

The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt. 22: 21.

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NOTES.

The Anglican bishops ventured to boast of the character of universality attaching to the Pan Anglican conference. "Granting," they say, "that our Church may be a house divided against itself, you must admit that its members have at least one mark of catholicity—they come from far and near." "What a miserable gathering is their conference," says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, "compared with the number of representative Catholics who poured into Rome from every part of the world to congratulate the Holy Father on his golden jubilee. A comparison between them is like a comparison between a small body of guerilla chiefs and a great assemblage of highly civilized and trained ambassadors."

We publish in another column the appreciative comments of the leading old country journals on the anniversary of Cardinal Manning's eightieth birthday. The Cardinal has been a great figure in the Church—and that he has had no peer in Catholic England during the last quarter of a century is the veriest platitude,—he has been no less conspicuous a force in the state. One is reminded of the portrait which Disraeli drew of the great convert—as the Archbishop of Tyre—in "Lothair." "All classes, and all creeds, and all conditions of men"—he wrote, "were alike interesting to him. They were part of the community, with all whose pursuits, and passions, and interests, and occupations, he seemed to sympathize. He was a frequent guest at banquets which he never tasted, for he was a smiling ascetic; and though he seemed to be preaching or celebrating Mass in every part of the metropolis, organizing schools, establishing convents, and building cathedrals, he could find time to move resolutions at middle-class meetings, attend learned associations, and even send a paper to the Royal Society."

With the record of the Cardinal's life the readers of the REVIEW are familiar enough. One of the lessons of that life has been well put by an English contemporary. That selfish isolation and egotistic exclusiveness are not the attributes of a churchman of to-day, as the Cardinal Archbishop understands and lives a churchman. "The most

fastidiously refined ecclesiastic of history," says the *Weekly Register*, "has not hesitated to associate with vulgar movements, so long as they had for their end the moral or physical benefit of the people."

The evidence brought to light at the inquest upon the death of the late Mr. John Mandeville, who succumbed, although an uncommonly strong man, to the cruelties practised upon him during his confinement in prison under Balfour's Coercion Act, has shocked the whole world. That such crimes should be committed in the name of the English people, and what is termed the Government of Ireland, is hardly credible in our times. The evidences of the witnesses, and the testimonies of the several physicians, establish the fact unquestionably that Mr. Mandeville was literally done to death by the prison officials, acting, it is believed, upon orders direct from headquarters, because of his refusal to submit to the degradation of herding with the scum of the jails, and of performing menial and degrading offices. The prison physician, it will be remembered, committed suicide rather than face a judicial inquiry. The testimonies of the visiting justices and physicians will be put before the readers in our next issue. From the evidence of his wife, which was of the most touching and awful description, one is able to judge, to some extent, what poor Mandeville was made to suffer.

"Between the six months that intervened from his leaving Tullamore till his death," thus testified his wife, "he was ailing. Now and then he said to me that he would never recover, and was always complaining. He told me of his whole prison life, he told me more than he told anybody in the world. He told me first his life in Cork Prison. The doctor there ordered him a flannel, and he was not allowed to carry that to Tullamore. His teeth, he said, were chattering with the cold the whole way. He left Cork Prison about half-past four, and arrived at Tullamore at ten, and got no food till the middle of the day. He complained to me that his throat was sore the whole time in prison. He complained that the doctor did not believe in a sore throat, and certified that he was fit for punishment when he was not. He told me his throat was so sore that he could not eat the brown bread, nor drink the cold water, which was the punishment diet. Owing to that he had no food for twenty hours. He told me that one of the prisoners gave him a rope, and he tied it round his waist. As he suffered more from hunger he tightened it round his waist. He added that from hunger his mind wandered, and he told me—of course it was a confidence between husband and wife—that he prayed to God that he might die rather than go mad. He told me one incident to show how he suffered from hunger. There was, he said, a warder—an ordinary warder, not a friendly warder—who must have been eating his meal outside the door, and who was called away. Going away, he threw him in a scrap, he said, just as he (deceased) would throw his dog Rover a tiny bit of meat. He told me he never enjoyed anything like it before. (Sensation.) When he was wandering in his mind, he told me he thought he was a boy again, and that he was lying on the hills of Slieve-na-Mon, and that I was lying dead beside him, that he was feeling for my dead body with his hand. He thought also he was looking at the Crucifix, and he heard music. It was all caused by hunger and weakness."