effect that he—the Philadelphian—had visited Slattery's old parish

in Ireland and the Catholics there declared that he was a good and faithful priest! What Slattery seems to lack to become a first class fraud is continuity of thought. He lies fluently, even entertainingly, but not consistently.

The apostate priest would have the various Protestant denominations throw down the bars that separate them and mark off their theological bairnicks 'with little beds of flowers.' The idea is a good one, and I can but wonder where Slattery stole it. Still I can see no cogent reason for getting all the children together in happy union and leaving their good old mother out in the cold.

Throw down all the bars and let every division of the great army of God, whether wearing the uniform of Buddhist or Baptist, Catholic or Campbellite, Methodist or Mahomedan, move forward, with Faith its sword, Hope its ensign and Charity its shield. Cease this foolish inter-tribe strife, at which angels weep, swing into line as allies and, at the command of the Great Captain, advance your standards on the camp of the common foe. Wage war, not upon each other, but on poverty, ignorance and crime, hell's great triumvirate, until this beautiful world's redeemed and bound, in very truth,

'With golden chains about the feet of God.'

1845--1895.

Fifty Years of Wedded Life:
Mr. and Mrs. N. Germain
Celebrate their Golden Wedding.

Half a century is a long time either to look forward to or back upon, and it falls to the lot of but a very few married couples to celebrate the completion of the fiftieth year of their wedded life. Such however has been the experience of two most estimable and respected residents of St. Boniface, Mr. and Mrs. N. Germain, who, on Monday last, surrounded by hosts of relatives and friends, kept in appropriate manner the anniversary of the happiest day in their lives, namely the 15th July, 1845, when in the Cathedral at Bytown (now Ottawa) they were united in the bonds of Holy Matrimony. Before presenting our readers with an account of the religious ceremonies and subsequent festivities of Monday, it will not be out of place for us to chronicle some interesting points in the history of the venerable couple which we have been able to glean. Mr. Nazaire Germain was born at St. Michael, Province of Quebec, on the 11th January 1823, of French Canadian parents. At the age of twelve he left the parental roof and the place of his birth proceeding to Montreal, where he remained some five or six years, at the end of which period he again thought a change desirable and removed to Bytown. It is interesting to note as one evidence of the changes which have taken place in his life-time that he travelled by water and it took something over five days to cover the distance between Montreal and his destination. It was at Bytown that he met the future partner of his joys and sorrows, Leocadie Watson, who, born on the 3rd June 1827 in the city of Montreal, had removed with her parents when twelve years of age to the village destined to become the capital of the Dominion. As her name would indicate Mrs. Germain is of Scotch descent, and as a matter of fact her father came from the land of the tartan and heather whilst her mother belonged to a French Canadian family. Before his marriage Mr. Germain had established himself in business as a hardware merchant, and the town rapidly growing in size and importance, his establishment kept pace, until it eventually became one of the largest of its kind in Canada, and it is worthy of record that Mr. Germain obtained and successfully carried out the contract for the plumbing, heating, etc. of the present Parliament Buildings in Ottawa. But he had not yet completed his travels westward for in 1878 he made up his mind to go to the Northwest, which was just then beginning to come to the front. It was on the 8th July of that year that he landed at Fort Garry, and immediately erected a store on Main Street, where for three years he carried on a hardware business under the name of 'N. Germain and Son,' passing through the ups and downs of the boom days. In 1881 he crossed the river to St. Boniface where he has since resided. Mr. and Mrs. Germain have been blessed with a large family, eight children being now alive, with 22 grand-children and one great-grand-child. These are scattered all over the Dominion and in various parts of the States, but not many of them were absent on Monday. Coming to the proceedings of that day we must first bear testimony to the widespread interest the event excited in the community in which Mr. and Mrs. Germain now live. The town of St. Boniface was

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