

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.

Vol. I.

Toronto, Saturday, Dec. 10, 1887

No. 43.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Most. Rev. John Power, Bishop of Waterford, and Lismore, Ireland, is dead.

The funeral of Archbishop McGettigan took place on Wednesday. Ten thousand people were present.

A conference was held in London on Tuesday, under the presidency of Lord Herschell, to consider the condition of the working classes. Mr. Compton, M.P., Cardinal Manning, several labour members of Parliament and others interested in the subject were present. Resolutions were adopted calling upon the Government to undertake local relief works, and to take measures to assist emigration and prevent immigration.

The demise of the venerable Dr. McGettigan, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, will occasion, it is believed, a new struggle in Rome between the Irish clergy who, almost to a man, it may be said are of nationalist sympathies, and the English politicians, over the selection of his successor. Lord Salisbury is understood to entertain the opinion that had he been in power in 1885, instead of Gladstone, he would have been able to prevent the appointment of Dr. Walsh to the archbishopric of Dublin, and he will make a big effort to have either Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh, or Dr. Donnelly, Bishop Auxiliary to the Dublin See, both of whom are held in favour by the Castle authorities, named as successor to Archbishop McGettigan. If so, Lord Salisbury undertakes a piece of very difficult diplomacy. Sir George Errington's experiences, which are yet fresh in the public memory, made it forever plain that the Vatican is not to be influenced in such matters by any amount of English political intrigue.

The work of Coercion in Ireland goes on apace. The arrest of two additional Irish members of Parliament, Messrs. Timothy and Edward Harrington, and the sentencing to two months' imprisonment of Lord Mayor Sullivan, of Dublin, as a result of his second prosecution for

publishing reports of suppressed branches of the National Leagues, emphasizes the Tory idea of constitutional Government in Ireland. The next few days will witness, it is expected, the arrest also of Messrs. John Dillon and Healy. Events are fast moving to a head. The imprisonment of a few more representatives of the people, a few more weeks of interference with the liberty of the press, of the suppression of free speech and of the rule of the dragoon in a country five-sixths of whose people assert constitutionally their right to the management in their own way of their own local affairs,—a few more weeks of Lord Salisbury's government of Ireland as "a nation of Hottentots," and the world will begin to ask if, in submitting to it, the Irish are not after all just a little too dastardly. Not very many years ago—in the days of John Mitchell—under another paternal English Government, Irish political prisoners, their hands tied behind their backs, were made to lap their food like dogs from their prison floor. Some of those men are still living. They never made peace with England. Happily, the English democracy have no part in what is being perpetrated in Ireland to-day in their name by the Government. Neither the Ireland at home, nor the yet greater Ireland in exile, should be expected to withstand any too great provocation.

The letter addressed to the public press by Mr. Dwyer Gray, M.P., proprietor of the *Freemans Journal*, of Dublin, in regard to the health of Mr. Wm. O'Brien, and his treatment in Tullamore prison, together with the report of Dr. Moorehead, who is apprehensive that the treatment to which he is being subjected, may be followed by fatal consequences, have combined to awaken world wide sorrow and horror. To subject a man of Mr. O'Brien's delicate organization to all the rigours of the ordinary prison treatment, looks as if the complete breaking down of his health were the actual object of the Government. "If judicial murder is to be committed," Mr. Gray writes, "it is right that the responsibility should rest upon proper shoulders." In a late issue of *United Ireland* there is this sorrowful reference to the subject:—

"They are killing William O'Brien in jail. Later on, when the mischief is done, he will be sent to the infirmary, and possibly when the three months is over he will be tossed out of jail with some life still left in him, but clutched tight in the grip of hereditary, disease, broken in health, power and spirit, to totter down to an early grave. It is time for plain speaking. Those who know the inner history of O'Brien's life know this. That brothers and sisters dropped off from his side, killed by consumption, until he was left alone in the world. His mother died when he was a prisoner in Kilmainham. Many years ago the disease laid a strong hand upon himself, and it was by a flight into Egypt that his life was preserved. Since then, his life, with its hardship and exposure, has been a miracle to his doctor. But the germ of the deadly disease were sleeping and not dead, and who can doubt they will wake and stir to active and terrible life under the stimulating influence of the paved cell, the plank bed and the punishment regime of bread and water? William O'Brien is being murdered in Tullamore jail as surely as the police victims were murdered in Mitchelstown square, and Mr. Balfour may plume himself on both crimes."