

Ireland in the half defaced relievos of the adjoining altar than can ever appertain to even the elegant cathedral which graces the episcopal metropolis of this archdiocese (loud cheers.) The wealth of England's treasury could not create the associations which belong to this venerable place, nor could the genius of Angelo beget sculptures so narrative of the glories, the sufferings, and the triumphs of six centuries (cheers). It is a remarkable fact, and one, perhaps, peculiar to this abbey, that here there was not, even in the darkest days of our penal history, an intermission in the celebration of the holy rites of religion. This should be a stimulus to the co-operation of those who can respect a people's faithfulness to their creed; but I have been anticipated by my valued friend in much that I might say on the great subject which has brought us together. I shall content myself with tendering my own humble subscription and co-operation, and in doing so I indulge what I hope may not be deemed presumption in me, a desire to represent an hereditary propensity, for if ever there was a race who, to a chivalrous devotion to this unhappy land, superadded the passion for founding and building abbeys, of which the adjoining county of Sligo affords numerous evidences, it was that from which it is my pride to be sprung (applause). It has been said that this is a local undertaking, and that none but persons resident in these parishes should take part in the arrangements, but that is a great error, for the restoration of this magnificent building is a national, not a parochial concern, in which every Irishman, every lover of his country and her antiquities will be bound to interest himself. After some further observations, the learned gentleman concluded amidst loud cheering.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE DR. MONTAGUE.

The interment of Dr. Montague took place on Friday. The solemn office of the dead commenced in the College chapel at a few minutes before eleven. The whole ceremony was most imposing and affecting. More than fifty priests were present, together with all the students, upwards of five hundred in number. About two hundred were clothed in surplice and soutane. The body of the deceased, arrayed in the sacerdotal vestments, was exposed in an open coffin, in the middle of the choir and opposite the high altar, at which, when living, he had for so many years celebrated the Divine mysteries. Soon after the termination of the solemn requiem mass, the tolling of the college bell announced the commencement of the funeral procession. The cross bearer appeared first, followed immediately by the chaunters, after these came the students of the choir, two and two, in surplice and soutane, then the priests, next the officiating clergymen, with the deacon and sub-deacon in dalmatics, preceding the corpse, which the students of the Dunboyne establishment had the honor and consolation of supporting on their shoulders to the grave—lastly suc-

ceeded the remaining body of the students walking two and two in their usual academic costume. Immediately on the procession beginning to move the chaunters in front intoned one of the psalms of the office of the dead, which were continued in alternate verses, repeated in a slow, clear, solemn voice by different portions of the procession. The route on such occasions commences from the chapel, and proceeding through the centre of the square winds round the long and picturesque terrace walk—originally formed by the lamented deceased himself—as far as the gateway which leads direct to the cemetery. I have never witnessed any spectacle so beautiful as that of a funeral procession in Maynooth—I have never seen anything to come near it. The long, long line of between five and six hundred ecclesiastics, the young hope of the Irish Church, and many of them already consecrated to God, the uniform clerical or collegiate costume—so many pious and untainted hearts—so much youthful genius and matured virtue—the deep, measured, mournful sounds of the dirge falling upon the ear like the plaint of the departed spirits themselves—the sentiments so sublime and so consoling of the language of the liturgy—all, all are calculated to fill the heart with the holiest and tenderest emotions, to make even the hardened and worldly-minded feel that after all there is no beauty or love but in religion, nothing that can fill the heart but God. When the coffin was lowered at the grave, it was indeed moving to hear the tremulous voice in which the last fervent prayers were offered up by all for mercy on him who was the father of them all. Slow and mournful was the tread of the procession as it turned away from the final resting place of Doctor Montague.

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- DEC. 5—Mrs. Anne Mahony, of a Daughter.
 6—Mrs. Sarah J. Walker, of a Daughter.
 8—Mrs. Margaret Power, of a Daughter.
 9—Mrs. Ellen Noonan, of a Son.
 “ Mrs. Margaret Rhodes, of a Son.
 10—Mrs. Anastasia Weston, of a Daughter.
 11—Mrs. Bridget Bulger, of a Son.
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INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- DEC. 11—Late Michael and William Murphy, previously interred at St. Mary's, and transferred to the Cemetery of the Holy Cross.
 “ Elizabeth, daughter of Richard and Sarah Howard, aged 14 months.
 12—Edward Conuell, aged 35 years, a native of Ireland.