

was imposing in the extreme—There lay the aged priest, hunched, to be sure, but with a smile upon his countenance, as if he had departed in the enjoyment of a conscience void of offence. The coffin was surrounded by burning tapers, but their light was dim, compared with the higher and holier portrayal of humanity that, even in death, beamed from that face which, in life, unprejudiced mind ever contemplated but with feelings of the kindest regard, and the esteem which is generated only by influences like those which he exerted by the moral power of his own pure mind. The galleries were filled with spectators, as were also the pews on the main floor of the church, while a continuous stream of visitors made their way up the central aisle, looking upon the corpse as they passed the altar, and finding egress through the side passages leading to the front of the church. Of those who remained in the church, hundreds were observed to be weeping, as if it were a father or brother who had been called away. And they were not all Roman Catholics who thus paid respect to the lamented dead. Many, very many, of those who passed the coffin were Protestants, and these evinced as much feeling as the others. Dr. Power was a firm Roman Catholic, but he was also the friend of all who made his acquaintance and were worthy of a good man's friendship. Now that he is no more, many a poor mortal will miss the open handed friend, who heard their tale of sorrow with feelings of tenderness and commiseration. Many a student will miss the accomplished scholar who had with uniring and successful steps trod the uneven path to the temple of science, who had firmly grasped and retained his hold upon so much learned lore, (the attainment of which is accomplished by traversing a rugged way, for "there is no royal road" to such learning as he possessed.) The practical philanthropist will miss a sage counsellor, who was ever ready and ingenious in devising ways and means for the accomplishment, in the best manner, of benevolent enterprises. And the church will miss one whose preeminent talent, ability, and learning were zealously devoted to its interests. At nine o'clock to-morrow morning, the body will be removed from St. Peter's Church to the Cathedral in Prince street, where the Bishop of the diocese will officiate in the performance of appropriate rites.

The Rev. D. Power was born near Cord, in Ireland, and at the time of his death was in his fifty-seventh year. He was educated at the celebrated college of Maynooth, from whence he graduated with all the honors of that institution. He was classmate with of Tuam, Father Mathew, and other eminent men. Thirty two years ago he was invited by the congregation of St. Peter's church, in New York, to become their pastor, and soon after receiving the invitation, he made up his mind to accept it, and to embark for these shores, although the highest honors which the Catholic church in Ireland could confer, were open to him and within his reach. He could not, however, resist the flattering call which was made upon him; and from the time of his first arrival until the day of his decease, the Rev. Dr. Power has been principal pastor of that church. After the death of the Right Rev. Bishop Connelly, of New York, he was appointed administrator of the diocese—the duties of which he performed in the most satisfactory manner. He was preeminent as a scholar. He was intimately acquainted with the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, German, Italian, and other languages, as he was with his own, but nothing of the pedant did he ever exhibit. His library contains none but the choicest standard works, ancient and modern. But it was in private life that the venerable deceased shone most brightly. His charity knew no bounds. In helping the needy and distressed, he knew no distinction of creed or persuasion. His pocket was ever open to the needy, be they Protestant, Dissenter or Catholic. Its liberality was limited only by his means. For the sake of the poor, he lived poor and died poor—his estate not being worth five dollars. In all truth, we may say truly great man has fallen.—N. Y. Herald.

THE FUNERAL OF THE REV. DR. POWER.

The funeral of Dr. Power, the Rev. Vicar General of the diocese of New York, and for many years pastor of St. Peter's Church in this city, took place yesterday morning. As we have before stated, the remains of this excellent man were lying in state at the church in Barclay street, where he officiated for more than thirty years. During the whole of the afternoon of Sunday, the house was visited by thousands, who came there when they heard of his death, to take one last look at the face of him who had been their friend and advisor for so long a time. There were indeed many tears shed—not the formal and forced tears which they felt bound to exhibit, but the spontaneous effusions of hearts rent with all the force of stern reality. They felt that a friend was lost to them. There lay the good old man, with a smile upon his countenance

—a placid, benevolent smile, that told of a life not spent in vain, of an existence which only ceased when his work was done here, and which could but promise to the beholder that the spirit that lately lighted up the testament of mortality, took its leave of earth in tranquility, buoyed up by the assurance of a speedy translation to scenes of heavenly beauty. The features of the face were no distorted appearance, and although it was indeed death that met the gaze of the beholder, yet the coffin and the shroud were more convincing agents of the fact that were the appearance of the face itself. In fact, it seemed as if the deceased were lying in a sweet repose, and dreaming of some agreeable incident. Almost every one who visited the church remarked the fact which we have mentioned. The moving throng did not cease during the afternoon of Sunday, and the whole scene was extremely impressive. Although hundreds were passing through the aisles, yet they made their way so noiselessly, and withal in such solemn order, that it seemed as if they were treading upon holy ground, and feared to desecrate it. Still they moved on, and as they passed the coffin turned their heads to gaze upon the dead—tears and not words expressing the emotions which moved their breasts. The congregation, meantime, remained both in the galleries and nave of the church, all were absorbed in contemplation, and for the most part, bathed in tears, and the mere spectator could come to no other conclusion than that a general friend of that large congregation had been separated from them. And the conclusion was a just one. The deceased was indeed a friend to them all. They remembered that when they wanted a counsellor sage to instruct them, or a friend ready to aid them, they found such a counsellor or such a friend in their pastor. He had not been to them a stern and severe censor, but more like a father or a brother pitying their misfortunes, and sharing with them their joys and sorrows. How, then, could he fail to be mourned as he was mourned!

It had been announced that at nine o'clock yesterday morning the body would be removed from St. Peter's Church to the Cathedral in Prince street, where the funeral rites were to take place. At an early hour, the street in front of the church was thronged with spectators, who kept assembling, adding hundreds on hundreds to the multitude, until, according to the estimate made, there were full five thousand people assembled; and yet even in the street, a solemn silence was observed; men and women talked with each other in whispers, as if fearing to break the rules of propriety by allowing the confused noise of voices to be heard on the solemn occasion. There was no hearse, for many of the friends of the deceased—gentlemen of great respectability—had determined to perform their last office of respect to him by bearing his remains to the place of their last repose on earth. The anxiety to gaze for the last time upon the face of the departed, was evinced by so many that it was past nine o'clock before the recession was ready to move; but the time at last arrived when they must start: the coffin was closed, the pall was adjusted, and arrangements made for the procession.

At a quarter past nine o'clock precisely, the remains of the venerated deceased were removed from the church, for the purpose of being conveyed to St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Prince street, where the religious services prescribed by the Roman Catholic Church, in such cases, were to be performed. The numerous friends, relatives, fellow clergymen, and admirers of the deceased arranged themselves in procession in the following order:—

- Rev. D. C. Pise, U. D., Right Rev. Bishop McClusky, Rev. Mr. Connelly, D. D.
- Catholic Clergymen of the Diocese—sixteen in number.
- PALL BEARERS, eight in number.
- COFFIN
- Borne on men's shoulders.
- Theological Students of St. John's College, Fordham.
- Relatives of the Deceased.
- Sisters of Charity, to the number of thirty.
- Orphan children, to the number of two hundred and fifty.
- Sunday School Scholars of St. Peter's Church.
- Sunday School Scholars of other Churches.
- Congregation of St. Peter's Church.
- Congregation of other Churches.
- Citizens generally, Protestant and Catholic.
- The procession, embracing several thousand

persons, proceeded with measured tread and in silence up Barclay street to Broadway, up Broadway to Prince street and the Cathedral. On arriving at that sacred edifice, we found it and the streets adjacent crowded to excess; but through the admirable arrangements of Alderman Carroll, of the Fourteenth ward, there was not the slightest inconvenience experienced in removing the body to the interior, and placing the coffin on the large catafalque, or temporary structure appropriately decorated in the usual way in funeral solemnities of this character, where it remained until the solemn services for the dead were concluded.

On looking around the church, we observed that every seat was filled, and that hundreds—we might say thousands—were standing in the aisles, door-ways and other places, from which they could get a glance at the solemn scenes before them. The interior was dressed with the emblems of mourning. The throng was so great that but comparatively few enjoyed the melancholy satisfaction of witnessing the solemn service performed, before the sacred deposit was confided to the vaults of the church. The right reverend the Bishop of the diocese occupied an elevated seat on one side of the sanctuary, and the Bishop of Albany one on the other. A number of clergymen were ranged on both sides. Looking from the sanctuary on the silent crowd of worshippers were distinguished, at once, the afflicted relatives of the deceased; and on the opposite side, the devoted Sisters of Charity, presenting, as it were, before the altar of expiation, a group of interesting orphans—a second time orphans, bereft of a parent. All of the Sisters had grief and sadness depicted on their countenances, for they felt poignantly the loss which they sustained in the death of Dr. Power; and well they might, for he was their protector—their parent. "I bequeath to you," said the late Bishop Connelly, of the diocese of New York, in the year 1825, on his death-bed, to Dr. Power—"I bequeath to you, as a legacy, the sisters and the orphans. Be to them a father and protector." He accepted the legacy, and, in the spirit in which it was given to him so him he fulfilled the injunction laid upon him. The natural result was, that he was beloved by them, and it is to their care and attention that Dr. Power was spared to the church so long. He was, as we have before informed our readers sick for many years previous to his death, and the watchfulness and the sisterly care which he received from them, no doubt prolonged his life a great deal. From them, our eyes glanced more than once through the aisle, and every where tell on cheeks bedewed with tears—on countenances eloquent with emotion. We felt repeatedly, that had not the religious sentiment reigned supreme, frequent bursts of feeling would have echoed throughout the building, and interrupted the solemn rites. The whole impression was heightened, when the supreme pastor of the diocese, in the sacred and appropriate robe of mourning, afterwards stood forth, and forcibly sketched the useful and holy career of his departed colleague.

The Very Reverend JOHN LORAN then read the burial ritual, or *Officium Defunctorum*, commencing with the one hundred and fourteenth Psalm, in Latin:

Dilexisti Quoniam exaudivit Dominus vocem orationis mee.
Quid inclinavit aures suas mihi et in diebus meis invocabo.
And ending with
Benedixit Dominus Deus Israel quia visitavit et fecit redemptionem plebi sue. Et crevit cornu salutis nobis; in dno David pueri sui.
Sicut locutus est per ore sanctorum quia seculo sunt Prophetarum ejus, &c., &c.

The Right Rev. JOHN HUGHES, Bishop of New York, arrayed in full pontificals, then walked to the platform immediately in front of the coffin, and spoke for about fifteen or twenty minutes to the thousands within the Cathedral. After alluding in appropriate terms to the deceased, he said that in the melancholy spectacle before them, were involved the principles which distinguish Christianity from Paganism, as regards the feelings of the survivors. There was no occasion, he said, for friends or relatives to weep like those, who in the words which St. Paul delivered to his disciples, "have no hope." With us who have been enlightened by revelation from on High, death is the flesh as not annihilation. It is not even a misfortune; it is but a brief separation, and it will depend on ourselves to be reunited in another and better

world, with those whom we loved in this chequered vale of earth. The application of this doctrine, he said, very naturally found a plea on the occasion of the departure of him whom we now mourn. He has but gone to his reward. "He is not dead, but sleepeth," as our Lord said of Lazarus. He then rapidly sketched the early vocation and the heroic sacrifices which the deceased made in the cause to which he was called, and to his zealous mission from Ireland to the United States; his untiring and multiplied labors, which, he said, were more than equal to the energies of two ordinary ministers. In conclusion, he gave his audience to understand that on another occasion, a solemn eulogy of the deceased would be delivered, which would do more justice to his memory, in commemoration of his many virtues and eminent services.

According to the prescribed forms of the Catholic Church, a fragrant cloud of hallowed incense perfumed the sanctuary and hovered over the catafalque, while the coffin was successively sprinkled with holy water by every one of the attendant clergy; the organ meanwhile pealing forth in mournful swell the funeral dirge.

At length arrived the awful hour of consigning the earthly remains of the deceased to the tomb. A solemn procession was formed, headed by the subdeacon, bearing the cross between two clerics with torches, and leading the way to the subterranean vault, whither the clergy were followed by many of our most respectable citizens, clad in mourning. The two bishops then, for the last time, blessed the lifeless remains, and the tomb was closed over; but the memory of him who there reposes will long survive. Long shall this community cherish a fond and hallowed remembrance of the Very Reverend Dr. Power.

The body was deposited in the family vault of Thomas E. Davis, Esq., of this city, brother-in-law of the deceased clergyman.

In about six weeks, a grand and solemn dirge and equim will be performed in St. Peter's church, in commemoration of Dr. Power's memory.—*Idem*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS!

On and after the First Day of June next, the connection of the Subscriber with the "Cross" Newspaper, as Printer and Publisher, will cease, he not finding it convenient longer to continue the same. This, therefore, is to notify all present and late Subscribers, (many of whom have not paid one penny since January, 1846) that the amount of their respective Subscriptions, due to the period aforesaid, must be paid forthwith—otherwise they will be indiscriminately sued for. All who may have paid their Subscription in advance for the present year, will have the balance, \$2 11d, for the remaining seven months, returned to them, on application to the Subscriber, after the period above named, at the Office of the "Sun" and "Irish Volunteer."

RICHARD NUGENT.

OLD SAWS AND PROVERBS.

- Trouble not your head about the weather nor the government.
- The holidays of joy are the vigils of sorrow.
- Try your friend with a falsehood, and if he keep it, tell him the truth.
- A light purse is a heavy curse.
- Trust not a horse's heel nor a dog's tooth.
- Seek not for a good man's pedigree.
- Serve a great man and you will know what sorrow is.
- Send your noble blood to auction and see what it will bring.
- Patch by patch is good husbandry, but patch upon patch is plain beggary.
- One may better steal a horse than another look over the fence.
- Look not a gift horse in the mouth.
- Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of fools.
- If the Counsel be good no matter who gave it. Many talk like philosophers and live like fools. If you would be a Pope you must think of nothing else.
- If you play with a fool at home he will play with you abroad.
- Nothing should be done in haste but catching a flea.
- An ounce of discretion is worth a pound of wit.
- Never loose a sheep for a half-penny's worth of tar.
- Neither give to all nor contend with fools.
- No sweet without sweat, no gain without pains.