



BURDETTE'S HUMOR.

Bright and Witty Fancies of a Funny Man.

Crisp shafts of wit aimed at Modern Fables—Unappreciated Talent—Women and Secrets—criticism as a Fine Art—The Greatness that was Thrust upon an Author—A Whole Man—The Beginning of Trouble—Talk and Thought—End Me Never Did.

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A SOUL-ABSORBING OCCUPATION.
Yes, Albert, it is possible for you to live to the end of your days performing successfully every day of the rare feat of keeping your mouth shut at the right time, of never uttering a sentence until you have first weighed it carefully in your mind, revised it, and adjusted it accurately to existing conditions of things. Yes, you can do that. But, then, you won't do anything else. No, my boy, if you do that always, you'll be an idle, listless, solitary, lonesome thing in all your life. You will have time to do nothing except to think what you are going to say and how you are going to say it, and then by the time you are all ready, and open your mouth, the man you were going to say it to will have grown weary of waiting and gone away.

GRATEFULNESS THIRST UPON HIM.
"This is my friend, Mr. Iakwell, Mrs. Gushington," said the professor; "the author of a work on American genealogy which bids fair to become a household word. Oh, my dear Mr. Iakwell, I have been dying to see you. I owe to you a list of sleepless nights. I got hold of your book, and actually I could scarcely lay it down long enough to take my meals! It is so fascinatingly interesting." And poor Mr. Iakwell, who has just published the new city directory for 1888, is so tossed about in his mind that he desires to crawl into the register, but cannot.

THAT NOBLE ANIMAL.
Professor Gleason, the horse-trainer, says that "a horse has large, round, full eyes, standing out well from the head; he is apt to be intelligent and teachable. We don't know much about horses, but when you see a man with eyes of that description, large, round, and prominent—what are vulgarly termed 'pop-eyes,' you can bet your good millions he can talk a mile post-stone deaf in half a day. He's a talker! You never in your life know a poy-eyed man who didn't love to talk—early, late, and all the time—about politics, religion, the weather, himself, anybody, anything, just so he talks. He's no fool; the sign holds in him as it does in Gleason's horse, but, Land of Silence, what a chatterer he is!

THE LOOK IN GLASS.
No, George, you don't look through the Lick telescope with your tongue. It's another kind of magnifying glass entirely that a man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes when he gets a focus with it. Wonderful things have benzine through it.

GOOD PLACE TO STORE JOKE.
There is only one safe mine in the United States, and that is away down in Louisiana. No wonder so many people in this country are so hopelessly fresh.

PROBABLY NEVER WILL BE.
"Does cigarette smoking affect the brain?"
Can't say, Albert; there have never been any experiments with that combination.

MAD FOR WEALTH AND POWER.
Another Baltimore girl has married an editor. It makes one heartsick and sorrowful to see our bright, happy, beautiful young girls thus selling their youth and their love and their lives for gold and a reigning position in society.

AT THE FAIR.
"How did you come out in your lottery drawing, Tommie?" "Oh, I wonned!" "You should say 'I won.'"
"No, I winned. The prize was a Japanese fan."

THAT MAKES 'EM SQUANDER.
"Ah," sighed granddaddy, "there are no boys in these days! What it makes good, true, manly boys you see! 'I don't know,' said mother, coming in from the kitchen, 'unless she's because I want an armful of wood stacked before dinner. Will-yum! Char-lee! Oh-A Robert! You John! Mary, you'll have to go out to the wood-pile and cut a couple of sticks for me, there's a good girl.'"
BUT THEY DON'T HEED TOGETHER.
Indiana has Ben Hurd from, and Lew Wallace is nominated for President. But Ohio, when Frank Hurd from it, went back on the name.

SOME MEN ARE BUILT THAT WAY.
"I am afraid, doctor," said the professor, shaking his head, "that Mr. Longjaw talks faster than he thinks." "Does," he talks at all," replied the president shortly, and the professor's worst fears were confirmed.

THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLE.
Real good, hard, sudden, unpremeditated, hearty and soul-felt swearing began about the middle of the thirteenth century. Pins were invented about that time, and the first man who ran one clear through the end of his thumb while trying to pin a leather suspender to a buckskin waistband, or rammed one under his finger-nail half way up to his shoulder while sliding his arm around the waist-belt of a girl in the dark, must have made the welkin ring with sudden fluency of Volapuck that carried the ward by storm. This is what you might call an illustration of internal evidence, as it were.

FATE SOMETIMES GUIDES HER KINDLY.
A spirited young American lady who married while studying music abroad writes to a newspaper that she had met a girl who married into noble Italian families do not get husbands. "No, indeed, they don't. That's so. Sometimes they marry the monkey instead of the count—the mistake is one that is very easily made—and then they do very well, indeed, because the husband helps to support the family."

TOO ARTIFICIAL FOR A WHOLE MAN.
"You should eat cheese with a fork," says the Home Journal. That's all right for a man with no lower jaw, but in the case of the average man, what's the matter with the human mouth?

A MASTERY CHARGE.
"Who charged the jury in the Redhand murder case?" Judge Godlaw "No," replied the juror, solemnly, "it was Sheriff Holdfast, and he charged 'em for all that was out, now I

tell you. Dollar-half a day for meals that you could get for half the money at the best hotels in town."

STICK TO YOUR OWN WEAPONS.
A young man in Columbia, S.C., writes "What is the best way to carve a goose?" "Wid a razzar, Ramus, wid a razzar."

IT ONLY MOVES FOR AN ASSESSMENT.
"Is there such a thing," asks a Princeton student, "an absolute rest?" Well, possibly not; but Mr. Kealy of Philadelphia, has invented a motor which comes nearer the attainment of that state than anything else yet known to man.

UNAPPRECIATED TALENT.
Young Mr. Softy Badboy, home on short vacation, entertaining ladies— "And this is our class yell, Miss Weaknerves—Hoo, hoo; hoo; hoo; hoo, pah! yah-hoo, yah-hoo! oom pah, oom pah! wah-lee, wah-lee! ki-hi, ki-hi, ki-hi! ya-ya, ya-ya, waugh!" (Old Weaknerves explains next morning while paying a fine of fifty dollars for assault with a deadly weapon with intent to commit a felony and covetous that he has himself only about ten days ago, and when the attack came on the young man he lost all control of himself, and grabbed up an adze and a buggy wrench a week for him.)

GIVE IT TO THE WOMAN.
Yes, yes, my son, I know a woman can't keep a secret. This is mighty rough on the woman, I know, also, that the President's Message is usually published two or three days before it is delivered. I suppose this is mighty rough on the woman, too. It's rough on all the rest of us, anyhow.

FOURED OUT LIKE WATER.
Some people are too extravagant for any use. George Francis Train says that his lecture receipts in Maine averaged six dollars a night. Now, what's the use of throwing money away like that?

A RACKER, SO TO SPEAK.
"Dot vas a trusty turkey horse dot you ride, Mr. Smallcash," said Mr. Levi. "Yes?" replied the gruffed rider. "I didn't know you were a judge of horses." "Well, I see he paces as he goes; he vos a good clothes horse, Mr. Small—!" But he ceased, for what is the use of talking to a man out of hearing?

CRITICISM AS A FINE ART.
Miss Girigard "I can't bear Howella's novels. They have no sense in them, and all his characters are lifeless wooden figures." Miss Gladie "I have you read 'April Hopes'?" "Yes," said Miss Girigard, "I have read any of them, but I have never reviews of them in the funny papers, and that's enough for me." Jack Marshmallow, who used to do the 'Flings and Arrows' column in our high school paper used to hit him off splendidly. Jack's gone into journalism since he graduated. He's editor of the 'Daily Star', and writes all the articles signed 'Gladie' and 'L.' He never reads any of 'em, but I know they must be splendid. He says he's the only editor on the paper whose articles are signed."

BUT HE NEVER DID.
There are no words than these more sad—"I could have done—if I had had." The man who chants this sad refrain Has always failed to catch the train. "He could have bought" the corner lot For fifty dollars—like as no— Which, some two weeks ago, or more, You paid eleven thousand for. The carriage team you bought in town— Planking eleven hundred down— "He could have got" along last fall, For just four hundred, rig and all. "If he had"—when Jones went in— The Congressman he'd now have been—"If he had"—your schooling, say—"A Supreme Judge" he'd be to-day. "If he had had"—your start and health, Millions would scarcely count his wealth. "If he had" read theology, A second Becher he would be; "If he had" turned his thoughts to rhyme, The ages with his muse would chime; "If he had had"—what proverb, say—"If he had had"—he could have been—"If he had had"—how high his throne! "If he had had"—he now would own. Stale, flat, unprofitable, sad—"If I had had—if I had had."

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

DOMESTIC HINTS.
To whiten the hands melt half an ounce of camphor gum, half an ounce of glycerine and one pound of mutton tallow, and apply every night.

To extract ink from wood, soak with sand wet with water and ammonia. Then rise with strong saleratus water.

Salt and water will prevent the hair from falling out, and will cause new hair to grow. Do not use so strong as to leave white particles upon the hair when dry.

Mahogany furniture should be washed with warm water and soap; an application of bees-wax and sweet oil upon a soft cloth, and polished with camoil, gives a rich finish.

Blackheads may be removed by washing the face at night with hot water, then drying briskly with a coarse towel and applying a mixture of one ounce of liquor of potassa and two ounces of cologne.

Hold a hot shovel over furniture to remove white spots.

To restore gilding to picture frames, remove all dust with a soft brush, and wash the gilding in warm water in which an onion has been boiled; dry quickly with soft rags.

To give a good oak color to a pine floor wash in a solution of one pound of copperas dissolved in one gallon of soft soap.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

The Debate on the Address.

MR. O'BRIEN'S SPEECH.

(United Ireland.)
Mr. William O'Brien, who was received with loud and prolonged cheering by the Irish Liberal members, resumed the debate on Mr. Parnell's amendment to the address. He said:—I have not had the pleasure of listening to it attentively in the newspapers, and it seemed to me that, with the honorable exception of the speech of the Solicitor-General for Ireland, all the speeches of gentlemen opposite and the speech of their solitary champion on this side of the House were guided by the key-note struck for them by the Chief Secretary on one of the opening nights of this session. (Hear, hear.) They all seemed to me to be more or less artfully designed to draw angry roars from these benches. (Hear, hear.) Unhappily it is one of our national characteristics that we are a little too quick and hot-headed to resent injustice, and a most generous use you make of your strength to play upon that weakness. The whole policy of the Government in Ireland, and the whole tone of their speeches and of their newspapers—and I am sorry to say of those powerful London newspapers that do their work—their whole object seems to be to get at the worst side of the Irish and English characters (cheers)—to stir up and goad us into doing things which would put

NEW LIFE INTO THE NATIONAL PREJUDICES
which are expiring, and expiring in spite of them (Irish and Liberal cheers). Their difficulty is not that the two peoples are disinclined; their difficulty and terror is that they are growing too united for their purpose (cheers). It is a noble ambition, but you failed in Ireland, and you will fail in this House also (hear, hear). There was a time when we came to this House with our hands against every man and every man's hand against us; for we expected no quarter, and to the best of our ability we gave none. There seemed no use in reasoning with the tremendous and cruel forces against us. But that, happily, is now at an end for ever (loud cheers), thanks to the right hon. gentleman the member for Midlothian. (renewed Irish and Liberal cheers.) We come to this House no longer as enemies amongst enemies. We find ourselves no longer Ishmaelites in this House, nor in this land of England either. We come here now amongst allies who have staked the whole fortunes of their great party on our cause (hear, hear). We believe that

WE ARE WINNING
(loud cheers), and the right hon. gentleman opposite, the Chief Secretary, and his friends have failed in Ireland (loud Irish and Liberal cheers). He has failed to smash our organization; he has failed to break the spirit of our people (loud Irish and Liberal cheers); he has failed to demoralize us—let me say in the eyes of our own countrymen, for that is absurd (hear, hear)—but in the eyes of any honest man in these three kingdoms; he has failed in every one of the calculations in which he indulged so heartily last autumn (hear, hear), when this House trusted him with the tremendous, the terrible powers of this Government. Act to exempt us from the operation of this Act, subject failure and disgrace (hear, hear). I think I shall be able to prove that. Our people, sorely as they have been tried and sorely as they have been proved, have managed to survive the most horrible coercion that that ever was directed against human liberty. They have been able to crush and baffle it at every point, and that without one deed that they need look back upon with shame, and with the sheer force of the unconquerable national spirit (loud Irish and Liberal cheers). In the first place, I shall deal very shortly with my own case, and if I refer to it at all it is not in order to notice the gross sneers of

THE MON. PARLIAMENTARY FOR SOUTH TYRONE.

If there was any man in it as true I would call them malignant sneers (cheers). I think it probable that before very long those sneers will be answered in the only way they deserve by the electors of South Tyrone (cheers). It is not in order to answer him that I have referred to the question of my own case, but it is because undoubtedly I recognize that I am the very worst "criminal" the very worst Parliamentary "criminal" who has been convicted under this Act. I am the only one—I believe—I can say it—I am the only one of the impudently Irish representatives who have been proceeded against under the ordinary common law with the shadow of a chance of conviction. Every other colleague of mine who has been convicted has been punished, or is being punished, for new and for statutable offences for which no jury in the world would dream for a moment of criminally imprisoning them (hear, hear); and the point that I would like to press upon the House is this, that I can justify my offence in the eyes of every man who has a drop of human nature and human suffering than of party rights—if I can justify my offence, then a thousand times more forcibly the conviction of everyone of my colleagues appears to be an outrage upon justice, and their detention in prison

AN INDELIBLE DISGRACE
to the man who put them there (cheers). I find that for foul misrepresentation has been resorted to by the four members of the English public as to the offence for which I was put in prison. Within the last week I have been reading over the papers that were published, and I was sorry to find that the head of Her Majesty's Government, Lord Salisbury, was not above stooping to encourage this attempt most unfairly and untruly to poison the English mind against me (hear, hear). He made a speech at Oxford in which he indulged in a great many flouts and jibes at my own humble existence. Well, I do not complain of that. It is not the first time that he has been accused of juggling in flouts and jibes at the expense of persons with whom he was more intimately allied (hear, hear, and laughter). But here is his great nobleman, the Prime Minister of England, describes to an English audience my offence in Ireland. He asks, "what is there in the case of Mr. O'Brien to excite sympathy?" and then he goes on with these very creditable victims of his— "I do not refer to his small clothes (laughter), their vicissitudes would furnish a theme for an

epic (renewed laughter). I hope an Irish bard will arise worthy of the subject (continued laughter). But taking the man apart from his clothes (cheers of laughter)!"
(Cries of "Oh, oh" and "Shame," from Irish and Liberal benches, and slight hissing from Tories below the gallery.) I notice that the laughter does not quite rise into a roar on the opposite side. (Irish and Liberal laughter.) Of course as to these remarks I only say that to my mind they are characterized by more or less good taste, except that Lord Salisbury is such a very great nobleman I would be inclined to say with less taste. He went on to say— "What is there to excite the sympathy of English Liberals in the case of Mr. O'Brien, who broke the law, and incited others to break the law? He recommended that man employed by the Crown for the recovery of just debts should be met with violence, and in consequence of that violence some of them have been brought near to death's door. (Cries of "Shame.") What is there to excite the sympathy of loyal citizens and loyal subjects?" I shall tell you very briefly the circumstances under which my advice was given to

THE MITCHELSTOWN EVICTIONS.
and I shall tell you what are the results of that advice (loud Irish cheers) and I will ask the opinion of any candid man in this House when he has heard me—I will ask him whether that speech of Lord Salisbury's is not calculated to convey to the average Englishman an impression so false, so misleading, that I am afraid I should be obliged to travel beyond the limits of Parliamentary speech to characterize it. On the 2nd of June, 1887, I, your humble servant, as far as this House was concerned, passed a Land Act enabling the Mitchelstown tenants—over one thousand of them who were leaseholders—to have their rents revised in the Land Court. On the 8th August word reached me that the police and soldiers were gathered in Mitchelstown to carry out an eviction (cheers), and the effect of that word had been to prevent the operation of the Land Act at that estate, and practically speaking to defeat the intention of Parliament and to fling those poor people naked upon the world before the relief which was already actually entering the door could reach their doors. It was technically legal for the landlords to do that, and I am sorry it was longer. But I hold that if ever there was a crime committed against society,

it was the crime that was being attempted, for the day that I went down to Mitchelstown an attempt was already being made to defeat, as I say, the plain and expressed intention of Parliament, and to plunge this whole community into wretchedness and disorder in order to defeat, by a few days, the operations of a bill which the landlord well knew would vindicate the position of the tenants, as it has in fact triumphantly done (Irish and Liberal cheers). Well, but what was to be done? If the right hon. ex-member for West Bristol were still Chief Secretary, at all events acting in his early manner, we might still have had some hope that the Queen's troops would not have been the accomplices of an infamy of this sort (renewed Irish cheers). The police and militia were already at their work on the day that I went to Mitchelstown on the appeal of this poor people. I found that evictions had already been actually carried out on non-residential holdings, and one in the case of a poor widow where there was no possibility of resistance. Ay, it is the law in Ireland. They evict without mercy the most vulnerable also—the most defenceless, and they have no scruple about perpetrating wrong when it can be done in the dark (Irish cheers). I need not describe the feelings that passed through my mind that day when those poor people—my own constituents (cheers)—looked to me in the hour of their helplessness and despair, and to know what was to be done. They saw the ruin that was coming upon them and their homes; there was just one hope, and I defy anybody to point out another (hear, hear). There was just one hope for those poor people in all the world. The Norwich election was pending; it was coming off in a few days. Irish evictions were an awkward topic for the Tory candidate (cheers).

THE STORY OF GLENBIGH AND OF BODKEE
was beginning to horrify and excite the English mind, and I knew that Tory statesmen would not scruple to use their troops to perpetrate wrong, but I knew also, as I have said on all occasions, that I would hesitate to do anything that would make them lose the North-west election. I had not a moment for consultation with anybody in the world. On my own responsibility, and actually and absolutely on my own responsibility, without consultation with anybody, and on the spur of the moment there came into my mind a scheme of resistance, and in the hearing of a number of policemen, I did tell the people that, if under those special circumstances those evictions were carried out, before the Land Bill, which was just almost law then, should become law, that it would not be a vindication of the law, but it would be an outrageous violation of the law, and that they would be all the more united in their defence of the law by every honest effort in their power (prolonged Opposition cheers). I may have been right or I may have been wrong, but I have no doubt on the point in my own mind, and I have not been in the least degree inclined to suffer in my conscience in reference to it. I have no doubt that though technically it was illegal for me to save the people as it would have been legal for the landlord in two days more to ruin them—I dare say it would be a breach of the law

TO HOLD THE ARM OF THE EXECUTIONERS,
even if you knew and that he knew that a reprieve was actually arriving at the gates (loud and prolonged Opposition cheers). That was precisely the case of these people (cheers). A reprieve was coming and the reprieve has come (loud cheers). At all events, whether I was right or wrong in law, the result proved that I did not mislead the people as to the morality of the Tory party. What happened? The moment it became evident that these evictions would not go on without some such thing as I had suggested (loud cheers), the very day that I made that speech at Mitchelstown all was peace for the tenants; not another eviction took place on the estate of Mitchelstown, and I am glad to say, and I am proud to say, remained to turn his energies to getting up a prosecution against me instead (hear, hear). Not a single eviction has taken place from that day to this, not an act of violence was committed. Not a blow was struck, not a hair was touched on the head of a policeman or of a bailiff in consequence of that speech—in consequence of that speech of mine—not one. But it did not end there (cheers). And what was the result? That these poor tenants, those thousands of people who but for our action—who but for the action of my friend John Macdeville and myself would have been

beggarly and homeless men to-day—these men were enabled to take advantage of the Land Act, such as it was. While we were in prison (hear, hear) a Land Commission, carefully chosen, was sent down to the Mitchelstown estate to give a hearing against us and to prove the validity and the dishonesty of the Plan of Campaign; but for all the gold in the house of Barak they could not do it (hear, hear). Those picked Tory officers—two of them convicted rack-renters themselves (hear, hear), they were obliged to declare that these poor tenants, who but for us would have been flung mercifully upon the world by the landlord, were entitled to remain in their homes, and that they are entitled to remain in them at lower terms and at lower rents than had been demanded before (loud Opposition cheers.) What happened since? The landlord has actually taken refuge from the judgment of even a Tory Landlord Commission in the moderation of the Plan of Campaign (cheers); and three days ago my hon. friend and colleague—and I am proud to call him my hon. friend and colleague—the member for South Tipperary, signed, sealed, and delivered a treaty which secured those poor people in their homes as thoroughly as Galtees is secured to its base. This is the transaction to which Lord Salisbury is so much ashamed to refer. He recommended that the man employed by the Crown in the recovery of the debt should be met with violence; and in consequence of his recommendation they were met with violence, and scalded, and some of them brought near to death's door" (hear, hear). As I have told you,

NOT A SINGLE EVICTION TOOK PLACE
after the date of my speech—not a single act of violence of any kind has taken place in any way upon the estate—not a blow was struck—not the smallest injury was inflicted upon any officer of the law in consequence of that speech; and the most frightful wrongs and outrages and those poor people who were being despoiled of everything they had in the world were secured in their homes for evermore. All I can say is, that if that transaction, instead of being submitted to a tribunal of residents magistrates at Mitchelstown—if that transaction should be submitted to any English tribunal—the man employed by the English Government from sea to sea—don't think it is I who would have very much to fear; nor indeed have I any fears of a guilty conscience in facing those men (cheers). I should rather think that if there is anybody to whom the eye of shame applies in the transaction—I should think that if there is anybody who has reason to blush at the name of Mitchelstown, and an attempt was already being made to defeat, as I say, the plain and expressed intention of Parliament, and to plunge this whole community into wretchedness and disorder in order to defeat, by a few days, the operations of a bill which the landlord well knew would vindicate the position of the tenants, as it has in fact triumphantly done (Irish and Liberal cheers). Well, but what was to be done? If the right hon. ex-member for West Bristol were still Chief Secretary, at all events acting in his early manner, we might still have had some hope that the Queen's troops would not have been the accomplices of an infamy of this sort (renewed Irish cheers). The police and militia were already at their work on the day that I went to Mitchelstown on the appeal of this poor people. I found that evictions had already been actually carried out on non-residential holdings, and one in the case of a poor widow where there was no possibility of resistance. Ay, it is the law in Ireland. They evict without mercy the most vulnerable also—the most defenceless, and they have no scruple about perpetrating wrong when it can be done in the dark (Irish cheers). I need not describe the feelings that passed through my mind that day when those poor people—my own constituents (cheers)—looked to me in the hour of their helplessness and despair, and to know what was to be done. They saw the ruin that was coming upon them and their homes; there was just one hope, and I defy anybody to point out another (hear, hear). There was just one hope for those poor people in all the world. The Norwich election was pending; it was coming off in a few days. Irish evictions were an awkward topic for the Tory candidate (cheers).

PRISON TREATMENT.
well I certainly am not going into any recital of the miserable little prison tortures and indignities that were employed to give us pain and humiliation, and what is much more important, to besmirch the character of the Irish representatives in the eyes of the people of England and elsewhere. I do not wish to say anything about that. (loud cheers.) I believe that our opponents are not so lost to everything that is manly (hear, hear), as not to feel rather ashamed than very exultant about the rights hon. gentleman's prison exploits (hear, hear). But there is another order of opponents. I am sorry to think that there are men who are capable of deriving still keener pleasure in seeing smart under their belts. (loud cheers.) I shall not gratify them. And for the simple reason that I don't feel wounded (loud cheers), and I didn't feel in the least degraded (loud cheers). I rather suspect that the right hon. gentleman under all his jaunty bravado carries his conscience not quite so easily as his prison letter which the right hon. gentleman published to a Mr. Armitage, in which, not making any broad and honest charge against me, he conveyed

A STEALTHY AND LOATHSOME INSINUATION,
the loathsome insinuation that I sheltered myself under the plea of illness from the enforcement of prison discipline—a statement as to which I challenge the right hon. gentleman to appeal to any one of three official doctors who examined me for one title, I won't say of foundation, but even of competence for such an order. (loud cheers). Here we are now face to face (loud and continued Opposition cheering), and I challenge him, in defence of his own character—for it is, after all, his own character that is at stake—I challenge him to appeal to any one of those three officials—one of them the prison doctor, a Protestant gentleman, and the son of a landlord; and the other a gentleman whose name even to this hour I do not know—I challenge him to appeal to any single one or to all of these gentlemen, to give the slightest countenance for that infamous imputation (loud cheers). I find I am rather warmer on the subject than I wish to be. I have said that I was angry about the insinuation; but since I have come out of prison, I have had an opportunity of again reading that letter, and I am angry no longer (hear, hear). If I was a much greater man than I am I trust it would be a ample vengeance for me to find that any statesman who had any reputation to lose should have penned such a letter—a letter conveying the slightest imputation upon a man whose mouth was closed (hear, hear)—but I must say also that there breathed in every sentence; the temper of a beaten and an angry man (cheers), and I was going to say of an angry woman (loud laughter, and cries of "Hear, hear,") but I don't want to say it, because it would be

A GROSS LIE.
upon that gentle and tender sex to associate it with the production of such a letter as that in such a spirit. I pass that by without further comment. I have been glad to know since I left prison—as I feel that as no longer necessary for us to defend ourselves in the eyes of the English people, and I believe that there is a Tory of the fifth magnitude who really in his heart believes for one instant that we are such creatures as to cry out against a mere sentence of imprisonment or of the consequences, except those of the hon. gentleman for South Tyrone, who stated that we attempted to set up a distinction between members of Parliament and peasants—our comrades, our true patriots, who have been convicted under the Act. Sir, there is not a shadow, not a tittle of foundation for that (hear, hear). We have claimed nothing for ourselves as members of Parliament that we do not claim equally for every man who is convicted under the summary clauses of the Act. If that man is a criminal there is no reason why he should not be tried before the ordinary tribunals and convicted (hear, hear). This is the only thing I shall say upon the matter—that you are perfectly welcome to treat me and the patients of the prison as you please. The punishment that would have been sufficient for the very vilest crimes in society—the plank bed, bread and water diet, twenty-four hours of solitary confinement, deprived of books, of writing materials, of visits, and so forth—you are perfectly welcome to heap every material and physical discomfort and privation upon me, and I will never hear a murmur or a word of complaint from my lips if you stick to that punishment. You go further and not only treat us as badly as the worst criminals in society—when you go further and try and subject us to

MORAL TORTURE.
from which criminals are altogether exempt—when you ask us to make open and avowed and voluntary acknowledgment of our guilt and equality with criminals, then we say, no! we will die first (hear, hear). And you will have to learn the distinction between your criminal classes and Irish political prisoners, even if you have to fall back on the coroner's jury and their verdict to ascertain that distinction (loud Opposition cheers.) I will say nothing more about it, I will pass on to the youths, and I will only say that if anybody has reason to blush for them, I do not think it is we (hear, hear). I hope I am not detaining the House (loud Home Rule cheers). The only excuse I can plead is that I do not think I shall have an opportunity very soon of claiming the election of our National League. I shall like to speak before I sit down where is all this to go to what object is accomplished? If this is to end for ever and ever, what object can it ever possibly accomplish except misery to a weak people and worry and eternal shame to yourselves? (cheers). Is the object of the right hon. gentleman to convert the Irish people (laughter), to drag them out of spirations which are as deeply lodged in the hearts of a million men as the blood in their veins? (loud and prolonged cheers). Does the right hon. gentleman in his wildest hour imagine that he has made a single convert throughout the length and breadth of Ireland (loud cheers)? I put it to the hon. gentleman, will he consent to the English people to be named as much as one single village club which has stamped out? Can he produce one single man from our ranks whom he has really frightened as the result of all the terrific forces which he has been winking to Ireland during the last six months? I put it to the hon. gentleman, will he consent to remain silent about such an exhibition they passed this Crimes Act with which to trample over us. I remember well the yell of delight with which they hailed the declaration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (I think it was) that this was to be

A DEED TO THE DEATH
between the National League and the Government, and they accepted the challenge. Are you satisfied with the result? (loud Home Rule cheers.) I put it to the hon. gentleman candidly, will they have yelled so loudly last autumn if they could have foreseen that the results of the most stringent Coercion Act, and the most unshocked powers that ever a despot was armed with, would have been so meagre and so miserable? Did you or did you not expect that it would suppress or crush the National League? (loud cheers.) I put it to the hon. gentleman candidly, will they have yelled so loudly last autumn if they could have foreseen that the results of the most stringent Coercion Act, and the most unshocked powers that ever a despot was armed with, would have been so meagre and so miserable? Did you or did you not expect that it would suppress or crush the National League? (loud cheers.) 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