

**NORTHWEST REVIEW**

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**Northwest Review.**

TUESDAY, JANUARY 31 1899.

**CURRENT COMMENT**

If the Doukhobors were Catholics they would never have received so warm a welcome and their virtues would have been carefully ignored.

Some editorial writers have an unaccountable repugnance to acknowledging their indebtedness to others. Two of the most widely circulated weeklies in the United States appropriated, without a word of acknowledgment, our translation of Coppée's fine passage on the Confessional. They prefaced it by an introduction intended to make people think the translation was their own. Have they not enough "kudos" without filching from us the fruit of our labor? Curiously enough, one of these literary thieves is always girding at those who steal from its pages.

One of the most interesting articles in the Catholic World for January is a newspaper man's report of the summer school of the Spiritualists at Lily Dale, New York. He makes it quite clear that they are a mere aggregation of fakirs, charlatans and cranks. We take this opportunity of recommending the Catholic World to those of our readers who can visit the Winnipeg City Library, where, as appears from our editorial on the subject, this representative American magazine, together with the English "Month" and "Tablet" are patiently awaiting Catholic readers.

The CASKET and several other Catholic papers have adopted the theory that, because Chiniquy is dead, "charity lets fall the mantle of silence over things that lie buried with him in the grave." Unfortunately, much of the evil he did does not lie buried with him in the grave but lies very actively above ground. His whole life was a living lie; let the truth be told now. It was his practice to slander by name in his books only those who were dead. One of his works was held back for years until he should hear of the death of the curé Hébert, his neighbor at

Kamouira ka and the witness of his wickedness, and then it was immediately published. As death was his signal for lying, so his death should be our signal for telling the truth about him. We have no sympathy with the heathen dictum: "De mortuis nisi bonum." Give the dead their due as God does, say we.

**ANOTHER STEP IN AERIAL NAVIGATION.**

Since our recent article on "Aerial Navigation" a well known Paris correspondent of a New York paper has described the wonderful success of Santos-Dumont's dirigible balloon. Within the past few weeks Mr. Santos-Dumont, a Parisianized Brazilian, has been sailing round Paris, driving his cigar-shaped airship where he pleases, in full view of anyone that cares to look up.

His airship, to judge from the picture, looks more like the chrysalis of a butterfly than a cigar, being pointed at both ends, 80 feet long and ten feet in diameter. Thirty feet below it, in the centre, attached by a novel kind of rigging, hangs the little rattan and willow car that holds the motor, the propeller, the steering gear, the air pump (for supplying the place of the escaping gas, in order to preserve the form of the balloon), the sand, the barometer and the man who must attend to all of them at once. That man is no other than the wealthy Mr. Santos-Dumont himself.

The cylindrical bag is inflated with hydrogen. The screw-fans of the propeller drag the balloon through the air as the screw of a steamship drags it through the water. The big rudder at the back of the balloon gives the direction. By means of two weights fore and aft in the rigging the nose of the giant chrysalis can be pointed up or down, and so the airship can rise or fall without throwing out sand or sacrificing any gas. This upward and downward movement has been often successfully accomplished by Mr. Dumont, thus realizing one of the ideas embodied in the recent invention of our friend, M. A. K. de St. Chamas, though not realizing it exactly in the same way.

The chief merit of Santos-Dumont's invention, that which makes it a great step in aerial navigation, is the gasoline motor, the lightest and most powerful of all engines. The electric motor used by Renard and Krebs—which we mentioned in our previous article, and which gave a speed of twelve miles an hour—weighed 1600 pounds and developed six horsepower. Santos-Dumont's motor weighs fifty pounds and develops three-and-a-half horsepower, thus being, in proportion to its weight, more than sixteen times stronger than Renard and Krebs' motor. The highest speed developed by the new motor is twenty miles an hour; so that the Santos-Dumont airship can advance against a freshening breeze. This is a decided progress; it enables the new airship to cope with an average wind; but of course the motor can make no headway against a breeze blowing at more than twenty miles an hour.

Speaking of his motor Santos-Dumont used precisely the comparison we employed in our re-

cent article on aerial navigation. "Evidently," he said, "if improvement keeps up at this rate, it may be possible to fly some day as a bird flies. But there is another difficulty more discouraging. A bird is a living machine that works instinctively, without hesitation, without breakdown. Where should I have been the other day with a machine that must stay up of its own force as a bird does? My air pump broke. It was a trifle. I came down, but I came down gently. Let something break in a flying machine and it will come down with a rush."

**CATHOLIC PRESS OPINIONS ABOUT CHINIQUY.**

We shall reprint next week a very merciful article from "The True Witness", the famous Montreal Catholic organ which during the past forty years has so often exposed the serene mendacity of that prince of religious humbugs, Charles Chiniquy. The "Catholic Register," partly owing to an imperfect knowledge of his history, partly in deference to the circumambient prejudices of benighted Toronto, is altogether too forbearing. However, one of its sentences is worth quoting: "It is only necessary to state as a matter of plain fact that the monotonous assertions of Father Chiniquy in the later years of his life about having perverted a large number of Catholics were nothing more than moonshine."

Doubtless, in the first flush and fury of rebellion, before the people had found out what a gigantic fraud he was, he did seduce quite a number of ignorant Catholics in Illinois; but most of these deluded people have since returned to the Church, and his subsequent conquests were very meagre both in quantity and quality.

From the Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times we cull the following extracts:

"For eighteen years he was held under bail as a criminal."

"This is the way the Associated Press telegrams observe the axiom with regard to the praise of the dead in the case of the notorious Father Chiniquy. That hoary nonagenarian departed this life last Monday in Montreal. The sentence we have quoted from the message may be usefully taken in connection with the earlier one that "To the end he adhered to the Protestant faith." We may take it for granted that when only so meagre an observance of the NIL NISI BONUM mandate was possible, the law of justice was felt to be irresistible." "No Catholic can think of such a spectacle without a shudder. A man of more than patriarchal years, much of whose later life was spent, to quote the words of St. Remy, in "worshipping what he had formerly burned and burning what he long revered as pure and holy, flinging filth at the white robe of Christ's Spouse, lying, blaspheming and stirring up the passions of men till they became as demons and wreaked their demoniacal fury in wild riot and bloodshed, so that, as the telegram puts it, "for eighteen years he was under bail as a criminal," because the law was obliged to act against him for the public safety."

"What is really worthy of our attention in connection with the lessons of his career is the failure of such efforts as his to make any impression on the ramparts of the Church. Nay, the very contrary seems to be the law of spiritual progress, for the identical period during which his blasphemies and his falsehoods

were shaking the world was that which witnessed the marvelous spread and development of Catholicism in this land—a fact which stands forth as truly phenomenal in Church history."

The Milwaukee Catholic Citizen says—

He was the author of numerous cock and bull stories, the most famous of which is, that President Lincoln was murdered as the result of a conspiracy among Catholics.

Sketching his career the same paper proceeds:

He distinguished himself by his talents, as also by his great zeal as a teetotaler; his successes and the consequent honors elated him and caused his fall. He became careless in his duties and soon fell into many irregularities. His trial followed, and on Sept. 28, 1851, he was suspended and deposed. He then left Canada, and for several years loomed up at various places in Illinois, until the Bishop of Chicago, having learned who Chiniquy was, suspended and deposed him again, Nov. 20, 1856. Subsequently Chiniquy traveled to Europe to collect money for a pretended seminary in Chicago and his thirty promising pupils. In 1862 his fraud was discovered, that he had neither seminary nor pupils; he was accused of fraud and gross swindling and rejected or expelled by the Protestant Synod of Chicago. For a few years the Presbyterians managed to get along with him, but soon he was accused of having squandered great sums of money intrusted to his care. He was consequently rejected by the Presbyterians, and wandered about, giving vent to his anger against the Catholic Church that had expelled him.

The foregoing recital of public facts shows that the Western Watchman is too sweepingly eulogistic when it says that Chiniquy "was everything a priest should be, save his licentiousness." He had a fault even worse than impurity, for it made any conversion from lechery almost impossible: he was a sham and a cheat from youth to old age, and his unvaricacy and dishonesty increased with the weight of years; thus the very fulcrum on which grace could act was wanting. A somewhat similar view is expressed by Father Phelan in his own breezy way:

"Chiniquy is dead. Hearing of his desperate illness Archbishop Bruchesi wrote to his son-in-law to convey to the sick man an invitation to repent and return. The son-in-law was down with the grippe and a Mr. Cousirat answered that the ex-priest did not want reconciliation. We have often before condemned these extraordinary efforts to save villains. The Church has the power of binding and loosing. All Satan's bonds dissolve at her touch. But bonds are one thing, a cinch is another."

The Catholic Journal, of Memphis, Tenn., thus tersely sums up the apostate's life:

"The notorious ex-priest, Father Chiniquy, died in Montreal last Monday. The disgraceful career of this unfortunate man is well-known throughout the entire country. He gave the most scandal, the worst example, and gained the most unenviable notoriety of any disgraced and unfrocked priest that this country has ever had to deal with. He has finally been called to account by the unerring Judge, and his worst enemy can wish him no greater punishment than that Justice which has been meted out to him."

All that remains now is for Mr. W. H. Thorne, of the Globe Review, who knows all about the defunct fraud, to give us one of his masterly exposures of the chief lies scattered through Chi-

quinquy's books and to let the ultra-Protestant world know what a monster it had taken to its bosom.

**THE CITY LIBRARY.**

Amongst the By-laws defeated at the late Winnipeg civic election there was one which had for its object the raising of money for the erection of a public library building. As most of our readers are doubtless aware the present public library is located in three or four rooms in the City Hall, and it is not saying too much to assert that a more miserably inadequate home for such an important institution cannot be found in any place of importance in Canada, or, for that matter, we venture to say, in any part of the world. It may be that in the present state of the city's finances it was impossible to expect that the taxpayers would look with favor on a proposal to spend a large sum of money for a library building, but when we know what extravagant sums are annually spent in the erection of public schools and the maintenance of same we at once form the opinion that there are ways in which money now spent might well be used to better advantage and still for educational purposes.

Whilst speaking of the Library we would say a word of it from a Catholic point of view. From time to time lists are published in the papers of new books which have been purchased and we often hear these lists somewhat severely criticized on the ground that very little that is really worth reading and helpful seems to find its way to the Library shelves. It is, of course, true that most of the books which make up the lists are works of fiction and not, as a rule, just what we should select, but we believe that the managers of the Library do the very best they can with the means at their disposal to suit the taste and wishes of their patrons. And we are convinced that if more of our people frequented the library than is actually the case it would not be difficult for us to induce the management to purchase works which we should all be glad to find on the Library shelves but which are not there now because there is no demand for them. We frequently visit the Library and from our experience we judge that it is very little used by Catholics. "The Catholic World" of New York, "the London "Tablet" and

**A New Departure.**

Dr. Marschand, the celebrated French physician, has at last opened his magnificently equipped laboratory in Windsor, Ont. There is a large staff of chemists and physicians at his command, and the men and women of Canada may now procure the advice of this famous specialist free of charge.

Dr. Marschand has a world-wide reputation for successfully treating all nervous diseases of men and women, and you have but to write the doctor to be convinced that your answer, when received, is from a man who is entitled to the high position he holds in the medical fraternity.

Why suffer in silence when you can secure the advice of this eminent physician free of charge.

All correspondence is strictly confidential and names are held as sacred. Answers to correspondents are mailed in plain envelopes.

You are not asked to pay any exorbitant price for medicines, in fact it rarely happens that a patient has expended over 50 cents to one dollar before he or she becomes a firm friend and admirer of the doctor.

A special staff of lady physicians assist Dr. Marschand in his treatment of female cases. Always inclose three-cent stamp when you write and address The Dr. Marschand Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A. Mention the Northwest Review when you write the Doctor.