

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.

Mr. Balfour, who wrote a pamphlet to prove that doubt was a state of philosophic enjoyment, continues to govern Ireland on the methods of a Spanish bull-baiter. The latest move of his minions was the increase of sentences on appeal, an outrageous abuse of power for which there is no precedent in England. Mr. Gladstone's attention having been drawn to Mr. Balfour's flippant speech at Battersea, in which he alleged that sentences were similarly increased in a few cases while the Liberals were in power, Mr. Gladstone has declared that if so it was done without the knowledge of himself or his friends. The practice is, he declared, contrary "to the plain intentions of Parliament, contrary to the spirit of criminal jurisprudence, and excluded, I believe, from the power of the higher and most competent courts, and in direct opposition to the universal practice in England." That the discovery has been made Mr. Gladstone rejoices, since that it is a new proof of how deeply the spirit of evil traditions has crept into Irish administration.

"I have the news at first hand," says Mr. Lesperance, in the *Montreal Gazette*, "that the Abbe Casgram is going to make things lively on the Acadian question. He comes back from Paris and London with most important volumes of papers and documents, copied at his own expense. Mutilations will be restored, and omissions supplied. The most interesting point seems to be that the burden of the expulsion will not be thrust on the home authorities, but on the New England contingent first and foremost—on Lawrence, Onslow, and their subalterns."

The *Catholic Columbian*, speaking on the subject of ministerial removals and calls, asks a pertinent question:—"Can that 'call,' which Protestant ministers speak of receiving, be 'from God,' when it is so easily confirmed or annulled by the amount of salary offered?"

Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain are understood to be busily at work on a modified scheme of Home Rule, which they propose to force on Lord Salisbury by a threat of revolt against Balfourism. The treatment of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, who shortly go to prison as common criminals, is certain, it is seen, to make trouble. Mr. Chamberlain, the politician who preached, not so long ago, the doctrine of Ransom, has become a devoted society man, our English exchanges say, since he allied himself with the Tories, being at present the guest of Lady Mandeville for the Ascot races.

Nowadays, strangers who happen to be men of Irish name, travelling in England or Ireland, are subjected to endless annoyances. When the Hon. P. A. Collins, of Boston, the chairman of the National Democratic Convention which met in St. Louis a few days ago, landed in Ireland a year ago, he found himself under surveillance as a dynamite "suspect," and honoured with an escort of detectives; his baggage, to add to his discomfort, being, at all events for a time, confiscated. From the *Liverpool Times* we learn that another harmless Irishman has been arrested in London "by mistake." This time it was the late of Dr. H. J. O'Brien, a medical practitioner, residing on the East India-road, and son of a lately deceased Irish magistrate, to be assured he was quite another man—Mr. McInerney, of the Clan na-Gael! To add insult to injury, the detective officers of Scotland-yard had the audacity to offer the gentleman £5 as a *solatium* on discovering they had again blundered.

The *Dublin Freeman*, in a late number, pays this grateful tribute to the memory of the late Archbishop of Toronto, whose death is deeply regretted in Ireland.—"The people of Ireland will affectionately remember him as a friend who, though very distant from them, was never forgetful of them, or of anything that concerned them. His love for the Old Land was as fresh and strong on the morning of his death as it was nearly fifty years ago, when he left its shores, a young priest of the community of St. Vincent de Paul, to minister to the spiritual needs of his exiled fellow-countrymen away in far-off Canada. At critical periods in their recent struggles the words of Archbishop Lynch often came to our people to cheer them and to encourage them in their despondency, and to bid them be hopeful of the nearness of a great future, which, he was convinced, they had before them. Possibly, had he lived, he would have spoken to them once again in this the final episode of their long and weary struggle, and pointed to the signs that presage and precede the triumph. He loved Ireland with all his heart while he lived, and we may be assured that in death he will not forget her, as we feel assured that Ireland will not forget him."