

studded over almost with the finest works of modern taste, all nearly the fruit of Irish industry--when I beheld my country, the nursery of piety, struggling amid difficulties, without a friendly hand to encourage the progress of the arts--that we contributed to restore the altar and the temple to our neighbours, while it is to be regretted this noble art, always the boast and pride of Catholic enterprise, was almost totally neglected at home (cheers.) The solidity of these walls--the associations connected with these venerable ruins invited a more than ordinary interest. The classic pen of our talented townsman (Archdeacon) in his beautiful description of the sad effects of the penal laws against the Irish Catholics, has added to the celebrity of Ballintubber, and it was due to the history of the Irish nation to preserve so remarkable a monument of the religious fidelity of her children. Almost the civilized world presents in the conversion of millions to the fold of Christ--living testimonies of the zeal and religious enterprise of Irishmen. Where is the country on the habitable globe where you find an Irishman, that you will not find the standard of the Gospel planted? Though trampled to the earth at home, and suffering from intolerance of unjust laws, they still preserve their religious consistency, and wherever scattered they propagate the glad tidings of religion. Whether we look to the present rapid progress of Catholic truth all over the earth, or look back to the past history of Europe--from Bavaria to the Islands of Ionia--every age and every clime still cherish the monuments consecrated by the labours and genius of a Kilian, or a Coleman, or a Columba, to the ancient piety and learning of our forefathers. After having passed through an ordeal such as no nation ever had to undergo--our temples, the beautiful works of ancient piety, scattered in broken fragments, the priest hunted to the mountains like a felon, we have cause to rejoice that better days are now beginning to dawn upon us, and we shew our gratitude to God for His protection under so many trials by the erection of a temple and an altar in honour of his name, worthy of the unshaken fidelity of a long-trying and faithful people. The rev gentleman was loudly cheered at the conclusion of his eloquent address.

Concluded in our next.

CONSECRATION OF THE RIGHT REV. L. O'DONNELL, BISHOP OF GALWAY.--On Tuesday, the consecration of the Right Rev. Lawrence O'Donnell, as Bishop of his native town, took place. On Monday evening his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, the Right Rev. Dr. Coen, Bishop of Clonsfert; the Right Rev. Dr. French, Bishop of Kilmacduagh and Kilsferra; the Right Rev. Dr. Feeny, Bishop of Killala; and the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, Bishop of Elphin, arrived in town, and dined with the Bishop elect, at his lodge, Fort Lorenzo. The galleries were thronged with the

aristocracy of the town and county, and many Protestants were present during the entire proceedings. The Rev. Dr. Whitehead had been engaged to preach the consecration sermon, but in his way, the rev. gentleman took suddenly ill in Moate, and was unable to come.

BOLTON.--The Right Rev. Dr. Sharples confirmed about six hundred persons here on the 19th instant. Many of them were adults, and about thirty converts. His Lordship commenced Mass at eight in the morning, and was engaged in giving Holy Communion and the sacrament of Confirmation until a quarter past eleven. His Lordship administered Confirmation to about 200 in Bury at three o'clock in the afternoon, where he was attended by the Rev. Mr. Peacock, incumbent, and the Rev. Joseph Meany, of Bolton. His Lordship delivered impressive exhortations in both places on the excellence, advantages, and dignity of Confirmation. The order and regularity in the new church of Bury, was at once imposing and edifying. The ceremony closed by a solemn benediction, at which an efficient choir performed.--*Correspondent of the Tablet.*

A FRAGMENT.--I saw a pale mourner bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humble eyes to heaven, he cried, "My brother, my brother!" A sage passed that way and said, "For whom dost thou mourn?" "One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living, but whose inestimable worth I now feel." "What wouldst thou do if he were restored to thee?" The mourner replied, "that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace." "Then waste not thy time in useless grief," said the sage: but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living; remembering that they will soon be dead also."

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- DEC. 2--Mrs. Mary Anne Sutton, of a Son.
" 3--Mrs. Johanna Curran, of a Daughter.

INTERMENTS.

AT ST. MARY'S CEMETERY.

- Nov. 30--Catharine Rawley, wife of William Rawley; aged 29 years.
DEC. 3--Benjamin Young, aged 54 years, a native of Armagh, Ireland.