

# 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 present Abbot of the Grand Chartreuse is evidently a man of simplicity and directness of speech. On the occasion of M. Jules Ferry's recent visit to the famous monastery, the fallen statesman noticed a large map, and asked what it represented. "That," said the Abbot, "is our beautiful monastery near Parkminster, in Sussex, England. That country has been kind enough to shelter and welcome us since we were banished by a herd of politicians here who call themselves lovers of liberty."

The experience of the past has been that all attempts to cripple or destroy the power of the Roman Pontiffs have been attended with more danger to the States making the attempt than to the Holy See. "If you can show me a single example in all history" Louis Phillipe is reported to have said to a French statesman, who advised him to break with 'he Holy See,' of a prince who made war against the Pope and had no reason to regret it, I will take your advice. M. Thiers the late President of the French Republic, is credited with having said a few years ago, upon being asked his opinion of the Roman Question, that while he was not a good Catholic, he had at least read history, and had learned there "that all who have eaten of the Pope *have died of it.*" The warnings of such men should have a meaning for the present Da Crispi government in Italy.

"I saw," says a correspondent in the *Laclede* column of Montreal *Gazette*, "in the little libretto I bought at Montreal, giving a description of the new church copied from St. Peter's at Rome, that St. Peter's has two clocks, one having the time in the French, and the other in the Italian fashion—the latter being, I believe, the 24-hour style, so that the C. P. R. and Mr. Van Horne have the authority of the Popes for the adoption of that useful mode of time-reckoning. This must be satisfactory to all concerned."

The Bishop of Limerick, who has been called "the forlorn hope of Mr Balfour, in Ireland," made a speech last week in which he made it clear that he is in principle a thorough Home Ruler. He said:—"I will take the liberty of saying that the time is coming, and coming fast, when larger responsibilities and a larger administration will be put in the hands of the Irish people, when they will manage not only local, but national affairs. The true foundation of our national independance will rest, first, on local independance, but national integrity and national honour will be strongly consolidated in every locality when the Irish people manage their own affairs independantly and thoroughly well for the common benefit."

We give on another page some portions of Mr. O'Brien's paper in the *Westminster Review* on Mr. Forster's *regime* in Ireland. The subject is hung with political and personal interest. The late Mr. A. M. Sullivan, in his work on "New Ireland," relates that foremost in the work of relieving the distress through the famine year of "Black '47," were the Society of Friends, and that amongst the most active and fearless of their representatives was a young Yorkshire Quaker whose name is still warmly remembered by Connemara peasants. "He drove," says the writer, "from village to village; he walked bog and moor, rowed the lake, and climbed the mountains; fought death as it were hand to hand in brave resolution to save the people. His correspondence from the scene of his labours would constitute in itself a graphic memorial of the Irish famine. That young Yorkshire Quaker of 1847 was destined a quarter of a century later to be known to the Empire as a Minister of the Crown, the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P."

"The Life of Forster," on which Mr. O'Brien's article is based, contains a story of curious pathos: The diary of his daughter runs on May 8th.—"Father read to us Mr. Robinson's report of the reception of the seed-potatoes in county Mayo. This has been an altogether delightful incident, and it was a pleasure to hear the Chief-Secretary reading anything so different from an outrage report. 'I wonder whether they would call me Buckshot Forster if I went down there?' pondered father." Alas for the sequel of this melting little incident, writes Mr. O'Brien. "Mr. Forster did not go down among the poor Errismen, but a battalion of police did, to collect poor-rate off the unhappy wretches whom Mr. Forster had saved from starvation; and the result of their visit was that a poor young girl was transfixed through the bosom with a bayonet, and brought home to her mother—dead!" Incidents like this arise again and again out of the absurd theory that all cost "the law" must be carried out. In fulfilment of this maxim, poor-rate is levied off the famine-stricken, and tenants who have offered the last farthing of rent that their farm can make are evicted at the bayonet point. And yet people wonder that the present system of Irish government is not a success.