

with his victorious Egyptian army would have made short work of the Sultan's Asiatic provinces, and Egypt as well, forty-four years ago, when he beat his armies in four great battles and occupied Syria. The Eastern problem remains yet to be solved, but no one sees how the thing is to be done.

CITY AND SUBURBAN NEWS.

The work of raising the Canal boat "Durkee" has been suspended on account of the rough weather. Oscar Wilde says he admires the view to be obtained of the city from the top of "our hill," alluding to Mount Royal. There were six-two interments in the Catholic and seventeen in the Protestant cemeteries during the past week. The pilgrimage of the St. Mary's Rosary and Benevolent Sodality to Varennes takes place on the 15th of June. The "Trois Rivières" has been chartered for the trip. It is reported that Jenkins, the missing school teacher, whose disappearance last winter created such a stir, is residing across the line in a small village in the State of New York.

SHAMROCKS VS. CAUGHNAWAGAS.

The match between these two clubs resulted in an easy victory for the champions. The Indians, however, played a good game, having improved considerably in the way of each corner "their man." At the last moment C. J. Maguire, who was to have played on the Shamrock team, was selected to act as captain, and T. Balter then filled the vacancy. The first game was started at 3.35, Meehan and Dalibout facing the ball and the Shamrocks playing down the field. After some sharp playing, Heolan scored the ball and fired it through the Indian goals. Time, 17 minutes. The second game was also taken by the Shamrocks, Heolan again putting the ball between the flags. Time, 9 minutes. The third game was secured by Tucker for the Shamrocks in 15 minutes. The fourth was won by the Indians, who showed some fine playing. Time, 11 minutes. The Shamrocks took the fifth and last game, Daly putting the ball through after 12 minutes play. Play was then stopped, the Shamrocks being the winners by four games to one. Messrs. G. Marler and J. N. Watt were chosen umpires, and Mr. W. Aird acted as referee.

FIRST COMMUNION DAY.

Thursday was a happy one for the children of St. Ann's and St. Patrick's parish—it was First Communion Day. In St. Patrick's Church the Rev. Father Dowd officiated at the morning service. Before and after Communion, the children, who numbered about two hundred, sang appropriate hymns in a very pleasing manner. In the afternoon, His Lordship administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the youthful and happy communicants. The closing ceremonies which took place in the evening, were very largely attended, and were of a most interesting and impressive nature. The Rev. Father M. Callaghan preached the sermon for the occasion in his most happy style. He said that those who had on that day the happiness of making their First Communion had received a twofold honor; by the reception of the Adorable Sacrament they had become the spouses of Christ and by confirmation they were made soldiers of God's army upon earth. Their duties as such were threefold—namely, obedience, prayer and the shunning of the dangers of sin. If they would but faithfully discharge those duties their peace and happiness in this world would be secured as well as in the next. After the sermon solemn Benediction was given, when a choir, composed of the pupils of St. Patrick's school and a score of boys from the Brothers' schools, rendered some fine music. The chorus singing was especially good, it being well balanced and in harmony. The solo parts were entrusted to Misses Mary Kearns, Fannie Gray, Flora Dowd and others, while Messrs M. Morrissey and J. Mullarky distinguished themselves in the solo of the *Tantum Ergo*. The success of the musical portion of the ceremonies may be attributed to Sister Soulanges, whose skill, taste and untiring efforts in this direction are always worthy of warm appreciation. At the conclusion of the inspiring ceremonies, the children returned to their homes with the thought that they would not soon forget the privileges and happiness which First Communion day brought them.

COLONIZATION SOCIETY OF THE DIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

The following circular has been issued by Mr. Fabre, President of the above Society: Sir,—The Colonization Society of the Diocese of Montreal has done all in its power this year to realize the object for which it was founded; to attract colonists to the lands recently opened to cultivation and to induce them to remain there by establishing chapels. In spite of its small means it has added in the building of four chapels on the land destined for the establishment of Nominings, in the County of Lorrain, and at a late meeting it decided to build four new chapels in Arundel, Wolfe and Marchand, and to second the efforts of the Rev. Jesuit Fathers at Lake Nominings. But, to be able to keep its engagements, the Society counts on the charity of the faithful, and as it is aware that this charity is so much more unbounded when the clergy bring all their zeal to the service of a cause and make their people take an interest in it, it addresses itself to you and asks you in the name of religion and fatherland to second it in its religious and patriotic purpose. You can do so by placing before the faithful the happy results already attained by the Society and the works which it is ever disposed to accomplish in the future if it meets with the sympathy and generosity of the Catholic people. The Colonization Society prays you, therefore, to take up a collection in your church or chapel on the 14th instant, the eve of St. Isidore, its patron. This collection is allowed by the Bishop of the Diocese, who is President of the Society. The proceeds must be sent to the Episcopal Palace by registered letter to the Secretary of the Society, or to Rev. J. Vaillant, Treasurer. The Mass of St. Isidore, the patron of the Colonization Society of this diocese, will be sung in the parish of St. Ann of Montreal, on Monday next at half-past eight o'clock. A sermon will be preached especially for the occasion. After Mass there will be a meeting of the directors for the election of directors *en-officio* for the year 1882-83. The Society thanks you, beforehand for the hearty support you will give to the present appeal. By order, EDOUARD CHS. BISHOP OF MONTREAL, President. T. HARRIS, PRSNT, Secretary.

FATHER BURKE.

(Continued from First Page.)

to move on His first step towards the hill where He is to die. He tries to move, but the heavy cross presses upon Him. Oh, upon the cross was laid the awful weight of the Son of Man and the anger of God. What wonder that the poor bleeding and exhausted Saviour, when he tried to move under its terrible weight, reeled and fell heavily to the ground? Three times He fell in His efforts to drag that terrible cross to Calvary. Three times He fell, and the executioners themselves and the guards said, "He cannot do it; it is too much for him." And they take Simon of Cyrene, a strong man, who was passing, and they compelled him to take up the cross, and with laborious effort, the strong, hale man carried it after the Saviour. Now the procession moves on, the wild hubbub of the crowd is heard—cries, blasphemies, urging the Roman guard to hurry on—for they are afraid their victim will die on the road. Jesus moves on, and now the rugged side of Calvary is in view, and He has come along the Via Dolorosa from Jerusalem. Oh, what cry is this that falls upon His ear? Oh, what lamentable sound is this, the sob of a man's breaking heart that falls upon His ear and causes Him to stand and to tremble. He turned, and there, almost within His reach, His eyes fall upon His Virgin Mother—the mother that bore Him, the mother that loved Him as no mother ever loved a child, as no creature ever loved God—the mother who had no one in this world but her own dear child, Jesus—the mother to whose life His presence had been a joy and a happiness in all the sorrows and the miseries of her poverty. Oh, the mother in whose warm heart all the maternal love that ever prompted a daughter of Adam to sacrifice was collected in her child. She sees Him now so disfigured, so faint. She watches Him as with tottering steps He goes along. She sees the horrible cross raised up by the strong man who bore it to the cross that is to bear her own Divine Child. She sees the blood upon His face; she would fain go and with her tears wash that bloody away. No, the arm of the Roman soldier, interposes. "Back," he says, "back; this man is condemned to die; I care not if you be His mother; forward, forward to Calvary." The woman with a broken heart follows, and the Lord Jesus is not allowed to speak to His mother the word of comfort that He had given to the other pious women who ventured to follow Him. And now

THE RUGGED HILL IS ATTAINED.

What manner of place is this to which they have led the Saviour to die? It was a solitary hill just outside the walls of Jerusalem, and it was the place where slaves and criminals were put to death; and in the very place where they were executed their bodies were buried, were buried so carelessly that the night wolves easily tore them out of their graves, and the whole place was covered with human skeletons, and bones and skulls. The stench was horrible, for the place was defiled and polluted. There it was they laid down the cross upon the ground. The Roman soldiers formed a ring around the crest of the hill and kept down the crowd. The Lord Jesus was brought into the centre of the ring, stripped of his garments that clung to the wound that the scourges had opened, and again rows forth the precious blood that was ever poured out. "Lie down upon the cross," puts out His hands and feet; and these cruel men, with great spears and with heavy hammers, drive the nails through the palms of His hands and through His sacred feet—drive the long, merciless nails that pierced reluctantly and slowly through the hard wood of the cross, until He is fastened securely to it. Then the cross is lifted up with the united efforts of men with the aid of ropes. That cross rises slowly, swaying hither and thither in the morning air; that cross rises slowly with its living burden until at length it stands erect, falls with a dull sound into the hole in the earth that was made to receive it, it is speedily fastened there, and then all men withdraw from Him who was crucified. There in mid-air, hanging by these three terrific nails, hanging out so that the strain on every nerve increases the agony into the breaking of His heart, there for three terrible hours hung Jesus Christ the Saviour of men. Behold Him, don't turn away your eyes; remember that though it was the Roman soldiers and executioners that nailed Him to the cross, it was

YOUR SINS AND MINE

that placed Him there. We in our sinfulness have nailed our Blessed Saviour to the cross and found no better treatment for the Son of God when He came to us than to put Him to this disgraceful and ignominious death. For three hours did He remain, and now the guards, relaxing somewhat their vigilance, permitted the people to come in and approach the foot of the cross. Scribes and Pharisees are there delighted that they have altogether triumphed over their great enemy, and they come to the foot of the cross, and they look up into that Divine face and into those dying eyes, and they spit upon Him, and they say, "So you were able to save others, now save yourself. You were able to raise Lazarus from the grave, come down now from that Cross and we will believe in you." There were two thieves crucified with Him, and even these poor dying wretches joined with the crowd in insulting the Saviour, until with one glance of His meek, Divine eyes, He converted one of them. The people came around Him, "Ah, thou blasphemer; ah, thou deceiver, who didst thou seek to destroy us, and lead us astray?" At length there fell silence upon them all, a silence the most terrible, and it came to pass thus. In the midst of the reviling of the dying Saviour, in the midst of their insults and blasphemies, suddenly the sun in heaven refused to shine any more upon the earth, and darkness like that of midnight fell upon the city. Men looked around in terror; it was just twelve o'clock in the day when the Lord was raised upon the cross; it was a bright spring day, and there is no light in the heavens, and the very stars that appeared in the darkened firmament appear as if they were trembling at beholding so terrible a sight. Far away on the other side of Jerusalem the cedars of Lebanon bend before a terrific storm that sprang up. Lebanon itself, and Olivet groaned and reeled, those great hills, and were broken by earthquakes; the streets of Jerusalem were filled with crowds of people rushing from their houses; the earth was shaken beneath them; and graves around the city opened, and THEIR DEAD AROSE IN ALL THE TERRORS OF DEATH and walked silently through the city, confronting the living and frightening them almost to death. Now, who will revile

—now, who will insult the Lord God, who, even in the hour of His weakness, thus asserted Himself while he was dying upon the cross. Scribes and Pharisee and foolish rabble alike are silent. Then Mary and John approach, and Magdalen comes and puts her arms around those feet that she loved so well to wash with her tears, and she is privileged once more to pour forth upon the feet of her Saviour the blessed tears of her repentance and love, for well she knows how large a share she, the sinful woman, had in the terrible work she now sees fulfilled. The Virgin comes, and puts up her cry of sympathy, of sorrow, and of commiseration to her child. But from the lips of the dying man comes the word, "Oh, mother, behold John; he is my friend; let him be thy son." To John he said, "Oh, son, behold My mother; let her be thy mother; be all in all for each other." He said, "Leave me in my utter desolation to die." Friends had fled from Him, honour He had deprived of, reputation for sanctity He had lost. Everything He had in this world was gone but the mother that loved Him, and here He gave her to His dearest virgin friend, St. John. What reason to Him, that which He could not lose—His father's love and His consoling power, and so lifting up His dying eyes from all things on earth, He sought that consolation in heaven. My God! right over the cross, right over the head of the dying Saviour, there is a cloud blacker than the midnight darkness that fell upon the earth. Through that cloud He beholds mystically the face of His eternal Father inflamed with anger and with wrath, doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord himself stunts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, covered with wounds, loaded with the sins of man

EVERY POWER OF EARTH AND HELL

raging against Him, and heaven itself showing down the Father's wrath and justice upon Him—no consolation, no comfort, quivering in the agonies of death, and charged with a burning thirst, he says, "Sicut," "I have a thirst," and the only relief and refreshment he gets is to have a sponge steeped in vinegar and gall rudely thrust into his dying mouth. And thus for three hours he hangs. The Roman soldiers leaning upon their lances guarding that cross are frightened by the darkness by the storm, by the earthquake. The people began to ask each other, "Perhaps, after all, He is what he said: He was the Son of God. Oh, if so, we have poured out His blood, and His curse is upon us, and we have taken His life." After three hours the dying Saviour seems to rouse Himself for an instant. He raises His drooping head; He cries out, "Now my work is accomplished, all is finished in me." His head falls upon His bosom, the soul of Jesus Christ has gone forth, the Angel of Death has smitten Him, and the human race is saved and redeemed from sin and from death. The centurion who was in command of the soldiers had watched all this with an observant eye; he saw that the Saviour was dead, some strange impulse that he could not account for came upon him, he moved out from the dead figure of our Saviour. He put his great long lance in rest, with strong and practiced hand he drove the lance right through the heart of the dead man until its point almost came out at the other side, the great cross reeled and quivered under that terrible stroke, and the Roman soldier drew back his spear, and it was followed by a stream of purest water and of ruddy blood. The blood fell upon him.

THE FILM OF INFIDELITY FELL FROM HIS EYES.

He held in his right hand the lance dripping with the Saviour's blood, and he fell upon his knees and cried out, "Oh, Thou art the Son of God." The Jews heard the cry of the first convert to Christianity, and then they began, when too late, to beat their breasts and say, "Ah, we made a great mistake, we have crucified the Saviour; He was the Son of God." They were down from the hillside making their chief acts of contrition under the impression of the moment. And now after another hour the body of the Lord, stiff in death, is reverently taken down by loving and faithful hands from that cross, and for the first time the Queen of Sorrows is allowed to embrace her child, but no responsive beat of his heart can be echoed her love, and all she can do is tenderly, carefully, to pluck from His brows those cruel thorns, and then with the tears of purest love and sorrow to wash the Divine face. Thus did the Son of God suffer and die for your sins and mine. Have you anything to say to Him this evening? Is there any emotion in your hearts this evening for the Man God Jesus Christ, who died for you, who spared not Himself for you, who gave all He had; His body, His soul, His life, His reputation, His honour, His very divinity was sacrificed on this terrible hill of Calvary to prove to every Christian man how dearly the Great Saviour Jesus Christ loved us. Have you anything to say to Him to-night in return? Don't leave this church until you make one act of sorrow for the sins that nailed the Virgin's Son to the cross. Don't leave this church until you make one act of faith such as the Roman soldier made—"Truly, thou art the Son of God." Ah, don't leave this church to-night until you have spoken to your dead Saviour, and said to him—"I have crucified you by my sins; I never will lead you to that Calvary again. Oh, God, who didst die for me, let me die rather than crucify Thee by my sins again."

PARNELL INTERVIEWED.

PARIS, May 13.—La France publishes an interview of its London correspondent with Mr. Parnell before the Repression Act was introduced. Mr. Parnell imputes the assassination of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke to Fanian fanatics. He states that since the Government adopted a conciliatory policy the Land League has withdrawn the no rent manifesto, but has not thought it necessary to make public the fact by a new manifesto. "We have simply sent word round to our friends, he says, that the *mot d'ordre* has been changed. Moreover, it was being disregarded and many farmers were paying rent." Mr. Parnell declares that he desires the formation of a British confederation with the supreme Parliament and local parliaments for England, Ireland and other parties to confederation.

Iron (London) says: "There are many articles in which several countries are a long way ahead of us. An example is to be found in the superiority of the tools which are now so largely imported into this country from America, and which, while remarkable for their quality and finish, are much less costly than those of English production."

SCOTTISH LAND WAR!

THE CROFTERS!

PUBLIC OPINION ABOUT THEM.

A correspondent of the Glasgow Herald writes:—

"When things come to the worst they must mend" is a trite saying. The blow that has just been struck in Skye reverberates throughout the length and breadth of the land. It has been re-echoed in St. Stephen's Hall, where a all likelihood more of it shall ere long be heard. In present circumstances the Government cannot afford to allow the principles of the Irish Land League to take deep root in Scotland, which they are certain to do unless the grievances, whether real or imagined, that have gone on the peninsula of Skye in various districts to assume a defiant attitude towards their landlords, and in the recent instance to obstruct the officers of the law in the performance of a distasteful duty, be inquired into in such a manner as to restore confidence and peace. For the present the majesty of the law has been vindicated in the Portree district of Skye, inasmuch as that, at the expense of several individuals, including delicate and aged women, being seriously worsted in an encounter with the Glasgow police force, which the exigencies of the case induced the responsible authorities of the county of Inverness to borrow for the occasion, five men, pointed out by a sheriff's officer as the ringleaders in the alleged assault upon himself, have been lodged in Inverness jail preparatory to their being tried for the offence. But this is but the beginning, and he would be a wise man who could divine with certainty what the end is to be. The men are yet to be tried, and there seems to be a difficulty in determining how that is to be done. The popular feeling is so much in their favor that it is doubtful whether an Inverness-shire jury would convict them, and to be tried summarily by either the Sheriff of Skye or the Sheriff of the county, both of whom took part in the captured and got wounded in the recent, would look unseemly. The ruling of a judge in such circumstances would be unbiassed and without prejudice, more especially if the ruling should be adverse to the accused. The proper thing would seem to be to send the men to be tried at the Judiciary Court in Edinburgh, where they would have the advantage of being defended by able counsel, which their sympathizers are able and willing to provide for them. It is said that several other districts in Skye beyond Lord Macdonald's property are disaffected, and the result of the approaching trial is waited for with intense interest and anxiety by all concerned. It is not to be forgotten, also, that the evictions for which summonses were served under the protection of the police are yet to be effected, and it is not improbable that a second expedition to Skye will be necessary. The well-deserved fair fame of the Skye people for loyal submission and attachment to their chiefs and hereditary landlords has been tarnished by the recent unfortunate proceedings. The sensitive feelings of the natives generally have been grievously wounded by the introduction into their hitherto orderly country of an alien and imposing force of armed men to perform a service that might have been unnecessary or quietly performed in the ordinary course had the time-honoured right of appeal to the chief been respected. But the days of chieftainship and chivalry have passed away, and any of the essence of the ancient devotion to the descendants of the dominant families, maintained by enthusiasts to be still flowing in the life blood of the remnants of the clans, must get thoroughly frozen by allowing disputes between factors and tenants to take the shape they are now doing in Skye. To outsiders the real bone of contention is unallegible and requires some explanation—an explanation that is now almost unprocurable except through factors, whose interest it is to withhold it. The Skye peasantry may or may not be illiterate, as a illiterate are above a common sense; and the idea of tenants-at-will, with helpless families depending upon them, taking such an attitude as the Braes crofters have taken without an intolerable grievance, is not a justifiable cause, is quite incompatible with common sense. We must not be understood as approving of their rashness in obstructing the execution of a Sheriff's warrant, a circumstance that is greatly to be deplored. Passive obedience to the few as it stands would have been better for them individually, although, perhaps, as they calculated, the resistance brings the general question prominently before the country. The circular addressed by Lord Macdonald's factor to the disaffected crofters of Braes, on the 23d of March last, appears at first sight most reasonable and to take away completely the ground from under the feet of the refractory crofters. It is an admirable work of art, and would be perfect if it kind but that it lacks two important elements—candour and a strict adherence to facts. It argues the case at considerable length, and amongst other things, points out that, even admitting that the hill commonly called Ben Lee was formerly theirs by right of occupancy and that they paid rent for it, these circumstances do not give them a right to again become tenants of it, nor prove that their present rents are too high; that the rents at present paid by Lord Macdonald's small tenants were fixed in the year 1810; that since then the value of land has enormously increased, and rents in proportion; that their rents are very low; that they have many advantages, being near the sea and favourably situated for fishing; that the factor in office, when the hill was taken from them 17 years ago, told them distinctly at the time that they had no right to it, though they had been allowed on sufferance to graze their sheep upon it; and that they had continued to acquiesce in that decision by paying their rent until now.

A SAD FATALITY.

A PASSENGER ON THE INCOMING Q. M. O. & O. R. S. TRAIN KILLED THIS MORNING.

A very sad and fatal accident occurred this morning at St. Theresa, on the Q. M. O. & O. Railway line. It appears that a farmer named Francis Keegan, who lives on the Papineau Road in this city, was a passenger on the train, and had got out at the St. Theresa Station while the St. Jerome train was coupling with the incoming Quebec Express. He stood talking to a number of friends who had come to meet him, when he was surprised, on turning around, to see the cars moving from the depot. Not knowing that they were only shunting, he immediately rushed to grasp the handles on the platform on one of the fast receding

cars. In his haste he did not notice a small wooden box placed near the edge of the platform. Over this he stumbled and fell beneath the wheels of the cars. Both the unfortunate man's legs were almost severed from the body above the knees by the wheels passing over him. Dr. Desjardins was soon in attendance and did his best for the mutilated man, who only survived a few hours. Sad to relate Keegan was in company with his son and was coming in to the city from a farm which he had recently purchased in the back country, to bury his wife, whose demise occurred a day or two ago. The Coroner has been notified and an inquest will be held to-day at St. Theresa. The sad affair took place at about half-past seven this morning.

THE CAVENDISHES IN AMERICA.

WHAT GENERAL AVERILL SAYS OF THEM.

General Averill, of the United States Army, states that Lord Frederick Cavendish and his brother, the Marquis of Hartington, were entertained by him in 1862 when they were with the Army of the Potomac. Sir John Rose accompanied them. General Averill had won a lot of champagne and Chateau Margaux at a game of poker at Washington, when en route for Antietam. This wine he took with him, and at Harper's Ferry three Englishmen, seeing him wearing the insignia of a General, introduced themselves as Lords Hartington and Frederick Cavendish and Sir John Rose. The General was pretty sick from having played poker all night and drunk so much wine while he lay in his bed and conversed with and entertained them at luncheon. He says:—Cavendish was a young fellow, pretty well made, of frank, bluff style. His elder brother, Hartington, was something over thirty years old. When he got out of Berlin, in Maryland, to find the army, these young fellows still went along with us, and we came to a small house at the roadside, standing rather on a hill, which had but one bed in it, and was inhabited by a poor woman. We concluded to stop there for the night, and there young Lords lay down on the floor with my staff, making no complaint, and insisted on my taking the bed. I then got at my supplies, and some of the boys had hunted for me in the neighbourhood. They probably thought that an American officer lived just as I did that day on the results of my poker game. We had champagne and ice, and then Margaux and pork and beans. The next day, while we were at the same house, Gen. McClellan rode past and called out to me: "How are you, Averill? Glad to see you back." General McClellan, thank you, said I. Hearing his name, these two fellows rushed down to the fence to get a glimpse of the General they had read so much of, but I did not introduce them. The staff officers got to like them pretty well, and used to say to this Cavendish who was killed on Saturday, "Cavendish, give me some of your tobacco." They stayed around camp some time, and suddenly Hartington disappeared and turned up in Lee's army. The others did not go. I never inquired as to whether General McClellan permitted Hartington to pass the lines, but have the idea that he just walked out of the picket line and went over. Sir John Rose, when I saw him afterward in Canada, rather apologized for Hartington's disappearance, which was the first time I knew that he had gone to Lee.

ORANGE DEMONSTRATION AT GREENOCK.

Speech by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, M. P.

On Wednesday an Orange demonstration, under the auspices of the Blythwood Purple Heroes Temperance L. O. L., No. 342, was held in the Town Hall, Greenock. The attendance was not very large. The hall was decorated by flags of the Order hung from the gallery, and thus presented rather a gay appearance. Mr. Allan Gilmour, Jr., of Eaglesham, in the absence of Colonel Sir Archibald Campbell, occupied the chair, and among those on the platform were Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, M. P.; Messrs. W. G. Maughan, John Burnet, advocate, Edinburgh; William Neill; Provost Binzie, Gourcock; William McClellan, A. S. Morris, &c. Letters of apology were read from Sir Archibald Campbell, of Blythwood; Mr. John Scott, shipbuilder, Greenock, and others. After a few remarks by the Chairman,

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, M. P., moved a resolution to this effect:—"That, having received a glorious heritage from the Conservative party, we promise to give our support to the same, and that we declare our unqualified disapproval of the vacillating policy of the present Government." In supporting the resolution, he said he felt, although he was not an Orangeman himself, and although perhaps on some points he might not altogether agree with the views of that body, yet it was the duty of everyone to support and accede to the views of the Orangemen in Scotland, who were bound to their brethren in Ireland by the closest ties and associations. They could not forget that at the time when the cause of law and order, but also the tie of feeling which united Ireland with Great Britain, had been so seriously weakened as it was at present, that it was to the local Orangemen of Ireland alone that the Ministry and the Crown had been able to look for support. (Applause.) The chairman had well stated that no Government that ever existed in these islands had done so much to sap the foundations of property—the basis on which the State, the security of life, and the unity of the Empire rested—as the present one. That was a grave charge, but he thought the events of the past two years amply bore the statement out. He remembered when Lord Beaconsfield left office how his great opponent described the state of Ireland, and generally a sense of confidence and satisfaction, such as was unknown in the previous history of the country, and he remembered Mr. Gladstone attempting to explain that the words referred not to the period which in the ordinary sense of the English language should be accepted, but that they referred to some long period of time preceding, which would deprive them of all sense and meaning. But notwithstanding that attempt at evasion, he would ask them to remember that when they came into office. They repealed the Peace Preservation Act. They did not renew that Act; and what were the reasons they gave for not renewing it? Why, their reasons were that the state of Ireland was so satisfactory that they could do without it, and that they were unwilling to maintain any law which was an encroachment on public liberty. They supported that contention of theirs by speeches in and out of Parliament. They maintained that it was their duty to allow that most necessary condition of law and order to be abandoned and called attention to the famous letter in which Lord Beaconsfield spoke of the state of veiled rebellion in Ireland, which would, he said, if it were neglected or if it were pandered to, or if the security of law and order were trifled with, result in a state worse than pestilence or famine. These

words had been ridiculed at the time, and were denounced by the leaders of the Liberal party as an unnecessary and unstatesmanlike attack upon the Irish and the objects of the leaders of the Irish party. They were denounced as wicked and criminal; but these words were not merely extraordinary warnings, but they were prophetic. (Applause and hisses.) He proceeded to refer to Mr. Gladstone's speech in the Guildhall, and asked how Mr. Gladstone then described the state of Ireland. (Applause.) He had described it as a disgrace to England in the eyes of the civilized world, and Ireland had gone on from bad to worse. The outrages and the anarchy, the lawlessness and the crime, which justified the expressions in December, 1880, had doubled, had tripled, had quadrupled since. In the first year of Mr. Gladstone's rule the outrages had reached the enormous total of 2,550. Last year there were 4,913 outrages. He believed he was literally correct to a dozen or so, but he would assume that there were 4,900—that was double what they were during the first year of the Gladstonian administration; and what had been the case during the first three months of this year? Why, the outrages in January, February and March, 1882, had doubled, if not tripled, the number that had been in January, February and March, 1881. Now, had he not established beyond a doubt, looking at the state of Ireland, looking at the murders, the outrages, the mutilations, the attacks upon person and property in every quarter of the country excepting the loyal north of Ireland—(applause)—was it not the fact that the state of Ireland, which was accurately described in the prophetic language of Lord Beaconsfield, was one worse than pestilence and famine? He attributed all this to the management and misrule of the present Government. The most serious fact in connection with Ireland was not the depreciation of property, but he thought that the most serious fact was the demoralization that the people were undergoing. Mr. Bartlett then went on to allude to the Constitution and Government of the British Empire, and urged them to strive to uphold it. He traced the onward march of the Russians in Asia, and said that within the last twelve months the Russians had advanced 500 miles nearer India. Sir Charles Dika had admitted that the other day; but this advance was more important than a mere advance of 500 miles. They had made the most critical, the most important stride onwards that they had ever yet made. They had crossed the great desert, which was the only boundary, and which should have been maintained as the only boundary between them and India. If they had been forbidden to cross that desert, the chances were that a long time would have passed before the Russians would have attempted to cross it; but the case was very different now. They had obtained a footing south of it in a fertile country, and they had only to come 200 miles further to be in possession of Herat. But they had done more. They had conquered the Turcomans, and in a few years Russia would employ those Turcomans to conquer the Afghans, and then she would employ the Afghans to sweep down into the plains of India (Applause). At the very moment, too, that Russia was making those tremendous advances, that was the moment that the Government chose to abandon Candahar. (Applause.) He said that if Lord Beaconsfield's policy of obtaining the strong, secure frontier on the north-west of India had been carried out they might still have had a strong sense of security (Applause). But they had no security now. He warned them that the British would be gradually driven downhill in Asia, and the consequences would be that they would at last be face to face with Russia's power in Asia, and they would have to spend millions to secure their power in Asia. The hon. gentlemen then went on to refer shortly to the operations of the French in Tunis, and to the policy of the Government in connection therewith, and afterwards dwelt on the situation in Egypt. He concluded by proposing the resolution, and having to leave the meeting to catch a train, was awarded, on the motion of Provost Binzie, a hearty vote of thanks for his address. Mr. B. B. Shearer, writer, Greenock, seconded the motion in the absence of Mr. Thos. Weatherall, Glasgow, and it was carried with acclamation.

SPORTING NEWS

The annual general meeting of the Racquet Club will be held at the court on St. George street, this afternoon at 5 o'clock. The SS. "Concordia" which arrived in port on Sunday, landed at noon yesterday forty-nine bounties acquired two months ago from the Earl of Huntingdon, Kings County, Ireland, by the Montreal Hunt. A London (England) Amateur Rowing Association has been formed, consisting of the President of the University Club and chief London clubs. The object is to form a representative British crew to compete against foreign and colonial crews in the event of their entering British regattas or issuing challenges. Wyllie (Herd La) the celebrated checker player has arrived in the city and last evening commenced a tournament at the Montreal Chess and Checker Club Rooms, St. James street, with Mr. T. Finn the Montreal champion. Wyllie won the first game in twenty minutes and Finn the second in one hour, playing then stopped for the evening. Lorillard's "Troquois" has been scratched from all engagements at Epsom and Ascot meeting, his "Powhattan" and "Nemo" from entries for the race for the Derby stakes, and his "Hlawasse" from entries for race for the Oaks stakes. A member of the Montreal Bicycle Club recently rode from the headquarters on Mansfield street, without a single stoppage or dismount, to Valois, 16 miles by way of Cote St. Antoine, Mackay Institute, Blue Bonnets, Lachine and Dorval in 1 hour and 30 minutes.

THE VATICAN AND CRIME IN IRELAND.

LONDON, May 16.—It is stated that the Vatican is considering a proposal to issue orders through a propaganda to the bishops of Ireland desiring them to publish pastoral letters condemning atrocities.

THE ABERCORN MURDER.

HARTFORD, Conn., May 15.—William Richards, the Englishman arrested at Waterbury two weeks ago for the murder of Joseph Jackson, a brother immigrant, at Abercorn, Quebec, last July, has confessed. He says they quarrelled over a little money and Jackson struck him in the face. Richards then knocked Jackson down, his skull being fractured by striking a stone. Richards carried Jackson to the abyss and threw him down, the fall mangled his body. Richards went down and rifled Jackson's pockets of \$10. Extradition proceedings have been commenced. Foreign purchases by the United States continue in excess of exports.