

would have bitterly reproached herself for being late; but now, it mattered not, her heart was dead within her. She knelt down, hid her face; but that new sensation of all this being a mockery was present like a haunting demon. She cared not for the beautifully modulated Kyrie Eleison, or the chanted Creed; in vain she attempted to banish thoughts that crowded over her weary mind. Many an Anglican will remember the soft strain that brought a flood of tears to her relief. God is not unrighteous, that He should forget your work, and labor that proceedeth of love? It seemed to speak peace, for she felt that she had not acted from wrong motives; these doubts were beyond her own control. God is not unrighteous; no, He knew all; He could read the depths of her heart, and give her grace to do His Will; and then she earnestly prayed Him to enable her to put aside all feeling on both sides of the question. What mattered it what happened, so that she did but His Will? But the service was meanwhile going on, and the moment for going up to the altars was come. What strange thought was it that quickened Clara's step and flushed her cheeks, with head not bent as usual, but raised like an ordinary communicant, she knelt at last at the altar? What was it that made her almost quickly elevate her extended hands to the mouth, instead of being in love and awe to contemplate that till then mystic gift? What made her look up at the beautifully decked altar, and the prostrate clergy; and when the gemmed cup came round, take it from the hand of the officiating minister, instead of with trembling hands allowing it to be placed to her lips? She could no longer adore. Faith was gone. All this was an empty show, a gorgeous mockery, an unconscious idolatry! Instead of the very presence of Him Whom her soul longed after, Whom she would have held and would not have let go, there was consecrated bread and wine, certainly, but that was all; and for the first time comprehended what a Protestant Communion must be. She turned from the altar, threw her veil over her face, walked quickly down the aisle, and sunk on her knees in her seat. The 'Gloria in Excelsis' was sung,—it was one of Mozart's exquisite compositions,—the blessing given, the choir and clergy left their stall; one by one the communicants retired; even the solitary lingerers had left the chapel; the doors were shut; but Clara knew she could let herself out, and still she lingered on. The candles had been extinguished; even the semblance of the Lord of Hosts was gone. It struck damp and chill indeed on poor Clara's worn-out heart. She raised her head; looked round about; she was quite alone. She went to the carved gates of the choir, and leaned against them. Alan's look in St. Wilfred's rushed across her memory, and his words rang in her ears: 'Any Anglican church, however beautifully it is fitted up, is to me cold and desolate and empty. It is robbed of its treasure; it has lost its glory; the casket is empty, the gem of price stolen,—and it cannot be restored,—but by one act!' 'Oh, Alan!' she exclaimed, bursting into tears, 'I understand all your suffering now. It is indeed empty,—a beautiful body without a soul, the shadow without the substance. What matters it gazing at painted windows and beautiful embroidery? they cannot fill the heart. And, oh, Alan, are you happy? or are you too among those who sit down beside the waters of Babylon, and weep in a land that is not their own?' She thought of writing to him, but a promise Mr. Wingfield had required to the contrary stopped her; and this brought to mind the promise made the night before not to indulge in these thoughts. She felt the traloom, but this feeling was repulsed as sin; but its repulsion, instead of peace, brought a cold weight to her heart. Clara could not really persuade herself she sinned in longing after Catholic truth. And then she looked up again, and the thought of possible sacrifice, in having communicated as she had done that morning, was additional agony. 'I cannot risk it again,' thought she; 'faith is gone, and now what is left? nothing but the horrible doubt that I may be profaning the Body and Blood of Christ by my incredulity. No! I must feel otherwise ere I communicate again. Oh!' she exclaimed, with streaming eyes and clasped hands, 'where is the peace I once had? where is the longing for this Heavenly Food? God have pity on me!' An almost audible voice seemed suddenly to answer to her sorrowful appeal, 'We are able!' The whole history of those words passed like lightning before her mind, and she sunk on her knees, covered her face with her hands, and bent as if in answer to the angelic warning. They had asked for things they knew not of, when they asked to share His Glory Throne. So had she in those days of youthful ardor when she had dedicated herself to God. He had bid them share His cup of suffering; and now she too was to find out what she did when she too answered, 'We are able!'

deeply wretched Mr. Morris saw at once what was the matter. He turned to walk with her. 'Can I do anything for you? You know how happy I should be, could I be of any comfort to you?' His kindness almost overcame Clara. 'No one can comfort me, Mr. Morris; and you—you are going to leave us, I hear.' He looked full at her for a moment; he saw that she knew all, and said simply, 'Yes; I was received into the bosom of the Catholic Church on St. Thomas's Day, and I leave this to-morrow.' 'Indeed,' said Clara; 'I did not know it was done!' Mr. Morris looked compassionately at her. 'Each new conversion is like wrenching away a portion of oneself,' added she; 'it is being killed by inches.' Mr. Morris could not smile, she looked so despairingly wretched. 'You must follow us then,' said he earnestly. She shook her head. 'I cannot,—would that I could,' she added with a subdued vehemence that made her clasp her hands together, and then suddenly let them fall at the thought of the fatal promise. 'Why?' said he, still more earnestly. 'You doubt your position; I have seen it—I know it; let me give you one last warning,—do not let any one bind you by any rash vows or promises of obedience.' 'Vows of obedience, Mr. Morris?' said Clara surprised. 'Such things are done,' replied Mr. Morris; 'and some who have not strength to break their chains, or cannot perceive that they are not binding, go on for years in doubt and agony, or else sink back into Anglicanism, and never arrive at the truth. Miss Leslie, let me entreat you, do not be entrapped into any rash promises.' 'It is done!' said Clara faintly; 'I saw Mr. Wingfield last night.' Mr. Morris looked struck dumb. 'Have you promised him unlimited obedience?' 'I have promised to put every doubt aside as if they were blasphemy,' replied Clara; 'I promised it before God.' Clara saw the knit brow, and an expression for an instant passed over Mr. Morris's face of concentrated indignation which she had not thought him capable of; but it was gone in a moment, and he was his own earnest gentle self again. 'Oh, how wrong,' said he, with deep feeling, 'How can it be right not to use the power of private judgment, upon which the whole system of the Reformation was built? We are bound to inquire, to satisfy ourselves that the Church of England was right to separate from Rome.—Is it not this very inquiry that has created the High-Church school? We have decided for ourselves how much of Catholic doctrine and practice we may hold in the Anglican Church; we interpret her words as we please; and yet we are not to be allowed to look into the most vital questions which concern the existence of the Church. I do assure you,' he added, 'the promise is not binding; but I am afraid it will cost you dear before you persuade yourself that it is not, except—and here he looked sadly at her—' you settle down into the Anglican Church, for there is such a thing.' 'Never,' replied Clara energetically; 'I could not settle down into the Anglican Church; I know there is such a thing, and the very fear I have of it will hinder me from doing so. O Mr. Morris, I have seen Catholic hearts almost sink into cold Protestantism again, lose all their warm Catholic feeling, and content themselves with the cold devotion of a Protestant; and I so fear retrograding one step, that I feel as if it were impossible for me not to advance.' 'You must do one or the other out of the Catholic Church,' replied Mr. Morris; 'people cannot stand still, they either go backwards or forwards, and the Church is the only rest for the soul of man. The poor dove out of the ark found no rest for the sole of her foot till she returned thither again. And can you, Miss Leslie, thinking as you do, still doubt what your line of conduct ought to be?' Clara was silent. (To be continued.)

POSITION OF THE POPE. PARTIAL OF HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL CULLEN. To the Secular and Regular Clergy of the Diocese of Dublin. Reverend Brethren,—It is not necessary to inform you that our Holy Father the Pope is now menaced by the greatest dangers, which give reason to fear that, in his old age after a long and holy career of usefulness and benevolence, he shall have to suffer all the miseries and privations of exile or imprisonment, and be interrupted in the free administration of the affairs of the Universal Church. You all recollect that some years ago, when Garibaldi and Mazzini had been driven from Rome, the present Emperor of the French undertook to protect his Holiness, and to maintain him in the possession of those states which had been handed down to him by his predecessors, and which were necessary to provide for the expenses of the administration of the Universal Church, and to secure the liberty of the Vicar of Christ in the discharge of his most important functions. You also recollect that at the same time the Emperor of Austria, in his zeal for religion, and the Catholic Sovereigns of Spain and Naples, were most anxious to assist in restoring and bringing the Pope back to the Eternal City. But Napoleon rejected their offers, and would not allow them to interfere in the work he had undertaken. He was determined to be the sole guardian and protector of the Holy See, and to act in a manner worthy of the Eldest Son of the Church. Unfortunately his acts do not seem to have corresponded to his promises, and it appears that he has been either unable or unwilling to fulfil the mission which he took upon himself. Under his protectorate, and, to say the least, without any opposition on his part, the Sardinian allies of his Imperial Majesty have seized on all that was valuable in the States of the Church, leaving to the Pope only a very small, barren, and nearly territory, quite inadequate to supply the wants and support the population of a great city like Rome. Reduced to this sad state, the Pope has had to suffer the severest privations, and to contend with the greatest difficulties, whilst endeavoring to provide for the spiritual wants of the faithful throughout the world, and to uphold the Government of the little remnant of his states. I need scarcely say that he has borne all his sufferings with calmness and

resignation, and that he has edified the world by the lustre of his virtues. But his enemies are not satisfied that he should hold any longer the diminished sceptre of Rome, or even the semblance of authority; and they are determined to make a new effort to carry out their iniquitous and sacrilegious plans of spoliation. An opportunity for doing so is now about to be offered. The Emperor of the French has declared that he will withdraw all his troops from Rome within a few weeks, leaving his Holiness to his own resources, at a moment when he can expect no assistance from Austria and other friendly Powers. Thus Rome will be abandoned to the tender mercies of the infidel and excommunicated ministers of Victor Emmanuel. From the manner in which these men have acted towards the Church in the so-called Kingdom of Italy, where they have persecuted and exiled holy bishops and priests, suppressed seminaries and colleges, enacted cruel and barbarous laws against religious men and women, confiscated all ecclesiastical property, and trampled on all right, human and divine, it is easy to conjecture how they will deal with the Pope. Undoubtedly the moment the French shall have left Rome, they will seize on it, and extend to it the same persecuting laws, and the same system of plunder with which other parts of Italy are afflicted. Under such rulers, who have invaded the rights of the prelates of God's Church in all the states of the Italian Kingdom, the Pope's liberty will be interfered with, and he will not have the means or freedom to govern the Universal Church. In this way religion will have to suffer the greatest evils, and the successor of Peter very probably be doomed to undergo the same afflictions and persecutions which his holy predecessors, Pius the Sixth, and Pius the Seventh, had to suffer, not very long ago, when the destinies of France were swayed by Napoleon the First, uncle of the present Emperor. Whilst the Church and the Holy See are menaced with such trials it is our duty to have recourse to prayer, and to ask for mercy and protection from Heaven. In order to obtain the aid of the Almighty, it has been determined that in this diocese, and in many others, Sunday the 9th of September, feast of the Holy Name of Mary, shall be a day of prayer and supplication to God that he may avert the calamities now menacing the Pope, and impending over the Catholic Church, whose welfare and prosperity are so closely connected with the safety of its supreme Head. On the day mentioned, you will be pleased, reverend brethren, to have a High Mass, or where that is not convenient, a Low Mass celebrated in your respective churches, whether secular or regular, for the protection of his Holiness. Immediately after Mass the psalm *Miserere* and the Litany of the Saints are to be chanted or read. The Blessed Sacrament may be exposed during the chant of the psalms and litanies, and benediction given afterwards in the usual form. At the sermon to be preached during the Mass, let the people be instructed in the duty of praying for the Pope, who bears the solicitude of all the Churches, and has the charge of feeding the sheep and lambs of the vast fold of Christ and of confirming the brethren, and is continuously occupied in providing for the salvation of immortal souls. The festival of the Holy Name of Mary will remind you to have recourse to the protection of the powerful Queen of Heaven. She is the strength of the weak, the comfort of the afflicted, the help of Christians. Through her intercession great victories have been obtained over the enemies of God and the persecutors of his Church. May we not now hope that she will listen to our prayer and protect against all his enemies the great Pontiff, who, by defining her Immaculate Conception to be a dogma of our holy Faith, added new glories to her name. I beg of you, reverend brethren, to exhort the faithful, and especially all the families of religious houses, to offer up the Holy Communion for the Pope, on the approaching festival of the glorious name of Mary, or on the following Sunday, on which the Church commemorates the seven dolours of the blessed Mother of our Lord. Oh, how much she suffered at the foot of the cross when at our Saviour's death the sword of grief pierced her tender heart! If we pray to her with humility and fervour, that pious Mother, remembering her own sufferings, will plead for her children, and by her prayers induce her divine son to avert the calamities now threatening the Holy See, to dissipate the counsels of the impious and unbeliever, to scatter like chaff before the wind all the enemies of religion, and to restore peace and happiness to the Church and society. Whilst placing our prayers under the protection of the Mother of God, let us always have recourse to the intercession of the glorious Apostles, Peter and Paul, the great patrons of the Church, and especially of Rome, who like their divine Master, suffered persecution, and shed their blood for the faith. And let us invoke the saints of our own Church, St. Patrick, St. Brigid, and St. Laurence, who will listen to the prayers of their own children, and obtain protection and mercy, not only for the vineyard which they cultivated with their own hands, but also for the Universal Church, and its Supreme Head. In conclusion, whilst praying with earnestness and fervor for assistance in our present wants, we should always keep in mind that the Holy Catholic Church can never be destroyed, and that the powers of earth and hell have legned themselves in vain against her, since she was first founded by our Divine Lord more than eighteen hundred years ago. Undoubtedly she has suffered persecutions and severe trials in every age, but her sufferings have only served to purify her, to increase her energies, and to make her more like unto her heavenly Master, who dying on the cross in the midst of torments overcame the powers of death and hell. The Church is the pillar and the ground of truth, and cannot be overthrown, because her Divine Founder has promised to be with her and to preserve her all days, even to the consummation of the world. As to the Pope, having been charged by our Lord, in the person of St. Peter, to confirm the brethren, to feed the lambs and sheep of the vast fold of Christ, to lead them to salutious pastures, to preserve them from the infection of heresy and schism, and to bind together, in the bonds of unity and charity, all the members of the Church, his authority, always necessary, can never fail. It has lasted since the days of Peter—it will last until the Angels shall summon all the children of Adam before the judgment seat of Christ. The greatest states—the most celebrated republics, the most powerful empires of this earth have had their day of glory and ceased to exist, but the Catholic Church, governed by Christ's Vicar on earth, is the kingdom foretold by Daniel (ii. 44)—that never shall be destroyed, out-living all human institutions, it shall stand for ever. Of earthly powers, as contrasted with the Church it may be said, in the words of St. Paul (I. Cor. i. 24): 'They shall perish, but thou shalt continue; and they shall all grow old as a garment; and as a vesture shall thou change them, and they shall be changed; but thou art the self same, and thy years shall not fail.' Like her Divine Master and Founder, the Holy Catholic Church is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever. The grace and charity of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. † PAUL CARDINAL CULLEN. Dublin, 30th August, 1866.

service Dr. Manning founded his discourse on the words 'The foolishness of God is wiser than men and the weakness of God is stronger than men.' Having briefly referred to the circumstances connected with the words of the text, he, at some length applied them to the Order of St. Benedict, the patron saint of the cathedral, and then dwelt upon the early history of the Roman Catholic Church, and the spread of various forms of heresy. He then spoke of the spread of the Roman Catholic faith in all ages, and its indissoluble unity, remarking that these were not times of diminution or of going backward, but were times of advance and of conquest. The Church had ever gone forth conquering and to conquer, and it was not only in the expansion of its external unity, but in its coherence and interior fertility that the Catholic Church manifested itself more in these days than in any other time.—The schisms of 1800 years had tried themselves, in vain upon its faith. The Church of God had been manifested by those 18 centuries in a supernatural and Divine triumph, against which the wisdom and the strength of man could not prevail; and with its unity, so with its fertility. If there had been times when nations were gathered in, as England and as Germany, so these were times when the missionaries of the faith were penetrating to the far East, into lands where, as yet, the name of Jesus has not been heard. Throughout the whole world the Church at this moment was spreading its fertility by its orders of charity and of mercy. Men in their strength, and women in their feebleness, but equal in courage, were penetrating into Christian and heathen lands, and the Church was putting forth in her old age the tender leaf, the bud, and the blossom, with an exuberance and a beauty with which past ages, glorious as they were, bear no comparison. He did not deny that the age of infidelity had set in; but infidelity was like a pronounced disease, which we knew how to treat and to handle. Heresy was that latent fever which consumed the life of man, circulated in his blood, and tainted its source.—For better was it to meet face to face faith and infidelity than to be mixed up in these fragmentary Christianities. Far better to know where error is, to know its beginnings, its limits, and its end, than to be breathing dry by day an atmosphere and taking in as our daily food those heretical doctrines which insinuate themselves upon all professing Christian teachers. When he said that the age of heresy was over, he meant this—where now was the heresy of Nestorianism or the heresy of Arianism?—It might be found in the far East, where some relics and remnants, or some cast-off fragments still survived; some Church here and there once in the unity of the Catholic Church, and now lying, like fragments in the wilderness, the bones of the dead. But heresy had no vigor, no originality, no action; it did not intermingle with us; it was a thing of the past; it was gone. Ancient heresies, he might say, were extinct. Where was Lutheranism, the last master heresy of these later centuries? Where was it now? Search through Saxony, the cradle from which it sprang. Search over all Germany, and find Lutheran orthodoxy, if he might use contradictory words. It was a thing of the past. Intellectual errors could not hold themselves in one set error. They were perpetually in mutation and perpetually in solution. They rise, they culminate, and they pass away. So was it with Protestantism. Protestantism was dead. Men might rise up and say, 'What audacity to use such words in the face of the Protestantism of England!' Not at all—Protestantism still existed as a political power, as a form of diplomacy, as an antipathy to the Catholic Church it was true; but a Protestant that could be defined, that could be stated in 39 or 40 Articles—a Protestantism that could be made and intelligent belief—a Protestantism that could be found to spread uniformly over a multitude of men who would be agreed together—this was past. It was simply transformed and metamorphosed and changed until its original teachers would know it no more. It had cougeners, human errors, and fragmentary doctrines of faith picked here and there from the original faith, but as a teacher of faith it had no existence. Men had now come to see that a fragmentary Christianity was impossible. Human teachers were the blind leading the blind. Their devious and multitudinous paths convicted them of error. There could be but one way in which the truth leads men, and there must needs be a Divine teacher to guide them in that path. Therefore he said that the age of heresy was over, but the age of rationalism and the age of infidelity had set in indeed—a terrible foe, but an open one, and one with which they knew how to deal. Another phenomenon of the present time was the unity of the whole Church with the Holy See of St. Peter, the infinite union of heart and soul, of pastors and people, with the Vicar of Jesus Christ, which was greater at this time than in any other age of the history of the Church from the day of Pentecost until now. He would boldly say that never was there a moment when the Episcopate of the Universal Church was not in the patriarchal bond, like the heart of one man, more intimately than now. Nationality, since Judaism was condemned and extinguished was a heresy in the Church of God. When nationalism, mingled with doctrine and faith, or the Administration of discipline, or contended with the Holy See, then it became a disease, and it had been a disease. In England it was the Reformation; in France, it was Gallicanism. Where now was the Gallicanism of France? Where now was England's nationalism among Roman Catholics? His Grace then referred to the unity of the Bishops of Italy in the present state of affairs, and observed that he spoke in words of measured truth when he said that there never was a time when the Bishops of the Catholic Church were more united, and there certainly never was a time when they were intimately united with their Vicar, devotion and submission to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. This was a spiritual fact which had increased from age to age in the Church of God, and gave promise of a future of which as yet they could see only a distant beginning. Passing on to speak of the temporal power of the Pope, Dr. Manning said he would be bold to assert that there never was a moment, from the beginning until now, when the temporal power of the Vicar of Jesus Christ was more clearly understood, more truly recognised, or had more influence, upon the consciences of men than at this very moment.—Did it mean the possession of wealth, of fleets, of armies, of domains like those of the British Empire? No, none of those things. It consisted chiefly in two divine law first, that the Vicar of the Incarnate Son of God could never be subject to any human power; he must be independent; he must be free. The acts of legislators and the mandates of princes had never been able, and never would, to fetter the independence of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Free the Vicar by his Divine Lord has ever been, and free he must be so long as the Christian world exists. Roll the world back again into heathenism, and the Vicar of Jesus Christ would be free no more, but martyred. If the Church of God was the Divine Teacher to which alone on earth the conscience of man was subject, then no human power, no prince, no potentate, no legislature could make laws for the conscience of man in the matters of salvation; and those great laws of their salvation were summed up and carried on and perpetuated in that which was called the freedom and the independence of the Head of the Church of God. There was also committed to him the supreme guidance and direction over every soul on earth. He was the guardian of the faith and the keeper of the law, and as such he was its interpreter and its expositor. And these two elements in what was called his temporal power were not alien to his own personal freedom and his supreme direction. Dr. Manning, in conclusion, exhorted his hearers not to be afraid of the bold words of men, or the threatening aspect of events, but to take confidence from the present position of the Church, and learn never

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CROCODIAN FROM THE BISHOP OF ELPHIN.—The Bishop of Elphin has addressed the following circular to the clergy of his diocese:— Sligo, August 29th, 1866. Reverend and Dear Sir,—The public prints have already informed you of the new dangers which beset our Holy Father. He is now threatened not only with the loss of the remnant of his temporal dominions, but even with the loss of liberty, perhaps of life. There is no crime so heinous which the renegades and infidels of Italy are not prepared to commit in pursuance of their wicked designs. Their hatred of our holy religion is so intense, that, if not restrained by force, they will seize on the Papal States; sack and close the church; banish or imprison the clergy; and spare no violence to enslave and suppress the authority of the Holy See. A crisis is at hand. According to the nefarious treaty of September, concluded without even the knowledge of the Holy Father, between the traitorous protector and the declared enemy of the Papacy, the protection of Catholic France will shortly be withdrawn from our Holy Father—the French troops will be recalled from his territory. They will the agents of the excommunicated King of Sardinia and of the secret societies re-establish their reign of terror in Rome, and drive the weak and corrupt Romans to vote the deposition of the Pope and the annexation of the Papal States to the Kingdom of Italy; then will be completed the spoliation of the Vicar of Christ; not less by the cowardice and treachery of his friends than by the injustice and impiety of his foes; then will all the powers of hell be exerted anew to crush his spiritual supremacy. He will not be left wretched upon to lay his head. Like his Divine Master, he will be loaded with insults and charged with crimes: he will be deprived of liberty, it may be, of life.—Such are the events which, in the ordinary course of human affairs, we may expect very soon to witness. Irishmen cannot look on with indifference while treachery and infidelity so impudently assail the Church of Christ, which they love, and its sacred head, to whom they are so devotedly attached. We will hasten to raise our suppliant hands and hearts to the Divine Founder of the church and of the Papacy, and to beseech Him to come to the rescue of His vicar; to guide, protect, and console him. He who refuses nothing to humble and fervent prayer will deign to hear our applications, and deliver his worthy servant, as he delivered Peter from the power of his enemies. And, whilst addressing our earnest prayers to heaven for the deliverance of our father, we will put forth our solemn protest against the violence and treachery by which he is assailed, and use all the temporal means that God has placed at our disposal to assist and protect him in his dangers. The prelates who lately assembled in Dublin to do honor to our newly-appointed Cardinal, and in his person to our Holy Father, agreed that a circular should be addressed by his Eminence to all the Bishops of Ireland, to request them to call on their people to join simultaneously in discharging this duty of filial piety, and for that purpose to name the 9th of September next, the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, as a day of national supplication. In accordance with this arrangement, we pray you, reverend and dear Sir, in preaching to your flock on Sunday next, or on Sunday 8th September, to make known to them the present position of our Holy Father, and to exhort them to pray for him frequently, and with fervent hearts, and to offer a holy communion for him on some Sunday within the next month. On Sunday, the 9th of September, you will offer the holy sacrifice of the mass to obtain for his Holiness the protection of God and of his Most Holy Mother; and you will sing or recite after mass for the same intention, the Litany of the Saints and the psalm *Miserere*. I remain, Rev. and dear Sir, your faithful servant in Christ, † L. GILLOOLY. The Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien has been pleased to translate the Rev. Patrick Byrne, P.P., of Talloy, to the parish of Lismore vacant, by the truly lamented demise of the estimable and beloved Very Rev. Dr. Fogarty. The collection of Peter's Pence in the diocese of Limerick has produced the large sum of £1,000. A solemn ceremony of the profession of a young religious took place at the convent of Mount Carmel, New Ross. The young lady is the youngest daughter of Mr. Anthony Bryan Conegar, in religion Sister Joseph Ignatius of the Immaculate Conception.—After the ceremony, the numerous and respected friends of the amiable and accomplished religious were invited to partake of a splendid *dejeuner* in the usual hospitable style of the convent.—*Kilkenny Journal*. On Sunday Sept. 2nd, in the Church of St. Mary, Drogheda, Mr. John Stanley Matthews, second son of the esteemed mayor of the borough, and Christopher Carter, of Dublin, were promoted to the holy order of priesthood. The Most Rev. Dr. Nulty officiated on the occasion. There were also present in attendance the Very Rev. Father Dardis, O.S.F.; the Rev. Messrs. Powderly, Meadh, Carolin, Fagan, Gavin, Wheeler, Carberry, S.J.; and Owens. The Very Rev. Pastor acted as Archdeacon, and the Rev. Mr. Macken as notary. The nuns of the Loretto Convent, Gorey, county Limerick, have opened a branch institution at Wexford, under the patronage of the Most Rev. Dr. Furlong, bishop of Ferns, in connection with which they will have an educational establishment for female children. 'So much are the educational merits of the ladies of this order appreciated that already, before their school has been opened they have received almost as many applications on behalf of the pupils as they can accept. It is the intention of the nuns, however, to enlarge their establishment in the course of a short time, so as to afford accommodation to boarders. On Wednesday evening, September 5, a well-known individual named Scurry, a worker on the quay, and a musician at public house gatherings, was drowned in the river near the bridge. Some accounts say he fell from the wharf accidentally, whilst others convey that he plunged in through bravado. The unfortunate deceased, who according to accounts, was under the influence of drink at the time, leaves a wife and six children destitute. THE O'BRIEN MONUMENT.—A meeting of the O'Brien Monument Committee was held at No. 7 Lower Ormonde quay. The members of the Committee who had seen the model prepared by Mr. Farrell expressed their conviction that the statue when completed would reflect the greatest credit on the artist, and prove an ornament to the city. It was resolved to act on the recommendation of Mr. Farrell, in having the statue made of marble instead of bronze. Two members of a gang of coiners have been arrested in Dublin. An inquest was held in Ballinamallard, on Saturday last, on the body of a farmer named Robert Nixon, residing at Donmurry, who was found on the morning of the 31st hanging by a rope from a beam in his bedroom quite dead. It appeared in evidence given at the inquest that deceased went to bed on the previous evening in very good spirits. Deceased was unmarried, and was sixty years of age. The jury returned a verdict of temporary insanity.—*Derry Journal*. On August 30 three tons of potatoes (Scott's Down) grown on the Tramore back strand, were sold in Waterford market at six and a half pence per stone.