TALBOT. THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

CHAPTER VII.

Hall was sent to Ireland by the secret societies merely for the purpose of promoting the interests of the Irish Revolumoting the interests of the Irish Revolution. He was, indeed, one of that large
number who went to Ireland with their
pockets filled with the money collected
from the generous and hard-working sons
and daughters of Erin in the United
States. Like some of those who went
with him on his mission of blood and disorder, he cared little for Ireland or the
Irish. His only god was the "Almighty
Dollar;" on the altar of money he was
prepared to sacrifice liberty, peace, and
order. We are happy to be able to state
here that Hall was not a specimen of the
true American. He was of that miserable
class, rather, who brought much unmericlass, rather, who brought much unmerited contempt upon the justly proud title

American waters?"
"I guess I've told you that—it's a stern

fact, sir. The Irish have a fleet and plenty of brave hearts to man their ships. My own father—a fine old fellow, and as rich as a Jew-gave O'Mahony one of the finest as a Jew—gave O'Mahony one of the finest ships they've got. A right smart little thing that ship is—she's worth some fifty thousand dollars in solid gold. Did I not tell you, I reckon I did, that the whole American army is at the free disposal of the Fenians? Yes, sir, it is. The Irish fought our battles, we now intend to fight fought our battles, we now intend to fight theirs. Turn about is fair play, so say I. I guess the Irish knew right well what they were about when they tucked up their sleeves and went in for the Stars and

emerald coast of Ireland. I would give a whole fleet to see that glorious isle free and independent as the waves of the "Do you promise aid in our days of fog

nd storm? I asked.
"I do faithfully promise to the Irish revolutionary army-men, arms, ships and money, and he shook me warmly by

"But you do not tell me, Mr. Hall," said O'Connell, who could hardly trust his cars "that the President of the United his cars "that the President of the United States—the first Magistrate of a great Republic—spoke to you in the fashion you have just attributed to him" "Yes, sir, 1 bet 1 do; that's just the

identical way he spoke to me, his humble friend."
"And did he promise us men, ships,

arms and money?"
"You just bet he did; why, sir, that was

the very self-same promise that he made me, and gave his right hand on it!" By this time the two had arrived in front of Kelly's temporary home, so the conversation ended. The truthful and noble O'Connel, although much shocked by the vulgarity of his companion, never once dreamed of duplicity on his part. Hence, as he ascended the dark narrow stairs that led to Kelley's apartment his heart beat with new joy, and a thousand consoling thoughts filled his mind. The Fenians have a fleet—they have the whole American army at their disposal—the President himself is anxious to strike a blow for dear old Ireland. How enrap-

turing.

Kelley welcomed them most cordially into his small yet snug, little room. After a few general remarks about the state of Kelley thus began: What would you think, my dear friends.

if I should have to remain here in Car-

"ick for many months?"

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I go in for that blessed motion," said Hall, as he gently smoothed his flow-"The idea pleases me exceedingly,"

added Richard.
"Well," said Kelley, assuming a low voice and a look of mystery, "I suppose I must be subject to fate—I must remain here for an unknown period. It is no small consolation for me to have the

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benefit of your friendship. It is a sad, sad thing to be far away from home, from all we love, and all that loves us. But I must not cry as a sick girl. If I could only give my secret to others, my poor heart would find relief. A secret is a large friends. In the penal days, 'that dark time of cruel wrong,' through poverty and ignorance, and suffering, and exile, the large friends are our truest time of cruel wrong, through poverty and ignorance, and suffering, and exile, the large friends are our truest time of cruel wrong, through poverty and ignorance, and suffering, and exile, the large friends. In the penal days, 'that dark time of cruel wrong,' through poverty and ignorance, and suffering, and exile, the large friends. In the penal days, 'that dark time of cruel wrong,' through poverty and ignorance, and suffering, and exile, the large friends. In the penal days, 'that dark time of cruel wrong,' through poverty and ignorance, and suffering and exile, the heart would find relief. A secret is a terrible lodger in one's heart—it is enough to kill a man. Danger, alas, makes us very suspicious; we are afraid to trust our dearest and most tried friends. Last night, as I lay on my sleepless bed, I made a resolution to lay a part of the burden of my secret upon you, gentlemen. You will be able to assist me in many ways, I know. As I am confident that you are both gentlemen of honor I will now put my resolution into execution. This is a brief statement of my case. You you are both gentlemen of honor I will now put my resolution into execution. This is a brief statement of my case. You must know, my dear friends, that for years I have been an active member of the Brotherhood. In my native city of Limerick I am well known as a despiser of England's rule, and an ardent lover of holy Ireland. I taught my countrymen, with Mitchel, that for Ireland's grievances, her famines, her party-spirit, her packed

clas, rather, who brought much unmerical class, rather, who brought much unmerical contempt upon the justly proud title of American citizen.

About three weeks after Hall's arrival in town, as he and Richard O'Connell walked slowly along the main street towards the house in which Kelley had taken a few rooms, they spoke of the hopes of ireland in America.

Do you really tell me, Mr. Hall," said O'Connell, with his eyes lit up with joy, "that the Irishhave a fleet of their own on American waters?"

"I guess I've told you that—it's a stern the list have a fleet and plenty to arrest me. The nest was there, but the

to arrest me. The nest was there, but the bird had flown. They have been seeking bird had flown. They have been seeking me out ever since I came here. I must impart another secret—my real name is O'Brien. You may wish to know why I assumed the name of Kelley rather than any other one, I will tell you, gentlemen; a friend of mine—a good old magistrate—had obtained for a servant of his named Kelley the position of water-bailiff on the Suir, between Carrick and Chonmel. Suir, between Carrick and Clonmel. Now, when he found that I was forced to

been to Dublin?" asked Mr. Hail, who seemed anxious to allow his tongue the blessing of liberty.

"I was there once, when a child," answered O'Connell, "but I do not remember anything about it."

"For my part," said Mr. Kelley, "I was never more than ten miles from my dear old Limerick before I was hunted from my home and friends, Hunted from

"For my part," said Mr. Kelley, "I was never more than I did your father's best sailor; you are a brick. I wish I could plow the waters with you. How much I would like to hoist the sail of liberty on the like to hoist the sail of liberty on the waters. "For my part," said Mr. Kelley, "I was never more than ten miles from my was never more than ten miles from my dear old Limerick before I was hunted from my home and friends. Hunted from my home and friends, what sad words! I sometimes feel as if my heart would be sometimes feel as if my heart would sometimes feel as if my heart would sometimes. jungles of India, than to see the light in this fair, but persecuted land. Last night I stood upon the bridge and watched the bright waters flowing on to the sea. When the moon went behind a cloud, for a few seconds my brain ran wild with strange ideas, and I felt that life was but a—, and then, oh then, Faith and Hope shone upon me, and my Angel Guardian drew near me and stood by my side, and led me far, far away from the bright, sweet river. It must have been but a dream, and yet I could not have been asleep. Our sufferings are enough almost to throw us into despair. Poor Ireland, poor

Ireland."
"Well, this is really wonderful," said Mr. Hall, who was too much occupied with his own thoughts to pay any atten-tion to the bailiff's sad reflections, "you have a little bit of a country about the size of one of our Western farms, and you have not walked over the whole of it, I must certainly take note of this. A strange fact is this. No one will believe it in the States. But to come to the point, I rather guess that neither of you knows much about Colonel Gore, of Dublin. He s a real excellent fellow. I took special note of his face—it is a remarkable fact in itself. It is, gentlemen; that face of Gore is a wonderful fact in itself. Well he, Gore, seems to be remarkable in many particulars; his arms are like the shafts of particulars; his arms are like the shatts of a cart, and his legs remind me of a tongs. They do, indeed. 'Tis a fact. Well, Gore tells me that all the misery in this country comes from the influence of the priests. He tells me that it is not English swords, but priestly words, that keep Legland in slavery and make her eat pota-Ireland in slavery and make her eat pota took note of it at the time. I have been old that England sent a cargo of gold to

your Irish priests."
"This is cruelly, ungratefully, shame fully false," exclaimed O'Connell; the generous youth felt his noble blood rush wildly through his every vein as he thought of the vileness of the imputation. "Of

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"What do you mean, Mr. Hall?" asked

"What do you mean, Mr. Han?" asked O'Connell, sternly.
"All I mean is that they should do as we make them do in America—they should I say, attend strictly to their own business. Even you must allow that they meddle in too many things not pertaining to their

"I will allow no such thing, sir. The priest knows his business as well as anyone else. It is sad to think that in our days every man, however ignorant or stupid he may be, has the foolish presumption to may be, has the foolish presumption undertake to teach him what pertains to his vocation. My idea is, that the priest part his husiness than anyknows more about his business that any-body else. He had to spend long and hard years of study in halls of philosophy and theology in preparing himself for his holy and sublime calling; he had to pass severe examinations before learned and impartial professors before he was admitted to the ministry. Can this be said of most of thosewho proclaim aloud that the priest does not know the bounds or lines of his duty? The priest must watch over the flock entrusted to his care. If some of his people are led astray, he must go after them and save them. The priest is the soldier of Christ, and he must oppose and overthrow vice wherever it is found. There must be no asylum for crime on this earth—the power to commit sin is not liberty, but license."

on any what uneary goes around by the standard of the standard

Hall saw the effect his extemporaneous effort had produced on O'Connell, and wisely enough judged it well to depart while all his dear little bones were located in their proper places. Like a man who had been suddenly called upon some important business, he snatched his hat, and muttering some parting words between his teeth, he descended the stairs.

"I am glad that blackguard has gone," exclaimed Kelley, as he looked with

exclaimed Kelley, as he looked admiration on young O'Connell; break. What an unhappy clime I was born in. It were better for me to be born in. It were better for me to be born amid the wilds of Arabia or in the science, so he'll not scruple to betray us good man! Where else would you have science, so he'll not scruple to betray us

"I would indee! be very sorry to get my dear friends into trouble; but for me, I fear him not. Who could calmly hear his religion and country basely insulted? "See! he goes in the direction of the olice station," exclaimed Kelley, as he looked out of a window near his seat. "It matters little where he goes," said

)'Connell, in a careless tone. "See! see there!" again cried Kelley, "two policemen and some gentlemen in citizens' dress have seized him. He' again dragged off to jail. That's capital."
"My dear Mr. Kelley, I must now leave you. I had almost forgotten my appointment with Miss O'Donohue, Good-by, my dear friend. Be of good

"Good-by, Mr. O'Connell. I hope you will soon come to visit me, I feel so lonely and cheerless. Pray for poor Ireland."

O'Connell went away with a sad heart and a mind filled with the and a mind filled with thoughts altogether new to him. The wickedness and deceit of men began to dawn upon his intellect he began to get an insight into the corrup-tion of the human heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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The following story—and it is "only a stry"—translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet, contains a good deal of caustic humor which will be appreciated by our readers. Like all French stories, it is a little 'far fetched,' but there is enough of sentiment in it to warrant its insertion. The plot is evidently appropriated from one of Father Prout's famous stories. Father Martin was the cure of Cucug-

nan. There was no better man, and he cherished for his Cucugnanesse flock a paternal affection—in fine Cucugnan would have been for him a perfect para-dise had only its people a little more solicitude about their souls. But, alas, solicitude about their souls. But, alas, the spider spun its web in the unfrequent-ed confessional, and the worthy priest's heart was almost broken. Nightly, however, he prayed to heaven that he might not be removed from earth until he had brought his strayed sheep back to the fold. You will see that his prayer was

One Sunday after reading the Gospel, Father Martin entered the pulpit and thus addressed his parishioners:
'Dearly beloved brethren: the other

night I found myself, sinner though I am, at the gates of heaven. I knocked and Peter opened the gates at once, 'Halloo!' he said, 'is that you, my good Father Martin? To what am I indebted? What can I do for you?' 'Good St. Peter, you who keep the books and the keys could you tell me, if it's not an imposition how many Cucugnanese you have up

'I can refuse you nothing, Father Martin. Sit down and we will run over the book together.' So the saint took down his big register and put on his spectacles. 'Let us see, Cucugnan I taink you said power to commit sin is not horry, license."

"I go in for full liberty in everything, I do" said Hall: "besides," he continued, "this is a free—I was going to say this is a free country, but alsa it ain't free in any sense of the word. Men's minds are here slaves to priestly influence; a man's body, slaves to priestly influence; a man's body, I bnow to my cost, is ever a prey to look again, I beg of you. 'No mistake about it, worthy man,' replied Peter, 'look for yourself if you think I am jesting.' -Cucugnan-Cucugnan-ah, here we

'Dearly beloved brethren, you can imagine my distress. 'Come, come!' said Peter, 'don't take on so, or you'll be ill. You are not responsible, anyway, and the probability is that your Cucugnanese are probability is that your Cucunanese are in quarantine down in purgatory.' 'For the love of heaven, then, good St. Peter, allow me to see them—to console them!' 'Willingly, my friend, but put on those sandale, for it is bad walking. Keep right down this lane until on your right hand you see a silver door all studded hand you see a silver door all studded with black crosses. Knock and you will be admitted. Good-by! Be good to your-

'Dearly beloved brethren, I set out down the lane. And such a lane! —the goose flesh comes out all over me when I think of it. It was all paved with sharp flints, thorns and puff adders. But at last I reached the silver door, and knocked. Who's there? asked a grave voice. 'The cure of Cucugnan.' 'Come in!' I went in the companies of the come of the come of the cure of of Cucugnan.' 'Come in !' I went in and there I saw a tall and splendid angel, with wings black as night and a robe white as day, and a big iron key hung at his as day, and a big from key fluing at mis waist, writing in a book ever so much big-ger than St. Peter's. 'Fair angel of God!' I said, 'if I am not too presumptuous, have you any Cucugnanese here? Any one from Cucugnan? I am the parish priest. 'Ah, Father Martin, I suppose'?

same at your service.'
'Dearly beloved brethren, the angel wetted his finger and ran over the pages of his big book, and at last he said to me with a deep sigh: Father Martin, there is them ?' But I have just come from Paradise and they are not there. At least St. Peter told me so, and I don't think he would lie to me. No! No, he can't have lied, for the cock did not crow. Mother of Heaven, where is my congregation, then!' 'Well sir, if your friends are not in Heaven, nor yet here, there is only one

Dearly beloved brethren, I burst out into such lamentations that the angel was moved. 'My dear sir,' he said, 'if you wish to be sure about it and to see for yourself, go down this road until you come to the door on the left, and inquire there. Bless you,' and he shut the door behind me. It was a long, steep path all payed with red-hot iron. I staggered as f I was drunk, the sweat poured from me my hair stood up on end and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. But thanks to the sandals St. Peter had given me, I neither stumbled nor was buried, and at last I came to a huge portal, wide open, and glowing red like the mouth of

a furnace.
'Dearly beloved brethren, they don't ask your name there. They keep no books there. You haven't to knock at books there. You haven't to knock at the door there. It is always wide open, like the tavern-door, and people go in through, just as you go into the tavern on the Lord's holy day. There was a horrible smell of burning flesh, like that which arises when Eloy, the blacksmith, burns out a donkey's hoof before fitting on the shoe, only infinitely worse, and a terrible uproar of sighs, sobbing, vells, oaths. shoe, only infinitely worse, and a terrible uproar of sighs, sobbing, yells, oaths. 'Here, you' are you coming in?' howled a big-horned demon, making a grab at me with a long red-hot iron hook. 'I' No, thank you, sir; I could not think of intruding—in fact I belong up above!' You do? Well, then, what are you doing down here?' 'I have travelled a long way, good Mr. Davil to see if by any chance good Mr. Devil, to see if by any chance possibly you might happen to have any one here from Cucugnan.' 'Any one from Cucugnan?' yelled the fiend; 'why, you black-frocked old fool, all Cucugnar shere! Step this way and I'll show you how we serve your precious Cucugnese

'Dearly beloved brethren, I looked, and there in the midst of a great sheet of flame, I saw—whom did I see? I saw Coq Calene, the great hulking loafer that used to get so drunk and beat his wife. And Pascal Doigt-de-Poix, who made oil with his neighbor's olives. And old Cap-usi, the usurer. And Tortillard, who when he met me carrying the holy sacra-

ment to a dying man, walked past with hat on his head and his pipe in his jaw as proud as Artaxerxes and paying no more attention to me than if I had been a dog. And Conleau, with his wife, Zette and Jacques and his brothers Pierre and Toni. Shuddering with fear sat the congregation, each recognizing his father, his grandmother, his cousin, his sister in the

memorable roll.
'Dearly beloved brethren,' said the cure

more mildly, as he took off his glasses and mopped his face, 'you understand as well as I do that this thing cannot be any longer. I have charge of your souls and I wish to save you from the abyss into which you are plunging headforemost. To morrow I will set about the business I mave charge of your sours and I wish to save you from the abyss into which you are plunging headforemost. Clement's. For nearly five years his To-morrow I will set about the business and do it systematically. To-morrow, Monday, I will hear the confessions of the admiration and gratitude of distinguished visitors from England, Ireland and Americal property. old people. On Tuesday the children.
On Wednesday the young folks—it may be
late before I get through, but never mind!
On Thursday the married women, and on
Friday their husbands. On Saturday the

Friday their husbands. On Saturday the village miller—I will devote the whole day to him. And by next Sunday, if all goes well, we shall have entered upon a new order of things.

Dearly beloved brethren, when the corn is ripe we must put in the sickle. When the wine has been poured out we must drink it. There is a great heap of dirty linen here and it has got to be washed at linen here and it has got to be washed at once and washed thoroughly, and I am going to do it.'
He did it.

STILLED IN DEATH.

The Silver-Tongued Dominican Orator, Father Thomas Burke, dies in Dublin

Dublin, July 2.—Rev. Thomas N. Burke, the well-known priest and lecturer, died yesterday at the Tallaght Convent of the Dominican Order, this city. This distinguished divine was born in the city of Galway, Ireland, in 1830. It

the city of Galway, Ireland, in 1830. It was in that city that young Burke received his early education, in the schools of Erasmus Smith. The first language which he spoke was the Irish, and among the poems which he first committed to memory were the most popular of Archbishop MacHale's Irish translations of the "Melodies," Though full of wit and humor, and fond of playing the pranks characteristic of school-boys, characteristic of joyous and light-hearted youth, he was a very industrious student, and made such very industrious student, and made such progress in his studies as gave promise of future celebrity. He became a favorite of the Dominican Fathers, for whom he frequently served Mass in the Dominical studies in his paties city.

Father Burke's sympathy with the reat national movement inaugurated by O'Connell, and strengthened by those bright spirits whose poetry and eloquence shed fresh lustre upon their country, was strong and enthusiastic. He was an ardent admirer of Davis, and, though young, he appreciated the services which the poets, orators, historians, antiquarians and essayists of the Nation rendered to Irish liter

ature.

EMBRACING THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. In 1847, when Ireland was suffering from famine and fever, and when political excitement was at its height, he abandoned the world and its temptations, and set out for Rome, with the firm resolution of completing his ecclesiastical studies for the priesthood in the Order of St. Dominion of the priesthood in the Order of St. Dominion of the priesthood in the Order of St. Dominion of the priesthood in the Order of St. Dominion of the priesthood in the Order of St. Dominion of the priesthood in the Order of St. Dominion of the priesthood in the Order of St. Dominion of the Order of S -that illustrious Order with which inic-that illustrious Order with which ever inseparably associated. In the novitiate house of the Dominicans in Perugia he was received as a novice taking the name in religion of Thoma How often has the angelic Doc tor invested his eloquence with irresist ible power, supplying him with weapons of celestial proof! Having studied philosophy in Perugia, he commenced his theological studies at the College of the Minerva and Santa Sabina in Rome. Having spent five years in Italy, he was sent by his superiors to England, where he was raised to the priesthood. In Enghe was raised to the presthood. In Eng-land the scene of his missionary labors for four long years was Gloucestershire. Here he labored unceasingly for the salva-tion of souls; here he perfected that elo-quence which was destined to win unfad-

His superiors, who thought very highly of his zeal and intellectual gifts, intrusted him with the important and laborious task of founding and establishing a novitiate and house of studies for the order in Ireland. In the old Church of St. Saviour, in Denmark street, his eloquence first at-tracted the attention of the citizens of Dublin. The Irish metropolis is never in need of eminent speakers in the pulpit. The Dublin people, like the Athenians in the time of Pericles, Plato and Demos-thenes, are as fond of eloquence as of music and if they can justly boast of having the most eloquent statesmen in Europe, they have a fair supply of distinguished pulpit orators. The fame of Father Burke inorators. The fame of Father Burke in-creased daily; his Lenten sermons, in the new and magnificent Church of St. Savi-our, in Dominick street, firmly established his reputation as the greatest preacher of whom Dublin could boast.

The corner-stone of his new convent at to give missions, conduct retreats, and de-liver charity sermons in various parts of Ireland. The next scene of his labors was Rome, where he was appointed Superior of St. Clements, the oldest basilica in the city of the seven hills. He discharged with remarkable success the duties imposed upon him by his new position. His oraorical fame had preceded him, and his cclesiastical superiors gave him an oppor-

place1 at the service of English-speaking stistors. For many years Cardinal Wiseman delivered the Lenten sermons in the English tongue in the pulpit of Santa Maria del Popolo. The illustrious restorer of the Catholic hierarchy in England was succeeded in the same pulpit by his friend and admirer, Dr. Manning, the present great and celebrated Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. The death of Cardinal Wiseman necessitated the speedy return placed at the service of English-speaking Wiseman necessitated the speedy return of Dr. Manning to England, and the high honor of succeeding in Santa Maria one of the greatest living champions of the Catholic faith was conferred upon Father

> ica.
>
> Immediately previous to the assembling of the Vatican Council, his voice was heard for the last time in Santa Maria by as intellectual an audience as ever hung with rapture upon the accents of Bossuet, or Bourdaloue. During the autumn of 1871, he landed in New York as visitor to the houses of the Dominican Order in the United States. DEFEAT OF FROUDE

The ignominious defeat of Froude was the greatest victory which Father Burke won in America. I am not now speaking of the hundreds whom his eloquence con-verted to the Catholic religion, of the He did it.

From that memorable moment ever afterwards the sweet savor of the virtue of Cucugnan pervaded the surrounding country to a distance of ten leagues, and the good pastor, happy and light-hearted, dreamed every night when he went to sleep that in the midst of a halo of lighted tapers and a cloud of incense, with the choir chanting the Te Deum, he led his flock in resplendant procession up the starry road that conducts to the city of God.—San Francisco Monitor.

thousands of his own race whose faith he strengthened, of the thousands whom he made proud of the land of their ancestors —I speak of his victory over the English historian, and his triumphant vindication of truth and justice. The slanderer of Mary Stuart, the celebrated Queen of Scots, and the apologist of the tyranny of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth is no ordinary man. Froude is an accomplished scholar and an able writer. His style is animated and picturesque. He can paint a moral monster in the colors of the rainbow. If style can make vice pleasing, and turpithousands of his own race whose faith he style can make vice pleasing, and turpi-tude attractive, Froude has succeeded in his historical romances and anti-Catholic pamphlets. He came to the United States with the advantages of a high literary reputation, intense hatred of everything Catholic, and the powerful support and patronage of wealthy anti-Catholic and anti-Irish bigots. A few hundred persons listened to his lectures in New York—the press gave him every publicity. Father Burke was called upon to refute the slanderer of his country—public curiosity was excited, and the final result of the historical controversy was watched with deep interest by the American people, who al-ways love fair play and always sympa-

ways love rair play and always sympa-thize with the oppressed.

In a course of five lectures, Father Burke, in the Academy of Music, in New York, triumphantly refuted the slanders of Froude, and vindicated with surpass-ing power Ireland's claims to the sym-pathy of all lovers of freedom, and to the gratitude and admiration of Christendom. Five thousand persons-the elite of New

ture. HIS EXTRAORDINARY GIFTS. Gifted with a powerful, well modulated baritone voice, Father Burke could delight and captivate an audience by his delivery and captivate an audience by his delivery alone, apart from the matter of his dis-course. His voice, like the peal of an organ, could fill the largest cathedral, and his sermon or lecture, delivered with all the graces of elocution, was never forgot-ten by those who have had the happiness of listening to it. His action was nature of instending to it. In action was nature assisted by art, always impressive, always edifying. The Irish Dominican was the great master of human speech, whose burning words in defence of faith and father than the control of the con fatherland, were more musical than the lyre of Orpheus or the harp of David. His memory was most retentive, another indispensable gift of an orator. He had no time for preparing the sermons and lectures which he delivered in the United were treasured in his clear and powerful memory. Give him a few minutes to reflect upon a subject, and he was ready without further preparation to speal

on it an hour, or two hours, before five thousand people. SEEKING REPOSE. His protracted labors in the missionary field necessitated rest, and returning to England he was permitted to recuperate England he was permitted to recuperate his wasted energy and strength. But des-pite the evidences of failing health, his active mind still sought an outlet for its fund of knowledge, and he began a course of sermons in the principal cities of England. Sickness again compelled him to seek repose. Last Lent he went to Rome, where he preached several of the Lenten sermons in the Dominican Church in that city. Broken in constitution, he returned to England four weeks ago ing laurels for him in Ireland and America. the opening of the new Dominican Church of the Holy Rosary, at Haverstock Hill, London. Since then we have kept our readers informed of his condition.

The name of Father Burke will be as

famous in Irish annals as that of his illustrious countryman, the great Elmund Burke. If the latter was the oracle of the Senate, the former is a prince of the pulpit. If Edmund Burke shook the political world with the thunders of his eloquence, the burning words and fiery ents of Father Burke move the mora world. If the soul-stirring eloquence of the Irish Demosthenes fired the breasts of political independence, the Irish Lacor-daire kindles the flame of piety in hearts long dead to the inspirations of religion, and directs the aspirations of men to the next world. If Irishmen justly cherish the memory of Edmund Burke as one of the mightiest geniuses of the modern world, they will guard the fame of Father Tallaght was laid on Sunday, the 29th of May, 1864. While acting as superior of this house for four years, he still continued this house for four years, he still continued this house for four years, and de-

Persons of weakly constitution derive from Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda a degree of vigor obtainable from no other source, and it has proved itself a most efficient protection to those troubled with a hereditary tendency to consumption. Mr. Bird, drug-gist, of Westport, says: "I knew a man tunity to win new triumphs in the pulpit tunity to win a man in the Pulpit at Rome.

In Rome the Lenten sermons are preached in different languages. The Church of Santa Maria del Popolo was pounds." The Full T

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