

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 Catholic public could almost afford to ignore the cowardly attack made upon Archbishop Walsh on the night of his arrival in Toronto, more especially since it has elicited, so thoroughly and unmistakably the indignation of good men of whatever belief, in every part of the Dominion. We go so far even as to say that the incident, so unhappy in itself, will have been not wholly deplorable if it have none other effect than to make apparent to what a state of society the "No Popery" course of the *Mail*, and the incendiary screeds of its clerical allies, would legitimately bring us. It is however a serious thing that an assault of so premeditated a kind, can be made under the nose of the police, and in the public streets of the city, and that justice should be unable to overtake the offenders. There is a sense, we are aware, in which justice ought to be blind, but it ought not to be blind in these instances, and the helplessness of the police, we can only say, in the face of an organized and wanton attack such as was made upon the Archbishop is in sorry contrast to the sprightliness and readiness which they showed the night following in smashing the heads of Professor Adam Wright and a handful of students, and in checking the mild exuberance which they displayed on their return from the Trinity Medical dinner.

No such fate has overtaken the ruffians who attacked the Archbishop. It is bad enough that such an assault could be made in the city, it is intolerable that the community should harbour unwhipped the criminals engaged in it. The police are apparently without an idea as to how to proceed to discover the perpetrators. And yet it is presumptively probable that the very men are not outside the ranks of the organizations whose members on two or three occasions within the past year have mobbed our Catholic institutions. The precise connection of certain Orange societies with the event, should, to begin with, be closely inquired into. If the police authorities of Toronto do not see fit to do this, it will not be amiss in outsiders to ask a few questions, say when the application of the Orange Society for incorporation comes up next session before Parliament.

Sir Edward Cecil Guinness, the wealthy Dublin brewer has made a munificent gift to the poor of London and Dublin, and his benevolence has taken a wise and practical shape. The sum of £250,000 is placed in trust for the erection of dwellings for the labouring poor. Of this amount £200,000 is to be expended in London and £50,000 in Dublin, the income to be derived from the rents of these houses is to be re-invested with a view to the further development of the scheme. In a communication to the trustees Sir Edward Guinness has informed them that he has long felt the gravity of the evils which follow from the unsanitary nature of the

dwellings inhabited by large numbers of the poorest of the labouring classes, and that the object he has in view is to provide clean and healthy homes for the people somewhat poorer than those who, as experience proves, at present avail themselves of the existing artisans dwellings, and to show that this can be done on a sound financial basis. Sir Edward Guinness believes that this object can be accomplished and the tenements let at such rents as will place them within reach of the poorest of the labouring population. "Rarely," says the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin, "has such a splendid piece of benevolence reminded the world of the fact that a man may be possessed of great wealth without ceasing to have thought for his poorer fellows." The pity is that actions of the kind are of such rare occurrence. While the philanthropy of Sir Edward Guinness' act must command the admiration of men of every creed and every country, yet we may be permitted to add, in no spirit of petty or unworthy cavilling, that there is something of justice and of fitness in the source from which the gift comes and the direction which it takes. The great wealth of the British brewers—the Besses, the Guinnesses and the Allsops—has been built up on the spendings of the labouring masses, as a glance at the drink bill of Great Britain will testify.

Mr Stead's visit to the Vatican, as we wrote last week, was a failure, at all events, in one important particular. Mr Stead did not succeed in obtaining an audience with the Holy Father. Yet that circumstance has not deterred him from writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette* several columns of fanciful rubbish about the policy of the Holy See and the trend of opinion at the Vatican. That the Sacred Colledge did not assemble to meet Mr. Stead was proof positive, we presume, to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of how completely obscurantism directs the counsels and the policy of the Papacy. Mr. Stead's letters imply as much. For instance we find him expressing "regret" that "the Church can no longer even pretend to be the leader of the onward march of humanity;" and again he declares "I must put on record my conviction that so far as I can see, the Vatican, as at present constituted and controlled, is about as fit to undertake profitably the guidance of the social revolution of Christendom as the ruins of the Forum—after the Forum the Vatican is almost the most archaic ruin in Rome—are competent to undertake the Federation of the British Empire." Mr. Stead premises this with the statement that he "can speak without fear of giving offence" even to "the best Catholics," who, he says, "are anything but motionless sphinxes." Beyond doubt a man who has the surpassing impertinence to seek an audience with the Holy Father for no better reason than a sensation monger like Mr. Stead sought it, can without much extra effort convince himself that he "can speak without fear of giving offence" to anybody. There is no need, then, to be astonished that Mr Stead goes on to sneer at what he calls the Pontiff's "solemn apparatus of Masses and prayers," or to declare that he can only hope that the Pope "will scrupulously abstain from intermeddling any further in matters which he has neither the training to understand, the advisers to correct his ignorance, nor the information necessary to enable him to pronounce an intelligible judgment." Now it was to write all this rubbish that Mr. Stead made a journey to Rome, and yet the same kind of thing has been proclaimed by every Protestant bigot and pervert for the last fifty years. That Catholic journals have felt themselves compelled to notice it is owing only to its having wantonly been intruded upon the attention of the public. The sum of all Mr. Stead says is that the Papacy is dead—an opinion which is shared with Professor Goldwin Smith, of Toronto.