

## *The New York Times, January 12<sup>th</sup> 1890.*

**A JOLLY FRIAR.**—A ludicrous incident occurred at Kilarney Cathedral in the presence of Lord Kenmare and all the local magnates. Burke was preaching for the Presentation Brothers' Schools, and his sermon reached an unusual length. The brothers, anxious only for a good collection, began rattling the tin plates as a hint to the preacher to stop. The Bishop, Dr. Moriarty, frowned from his throne and the noise ceased. The portly prior advanced from his stall and took up his position in front of the pulpit, full in the view of all present except Burke. The preacher was just then expatiating on the zeal of the brothers. He pictured forth the pale ascetic monk, his emaciated frame bearing evidence of his fastings and vigils. He was surprised to find the audience were smiling. He tried to be more impressive, and again reverted to the mortified and overworked monk. The audience could hardly contain their merriment. There in front of them was the rotund figure, the broad jolly face of the prior, beaming like a full moon, visible to all but the preacher, and fully enjoying the beautiful description of the ascetic monk. Greatly disconcerted, the preacher concluded as quickly as he could, and it is but right to mention the collection did not disappoint the fraternity.

While prior of Tallaght, Burke enjoyed the intimate friendship of Cardinal Cullen. "Come up here, Father Tom, and tell some of your funny stories," was the usual invitation after dinner. He would give imitations of some Italian priests who had be-

come popular as preachers in Dublin. His first move was to cast the folds of his robe with demonstrative vigor over the left shoulder, and then in broken English proceed to lecture the faithful. With upraised finger he warned them to avoid "otiosity," to become "tinkers," (thinkers,) and to remember that "without face (faith) you cannot be shaved," (saved,) concluding each section of his homily, which seemed to be teaching how to avoid the doom of sin, with the words "You be da-a-a-mned," uttered in low earnest tones. Some of their mistakes were ludicrous. One Italian spoke of Lazarus as reposing in Abraham's womb, and another constantly referred to the whale in Jonah's belly.

For many years no banquet took place at the archiepiscopal residence which Burke was not asked to enliven, his pictures of Italian low life being greatly relished by the Cardinal. The quack dentist from Tuscany who with falsetto voice and bray of trumpet drove down the Piazza di San Agnesi at Rome, the man playing the mandoline, the improvisatore, and finally the Roman barber were standing dishes.—*Temple Bar.*

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