

# Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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## ANIMA CHRISTIANA.

Missionary Record. O. M. I.

It is not always easy to say what is suitable or unsuitable for the pages of our little missionary magazine. Perhaps there is no need to be very exclusive. I saw the other day in the excellent FRANCISCAN MONTHLY an entertaining and instructive article by Professor St. George Mivart on—Mermaids! Who would say that it was out of place, except on the "sour grapes" principle?

Some time ago there was a short column in the WEEKLY REGISTER, to which the editor gave the heading, "More Memories of Henry George." The "Priest" who wrote the lines happens to be the writer of these present lines, and so perhaps reprinting may be permitted.

The Father Lockhart who is about to be named was of course the refined and intellectual Father of Charity, the Rector of St. Etheldreda's old chapel (Ely Place, London, E. C.). Readers of John Henry Newman's sermon, "The Parting of Friends," may know that Lockhart was (playfully) said to have been Orpah, of whom the preacher quoted the words, "Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her." Lockhart, at least, as he told Henry George, left Newman at Littlemore, going before even him into the Catholic Church. And of course he went long before Archdeacon Manning, who afterwards said to Mrs. Lockhart, when she argued a point, and expressed her doubts very strongly, "You are too like your dear son."

But here is what appeared in the WEEKLY REGISTER of Nov. 13, 1897, Mr. George having died in New York on Oct. 29.

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You will like to hear of another occasion, besides that mentioned last week, on which Cardinal Manning and Henry George conversed at Archbishop's House. I am not sure if it was only the second time; at all events it was the last. Mr. George was accompanied this time (it must have been in August, 1890) by Father Huntington, of New York, an Anglican clergyman, who had a great wish to see one who was, in many eyes, the greatest of Englishmen and of Churchmen in our age. The two Americans—one of them in soutane and wearing a cross on his breast—called first on Father Lockhart, who already knew George, and had presented him with some of his books, and had told him of Littlemore and of his leaving Newman there.

From Ely Place the travellers went to Westminster, and on their return to the neighbourhood of Holborn [where the Georges were lodging] I heard their impressions of the interview with the Cardinal. He had

told them in parting to come back to him whenever they revisited London! "He gave Father Huntington his blessing formally," said Henry George, who valued highly the Cardinal's "God bless you" to himself. "I would willingly have gone on my knees," he said, "but he might have misunderstood me." The words were perfectly characteristic of the man. He was as humble as a child, and he was extremely religious; but he was too religious to pretend to be what he was not—"a believer." I always regretted that his clear and noble mind did not recognise the Christian revelation as being all that it is. Once he knew of my anxiety, and very frankly (for my comfort, as he meant) explained his views about the varying worship of God in all ages and places. But I will repeat that he was an extremely religious man, and I had the privilege of knowing him, not as mere lecturer or author, but in the intimacy of his home. I first made his acquaintance, and became his friend in '80 or '81. My last letter from him was received less than four months ago. It is all in his own hand, though many of his letters in my possession are typewritten. This letter, possibly his last to anyone in England, was written in a time of great sorrow, caused by the death of his elder daughter, Jennie. It may be well to explain that Mrs. Henry George is a Catholic, and brought up her children as Catholics. With this remark the letter speaks for itself, and it says much to those who knew the affectionate father who wrote it:—

99th Street and Shore Road,  
Fort Hamilton, New York,  
July 7, 1897.

Dear Father,—I shall look out for the paper.

Jennie has left us. She came on here with her baby; her husband was with her, and on the morning of May 2, after a very brief illness, she was unexpectedly called away. We buried her in Greenwood on the 4th, Dr. McGlynn—who married her nearly two years before—saying the funeral service.

The baby, now nine months, is here with [its father's] mother and aunt, and is hearty and well.

It is the first time we have had death in our immediate family, and was startling. Neither of us has been well, but we are picking up now, and hope to have strength for whatever remains to do.

God bless and keep you, my dear friend.

Yours sincerely,  
Henry George.

So far the REGISTER. I now remember how in that same August, 1890, going along Holborn one day with Mr. George, I said something to him smilingly about his severe criticism of

Mr. Herbert Spencer. Mr. Spencer no longer held in 1890 a doctrine which he had proclaimed in 1850. Mr. George had written of the change as "a cowardly apostasy." "And what else is it but a cowardly apostasy?" he said to me with great earnestness. Of course I explained my enjoyment of the accusation against a man who was all science, and all reason, and all courage, the great prophet of those who look down upon the ignorance and pettiness of us poor believers. "You were born free; don't go into that hole," said Carlyle to Mr. Aubrey de Vere when he was about to become a Catholic. These particular words have been published only recently; but the thoughts of such men on religious subjects have been always sufficiently known. Mr. George, in his book A PERPLEXED PHILOSOPHER (Kegan Paul), has explained that he was specially moved to examine the value of Mr. Spencer's utterances because "the philosopher whose authority is now invoked to deny to the masses any right to the physical basis of life in this world is also the philosopher whose authority darkens to many all hope of life hereafter."

A "first" interview with Cardinal Manning is alluded to above. It took place apparently in 1886. A letter in reference to it, from the Cardinal, may be found on p. 30 of "Letters, etc." bound up with "The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster," by John Oldcastle. The interview was described (evidently by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell) in the DAILY CHRONICLE of 30th October, 1897. I quote some words of the description, rejoicing to think that it was my own good fortune to make Mr. George and Mr. Meynell acquainted with each other. And Mr. Meynell saw the Cardinal very frequently.

"It was my great privilege," said the CHRONICLE writer, "to introduce him to Cardinal Manning. I have a vision of the two profiles facing each other in the dim light of the growing dusk, and I recall the emotion of tone in which each man made frankly to the other a sort of profession of faith. They had traversed to the same goal from opposite directions. 'I loved the people,' said Henry George, 'and that love brought me to Christ as their best friend and teacher. 'And I,' said the Cardinal, 'loved Christ, and so learned to love the people for whom He died.' They faced each other in silence for a moment, a silence more eloquent than words."

The visit of 1886 was not Mr. George's first visit to London. He went there from Ireland in (I think) 1881. And a friend brought him (he told me) to dine with Mr. John Bright and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at the Reform Club. There were just the four at table. Mr. George,

after that meeting, was inclined to make a prophecy about Mr. Chamberlain's future which has been totally falsified by the event.

## CALUMNIES AGAINST SPAIN.

Western Watchman.

Archbishop Ireland in his noble sermon on the 10th defended the Spanish people against the vile attacks of the American press and Protestant pulpit. He declared that there were no more chivalrous and honorable people than the Spaniards and no purer, truer, holier womanhood than that of Spain. It takes truth a long time to catch up with a lie. We have been told that Spain is illiterate to a degree almost beyond credence.

Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics for 1892 reports the average attendance of school children for 1,000 population to be, in the countries named:

United States	130
Great Britain and Ireland	132
France	170
Germany	140
Belgium	135
Austria	130
Spain	106

It will be noted that France has the highest average attendance. Germany next; then Belgium; then Austria and the United States, having the same number, 130; then Great Britain and Ireland next to Spain.

In his great work on "Spain and the Spaniards," written in our day and on present data Mr. Thieblin says that no people in Europe possess a nobler and purer social character than the people of Spain. Of Spanish women he writes: "What calumnies have not been written or said against the Spanish woman, and yet what are the virtues and merits she does not possess? You will soon discover, on studying her, that you must take all the virtues of the most virtuous English woman, all the grace and wit of the most graceful and witty of French women, and all the beauty of the most handsome Italian woman, to make something approaching to a perfect Spanish lady." He seems to grow eloquent when writing on the theme. He says of Spanish female virtue: "When you come to know these women you will not only admire them but you will actually experience the contagion of their virtue. The Spanish woman, married, is, as a rule, the most truthful and moral woman on earth; and should her life prove an unhappy one, no one will ever know it, for she will never carry her complaints either to a divorce court or to the apartments of a paramour." No wonder Alban Stoltz makes the astounding assertion that outside of the seaport towns there is not a house of ill repute in all Spain.

On this subject Mr. Thieblin's testimony is almost as sweeping as Alban Stoltz. He says: "The comparative percentage of pro-

fessional vice and of general looseness of morals is much lower in Spain than in any other country in Europe. The best proof of this is that the so-called demi-monde or the kept women are unknown even in Madrid itself. There are fallen women in the capital of Spain and in a couple of the large towns of the Peninsula; but the total of prostitution throughout the country is, I believe, much under the number we can daily meet in one leading street of Paris, London or Berlin." We repeat again and again these calumnies about Spain are musty Reformation lies. England hatched out many of them but the Dutch and the Germans a great deal more. But Spain will never suffer for what she did for truth and religion in the sixteenth century, and we pray that her power, like that of truth, though crushed to earth, may rise again.

## THOSE HEROIC PRIESTS.

Speaking of the tragedy of the Bourgogne, the "Denver Republican" pays the following tribute to the priests who met their deaths in that awful catastrophe: "It is good to remember also that French priests stood calmly on the deck in that heart-breaking interval and with pale, peaceful faces lifted their steady hands over the frantic multitude and gave them absolution. Even out of a tragedy like this there may be something good. It is worth a little to mankind to know that religion can and does and will give men strength to die, not only without fear, but without thought of alternative. The picture of those priests, calm and firm as the rock itself on which their church is built, is surely an inspiration to all men, and is a picture that will live forever."

## WHO FED THE HOGS?

Father Lambert in a controversy with a paper in Mexico over the justice of the present war yields every point in the Mexican's contention, yet insists that we had a right to declare war, "because Spain persisted in maintaining a slaughter house at our front door." But, Father Lambert, who supplied the hogs? Who fed and fattened the hogs? Who bred and propagated the hogs? Who failed to ring the hogs? Who turned the hogs loose to root in the neighbor's garden? Who are responsible for the existence of those razor-back nuisances, impossible to capture and exterminable only by the rifle? We raised and propagated them in our front parlor; and have no reason to complain of the slaughter house at our front door.

Western Watchman.

GOBANG.—His talk is mostly wind.

"Well, what else can you expect? They say that his wife blows him up every day."