

Written for The Pilot. A Coranach.

A pillowed head On the cold dead clay, And a love and a life that died away! Pray God the head that lies so low Under the sheet of the shrouding snow, Has less of death and deathless care Than the living heart That's buried here!

PARNELL AT WICKLOW.

The following is a full report of Mr. Parnell's speech delivered at Wicklow a few days ago. When, he said, I have expressed my conviction that in a new Parliament we should be able to form our platform on a single plank, and make it a plank of legislative independence, my declaration has been received by the English press and by some, though not by all the English leaders, with a storm of disapproval, and they have told us that yielding an independent Parliament to Ireland was a matter of impossibility.

carry with them a burning hatred against English rule and bequeath it to their children, the Irishman who goes to Australia and finds a different system of English rule, becomes a loyal citizen, and a strength and prop to the community in which his lot is cast. I say it is possible and it is the duty of the English statesman of to-day to enquire into and examine these facts for themselves, and to cease from a task they admit to be impossible, that of going forward in continued misgovernment. If these lessons can be learned I am convinced that the English statesman who is great enough and powerful enough to carry out these teachings, and to enforce them on the acceptance of his countrymen, and to give Ireland full legislative liberty and full power to manage her own domestic concerns, will be regarded in the future by his countrymen as one who has removed the greatest peril to the English Empire—a peril I firmly believe which, if not removed, will find some day, perhaps not in our time, but will certainly find, sooner or later, and it may be sooner than later, an opportunity of avenging itself by the destruction of the British Empire, for the oppressions and misgovernment of centuries."

WEXFORD'S WAY.

MR. WILLIAM REDMOND'S REPLY TO JOE CHAMBERLAIN. From the speech Mr. W. Redmond, M. P., made on the 11th ult., and in which he made defiance to Mr. Chamberlain, we quote as follows: Our position is simply and plainly this: We take a practical view of what has occurred in Ireland for some time gone by, and we find that eighty-five years of British rule in this country has resulted in driving from Ireland more than one-half of the population of the country. How any man, who calls himself a sane man, or an honest man, can get up and advocate the existence of a government which for the last eighty-five years has ruined this country every way, which has driven out of this country more than one-half of the population—five or six millions of people—how any one can assert a claim for the continued existence of that government is a thing altogether beyond my comprehension, or the comprehension of any man who looks at Irish politics merely from the standpoint of benefiting the whole of the country and the whole of the people as best we can. We want to substitute for this rule, which has driven our brothers, our sisters, our fathers and our mothers to other countries, a native government which will be elected by the people alone. That is our demand, and until that demand is fully and completely realized I can assure my Orange friends there are plenty of men in the South of Ireland with Mr. Parnell at their head, and plenty of men in the North who will never allow agitation to cease in this country, through one method or another, until that end is brought about. One word as to the latest statement on the question of home rule. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who is for one thing a millionaire, who has made his money by making screws, and giving very small screws to his workmen, who is for another thing a Radical politician, who can stretch his radicalism very conveniently; for instance, he can stretch it to voting for two coercion acts in this country, and into voting millions of money to carry on a war of British bayonets against the naked bodies of people in the Sudan who never did anything to Queen Victoria or anybody belonging to her. This gentleman has said we are not going to get home rule, and the one argument which he gives, or rather he puts all arguments, and all questions of right on one side, and the one reason he gives us for not complying with Mr. Parnell's demand is that England is 31,000,000 of people, and Ireland only 4,000,000. This is the argument of the bully and coward—I am bigger than you and I will punch your head. It is the only argument the great high priest of Radicalism can bring to bear against our admittedly just demand to exist in the right to rule our own country in our own way. We are only 4,000,000 of people! If that were so I know of many a man in England, from the prime minister down, who would sleep more comfortably to-night. We are only 4,000,000 of people! If that were so how very soon they would put their strong hands on our throat and throttle the life out of us; they would very soon carry out the suggestion made in a cold-blooded manner, by the English Times, when it said, "Soon the Celt will be on the shores of Manhattan." But how is it to-day? From those shores of Manhattan, from the glorious republic of America, beat back the voices of those men they thought to exterminate, but only expatriated, beat back their voices, and from other countries in thundering answer to the challenge of Mr. Chamberlain, to tell him if he is a wise politician in dealing with Ireland, he will not delude the English people into the idea that they are dealing with 4,000,000 unarmed peasants, but that he will place the truth before his countrymen and tell them that there are 25,000,000 or 30,000,000 of the Irish race determined as I am, and as you are, to drive British rule from this country. They will do so if they can by their votes, but if they are altogether ignored, I dare say that the day may come when the crack of Irish rifles on the shores of Great Britain will wake up lads like Mr. Chamberlain.

A Certain Result.

In all disturbed action of the Stomach, the Bowels, the Liver or the Kidneys the result of taking Burdock Blood Bitters is certain to afford prompt benefit to the sufferer. Burdock Blood Bitters cure when other remedies fail. Mrs. Mary Thompson, of Toronto, was afflicted with Tape Worm, 8 feet of which was removed by one bottle of Dr. Low's Worm Syrup.

THE PRIEST AND HIS ENEMIES.

Who are the Priest's Enemies? There is not an individual on earth, whatever position he may occupy, who has as many enemies as the priest. Soldier of the Church, minister of the dispensary of the gifts of God, he has for enemies all who want neither God, nor law, nor truth. The innumerable schismatics who reject the authority of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, enemies of the priest; those thousand sects of heretics escaped from the fold of the Good Shepherd, enemies of the priest; those thousands of unbelievers whom faith discards and thwarts, enemies of the priest; the malefactors who continually hear from the priest's mouth the condemnation of their misdeeds, enemies of the priest; the romancers, the singers of lasciviousness, low and servile sycophants of all the passions, enemies of the priest; tyrants, those scourges of mankind, who desire to oppress remorselessly, enemies of the priest; conspirators of all kinds, who are preparing in darkness, by means of which they may seize on power, enemies of the priest; despisers of the property of others, whatever title they may cover themselves with, to whatever class they may belong, enemies of the priest!

WHAT ARE THE PRIEST'S CRIMES?

There is hardly a week in which we do not hear of some fault, some crime, committed by some individual or other belonging to a more or less elevated class in the social orders. There have been bankers who were thieves; notaries have been seen in Mazas, (the prison) and physicians on the scaffold. The people, when they see these things, have more contempt than indignation. They raise a hue and cry at the wretches, and that is all. But let a monk, a priest, a brother be branded with infamy any day; little difference does it make to the people that this happens once in twenty years, than it is in the proportion of one in a thousand; then they are filled with wrath, they are beside themselves with indignation. Full of contempt and jeering for the former, for vulgar criminals, they become terrible to the latter; for these latter are not only men, they are guides, and when they have fallen they have been guilty of treachery. As for the former, the people forget the names; as for the latter they keep their names sternly in mind, they execrate them for all time; for these had a commission and were faithful to it; theirs was the duty to teach truth, and they have been deceivers.

I know that I am here touching upon a burning question; but fire purifies, I shall go to the furthest limit. It is the same feeling which has made the people hardly pay attention to the hundred of people given by lay teachers. What difference does it make to them? They are men like everybody else. They have well? So much the better. They behave badly? Well, the flesh is weak, that is all. But, on the other hand, let a newspaper suddenly happen to come across a scandal committed by a teacher wearing the religious habit, let the newspaper make this scandal public; let it be exceptional that scandal; it may be in the proportion of one to a thousand; the indifference and pity of a while ago give way to that wrath, that indignation of which I have spoken. In their simplicity, the liberal journalists, who excite these violent feelings, imagine that they are destroying respect for religious teaching in the heart of the people; they are mistaken. The contrary is the case. They are only furnishing the people with an opportunity to acknowledge themselves unconsciously but emphatically religious, since they are astonished at one guilty man among a thousand, while they accept without the least astonishment twenty other similar cases of men like him.

HOW IS THE PRIEST JUDGED?

When laymen do not succeed in satisfying everybody, what can the poor priests do in these evil days? They, at the Branch station, I saw one get off the train. He carried in his hand a travelling bag for which three young rogues disputed. "Thanks," he said, "thanks." The interesting porters insisted; but the ecclesiastic, all the while holding his bag, continued on his way, repeating, "Thanks, my friends, thanks." Two bloused voters, who were smoking their pipes, were witnesses of this little scene. They, in the neighborhood of the railway. "Jules," said the younger to his comrade, "see that cure dragging his baggage. It's a pity that bag isn't trunk; we'd have the pleasure of seeing him carry it on his shoulders or on his head. That's the way you respect your robe and your character, Monsieur l'abbé! And that to avoid giving ten sous to an unemployed workman, that's avarice. And those people preach charity, and pretend to love the people! Blatherskite! you see, Jules."

DO NO VIOLENCE TO THE LIVER

and general system by repeated doses of mercury in the shape of Calomel and blue pill. Many persons thus dose themselves even without the advice of a physician. The best substitute for such pernicious drugs, and the use of which is never followed by disastrous effects upon the general health, is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which permanently tones the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and gives a healthful glow to the cheek. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

AFTER THE SPEECHES.

HOW THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARIANS ENJOYED THEMSELVES AT THE PARNELL BANQUET.

The speeches over, the reporters retired, and the company gave itself up to tranquil enjoyment; and the tranquility and the enjoyment would have disgusted Irish politicians of the good old days, as he saw how many glasses filled with the fizzing ginger-beer or the ghostly Apollinaris, stood before the members, who had already "taken the pledge." When the hour of festivity comes at the gatherings of the Irish party, T. D. Sullivan is always the great figure. His fine, clear, powerful voice rings out in a melody of Moore, or Lover, or Denny Lane, or one of his own splendid ballads. Now his song is soft and pathetic and again it is full of his rollicking humor. He often comes with some composition just fresh from the poetic anvil; on the night of the banquet he sang for the first time a versified account of an "All Night Sitting," which was highly enjoyed by men who could not appreciate every humorous point and quaint touch. Mr. Healy is probably unknown to the general world as a vocalist; but he is always good for a song, and if Sims Reeves would not grow pale at him as a competitor, he might well wish for his readiness to oblige. John O'Connor has a fine baritone and the musical taste and cultivation that are habitual in Cork; and Mr. Leamy may know other things than "The Rising of the Moon;" but he is known to his colleagues as a singer of one song. Thus for a while there was a complete truce to speeches, but there was a general communication that before the night was out one or two other toasts would follow. The O'Gorman Mahon, rising straight as a pine, was hailed with "Cheers for the Grand Old Man," and spoke to a delighted audience of 1823, and Catholic Emancipation, and the sacrifice of the freshlovers as of something that happened the day before yesterday.

THE IRRESPRESSIBLE BEGGAR.

There was another toast that has now become a standing event at dinners of the Parliamentary party. It is not set down formally, it is often even excluded formally, as at the banquet; but it is inevitable, for it rises spontaneously and unannounced from the strong affections of forty men for one of their number. That toast is, "The Health of Joseph Biggar." Whenever these words are pronounced, there arises one loud, wild, undivided cheer; for Joseph Biggar is near the heart of every man in the Irish party. And then occurs another curious phenomenon. A strange glimpse of the difference between the political reputation and the inmost character of men, and between the attitude of the same man to those whom he regards as the friends and those whom he considers foes to his country's cause. If there be a man in the Irish party whom the enemies of Ireland regard as harder, tougher—shall it be said, more savage in his character than another, it is Joseph Biggar. It is his friends only who know how soft and tender and true the real man is. When his name is mentioned in terms of praise by a colleague, and is received with cheers by his friends, the real nature of the man can no longer command itself. His breast heaves; if he speaks, it is with a trembling voice; with a nervous twitch, he covers his face with his hands; and the tears have already rushed to his eyes and trickle down his cheeks. Then he gets up in stumbling words, declaring that he is but a commonplace creature; very lazy—"Oh! oh!" about his colleagues—"Yes, yes!" says Joseph in a most earnest remonstrance; "the truth is, I've always been very lazy;" and winds up by declaring that he is proud to be amongst so many men so much abler and better than himself. So it was at the Parnell banquet, when Mr. Healy proposed his health. Finally, the "God Save Ireland" was led by T. D. Sullivan; it was sung by all the members standing; and the historic gathering came to a close.—United Ireland.

A TURNCOAT.

Irish Fire-side. An Irishman whose first name is Anthony, and who still resides once at Old Kilpatrick, Dumblartonshire, and while there, had a goat that was a noted rambler. One day she was curious enough to visit the Protestant church of the village, and by means of mounting a tombstone close by the wall she managed to jump through a window right into the building. When a church officer opened the door on Sunday morning, he was surprised to find the horned animal darning and skipping in the building with as much seeming agility and grace as one of the mountebanks that preach at the Jail square, Glasgow. As a natural consequence she was arrested and put in pound, and her master was summoned before a Dumblarton magistrate and ordered to pay all damages, but Anthony in order to get clear of the responsibility replied to his hearer: "Bodad, I will do nothing of the kind, because I reared my goat up in the true faith, and now since she has thought proper to turn her coat just keep her there and let her go to perdition along with her new friends."

Mr. Alexander Robinson, of Exeter, in writing about one of the most popular articles, and one that has done more good to the afflicted than any other medicine has during the short time it has been in existence, says: "I have used four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and have been cured of Dyspepsia that troubled me for over ten years. Part of that time I had it very bad, and I was at considerable expense trying to get relief; but this excellent medicine was the first and only relief I received." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

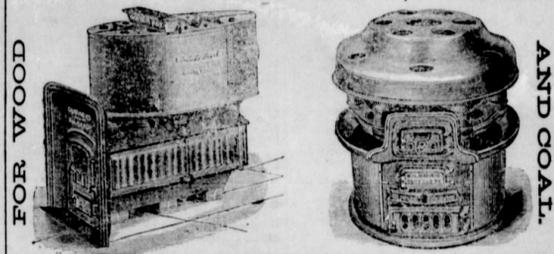
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