to the intellect of every citizen as to consult despot's or a tyrant's will. There have been governments where the law by which citizens were bound, under penalty, was not the reflex offigh reason, animated and guided by benevolunce, but was rather the expression of caprice, or the eccentricity of, perhaps, the vilest monster and worst man in the country. Such was the government, and such was the law, that told the Catholic parents of Ireland that it was no longer lawful for them to educate their children. Such was the government and such was the law that told the Catholic priesthood of Ireland that it was no longer lawful for them to go to the holy altar and celebrate Mass. That law was not the reflex of mercy; it was the accursed caprice of one of this earth; and her name was Queen Elizabeth, gives for the purposes of society, upon earth, or "Queen Bess" (hisses). But, my friends, as well as for the higher purposes of Heaven. I come home practically, at once, to this subject of the State. Many of you, who are here listening to me are Americans, citizens by birth and by blood; but, surely, there are also men listening to me who, like myself, are men of Celtic blood, and of Irish birth: not English but Irish (cheers); not Norman, but Celtie (renewed cheering). My name of Burke, it is true, is a Norman name; but it is a name that has come down to me, through seven hundred years, from sires and grandsires that knew how to bleed and to die for Ireland (great cheering). Thanks be to God, a man gets more of his nature, -of his heart and of his blood, -from his mother than he does from his father; and my mother was a McDonough, from Connemara (tremendous cheering);—a stock that is as purely Irish as ever was that of Hugh O'Neill, or Red Hugh O'Donnell (renewed cheering): -as fiery in temper as ever St. Columbkill was; and he was a true Irishman; -- as poor as England could make thom (and, God knows, that was poor enough)—(great cheering):—as proud as Lucifer: and as Catholic as St. Peter (tremendous and long-continued applause).

Well, my friends, to you, especially,-to you, who have been brought up in the traditions of persecution and of almost slavery;-to you, who, in this land, breathe and inhale the glorious air of free America;-to you, who know the springing step of freemen, that you were never able to lay upon the shamrock sod at thome; -to you, I say, that have already realized the magnificent truth of my assertions,this glorious land of America-Oh! may every blessing in the gift of Heaven come down upon her imperial and more than imperial head and heart! (cheers)-this great land,- this noble constitution of freedom,-will not impose a law upon the least of you, her citizens, until she first asks that man, by a vote at the hustings, whether that law is to be made or not (cheers). She will not as much as nominate a civil magistrate to rule you, until she first asks your opinion. It is for you to decide who shall be governor. She takes, into her grand Republican councils, every citizen in the land; she educates him to the highest principle of obedience to the law by transforming every citizen into a law-maker. Is it not so? (great cheering). Was there ever, since the world was created, -was there ever a more magnificent sight than to see so many millions of freemen living in harmony and in peace together, and no man abusing the freedom that this glorious country gives him (cheers)? I said no man abusing his freedom: I must withdraw that expression. There is one man-one man who abuses that freedom,-one man who is a living reproach to the very liberty that he possesses, and to the State that owns him ;-and that one man is the drunkard that I came here to fight to-night (cheers). He, alone, above all other men, insults the genius of liberty and of law. He insults the genius of liberty by his own act, in freely and wilfully resigning himself to become the slave of the vilest and most tyrannical passion that ever asserted itself in the blood or in the body of man. There is no man who is so thoroughly enslaved as the unfortunate drunkard. There is no man who cannot resist his passions some time or other, but the drunkard. Why? Because there is no form of sin that excludes the counselling voice of reason,-there is no form of sin that excludes the whispers of conscience, except that one sin, which destroys reason, and paralyses the conscience, and takes away the soul and leaves only the brutal body, with its base desires, behind.

Again, my friends, the drunkard not only abuses the liberty that he enjoys; but he makes himself, by his accursed drunkenness, incapable of obeying or appreciating, or even of making the law. The word law,—that is to say the rule that is to govern a whole community,-means the expression of judgment and reason, meditated profoundly, and scientifically and practically for the public good, for the good of all men. It is, therefore, an intellectual fact, the existence of law. Why is it that there is no law amongst the inferior animals? Because there is no intellect amongst them. Why is it that in them a necessary instinct takes the place of intelligent reasoning? Because they have no intelligence and, therefore, no appreciation of freedom. Therefore, that vice, above all others, is the enemy of God and of law which destroys reason in man; which annihilates his judgment, and leaves him incapable of thinking, incapable of knowing what law is; for he is incapable of obeying that law. Above all, and beyond all things, he is incapable of defending it, whenever that law. which is the palladium of liberty, is attacked (loud applause). What is the consequence? You might as well endeavor to set up a Republic, or a Free State, amongst the hogs in Ohio or Indiana, out west; you might as well get these hogs together into one of the prairies, which must be exercised in this land. And and say to them :- "Now, hogs, elect a presi- that religious union will only come upon this able to look back to the days of his early boyhood, your heart ever leaned towards; as you love your proceedings will be gone through with exceptional

the governing powers will pay so high a tribute | dent for yourselves; elect mayors, elect congressmen, elect senators; make your own laws; individually before they lay upon him the it will be hog law, but it will be good enough the children of law (cheers). There have been for you (laughter). We leave you perfectly free. We have been in the habit of taking you to Cincinnati, and all these places; and ple were governed was the mere expression of ple were governed was the mere expression of ple were governed was the mere expression of believe governed was the mere governed govern killing you in the Fall season, or the Winter season; but there is an end to that. No man, for the future, must touch even a pig's tail. There is to be no longer ham nor bacon, nor any of these things,—for the hog is a most respectable animal; he must have his own liberty and his own empire" (laughter). You might just as well say that, and expect the hogs and cattle to obey you as to collect together a nation of drunkards, and say to them: -- "We give you your liberty; make your own laws." They would be as incapable of it as the brute beast, that has neither intellect, nor will, nor freedom. And thus, out of its very nature, the sin of drunkenness is that by which hell religion, nor of reason, nor of justice; nor of and the powers of hell lay siege not only to the soul of man, enshrined within him for Heaven, the vilest monsters that ever appeared upon but lay siege to the very human body, that God And have we not melancholy instances of

this? What has destroyed nations? Drunk-

enness. Who are the enemies of the State, wherever they exist? Drunkards. Who have sapped the foundations of freedom, and made it degenerate into tyranny? Drunkards .-When Rome was in the very climax of Republican strength and power; when the last great contest approached, and the question was to be decided whether the Roman people were to retain their precious Republican liberty, won for them, by the arm of a Brutus, by the valor of a Scipio, by the virtue of a Cato; by the integrity of a Fabricius; and by the genius and wisdom of a Cincinnatus; -when it was the question whether they should retain their liberty, or lose it, and bow down their Republican necks under a yoke the most galling, that of the Casarism or the Imperialism of ancient Rome, -what lost the cause? The Roman people looked to one great here as their champion; the man who, as a general; the man who, as a statesman, stood pre-eminent; the only man who could lift his intellectual brow and his mighty arm against the schemes of Augustus Cæsar: that man was Marcus Antonius. He went with his army into Egypt : he gave himself up to drunkenness and the debauchery that always follows it. There, in Grand Cairo, and in Alexandria, whilst he was drinking his wine, night and day,-steeping his soul in the lees of wine, until it lost all sense of its natural bravery and love for Republican freedom,-Augustus advanced upon him; and, at the battle of Actium, it only required one sweep of Casar's sword to drive the poor, besotted, degraded, and unmanly Roman soldier before his face, as a coward! What was the beginning of the ruin of that other Republic, so celebrated in story,—the rival of men that are always prating about their grievances, Rome,-imperial Carthage. As long as her people were sober,—as long as her armies were sober, so long the Roman soldiers,-these invincible legions, that had conquered the rest of the world, were unable to stand before the terrible arms of Hannibal and his army. He marched down, right through Italy;—he crossed the Alps; he conquered Nature herself; he stormed the country; and by nothing but the greatness of his own genius and by the bravery of his men. No power could resist them. Every city fell before them; until at king John, and who was like the Scatchman, of length these grand and terrible Republican soldiers went into winter quarters in a city in the South of Italy, called Capua. There they remained, during the months of winter, drinking the rich wines that grew upon the plains of Naples, by the sea-shore, and around the base of Mount Vesuvius. There they remained,—these men of iron;—and no sooner did they begin to drink, than their muscles and nerves began to relax; their whole corporal frame,-their souls and bodies were so shattered, that when they came out to fight the Roman again, the very first Roman army that net them swept them from the field as the whirlwind sweeps the chaff from the threshing floor; for, what was easier for the Roman Legions than to crush and destroy an army of reeling, besotted, unmanly drunkards.

Go back farther into history; read the history of all the great nations that ever flourished; and you will find the same story, over and over again. With the Modes, the Persians, the Scythians, the Assyrians, and the Armenians, always the same story. States fell; society was ruined, whilst Balthasar was sitting with his wine before him ;-while the proud Sardanapalus was locked up in his palace, drowning his senses in debauchery. In a word, drink was the curse and ruin of whole nations, as history asserts; and ruin was invariably brought down upon them by this sin, the most detestable of all, the sin of drankenness.

How is it, in this land; and how shall it be? Before America lies a future the most glorious that God ever gave a people on this earth. This mighty continent, terrible in its dimensions,—a world in itself ;-a country teeming with every form of riches; a soil the most fertile; minerals the most rare and precious, yet abundant; fruits and flowers of every form of beauty and sweetness; nothing, nothing can hinder America from becoming a nation so great that her mere shadow will cast the rest of the worle into the shade (cheers) ;-nothing, except that sin -if America have the misfosture to become a slave to it ;-the sin that will rob her statesman of their brains and of their intellect ;-the sin that will rob her senators of their virtue and of their manly, honest independence;—the sin that will rob her people of their industrious habits;-the sin that will rob her army of its bravery;—the sin, in a word, that will bring down, if America indulge in it (which God forbid she should!)—the sin that will bring down the curse of division, the curse of rival factions, -that shall crush her to the earth; -when this magnificent country, broken up into twenty or thirty small States, weakens itself and breaks itself up into many sovereignities that must of necessity come when the councils are divided and weakened by the sin of drunkenness (applause). I believe that, if the Guardian Angel of America could make his voice heard over the mighty land entrusted to him, he would cry out, in a tone of voice at which the dead would rise:—"People of America, be temperate, and God will do the rest tor you" (loud cheers). I don't mean to say that faith is not necessary; for it is. Catholicity is necessary to make America arrive at the fulness of her strength and power. Why? Because religious union is the concentration of all union ; the highest intellectual union, and the secret of that mighty strength which must be hers,

land in the day when America is Catholic, as Catholic as Ireland is to-day (cheers). But I do hold and believe,—I speak now from the experience which I had not before,—my experience of American people,—the highest and proudest and happiest exto embrace the glorious religion of the Holy Catholic Church (cheers). In the past there have been bright stars, my friends, in the firmament of America; bright, magnificent stars; men who, in the very infancy of these states, stood forth and wrote their names, in characters that shall never perish, upon the annals of the world's history, as statesman, as soldiers, as sailors, as philosophers, and as poets. brigtest stars of intellect,-men of magnificent minds and heroic will,—that some of the very brightest of them were obscured, until their light became almost darkness. Why? By what sin? Was it by any meanness of spirit? Was it by any un-American fault or sin of lying, or of cowardice? No! But it was by the sin of drunkenness. Some of the brightest names, that surely were intended by Almighty God to be the lights of American history, were obscured by this, and lost to their country,-lost for the vast national purposes which they might have served. Now, my friends, our dear old motherland was

also .- and is, -a nation, (cheers), out of whose mind two ideas have never perished, and never will: namely, that she has a right to her freedom as a nation : and that she will be, unto the day of judgment, a Catholic nation (cheers). Our history proves that never did Ireland, even in her darkest hour, pull down the "Green Flag," or give it up and say: I am no longer a nation" (loud cheers). Our history proves that not all the powers of earth, aided by all the devils in hell, could tear Ireland's Catholicity from the heart of the people (continued cheers). Irishmen, hear me now, and hear one who need not tell you that he loves you (cheers). The masterpassion of my heart,-after the love that I have for God and for my religion,-is my love for Ireland (great cheering). There is no brother's leve to divide it, or to interfere with it ; there is no woman's love to come in and share it. No! My native land, as she was in all the vicissitudes of her history,my native land, as she is to-day, in all her misery; my native land, as she shall be one day, when the world shall proclaim her "a nation once again' (enthusiastic cheers) .- that is the object of my love Therefore, I speak as a friend, as a lover, and as an Irishman to my fellow-man. This learned and no doubt honorable English gentleman that has come over has come to preach this gospel; The Irish have been badly treated; and they got what they deserved. They did not know how to govern themselves; and it was a mercy that somebody took them in hand." The Herald newspaper made one remark that struck me as very forcible : it was : " Does Mr. Froude intend that the citizens of America should go back through the dreary, musty dissertions upon past history! Does he intend that we should go on, turning over old books with him? No! America has too much to do" (laughter). Then the Herald went on to say 'It is not so much a question of the past. Mr. Froude, as it is a question of to-day." I now tell you that, no matter what argument this man may bring forth, the strongest argument that he could bring forth to-day, on the question of the hour whilst he is drawing the eyes and attention of all America to us Irish,—the strongest argument that he could bring against us would be to point to the drunkards and say: " There they are !- there are the and all that. It is true, we handled them without gloves,-the dirty, behauched, impoverished, filthy drunkards; were they ever deserving of anything better?" Oh! if he is able to say this, we will have to hang down our heads, in shame, in this land, at this, sad spectacle. But, as long as he tells about the divisions between Nial Gary O'Neil and Red Hugh,-when Nial Garv betrayed him for money;as long as he tells us about the division between McCarthy Mor in the south, and O'Donnell in the north :- as long as he rakes up old English lies (laughter), and holds them up, and says: Here is what I read in an old book written by Gerald Barry, but what he put his foot in it (laughter). This Gerald Barry scarcely ever opened his mouth since the day he began to speak until his last moment, that he didn't tell a lie. The only time that ever he told the truth was when he said the Confitcor, and had come to that part where said: "I have sinned exceedingly, in thought, word, and deed, through my fault," (laughter) :- so long as this gentleman brings arguments from such a customer as Gerald Barry and the like of him, -he might as well be "whistling jigs to a mile-stone," as trying to prejudice the great mind of America against her Irish citizens, it the American people see in us a sober, manly, temperate, religious, industrious, honest, and-I will not say a brave race, because the Irishman, drunk or sober is brave (cheers). Aye! he may take up the dirt and fling it, thick and heavy. The more he attempts to lay on, the more will America, great and good as she is, and unprejudiced,—the more will she become exasperated, and say:—How dare you say such things of a people who are the very toilers, the bone and sinew of this land; no less industrious, no less interested than any others in its industry, and n its commerce! If I were in Mr. Froude's place, will tell you what I would do. The very evening that I came out to lecture and assail the Irish, I would try to get an Irishman drunk, and bring him on the stage; and then, instead of talking and telling lies about the Irish, hundreds of years ago, all in the world I would do would be to put this fellow on a chair and tell the people to look at him (laughter). Whenever I see a drunken Irishman, reeling about in the street,—as a priest, I regret and weep for his sin: but, as an Irishman I could almost take him in my hands and strangle him for disgracing so grand a people, so honorable a race, so pure, heroic, and magnificent a history as ours (cheers).

And now, my friends, it is not only the evil of the State that I talk of, but it is the second, the domestic evil. The highest honor that God gives to man perhaps, after all, is the honor of making him the father of a family. He is, under God, the creator of that family that grows up around him. He is the representative of the Supreme Ruler of all things, in the government entrusted to him in his domestic circle. God himself recognises the dignity of his position when He says in the Fourth Commandment to the child: "Honor this man, reverence him; worship him with your love and veneration. So will you honor him, in order that your days may be proonged in the land you live in." Nothing is more terrific in its responsibility, nothing more noble in its nature, nothing more God-like in the dimensions of its power and honor, than the dignity of a father of a family. He has brought these children into the world; and God has conferred upon him the honor, and at the same time, the responsibility and obligation to be the father of those children's souls as well as of their bodies. The little child, that leans upon his mother's bosom, is the father of the man that is to be in twenty years time. But the soul, I may say, can scarcely be said to be born into the better life the soul must not only be born, it must be brought up and reared, in that infant child, by education. The father's example must go before that child, even as the angel of God went before the Children of Israel in the form of a pillar of fire,-a burning and a shining light of virtue. Oh! my friends, what a

and say of the old man that is in his grave :- "I never heard a bad word from him. I never saw him in a position unworthy of a man. I never heard are in; for all these and by reason of all these;—in from his lips, nor saw in his life, anything that the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the could teach me sin or vice. His example, by which Holy Ghost, take the pledge and give up the drink people,—the highest and proudest and happiest experience of my life,—I speak from experience when I say that, if the shrewd intellect of America,—the keen, lofty, penetrative, intuitive intelligence of America,—be not spoiled and blunted and destroyed by drunkenness, I anticipate that that intelligence will soon learn to appreciate and to love and to embrace the glorious religion of the Holy Catholic away "in unwomanly rags;" they see her lack-luster left in Heaven or in hell. On eye; they see the evidence of gloomy despair upon her wan, emaciated face. They, perhaps, see, -with fear and terror in their young hearts, the day when she, in her despair, also takes to drink, and becomes that most hideous thing on earth,-perhaps the most hideous thing in hell,—a drunken woman! Mean-time the father,—losing his employment, losing the But, oh! is it not a sad truth that some of the confidence of those who are around him,—becomes a besotted drunkard, and falls, step by step, from one abyss of poverty to another. The young children are soon taught to know this world, perhaps in crime and in sin; and the message on which they are perpetually running is to the gin shop or saloon, now for beer, now for ale, now for whiskey. Their only idea is to grow up to the enjoyment of that which they see their parents enjoying. I have known, myself, a little boy, before he was fourteen years of age, to become a confirmed, irreclaimable drunkard, because, every time that his father sent him to the public-house, for whiskey or gin, the little lad took his share of it before he brought it home! What remains of the joys that ought to surround that family at their domestic hearth? Not a vestige of tenderness remains; not a vestige even of a firm resolution is based upon the hope that we of comfort remains. Demoralization is there; pov- have in God, that He will enable us to keep it;—it erty comes in at last in its most hideous form; and is based upon the use of the Sacraments and the in its train it brings all the vices, all the crimes, and all the bestiality which are forced upon those who have the misfortune to be in that last and most

degraded form of poverty.

But, far more terrible still, is this vice when we find it in man in his third relation, to his God. I friends. And why? Because at other times, when have spoken to you upon this subject, I made this the principal feature of my lecture. I have told you and proved to you, the outrage that the sin of drunkenness puts upon Almighty God, spoiling and destroying not only the supernatural grace, but the very natural image of humanity or human nature in man; that it wounds God by tying His hands, and obliging Him, by force, to deny His mercy to the you; it is the drunkard's death. We, Catholies, are taught to say that most fervent of prayers : "Oh, Pray for us, now and at the hour of our death, oh, Mary 1" Nothing is more terrible according to the words of Scripture than the death of the sinner,-"mors peccatorum pessima,"—the death of the sinner is the worst thing of all; of all, it is the most terrible. Now, as a priest, I have been attending deathbeds for the last twenty years. I have seen death approach in his majesty, in every form he could assume. I have seen him as he came to lay his icy hand upon the heart of the young man, and still it into the calmness of death. I have seen him approach, like a gentle woman, whose coming was expected, whose face was wreathed in smiles, who came only to take the soul and, by an easy transition bring into the presence of Jesus Christ and leave it there. Such a death have I seen, over and over again; when the young nun was dying in the first bloom and fervor of her religious life; and, when the young heart was breaking with the pain and agony, death came as soothingly and as sweetly and as welcomed as the friend who was expected; and she smiled in the face of the "grim conquerer." while she surrendered her soul to him who, after all, was but an angel of God. I have seen the Great King making his sorrowful advance to the bed-side of the dying man, when oh! his approach was the signal of despair, when the father of a family, reconciled to God, has made his peace with all men, fortified with a substantial hope for a bright future in glory; yet, saw around him his wife, whose only support he was, and his children, who now will cry in vain for bread, when he that broke it for them is father, seeing poverty and distress the only heritage that he was leaving to those he loved Oh! how terrible were these scenes! I have seen death approach, like a thicf in the night, and steal behind the strong man, simply lay his icy hand upon him, and bear him away without another thought. But never, never have I seen the terrible grim conqueror assume all the horrors of hell, and bring with him in his train,-before the very eyes of the sinner whose sands of life were passing away,-all the terrors of that hell that awaited him;never have I seen him approach, surrounded by devils,-except when he came to the bed-side of the drunkard, dying in his sin! Oh! if the greatest drunkard,-the greatest of all slaves to this vice,that ever lived upon this earth, were only to hear what I have heard, and see what I have seen,-that man would never taste the accursed drink again. even if it was to save his life, for a thousand years. I remember being called in to the bed-side of a man who was dying from excess of drinking. I went into the room, indeed, not without feur. Four men were holding him down in the bed. It seemed to him, in his delirious mind, that, in holding him down in the bed, they were sinking him, inch by inch, into hell! He looked around him, with his awful, terror-stricken eyes. He cried: "I am on a bed of fire! Oh, God! I burn! I burn! the blood is boiling in my veins! Devils! will you not let me rise from this bed of torment and of flames! Will nobody help me!" He went on, while his great chest was heaving, as he writhed, like one possessed by a thousand devils, to get away from their grasp. He saw devils around him. Sinking on the pillow where he was lying, and endeavouring to shake them off, he said : "Save me !- save me !- there,there are seventy-seven devils! Oh, where shall I fly from this hell around me," Thus was he when I entered the room. His shricks were terrific to her. Truly the tone of the despair of hell was in his voice. I came over, and laid my placid hand upon his fevered head. Keeping perfectly calm I tried, if there were any mesmeric influence in me, to give peace to him. For a moment he grew calm; he knew me. "Ah! Father Tom, is it you?" "Yes; I am here." "Tell me," he said,—"tell me, have you the Blessed Sacrament?" "Yes," I said, "I have the Blessed Sacrament." "Oh, begone," he cried, "you and your God! Begone! He is not my God! I will not have him or belong to Him. There are those around me who will take me away for ever! Begone!" With these words he heaved one mighty sigh,—his heart broke with the excess of his terrible delirium; and he fell out of the hands of those who held him, -a corpse :-his last breath a blasphemy (sensation)! Many a time and oft-for I knew him well and intimately,-many a time and oft I had said to him: "My friend, you are every day preparing for the curse that will come upon you with your last hour, upon your death-bed. You are preparing, by a drunkard's life, to meet a drunkard's death," He did not listen to me. That drunkard's

his immortal soul. Are there any amongst my hearers, to-night, preparing for a drunkard's death? Cn my very knees, before that man, I ask him-as you love all that to the canonical law which must be finished before blessing it is for the grown man, in after life, to be is dear to you in this world; as you love all that there can be a trial, and it is not expected that the

death he died; and I greatly fear that an eternity

of sorrow will not be enough to repair the loss of

faith, your religion, your God; as you love your country; as you love the glorious country that you let it be in Heaven, my friends. It is a friend that speaks, with no interest save in your temporal welfare, and in the salvation of your souls—your welfare and happiness, for time and eternity; and, as much of your country's hopes are bound up in your actions and in your conduct in this land, I, therefore ask you, in the name of God,—such of you as may feel that you ought to do it,—this very night, from this platform, to join your voices with mine whilst you take the pledge, as I will give it. I ask you before you do this to remember that this pledge you will not be able to keep, as a rule, unless you go to your duties as Catholics,—to Conression and Communion,—to get from God, who alone can give it the same grace that enables such as I am, priests to keep ourselves from sin, from scandal and the wicked vices of this world. It is all in vain to think. as many think, that when a man makes a resolution he will keep it. No! God must keep it for him, To keep a good resolution is a work of divine grace. God has provided the means for you,—the graces that will enable you to keep this resolution. Therefore, before I speak one word of this pledge to you I tell you it is a resolution, not a vow. But, the virtue have in God, that He will enable us to keep it ;-it practice of our religion in order that we may make sure of the grace that will enable us to keep that pledge. And if, after taking it, any man amongst you will keep it; if any man has hitherto been led astray by too much jollity, or good humor, or any one of the thousand causes that influence the soft and the simple need not dwell at any great length upon this, my heart of the Irishman,-for in that heart there isn't much that is bad, though there may be a great deal that is foolish;—I say now to you that if any man amongst you will take this pledge from me, three angels will descend into that man's house to-night; -the angel of the Church of God,-to thank him, to abide with him, that he may be an honor to his religion;—the angel of American liberty, to abide with him and make him to be ever worthy of that highest honor and highest character on earth, that drunkard. But there is one feature of that curse, of an American citizen (tremendous cheers); -and the one phase of drunkenness that I wish to put before angel of old, green Ireland, who will swoop with the rapidity of angelic motion, rapid as thought, over taught to regard a sudden and unprovided death as the Atlantic wave, even into that Irishman's humble the greatest of all curses; and whilst living, we are house, and will say to him; "I come with a message from the land of Saints and Martyrs; their blood has Almighty God, grant us a holy death and a happy not been shed in vain; their prayers have not been resurrection." Our prayer to the Virgin Mother is, put forth in vain; their sufferings have not been in put forth in vain; their sufferings have not been incurred in vain. If you be a sober man, and keep this pledge, Ireland will revive in you and in your children, in tenewed prosperity and hope; glorious, powerful, crowned with every crown of highest blessings, with the still higher crown of that faith, hope, and love, which have been the lustre on Ireland's brow in all the sorrows of the past." Now, if any man here to-night wishes to take the pledge from me, let him hold up his hand. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. I ask you to repeat these words with me: I promise, with the Divine assistance, to abstain, henceforth, from all intoxicating drinks. And, may the Almighty God, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and all the Angels and Saints, give me grace and strength to keep this pledge." A wise resolution. If you keep it, and if you take the proper means to insure your keeping it, I promise you, as far as I can promise, as a minister of God, that the blessing of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost will be upon you in your path in life, that the prayers of the Mother of God will be with you at the hour of your death; and that your souls will pass into a happy cternity, to enjoy the vision of Jesus Christ in His glory forever. Amen.

> When the reverened fecturer concluded the entire audience gave three rousing cheers for him. President O'Brien then read the following resolutions, amid much enthusiasm:

> "Resolved, That the thousands of American citizens here present, representing different nationalities and religious beliefs, unite in thanking the Irish scholar and orator, Father Burke, for his prompt and chivalrous defence of the national history and character of a portion of our citizens against the prejudiced statements of an emisary of a European monarchial power, whose efforts and intrigues to cripple and disrupt this Republic have been as persistent as her rule over the generous race and nation of Ireland has been relentless and oppressive; and that we deem it the part of patriotism for our citizens to discountenance attempts, by foreign apologists of political slavery, to array the public sentiment of this free land against the cause of human liberty elsewhere, or to weaken our own Republic by exciting among one class of citizens feelngs of disfavor and hostility toward a large, respected and patriotic element of our republican popula-

> "Resolved, That Father Burke be requested to give a series of Irish historical lectures in this country in reply to Mr. Froude's lectures.

> "Resolved, That Father Burke's advocacy of temperance in this State has raised our people to a higher happiness, and has served our State and country, and entitles him to the sincere thanks of every patriotic citizen."

The resolutions were unanimously carried; and the audience, after several more cheers, dispersed .-Irish American.

## IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, Oct. 19 .- The approaching Term is likely to be one of more than ordinary interest for the Bar and the public. In addition to the usual accumulation of business after the long vacation there will be some trials of special importance, involving legal and constitutional questions which will be keenly discussed. The Roman Catholic clergy are the chief contributors to the supply of judicial subjects. The Rev. Mr. O'Keeffe, of Callan-if he survive his excommunication to-morrow-will carn the gratitude of professional gentlemen for his indefatigable efforts to keep them employed. With remarkable courage and perseverance, he will renew his attack upon what he regards as ecclesiastical despotism in two simultaneous actions for libel and slander, both arising out of the same facts, and directed substantially against the same parties. Cardinal Cullen is the defendant in one of the actions, in which the rev. gentleman disputes his right to supersede him in his office of parish priest, and appeals to British law for the redress of his alleged wrong. A great deal of popular sympathy is culisted on his side, and as the issue virtually raised is between the authority of the Pope on the one hand and the Queen on the other, the struggle will be witnessed with close attention by the whole country. The principal legal question will be argued upon demurrer to the defendant's plea, justifying his suspension of the plaintiff for having brought an action against an ecclesiastic in a civil court, contrary to the law of his Church and his duty as a parish priest. A trial before a jury cannot be held for some time, as, irrespective of the demurrer, which may ultimately, if the Court should think it untenable, put the case out of Court, at least in its present form, there is an inquiry to be conducted at Rome as