

# 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.

It is little more than a year ago since the *Mail* arraigned the the Sisters in charge of the Longue Pointe Asylum as an order of rapacious religious women more bent upon obtaining for their community the *per capita* grant allowed by the Government for the keep of their patients than upon treating the unfortunate inmates of the institution upon the most scientific and humanitarian principles. Since then has come the awful holocaust of last week as an impressive rebuttal. Six Sisters sacrificed themselves in the effort to save their unfortunate patients. The Montreal correspondent of that paper writing to it from the scene of their martyrdom has been forced to say:

"As regard the nuns, no words of praise are sufficient. Weak and fragile women have shown that the age of heroism is not past, and though one may differ from them as to their methods of treating the insane, no one can fail to be filled with admiration for their noble self-sacrifice and devotion in the face of danger and even of death. Once more they have displayed their noble womanhood and showed their title to the proud distinction of God's Sisters of Charity."

It is as if in the Providence of God it had been designed that the martyrdom of these holy women should come as the answer to their calumniators.

Mr. O'BRIEN is said to have remarked good naturedly, to a friend in regard to his novel when it was issued by the publishers, "My story won't get a fair hearing. It will be like an appendix to the Parnell Commission. Some fellows will find everything that's good in it, and others will find everything that's bad." For once Mr. O'Brien was wrong; for friend and foe alike will do homage to his book as a great work of art.

THE *London Star* is authority for the statement that but for the friendly coercion of Mr. T. P. Gill M.P. the pages of the novel would never have passed into print from Mr. O'Brien's drawer. The *Weekly Despatch* in its review of the work says that Mr. Balfour never had so much reason to be jealous of Mr. O'Brien as now. Irish politics for the last four years have been a long duel between these two men. The Chief Secretary has not been victorious even when he has put his antagonist in prison, Mr. O'Brien is a statesman, which Mr. Balfour is not; he is an orator, which Mr. Balfour is not; and now as a writer he has thrown the author of "Philosophic Doubts" quite into the shade. It has long been a taunt against the Irish party, says the *Despatch*, that they have produced no striking literature, as if the Tory party were distinguished for literary genius. "The only great writer," it adds, "which they have discovered since Dizzy's death was Richard Pigott. Putting politics aside Mr. O'Brien's novel is full of brilliant ability that recalls the best traditions of Irish humor and exuberance."

It will come as unwelcome intelligence to the Orange Lodge in this city who went to the pains a few weeks ago of memorialising the young Emperor of Germany not to give any recognition, if he valued the welfare of his kingdom, to the Jesuits, nor to treat them with less than Bismarckian rigor, that that ruler has since conferred the Cross of the Order of the Crown on Father Bollig, S.J., the second librarian of the Vatican library. The letter in which the announcement of the conferring of the honour was conveyed, sets forth that the Emperor bestowed the distinction in recognition of the learned Jesuit's great services to the many scholars of all countries who have been facilitated in their researches by his aid.

It is coming more and more to be observed how the expatriated Celt is illustrating the law of the survival of the fittest in the increasing prominence of the part which his posterity is playing in the politics of continental Europe. The Lacey in Russia, the late Prime Minister Taaffe in Austria, MacMahon in France, and O'Donnell in Spain are instances. Now it is learned that Bismarck's successor, Count Caprivi, is a descendant of the Spanish O'Donnells, and a relative on his mother's side of MacMahon of France. These O'Donnells and MacMahons abode originally in the Green Isle, whence they departed having little to do at home for the purpose of giving continental Europe a taste of war and statescraft.