

OUR ANGLO-IRISH LETTER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT) LONDON, April 16.

Never before in the history of this country was politics in such a muddle as they are now. Out of chaos, it is said, comes order; but just now matters are so terribly mixed that it is really difficult to understand how the legislative work of the great British Empire can go on.

In a game of political leap-frog recently played by the Marquis of Salisbury at Liverpool, he said revolutions never went backwards, and as the Land movement in Ireland was a revolution of a terrible kind it was better to deal with it in a thorough manner than to handle it in the faint-hearted way the Liberals did.

W. H. Smith, a member of Disraeli's Cabinet and an important man in the Conservative party, has charge of a bill to establish in Ireland a peasant proprietary by purchasing out the landlords, and, as the Tories expect the support of the Irish party in this measure, the leader had to support it in his Liverpool speech.

What a fall for the noble house of Argyle to have a letter from one of its sons contemptuously thrown into the waste basket by the town Council of Inverness. The fact is that this princely begging business is beginning to stink in the nostrils of sensible people.

CAVENDISH AND BURKE.

One who seems to know of what he is writing sends the following to the N. Y. Sun:—

To the Editor of the Sun:—The murder of the Irish Under Secretary, Thomas Henry Burke, was evidently the sole object of the assassins. That of Lord Frederick Cavendish, like the murder of the innocent driver and clerk who happened to be with Lord Leitrim when he was similarly slain, became a necessity to their protection.

The Under-Secretary, on the other hand, has long been a marked man, and was perhaps the most unpopular official in Ireland. He was a Roman Catholic, of the County Galway, aged 52, and heir to the Baronetcy of Burke of Glynn.

Now what do you think of the author of the Bylandt. Has he not thoroughly demonstrated the one striking peculiarity of most Englishmen, namely, a right to rule Ireland by a method which for hundreds of years has everywhere brought disgrace on the English name.

the following passage. "They and be damned, what right have they to meat or drink or light of day, much less to wealth, to power or freedom, except what your Lordship likes to give them." The croakers of the Isle of Skye think very different, as the following will show:—"The tenants on the Island of Skye, at Balmacnagh, Felichonan, and Gedintallor, have refused to pay rent, and as there was no prospect of their doing so his lordship was obliged to put the law in force.

Surely the world is moving on, of which there can be no stronger evidence than to see those slow going phlegmatic and hard-headed Scotchmen standing manfully against feudal landlordism in the lines laid down by the Irish National Land League.

The inauspicious, and we might almost say unnatural, marriage (says Reynolds) about taking place is an occasion which cannot be let slip by Tories and infidants. It would have been far more decent if the ceremony were performed in the strictest privacy, and no opportunity presented for such a disgusting display of lip loyalty and sham rejoicing as seems to be going on in certain quarters.

What a fall for the noble house of Argyle to have a letter from one of its sons contemptuously thrown into the waste basket by the town Council of Inverness.

ANGLO-SAXON.

The great Anglo-Saxon race has asserted its supremacy over the Latins in France.

Paris has now fifty-five English or American bars, not lawyers you know, but tap-rooms, places for mixing sherry cobbler, &c.

Mr. Samuel Morley, M. P. for Bristol, visited the United States and Canada some few months ago. He lectured lately in England and praised up the United States as a field for emigrants, but spoke never a word of the Canadian North-West.

The German Empire has sent Baron Von Scholler as its Ambassador to the Vatican, and may now carry out his financial policy, secure of the support of the Catholic party in the Reichstag.

This policy of Mr. Gladstone and the Radical portion of the Cabinet in liberating the suspects and otherwise dealing out justice to Ireland has displeased Mr. Goschen, one of those old grey rats of Whigs whom O'Connell described as "base, bloody and brutal."

of Mr. Gladstone than any other member of the Cabinet. Lord Frederick's widow is a niece of Mrs. Gladstone's, and he had been always regarded as a member of the family.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 10.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR.

- THURSDAY, 11.—St. Catherine of Siena, Virgin (April 30). Bp. Lavalie, Louisville, died, 1867.
FRIDAY, 12.—SS. Nereus and Companions, Martyrs.
SATURDAY, 13.—St. George, Martyr (April 23). Cons. Bp. Moore, St. Augustine, 1877.
SUNDAY, 14.—Fifth Sunday after Easter. Epist. James i. 22-27; Gosp. John xvi. 23-30.
MONDAY, 15.—Feria. Rogation Day.
TUESDAY, 16.—St. Ubaldo, Bishop and Confessor. Rogation Day.
WEDNESDAY, 17.—St. Paschal Baylon, Confessor. Vigil of the Ascension. Rogation Day. Montreal founded, 1642.

We suppose it is treason to draw attention to the bysneting of children in Ballina, County Mayo, at present. And yet the lives of innocent children are sweet.

FATALITY.

The late terrible news from unfortunate Ireland fills the world with horror, but to no part of its population does it bring more grief than to the Irish at home and abroad.

There are several hypotheses which may be advanced regarding this melancholy affair, but in none of them do we find room for the supposition that the Land League—which means the Irish people—had any share in the murder.

REPATRIATION.

Numerous efforts have been made during the past ten years to induce the French Canadians who have settled in the States to return to Canada, but without success.

It is more than probable that had they remained in Canada and devoted the same amount of energy to the improving of themselves as they have in the States, the result would be the same, or perhaps better, but once the idea entered their minds that the neighboring republic would afford them ample scope for their abilities, they became disinterested with themselves until they went thither.

It is a law of trade and Commerce, that, where no extraordinary obstacles are thrown in the way, men do not hang so closely on to their nationality as to prevent them seeking higher wages. And besides Canada is not French; the State of Vermont, New York, is as much a home to French Canadians, as the Province of Ontario or Nova Scotia.

It is possible, of course, that it is as the English papers hope and say it is, but we must wait before we judge. But we repeat it, none more regret the outrage than the Irish people.

As we anticipated, the atrocious murder of last Saturday in Phoenix Park is made the means of forging more fetters for Ireland, and thus the assassins have not only sent two human beings unprepared to the Judgment Seat, but have done more to wound a whole nation, not only sentimentally, but physically, than all the coerclonists in the Imperial Parliament. Well might Parnell despair, well might Davitt grow weary. The crime was the work of fiends in human shape.

do anything to save their estates, not only in Ireland but England, Scotland and Wales, not forgetting the Isle of Skye.

The British Whigs and Tories proper, are in a terrible state of excitement over the Government's change of policy. They scented blood and are disappointed because the game is out of their reach.

A grave political crisis is approaching in England, which it is doubtful if the Government will be able to tide over. It is evident that the Conservatives are solid against Gladstone's new Irish policy, and that numbers of the Whigs are profoundly dissatisfied, those, for instance, who believe with Argyle and Lansdowne that the landlords' interests are in danger, not only in Ireland, but through the United Kingdom at large.

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was dealing out such calamities on Ireland, determined to assassinate him. Burke, the cable informs us, was driving in the Park, but seeing Lord Cavendish walking, alighted and joined him. If the murderers, who are said to be four in number, were dogging the footsteps of Burke with a full purpose it is not likely they would be diverted by the presence of Lord Cavendish, whom it is highly probable they did not know.

That it was a political crime is clear from the fact that the property of the unfortunate gentlemen was found untouched on their bodies, and after all political assassins would hope for the sympathies of those in whose behalf—as they supposed—they were about to immolate two enemies.

THE ASSASSINATION.

In saying all this, and even if it be found that Irishmen or Irish-Americans did the foul deed, it is not necessary we should abuse ourselves. The Irish Secretary and Assistant Secretary were two mortal men, and, divested of its political significance, the crime is no greater than the murder of two ordinary individuals.

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