

FATHER BURKE.

THE CHURCH IN ITS RELATION TO IRISH CHARACTER.

[Continued from first page.]

Glory, be to God! you're a priest now, and I've eleven of um," (laughter) Patsy, who had passed through a thousand dangers, and had braved them, and overcome them, who had conquered a thousand difficulties under the weight of which a man without Patsy's pluck would have gone down—Patsy is often perhaps obliged to pinch himself in order to be able to send that letter to his mother; eye, and he had known cases in which Irishmen had borrowed money in order that the old couple at home might not be disappointed at not receiving that letter, and might not fail to get the comfort which it brought (applause). Whence came the fact that the affection and the intelligence of the Irish emigrant were so strong and so vivid that neither length of space nor length of time could deaden in his mind or in his heart the realization of those whom he had left behind him, and had not seen for years (applause). How were they to account for this? Where were they to look for the source of that strange faculty, that strong faith, that magnificent feature or trait of the Irish character—the fact that the Irishman lived more for the things that he had never seen than for the things that lay around him? Fourteen hundred years ago a man came from Rome with the Pope's blessing upon his head, and power from the Pope in his hands; he came with the Divine Gospel; he came to tell the tale of Jesus' love, and Mary's purity; he came to tell the Irish people the glorious things that God had prepared for them if only they would go forth from their darkness into his admirable light. He had nothing to offer them that eye had seen or ear heard; he had only the world of the future—the world in which the realization of the greatest things were God, His angels, His light, His glory, and an eternity of happiness on the one side, and an eternity of woe on the other; but, beyond preaching it, this man—Patrick—had no power to force it upon the Irish people. But he came to a people who were already, though pagans, far advanced in civilization, as the ancient architecture, poetry, music, and history of Ireland proved (applause). He came to a nation whose philosophers discussed by the mere light of reason the widest questions that ever occupied the minds of either Greek or Roman; he came to a people whose harp gladdened with notes of harmony such as were never heard elsewhere; he came to a people who had already an organized system of law and government, and who had filled the neighboring shores with the terror of their name as warriors and seamen (applause); and when he spoke to them of the Unseen it fitted into their minds as if they were created by Almighty God to realize that Unseen. When he spoke to them of the things of eternity, they grasped these eternal truths as if they no longer belonged to time. They were willing to give themselves over altogether to Patrick's God. The arch-bard rose up, and cried, "O, Patrick's God! I swear that this harp of mine shall never again rebound but to your praises" (applause). The faith of which Patrick was the herald, taught mysteries—things not only unseen of the eye, but hard to believe of the intelligence of man—truths surpassing all mere argument, all human reason; that faith taught mysteries that brought home Almighty God, the Unseen and the Eternal, to our very doors, and placed Him upon His altars, in the midst of us; that faith taught that other mystery—the mystery of man's own degradation and sin, and also the corresponding mystery of the infinite mercy that ever awaited him in the Sacraments. These things were unseen, but Irishmen and Irishwomen felt them more deeply than they ever felt anything that happened to them in this world. That was the true secret of that first beautiful characteristic of the Irish people, the faculty of Divine realization, which might grow into superstition—a superstition which was harmless after all, and of which the origin was good. It produced that beautiful natural virtue, the pictured recollection of the absent; all space and time were annihilated before it, and hearts that were severed by the breath of the whole world were united by the magic power of filial devotion and of Catholic love (applause). The next feature of the Irish character was the extraordinary and distinctive sanctity of Irish womanhood, the sanctity which found its expression in the wonderful purity of the Irish maiden and the Irish mother all the world over (applause), and in the veneration and respect which Irish manhood from the earliest days of Ireland's history down to the present time had had for Irish womanhood. On this point he wished to dwell as lovingly as he could. It was a beautiful feature in the Irish character. The great national misfortune that befell the Irish when the throne and royalty of their country were lost for many a sad day, and never recovered, came upon them through the indignation and fury of the Irish people at the sight of a guilty woman. The only woman in Irish history that ever disgraced the people was she who left her husband and went on with McMorrough of Leinster. The guilty partner of this man's unlawful love sought to set herself by his side as a queen in Ireland. But Ireland rose as one man and said: "For the honor of our manhood and religion we will not have an adulteress for king, and for the honor of our womanhood we will banish the adulterous woman" (applause). That false-hearted Irish prince, and that false-hearted Irish woman called in the aid of the stranger, and he came and landed upon the Irish shores, and the only chance for Ireland's nationality was that the Irish should submit to McMorrough and accept Eva for their queen. Rather than do that Ireland sacrificed her nationality. ("More honor to her.") From the day that Patrick preached the Gospel in Ireland, they had in that country alone, amongst all the nations of the earth, the singular phenomenon, that of monasticism—women consecrated to God, virgins, nuns—sprang up under the very hands of the Apostle, and the island was covered with the children of St. Bridget, from which circumstances Ireland received the title of "Island of Saints." Let them remark how wonderful that was. The greatest fruits of mature Christianity were the priest and nun. They were fruits that required time to mature; so that into every country that embraced the Gospel the priests and nuns were for many a long year imported from other lands, as if the native Christianity were not strong enough, ripe enough, to produce such fruits. But in Ireland no sooner did the people embrace the Christian faith than those who had been immediately before pagans became priests, and bishops and nuns. Bridget of Kildare ruled the land as grand abbess, the earliest daughter of St. Patrick. She was the fairest woman of her time. No eye could

behold her without loving her; and when to her natural beauty was added the supernatural beauty of Divine grace, every eye that beheld her loved her still, but rose from her to Divine love. Ever since Bridget's time Irishwomen had a distinctive modesty and purity which made them the glory of their country during so many ages of sorrow and humiliation (applause). He had seldom looked upon a peasant woman in Ireland that he was not reminded of the woman who blended in one the mother and the Virgin (applause). In every country and every land, whatever the Irishwomen might be, they were as firm as a rock, and as cold as ice, in their purity and virginal chastity (applause). And the virginal chastity of Ireland so recognized that they read in their early history that which Tom Moore, their national poet, embalmed in verse—that ever after the troublous times of the Danish invasion, and after Brian, and his two succeeding generations with him, were killed at Clontarf, he who was the greatest king that Ireland ever had—such was the respect that Irishmen had for women's modesty, purity, and weakness, that a young virgin went from end to end of the land bearing a ring of gold on her hand, and no man ventured to molest her (applause). But perhaps the grandest tribute that ever was paid to Ireland's womanhood was that paid by the English Government when, some years ago, it brought in a divorce law for England, Scotland, and Wales, but did not dare to insult the women of Ireland by proposing such a thing for them. "Where was the source of this Irish purity? They must go back again to Patrick and the Gospel that he preached to their fathers fourteen hundred years ago. Patrick told them of the glories of Mary, until he made the love for Mary second only to the love for her Divine Son, and until the name of the Virgin Mother was upon the lips of every woman in the land (applause). She was the type which Patrick set before the womanhood of Ireland, and from that type they never turned their glance for one moment throughout centuries (applause). Another feature of the Irish character was the care that they had for their dead. He need not tell them that the most sacred spot on earth to every Irish heart was "God's Acre," the little plot where all who were near and dear to them lay sleeping, awaiting the resurrection; the consecration of Heaven was upon that spot; it was holy and the dust that mingled with its dust was also holy, for their fathers went down to their graves with the Unction of the Church upon them, and the Sacramental Presence in their hearts. No wonder, then, that Irishmen should revere and love the spot wherein their fathers lay. And the graves became doubly consecrated to their minds and hearts because their rulers took from them every other strip of land, and left them only the grave (applause). Should an effort be made to bury in an Irish grave yard a person who had committed suicide or denied the existence of God, the place should be filled with soldiers, before the burial could be carried out; and if it took place at night the coffin would be on the highway in the morning (laughter). Whence arose this beautiful trait in the Irish character if not from the Catholic doctrine which taught them to go beyond the grave, and that death need not separate them from their friends. The Irishman wept at the bedside of his friends who died, but in putting them into their coffins he never thought that he was separating from them. He went to the altar of God and prayed for their souls; and he knew that they were aware he was praying for them. If they were in heaven his prayers would give them an additional accidental glory; if they were in Purgatory, his prayers would fall like the dew of heaven upon them, and mitigate their pains. Irish Catholics lived with their dead as much as they did with their living, asking them to pray and obtain favors for them. It was out of this Catholic doctrine that arose Ireland's care, and reverence, and strong veneration for her grave-yards, and her dead. There were many other traits in the national character which could be equally clearly brought home to the same cause, notably—and he was proud to say it—that strong feeling of nationality that had kept them together as a distinct race, wielding a distinct and great power in this country, in America, and Australia, as well as at home in Ireland (applause). It was chance, if they would, but it was for them a most fortunate chance that 300 years ago Harry VIII., of blessed memory (laughter) wanted the Irish not only to become English subjects, but Protestants. Ireland had fought for three centuries for her nationality, and the cause was on the point of being lost when the devil or Ireland's angel-guardian put it into his head to insist that the Irish should not only swear allegiance to him as a temporal monarch, but also as the head of the church. Like lightning Ireland's sword was drawn, it was stretched between the oppressor and the altar, and he was told that as long as a hand in the country was able to grasp a weapon Ireland's religion would never be changed (applause). The Dane came as an enemy to Ireland's religion as well as of her nationality, and she fought and conquered him. The Saxon came not as an enemy of her religion but of her nationality, and she fought with him and was beaten; the moment, however, he became an enemy of her religion, as well as of her nationality, she fought with him once more, and she had triumphed (loud applause). It would be said, "Have Irishmen no faults at all, Father Burke?" His answer was that he did not come there that evening to abuse them (laughter). Of course wherever there were people of the same race gathered together by thousands there must certainly be exceptions. It was not, however, of the exceptions he came to speak but of the characteristics of the entire race. He had lived amongst many peoples, and he had studied them as much as he could, and it was not because he was an Irishman, but because he believed what he should, that he told them there was no people living upon whom Almighty God had lavished greater natural and supernatural gifts than upon the Irish people (applause). He knew that his words, if reported, would provoke smiles from some. But who were these? The men who took the exceptional Irishman and held his virtues up to the world. This should lead his countrymen to make a special war against the exceptional Irishman who brought disgrace upon their glorious nationality (applause); should urge them on to set their faces especially against that besetting vice that destroyed so many fine traits in the Irish character, namely, the vice of drunkenness (loud applause). Any man who was a drunkard was a ruined man. As a priest he asked them for the honor of that Divine faith that was preached to their fathers, for the sake of Ireland's womanhood, for the sake of Ireland's history, and for the sake of the future before them, to be faithful to their holy religion, to vindicate the glory of the Irish race in that city and nation, and to hold their power by the exercise of sobriety, forbearance, prudence, and all those virtues which were taught by the Catholic religion (loud and prolonged applause).

On Wednesday morning Father Burke visited All Souls' School, Collingwood street, in company with Fathers Irish and Parrell, and in the girls' school, after a song had been tastefully rendered by the children, addressed to them a few remarks in his happiest style.

THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND.

RESOLVE TO OUST THE LANDLORDS

[Continued from first page.]

The Freeman reports Mr. Parnell's speech as follows:—  
Mr. Parnell spoke in support of the first resolution. He said—Fellow-countrymen, after the first magnificent demonstration with which you have honored me, it would not be proper to detain you at any great length. The people of Ireland are to-day engaged in a great struggle—a struggle for the land of their country, which was wrested from them seven centuries ago by the force of arms (cheers). It is our duty to arouse Ireland upon this question (loud cheers), and to direct the attention of the civilized world to the pressing wrong and grievance which exist to-day in every quarter of Ireland (cheers). And when we are asked for a plan we say that it is not our business to formulate plans (cheers). We are not the Ministers of England who arrogate to themselves the power over the country. It is our part to teach the people of Ireland what their natural rights are in respect of the land of Ireland (cheers). And we will not tamper with landlordism. That institution, created for the purpose of maintaining English rule in Ireland, and for the interest of the few against the many, will have to fall (cheers).  
A Voice—Lord Montmorres fell.  
Mr. Parnell—How did it fall in Prussia? The tenants enjoyed what is called "fixity of tenure at valued rents," but the system of fixity of tenure at valued rents was found so intolerable to the Prussian tenants that the State was compelled to come in and put an end to the rights of the landlord over the land (cheers). With a system of land tenure far more just to the tenant than that which we possess—a system which, under the name of fixity of tenure at valued rents, is advocated to-day for Ireland by many able, earnest, devoted, and talented men—it was found necessary in Prussia to go still farther, and to do that for Prussia which we ask may be done for Ireland to-day (cheers). The King of Prussia issued an edict giving the landlords two years in which to transfer the land to their tenants, and he told them in this same edict that if they did not agree with their tenants as to the terms of the transfer within two years, that then the king would step in and transfer it himself (cheers).  
A Voice—That you may be king of Ireland yet.  
Another Voice—We will make him President (cheers).  
Mr. Parnell—The landlords were unable to make terms with their own tenants, and the King of Prussia, at the expiration of the two years fulfilled his promise, and he gave the land to the tenants as their own (cheers). He compensated the Prussian nobles by giving them State paper bearing a per cent. interest on this debt for a certain number of years—forty years, I think it was—and that at the end of that time there should be nothing further to pay (cheers). Now, we ask to-day for a settlement on a somewhat similar basis, and we say that what Prussia was able to pay a few years after the commencement of the century England ought to be able to do tomorrow or in a short while (cheers). I believe, and I should be very sorry to mislead anybody—I should be very sorry to raise the hopes of the tenants of this country—but I am perfectly confident that if they will follow our advice within a very brief period we shall have the transfer of two-thirds of the land of Ireland from the Irish landlords to the tenants (cheers), and the annual payments to be made by the tenants for a period of say thirty-five years will be very much less than the present rackrents that they are obliged to pay (cheers).  
A Voice—We will give them what Lord Montmorres got.  
Mr. Parnell—Perhaps during the next session of Parliament the Gladstone Ministry will find itself unable to settle the land question. I think it is exceedingly likely (hear, hear).  
A Voice—We will have a Parliament in College-green yet.  
Mr. Parnell—I think that it is very probable that the present Ministry will offer us some worthless concessions not worth our acceptance (cheers).  
A Voice—Obstruct them.  
Mr. Parnell—But I feel sure that in that case the longer the settlement of the question is delayed the worse the terms the landlords will get (loud cheer). It would be better for them to come forward now and to offer terms to the Irish tenants, for I tell them that if they do not we shall soon be in the position of victors, and shall be able to dictate our own terms (loud cheers). While, then, some of the old habits of subservience and slavish obedience still remain among the Irish tenantry, it is time for the landlords to come forward and to make their propositions. We have made ours, and we say that, interested as we are in the welfare of the shopkeepers of Ireland, the trading community of Ireland, the merchants, labourers, and every class who earn the right to live in this country by hard work, either physical or mental, we say that, interested as we are in the welfare of those classes, determined to do our very utmost to make Ireland great, glorious, prosperous, and free (loud cheers)—to take the power of governing Ireland out of the hands of the English Parliament and people, and to transfer it to the hands of our own people (loud cheers)—determined as we are to secure these ends, we believe that we can only achieve them by making the land of Ireland as free as it was when the waters of the Flood left it (loud and prolonged cheers).  
THE BANQUET.  
A banquet in honor of Mr. Parnell was given in the evening at the Victoria Hotel. About 200 sat down to dinner. Mr. E. O'Farrell, chairman of the Cork Land League, occupied the chair, the guest of the evening being on his right. The first toast was "Charles Stewart Parnell and Prosperity to Ireland." The following is the Irish Times' report of Mr. Parnell's speech in response:—  
Mr. Parnell, M.P., who was received with great applause, said—Mr. Chairman, and fellow-citizens and tenant farmers of the county of Cork, I have to thank you for the

kind way in which you have received the toast that the chairman has just proposed. The toast of prosperity to Ireland has been somewhat a familiar one to many of us who have read the public newspapers during the last 20 or 30 years, and we have generally found that this toast has been associated with the names of those who have the power of ruling over us. I feel particularly indebted to the proposer of this toast because he has associated my name with it. Now, if there is one thing that I am determined to use my humble endeavours to bring about, it is the power of the Irish people to govern themselves—(applause)—so that in future, when toasts of this kind are proposed at public meetings in this country, or at public gatherings of this nature, we may not be obliged to associate the name of a ruler sent from England with the toast of prosperity to Ireland (applause). As far as the prosperity of Ireland goes, I am sorry to say it is under a cloud. Prosperity there is not in Ireland, (hear, hear). I don't care what feature you will find everything at the lowest ebb of depression. Now, it is useless to say that things are wrong in Ireland because it is Ireland (hear, hear). Our people go to other countries and they succeed in every walk of life. They become lawyers, they found factories, they make railways, they do everything, in fact, in those other countries where industry is free, but they cannot do this in Ireland. A short time ago when I visited the city of Cincinnati, in the United States of America—(applause)—a gentleman came on my platform and at the conclusion of the meeting he presented me with the sum of fifty or one hundred dollars—I don't know which—for the objects of my mission, and he invited me to visit his establishment next day. I went down to see it next day as requested, and I found he had a jeweller's shop, where all kinds of gold, &c., were manufactured. He told me he had come out about ten or twelve years ago a poor boy to America, and he said he was employing two hundred hands in this article of manufacture—pencils and pencil cases. He sends them to all parts of the world, London, Paris and everything, but I am afraid if this poor boy, whom I saw after ten years' absence from Ireland, proprietor of an establishment employing two hundred in a business which requires more knowledge and experience than perhaps any other business that I know, might have remained a long time in the city of Cork as a poor boy, and afterwards as a poor man, before he could have risen to such a position (cheers). Ireland is in an anomalous condition in the social and political fabric of Great Britain. We are kept down and under by laws we do not make, and by rulers whom we do not appoint (applause). Nature is prevented and thwarted at every turn, and yet we are told that it is wonderful why Ireland does not prosper. Ireland does not prosper. Ireland never can prosper until right and power over ourselves, over our own land, over our own sea, over our own rivers, over everything in Ireland and that touches Ireland, is given to us (applause). As a sample of the prosperity of Ireland, I should like to give you some figures which my friend Mr. O'Connor, the member for Galway, referred to yesterday. We know that the country is agitated about the solution of a very great question—the land question—on which the prosperity of Ireland most intimately depends; and, of course, we all know that the tenant-farmers of this country are simply going from bad to worse. We have had a good harvest, but the returns of the Registrar-General conclusively show that it takes three or four good harvests to lift Ireland out of the depth of depression in which she now is, and place her in the normal condition of torpidity in which she often exists; and if we allow things to go on as the British Government would like, we would after three good harvests return to the original state of torpidity in which we have existed since the Union. Now, in 1877, referring to this question of the land, I find from Mr. O'Connor's figures that there were 1,200 evictions. In the next year, 1878, there were 1,410 evictions. In 1879, when there was a decrease of half in the value of the potato crop, the evictions increased to 2,950; and in the first six months of the present year I find that there were no less than 2,470 evictions this year (groans). Now, what does an eviction mean? Mr. Gladstone, in a recent speech of his during the passage of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill through the House, said that an eviction means a sentence of death, not only for the person evicted, but for his wife and family (hear, hear). Taking the average number in an Irish tenantry family as five, there are no less than 25,000 sentences of death to be pronounced in Ireland before the 1st of January, 1881. (Cries of shame and several voices, "We won't allow it.") Well, I don't know whether we should be able by our action to reduce this number of sentences of death or not. (Cries of "You will.") Recollect, when we hear such feeling and sentimentality about the suffering that has been inflicted by foolish or unreasonable people on the lower animals, and when we hear of the occasional result of appeal to the wild justice of revenge, which has been made in one or two instances during the present year, I think I am bound to point out that if the lives of a few landlords have been taken, on the other side the lives of 25,000 of the people of this country have been taken. I think the attitude and demeanour of the Irish people in this crisis is worthy of every commendation. There has been very little crime or outrage compared with the sufferings of the people, who, in fact, have been as patient as they have always been. I think, however, that the limit of their patience will some day or other be reached with reference to the land question. But let us hope that, addressing as I do an influential assembly, such as I have seldom had the opportunity or the honor of addressing in my own county, I feel and hope that the exertions of each man amongst you will be devoted in the future, and that your lives will be consecrated to the task of obtaining for Ireland the power to govern herself, and of preventing England from perpetuating the series of blunders which have distinguished her in reference to the governing of Ireland (cheers). I would like to say a word on the question of Parliamentary policy (cheers). As you know, in the last Parliament we had the honor of leading a forlorn hope. We had few members, and we had several years of hard struggling by night and by day. We had a strain upon our energies and sincerity which very few people can apprehend or understand (hear, hear). But I am glad, and I feel rewarded by the result, that we were able to keep up our pluck (cheers). I always felt that it was due to the constituencies of this country to have an opportunity of pronouncing one way or the other, even in respect to the line of policy which we felt it our duty to adopt. And recollect the circumstances under which we adopted this line. We were members of the Irish Parliamentary party, and we were bound, by the rules which governed the party, to obey the will of the majority, and during the years I have mentioned I cannot recollect one single occasion on which occasion I re-

fused to be bound by the wishes and opinions of the majority of my colleagues (cheers). So, therefore, in the last Parliament, in addition to being few, I remember we were hampered by these considerations, and though we believe such a course of action might be necessary, if our colleagues forbade us and asked us to do something else, we were bound to obey them (hear, hear). This was the condition I have always felt, that above all things it was necessary to obtain the union of the Irish party (hear, hear). The power of a united body of Irish members in the House of Commons is beyond calculation. I have always been convinced of it, and as the result of last session I have been more and more convinced of it. I regret that a small section of the Irish party who were in the majority in the last Parliament, and whose will we obeyed implicitly in the last Parliament, should have thought fit, when their position was reversed by the decision of the constituencies at the last general election, and when they found themselves a minority of the Irish party, I regret that a small section of that party should have thought fit to separate themselves entirely from the party, and that they should have refused to come to its meetings or join the conferences—(hisses)—and that another section, while going to its meetings, and while by argument and the power of votes endeavoring to influence the opinions of the members of the party, should find themselves, before the face of the enemy in the House of Commons, acting without regard to the wishes of the majority of that class, and doing as they thought proper, regardless of the wishes of the majority of the party (rouned hisses). They are, however, few in number, and I believe that before long their number will become still fewer (cheers). It is manifest that if you are to have effective action in any political body you must have obedience to the will of the majority—(hear, hear)—and it is idle, it is perfectly idle, for men to say that they belong to a party, if, after having shared in the deliberations of that party, after questions are discussed in the ordinary way and a decision upon by the majority, they should turn round the next day and do as they please. As in the last Parliament, when we were in the minority, we always rightly obeyed the opinion of the majority, so now the majority expect the minority will be bound by their decision (cheers). Before I sit down, and in conclusion, I should like to read you some words which may truly be said to come from the grave, the words of a very distinguished man, who was my predecessor in the representation of the county Meath, a representation which I gave up when you honored me by returning me for your city (loud cheers). Mr. Frederick Lucas, who is now dead, was, in conjunction with the present Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, one of the leaders of the Independent Opposition party of 1852, which was broken up—a party which was formed, just as the Home Rule party was formed, while the Conservatives were in power, but which was broken up by the coalition with the Whigs when they got into office, and by the indiscriminate distribution of offices amongst the members of the Irish party. It was broken up when the Whigs came into power, and, as you know history repeats itself, I may say that a determined attempt was made by the Whigs to break up the present Irish party when they came into power. The extract which I am going to read is taken from the Tablet of 12th June, 1852. Mr. Frederick Lucas, speaking at Kells on the subject of Parliamentary policy, at Meath election, said: "In carrying out this policy I have been asked what my views are about opposing the Government. I pledge myself now to oppose every Government that will not make something that is at least equal to Sharman Crawford's bill a Cabinet question. In any opinion there is no good can be obtained except by the most decided, unrelenting, persevering, trouble some opposition to every Government—(applause)—unless they do justice to Ireland. In the constitutional system Ireland is an anomaly, because what the people of this country know to be justice, the people of England are opposed to, and do not wish to have it conceded. Now, if they insist on uniting the English and Irish Parliaments, which in my conscience I believe to be a gross wrong, if they insist upon a Parliamentary union between the countries, my honest conviction is that it is the duty of the Irish part of the representatives to act as a separate party in the legislature, disorganizing and interfering with every business that may be transacted, as far as it is expedient and feasible to do so, and tormenting this unjust and anti-Irish House of Commons until they find it their interest to do justice to us. I'll have nothing to do with any Ministry, no matter what party—except, indeed, to oppose them, which I will do very cordially—until they make concessions of justice to the tenant farmers of Ireland part of their acknowledged policy." This, as I said, was taken from the Tablet of June 1852, and these, gentlemen, are words from the grave which I have read to you. They were spoken by a very distinguished man—an Englishman, it is true, yet a man who was more Irish than the Irish themselves (cheers)—who was hunted to death by the Whigs of this country on account of his devotion to an Independent policy. He was thirty years before his time, but we proceeded upon these lines, although to a very limited extent, and that in the last Parliament. We had not proceeded on the same lines against the present Government, because we want to give the present Government a chance of showing whether they will give justice to Ireland or not. We proceeded upon these lines, but to a very limited extent, in the Parliament, and the principles which I have just read for you are our guiding principles. We had some success because we happened to be younger than Mr. Lucas was when he adopted this policy, and because we had the assistance and support of the good sense of the Irish people. They stood by us and returned us men to support this policy of Mr. Frederick Lucas from time to time. They gave us a man at Ennis and a man at one or two other places, and they helped us and strengthened us from time to time in such a way as to enable us to hold out until we would be able to get other such members for other constituencies. Now we are a party occupying an independent position in the House of Commons, pledged to remain aloof from every English party who will not concede to Ireland the right to home government—pledged, in the words of Mr. Frederick Lucas, to be a separate element in the legislature, and, if necessary, "disorderly, disorganizing, interfering with every business that may be transacted, as far as it is expedient or feasible" (cheers). We can push the policy just as far as we like. We may never trench on it at all. We may let this weapon lie in its scabbard, as we did the last session; but the weapon is there; you have it in your hand, and when all other resources have failed, it is as sharp and as potent and as powerful for a party of forty against the present Whig Ministry as it was for a party of seven against the last Tory Government (loud applause).  
We copy from the Cork Herald report the following passages from the observations of

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in response to the toast of "The Cork Land League."  
The followers of Mr. Parnell are no longer to be considered by the name of sections or groups; they are distinct, the Irish party (bravo and cheers), and they have earned their title to be called distinctly the Irish party both from their treatment by their friends and by their foes. They have a right to be considered the Irish party from their treatment by their friends, because unquestionably they possess the confidence of the Irish people. They have a right to be considered the Irish party from their treatment by their foes, because it is through the action of their foes—through the action of the miserable Whig section in having gone over to the Government—that they are the more strongly entitled to the name (cheers). Now, gentlemen, the members of the Irish party are accustomed, unfortunately, or fortunately, to a large amount of obloquy. It is an extraordinary thing that every Irish party that has existed, and which has endeavored to act honestly by the Irish people, has been subjected to the same obloquy, but as soon as they had passed away the obloquy is changed to praise, and the praise is bestowed upon their predecessors. The men of '98 were called "ruffians and assassins."  
A Voice—They lied.  
Mr. O'Connor—When it came to 1848, the men of '98 were described as heroes and martyrs, and to the men of the later period were applied the terms of "ruffians and scoundrels," and again, when the men of '48 had passed away, and when their place was taken by other men, they too were described as heroes and martyrs (cheers). But their successors of to-day have now the high honor of inheriting those titles of obloquy which were given to them in their day. They are denounced to-day as organizers of assassination, as ex-citers of the passions of men to the commission of criminal outrages. But when we have passed away, and have been succeeded by another Irish party, it will be discovered that Mr. Parnell and his colleagues, who are described as ruffians and scoundrels to-day (no, no), united the high minded courage of the patriot with the sane moderation of the statesman (applause). But I am perfectly indifferent as to the opinion of either the ruling class in England or the Whig section of Irish society. The future is on our side.  
The Chairman then gave the toast of "The Democracy of Ireland," coupling with it the name of "Mr. T. D. Sullivan, poet and patriot." The toast was enthusiastically drunk. The following passages are from the Cork Herald report of his speech:—  
Mr. Sullivan said he claimed to be one of the demagogue, not the people who had been rocked in aristocratic cradles. He had not been born in one of these; he had not been born with a silver spoon in his mouth; but he was not born further from with a spoon of Hellan metal in his mouth (applause). The tenant farmers had begun to act themselves, "What was rent, and what was an unfair rent?" and that question they would carry out to its proper solution.  
A Voice—So what?  
Mr. Sullivan—The landlords of Ireland and the Government that sustained them had been calling names to them—they called them confiscators, and fomenters of crime and outrage, or at least impellers of life and property in the country.  
A Voice—Were you not?  
Mr. Sullivan said it was their oppressors who were the confiscators. Life and property were being sacrificed in this country, but it was not by the people of Ireland, but by their oppressors. (Cheers, and a voice—Mr. Bright—the land thieves.) The bones of their murdered countrymen filled the famine pits in this country, the bones of their murdered countrymen whitened beneath the waters of the Atlantic; and it was not for the men who sent their people to untimely graves to rant them with endangering life and property (cheers). They did not want to keep up a condition of strife—they wanted to have peace; and he hoped God had seen it was time they should have peace. At Venice they had a bridge called the Bridge of Sighs, on account of the number of persons who went over it from the palace to the prison; but with reference to Ireland, he might say that they had a Strait of Tears at the entrance to the noble harbour of Cork, in which the Irish emigrant leaving his country raised tears as salt as the waters beneath (applause). He believed the time had come when they should make an endeavour to end this state of things, and win for themselves not alone the regard of Europe, but of every man in England itself. They would go with the people in this, come what may. The men at the head of the movement were not braggarts, rash, or foolish men; and when aggression was made they would stand by the people, and let the enemy do his worst (cheers). They had heard of prosecutions, but they were not intimidated by them (cheers). They had heard of fines being sent over, and of a discussion taking place as to the relative merits of bullets and buckshot for shooting down innocent Irish people; but if Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster thought they could put fear in the hearts of the people by those things, they were very much mistaken (cheers). They (the Government) might take a lesson from Cork to-day, and in conclusion he hoped that his countrymen in many parts of Ireland would follow their bright example (great cheering).  
The toast of "The Citizens of Cork" was responded to by Alderman Daly, M.P. Mr. Parnell then left the chair. Father M'Mahon, P.P., Bohorree, was moved there by Mr. Parnell, who proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman. It was carried. Then a voice called for three cheers for the Bishop of Cashel, which were heartily responded to, and the proceedings terminated.  
ARCHBISHOP CROKE ON MR. PARNELL.  
In reply to an invitation to be present at the banquet to Mr. Parnell in Cork on last Sunday evening (Sept. 26), his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel wrote:—  
The Palace, Thurles, September 29th.  
MY DEAR SIR,—Accept my very sincere thanks for the invitation just received through you from the Land League, to be present as a guest at the grand banquet to Mr. Parnell, on Sunday next, in Cork. It is not necessary for me to say that I believe Mr. Parnell to be eminently worthy of the compliment which the democracy of Cork is about to pay him, but I have to express my regret at not being able to accept the hospitality that has been proffered to me by you in such friendly, and, indeed, flattering terms. I shall not, I think, be in Ireland on Sunday next—I am, my dear sir, your faithful servant,  
T. W. CROKE.  
Mr. Timothy Cronin, Hon. Sec.

CAN'T PREACH GOOD.  
No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," other column.