

NORTHWEST REVIEW

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
TUESDAY
WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL
AUTHORITY.

At St. Boniface, Man.

Subscription, - - - - - \$2.00 a year.
Six months, - - - - - \$1.00.

The NORTHWEST REVIEW is on sale at the following places: Hart & Co., Booksellers, 364 Main St., and G. R. Vendome, Stationer, 300 Main St., opposite Manitoba Hotel.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Made known on application.
Orders to discontinue advertisements must be sent to this office in writing.
Advertisements unaccompanied by Specific instructions inserted until ordered out.

AGENTS WANTED.

Agents wanted, in town and country places of Manitoba and the Northwest, who shall solicit and collect subscriptions for the NORTHWEST REVIEW. Very liberal terms made known on application to the Publisher.

Address all Communications to the
NORTHWEST REVIEW, St. Boniface, Man.

Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, MAY 11 1897.

CURRENT COMMENT.

“Canterbury Cathedral and the Ages” is the title of a most interesting paper in the “Niagara Rainbow” for April. The author is the wife of Judge J. Robinson of Rat Portage. She is, through the Butler family, the famous Becket-Butlers, a descendant of a sister of the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury. One of St. Thomas Becket's sisters married Theobald Walter, the Chief Butler of Ireland, and from her the Ormond-Butlers, still represented in their present head, the Marquis of Ormond, are descended. A younger scion of the house of Ormond, John Butler, was practising law in New York at the outbreak of the American Revolution. Remaining true to the British Empire, he raised and commanded the loyal American Regiment of “Butler's Rangers,” who fought shoulder to shoulder with Captain Brant and his Indians. From this Colonel Butler Mrs. Robinson is descended. Though her ancestors had, through worldly motives, conformed to the Protestant religion in Elizabeth's reign, she has been blessed with the true faith and shows her love of it in her cleverly written article on her sainted kinsman of the twelfth century. We are proud to count among the faithful of this diocese so brilliant and distinguished a writer. We are also pleased to see that she speaks of St. Thomas's sisters as “Mary and Agnes Becket,” the “Becket sisters,” not “à Becket.” Father Morris, in his great life of the martyr, points out that this latter form is unscholarly, the “à” being merely a Latin preposition that should not be reproduced in English. Tennyson, in his tragedy, everywhere writes “Becket” and not the traditional but inaccurate form “à Becket.”

The article from BAYARD the Winnipeg AND HAY. “Free Press” on “Another American Failure” is as clever a skit on American Anglophobia as we have read for many a day. Like the best of really artistic productions it rises gradually to a climax and then just stops on the summit thereof. In reproducing it we have but faint hopes of effecting any change in that curious jealousy of things English which so mars the pages of respectable papers like N. Y. Sun, or, still less, in that scientific hatred of England that breathes through every line of the “Irish World”. We merely wish to set before our readers a reminder of the irresistible fascination exercised over gentfolk by the better classes of a nation which,

though father below than above the general average of European intelligence, has fairly won its title to imperial sway through the stability of its social traditions and its mastery of that art of arts, the governance of men.

Our Attorney-General should, really, be more careful in his public deliverances. Last week the “Free Press”, referred to him some statements in a letter from Fort Ellice on the Decorby school. The Hon. Mr. Cameron's first remark was a blunder, a misreading of that letter. “You will observe,” he said “that your correspondent contradicts himself. He states in the first place that the Decorby school got the legislative grant in August 1895, for one hundred and thirteen days' teaching in the first half of 1895. Then a little later on he states that there has been no school taught in the first half of 1895, and no legislative grant paid to the Decorby school for the same period.” Now—it will hardly be believed, but anyone can easily verify our assertion by looking up the Morning Free Press for Friday, May 7th, page 7, col. 2—the correspondent never stated what the Attorney General, with the letter in his hand, quotes as his second statement. The correspondent, whom we do not know, simply mentions this as an absurd report from Inspector Lang, a report of which he says in Latin (perhaps this is what bothered Mr. Cameron) that “to err is human.” Here are the correspondent's own words: “Part of the municipal grant, for the same school, was paid in December 1895 and February 1896, and the balance the municipality refused to pay, because the Council got word from Inspector Lang telling them there has been no school taught in the first half of 1895 and no legislative grant paid to Decorby school for the same period! ‘Errare humanum est,’ says a Latin proverb.” Thus, the very contradiction which the correspondent carefully points out in another, Mr. Cameron, through careless reading, fathers upon the writer. If ordinary errors are human, unpardonable ones are childish.

The “Free Press” was right when it said last Friday: “In Winnipeg there are some hundreds of children taught in separate schools supported by voluntary contributions from people who also have to contribute their taxes to the public schools. These people are not bearing this double burden for a mere whim. They are actuated by opinions which appeal to them strongly.” But the same esteemed contemporary, though actuated by opinions which appeal to it strongly, was wrong when it went on to suggest that the city school board should approach the minority so as to arrive at some practical acceptance of the school settlement. However, this very suggestion proves that said “settlement” is vigorously refused by those who suffer most from that double burden laid upon them. And they will continue to reject it because its acceptance would sacrifice the principle of education in a Catholic atmosphere.

A wave of humor is sweeping over the “Free Press” sanctum. Apropos of the waste paper nuisance in the Winnipeg streets, one of the editorial writers says: “Newspaper offices . . . are about the only establishments which consume their own refuse. Our city contemporaries are guilty, it is true, of putting old papers upon the streets; but they distribute them decently and in order, as news.” This is not half bad, when one knows the telegraphic advantages which the Free Press, having been so many years in the field, enjoys exclusively; but we do not quite agree with the judgment of the telegraph editor as to the value of certain despatches which he seems to have suppressed. For instance, during the few days that followed

the 19th of last April, many Catholics eagerly scanned the columns of the Free Press for some cablegram concerning the Diana Vaughan hoax, but in vain. The first news came to them by mail in a French Canadian Montreal paper reproducing a “Vérité” telegram. Later on all the great dailies of the United States published cablegrams describing the Taxil disclosures. Is it possible that these cablegrams never reached the Free Press office?

A Gigantic Hoax.

Twelve years ago the whole Catholic world was talking of the conversion of Leo Taxil, whose real name is Gabriel Jogand. He had been notorious for his violent attacks on everything Christian, in fact his pen-name had already become the watchword of noisy blasphemy. When, therefore, he published his “Confessions of an ex-free-thinker”, he created a world-wide sensation. Those who had known him at school in Marseilles as the very wickedest boy in a maritime city were tempted to doubt the truth of his story of how it was the life of Joan of Arc, which he was studying with a view to make an impious travesty of it, that converted him. The idea of anything heroic transforming such a scoundrel did not seem plausible. If he were ever to be converted, it would be by some awful Divine visitation that would terrify him into wholesome dread. However, when these shrewd Catholics saw Leo Taxil revealing the most hidden secrets of Freemasonry so effectually that all the time-honored pass-words had to be changed in French-speaking countries, they thought themselves bound in charity to try to think him sincere. But many of them, during every one of these twelve years, said to him to his face that people did not trust him, and he used to reply with angelic meekness: “That is a part of my penance.”

It now appears that Leo Taxil was elaborating the most intricate and gigantic hoax of this or perhaps of any century.

On Easter Monday in a Paris hall he had announced that he would produce Diana Vaughan, about whose existence or non-existence most Catholics had been taking sides for the last seven or eight months. Several striking books had appeared under her name, and yet nobody but Leo Taxil publicly affirmed that he had seen this high priestess of the Luciferians now supposed to be converted also by the assistance of Joan of Arc. As we state the matter now after the disclosure, it all seems very ridiculous; but the intrinsic evidence of a style far superior to Leo Taxil's flat and tasteless phrase and the skill with which every articulate doubt was answered in succeeding numbers of the supposed Diana Vaughan's memoirs made the case a very strong one for the believers.

At length, on April 19th last, before an audience of about three hundred people, among whom were many priests, Leo Taxil declared that all, even his conversion was a hoax; and to the repeated shouts of “rascal, blackguard, scoundrel,” etc., hurled at him for two hours, he answered by further recitals of his fraudulent manoeuvres. He positively revelled in humbug and lies. How many lies there are in his exposure of himself it is impossible to say.

Taxil's dupes are far less to be pitied than himself. They were honest; he is a monster. It is fitting that this century, which has been appropriately styled “saeculum humbugianum,” should close with the unprecedented exhibition of a liar and blasphemer glorying in lies and blasphemy before an audience mainly composed of staunch believers, who had to practise self-denial not to lynch him.

LECTURES BY CATHOLIC LAYMEN.

Mr. Lister Drummond on PAPAN INFALLIBILITY.

The last of the series of Catholic Evidence Lectures which have been delivered during the past month at the Vestry Hall, Hampstead, by converts to the Church was given on Wednesday evening, when the organizer Mr. Lister Drummond, delivered an interesting address, giving his reasons for believing in an infallible Pope. The chair was occupied by Mr. Charles J. Munich, F. R. Hist. S.

In introducing the lecturer, Mr. Munich said the subject of Papan infallibility was one that was much misunderstood by those outside the Catholic Church, and it would therefore interest the non-Catholics present to hear what it was Catholics believed with regard to the infallibility of the Pope.

Mr. Drummond said he had rather a difficult subject to deal with, because it was one on which a person might go on talking for a week. However, he had promised to give his reasons for believing in an infallible Pope, and he would do his best to do so in the short time at his disposal. Some persons said, “I understand a good many of your doctrines—the doctrine of the Real Presence, for instance, and I can agree with confession; but there is one doctrine I cannot believe in—the infallibility of the Pope.” If they were asked what it meant they would reply, “Well,

If the Pope Says the Moon is Made of Green Cheese

you are bound to believe it.” If people thought he (the lecturer) believed such a thing as that he should not wonder if they called him a fool. Mr. Drummond then explained the Decree of the Vatican Council defining Papan infallibility, and, continuing, said they all knew how very necessary it was even in the ordinary affairs of daily life—in the government of the country for example—to have an authority whose decision was final. What an awful thing it would be if two persons went to law and there was no final court of appeal. Even in ordinary affairs an authority had to be set up to whose decision we must bow. We have to set up a sort of standard of quasi-infallibility. If it was necessary to have an authority in human matters to decide questions in dispute, how far more necessary was it in the more important matters relating to the eternal welfare of our immortal souls? Was it not reasonable to suppose that God having given to his creatures a revelation should have instituted some sort of court to protect it? It was no use saying, “Oh, the Bible is the ultimate authority,” because those gentlemen who asked questions last week and he (the lecturer) could not agree on most important points. What would be the use of Acts of Parliament without judges of the land to interpret these written documents? Was it not reasonable, then, to suppose there should be

Judges to Interpret the Spiritual Laws?

Catholics said that this demand for an authority upon which they could rely in matters of faith and morals was only to be found in the Catholic Church. The first reason he (the lecturer) had for believing in the infallibility of the Pope was because he believed in an infallible Church. The lecturer then reminded them that in his first lecture he stated that he found from reading his Protestant Bible there was a Church founded by Christ, to teach all nations, and which men were to believe under pain of damnation, and said he thought if the obligation of believing this Church was so great and carried with it so ap-

palling a penalty there must have been some method left in order to protect that teaching from error. They had to ask themselves this question: This Church, with a visible and infallible head, must exist to-day in default of any further revelation from Almighty God. It must be here in this year of grace, 1897, just as it was on the Day of Pentecost. And the question was,

Where is it?

Outside the Church of Rome we do not find one Christian body that claims to be an infallible church with a visible and infallible head. She alone had the power of settling the matters of dispute that were exercising the minds of those outside the visible unity of the Catholic Church.

At the close of the lecture a number of questions were asked by the non-Catholics present.

During the evening Mr. Blanchard sang Cherubini's AVE MARIA and “There is a green hill far away.”—London “Universe.”

Another American Failure.

(Manitoba Morning Free Press.)

When Mr. Cleveland sent Mr. Bayard as Ambassador to St. James he selected not only one of the best men of his party, but one of the best men of the nation; a man schooled in foreign politics by service as Secretary of State, of good abilities, highly cultured in mind and manners, and of an exceedingly amiable disposition. He was in very respect a representative of the very best type of American citizenship. He immediately became a favorite in London, and it was not long before he was invited to take part in almost every big and little ceremony that occurred. A pleasing speaker, and in sympathy with the best English traditions, he fell into the habit of saying pleasant things of the people to whom he had been accredited, and for four years it can be said of him that he labored with love to bring about a more cordial feeling between the two countries. This earned for him the bitter enmity of that portion of the American press that still thinks it necessary to pander to the prejudices of the ignorant masses. He was railed at as a Britisher, which is the sum of all villainies. He was permitted to serve his full term, thanks to the firmness of Mr. Cleveland, who refused to be influenced by the clamor of the mob, or even the formally expressed censure of the United States Senate. The mob sighed with relief when the term of a gentleman who thought it becoming to himself and the country he represented to be courteous, came to an end, and a successor was appointed in the person of Col. John Hay, the distinguished author of “Jim Bludso.” There would be no servile bowing to the British in the new Ambassador; the disgrace to American manhood through the person of Mr. Bayard would be wiped out, and a real American would go to London to restore the dignity of the nation. One almost supposed that Mr. Hay would present himself to Her Majesty in a buckskin suit, with revolvers in his hip pockets and bowie knives in his boots, and that Lord Salisbury would be assured in the genuine American vernacular that he had better keep his old lion tied up or it would be the worse for him. The expression of relief in escaping from the gentlemanly Mr. Bayard would naturally lead one to think that Mr. Hay was not a gentleman, and that he would be all the fitter representative because he was not. Nothing less could be expected, at any rate, than that he would keep the Britishers at arms' length and that altogether he would treat them with the very best specimen of native rudeness.

Alas, for the hopes of the mob! A recent cable informs us