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... and inside the ... were a number of clergy of the diocese, among them being the Venerable Dean Kenny, an ecclesiastic of 84 years of age, one of the last connecting links between the Clare election and the present generation.

Father Burk, having ascended the pulpit after the last Mass, took his text from St. Paul—"Let every man look upon us as the ministers of grace and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." For many years, he said, in this pre-eminently Catholic city the priests were the only officials who had no fixed residence or home to-day. What have the people done for God. In building a house for Him they were called upon to do for the ministers of God. This led their thoughts to a consideration of the priesthood of the Church of God. The greater mystery in this world, the most necessary man in the word was

THE CATHOLIC PRIEST.

What Christ the Incarnate God was in His day a priest of the Catholic Church was destined to be unto the end of time. It was the life the public action, the virtue, the influence of the Son of God, perpetuated unto the end of time. From Christ's lips we learned the word of life that created Divine faith in the mind. From his hands they received the sacramental graces that sanctified their souls and purified their hearts. Every tear he wiped away with tenderest hand. Every bleeding heart he bound up with healing care. Every languid head He raised, and wherever He came He changed sorrow into joy and the cry of despair into the cry of exulting hope fulfilled.

The public character, the action, the grace of Jesus Christ passed from Him in that mysterious breathing on the eve before his passion on to His priesthood, rested upon them, and in the apostolic successor goes down from generation unto generation through the sons of Eve unto the end of time. It was not only the word creating life, that came from the lips of Almighty God, and that He left behind Him upon the lips of His priesthood but far more than this, every grace that was to come upon the believing soul through the ordinary sacremental channels must come at the hands of the anointed priest. Father Burke described in eloquent language the power of the sacred character of the priest over man in the sacraments of Baptism and Penance, and over God in the Holy Eucharist, and said these thoughts were addressed to them simply as Catholics, and out of them the reasonableness with which the priests who had the care of their souls asked them to help them and to interest themselves in this work in which they were engaged. He continued: Now let me say a word or two to you as Irishmen. The relations of the priesthood toward the people and toward God we have seen briefly, but those relations become deeper and stronger, and those bonds become more fervent according to the circumstnces of one people or another, and never in the history of the Church of God has there been a people and a priesthood so united as

THE PEOPLE AND THE PRIESTHOOD OF IRELAND.

Other nations have had temporal prosperity. We have had very little. Other nations have grown in power and influence We have been hung aside as a conquered people, and yet a glory has been upon the brows of Ireland that is found upon the brows of no other people in the world, and the principle glory is this, that nowhere in the history of nations do we find a priesthood and people so united as in this country. It is a singular fact that Ireland alone among all the nations, that were gathered unto the Church of God produced a national priesthood under the eye of the very Apostle who converted them. The vine that is planted must remain three long years producing leaves before it produced its full fruit of the grape. The tree that is planted requires to be watched and cared, and tended and watered year after year before it grows up sufficiently to produce fruit; but St. Patrick came and found our forefathers all pagans. He evangelized the land, and left it universally Christian and Catholic, and, before he died, out of the sons of the pagan mother he converted he annointed priests, and heensecrated bishops. Now the history of our country tells us that the very sorrows and misfortunes which were our national ... for centuries, and which severed every other bond, only tightened the bond that bound the priesthood to the people of this country. For three hundred years the invasion of the Danes, called out the manhood of Ireland to stand between the monk and consecrated nun, the holy priest and bishop, sword in hand and to shed their brave Celtic blood, which flowed over the land in rivers, that their holy ones and the anointed of God might be saved from the profane touch ... of ... disfranchised ... when every friend was gone, all was dark, there was only one friend who remained, one ray of light that penetrated through all the darkness.

THE IMPERISHABLE CROWN

of glory that shall remain on the brows as the forechose among the men of Ireland. God gave to this place the blessing that here the foundations of Irland's freedom were laid in the year when the greatest man that Ireland produced for many a year was sent to stand at the door of that British Parliament to knock the name of eight millions of men who clamored for freedom, and as the walls of Jericho fell at the sound of Josua's trump, so at the sound of O'Connell's voice those doors were opened, and eight millions of Catholics went to legislate in his person, and this was the glory of Clare and Ennis. And who led the van in that glorious day? Who were the men who flung aside every thought save the good of Ireland and of Ireland's people, the liberty of her homes and altars? Was it not the priests of Clare? Is there not sitting here in the midst of us the venerable man who witnessed all and who won a great part of the glory and victory of those great days? Is there a place in the world where the priest and people should be more deeply interested in each other, more united and loving, than in the place where Ireland's priesthood and Ireland's manhood for the first time laid the foundation of Ireland's imperishable rights and independence? We may look elsewhere and see heroic scenes. We may see battered walls, broken bridges, violated treaty stones, dismantled castles. They all tell their prophetic story of a nation and people that fought bravely for the liberties they are losing. Nowhere until we come to the sacred soil of Clare, and to this historic spot, nowhere do we find something that reminds us of Ireland's victory, of Ireland's union until we stand beneath the monument crowned with the greatest of Ireland's sons. Now, I ask you, have not these priests a claim on you as Catholics, as Irishmen, as Claremen? Have they not the great claim that you are bound to gladden the heart and give joy to the mind of the venerable and distinguished man whom God gave you for your pastor, and who lifts up his hands to-day, as of old, in blessing for you and in prayer. For all this I ask you to help our clergy, generously, munificently, as becomes Catholics Irishmen and Claremen, and to liberate the house of God for, after all, it is God's house—from any incubus of debt that may be upon it, and that they may live there, working for you, laboring for you, preaching, evangelizing, administering the sacraments, toiling day and night until at length, when the night has passed—the night that will close in the bitter darkness of death—and the better day has drawing for eternity, priest and people may find themselves before the throne of God in heaven, as they find themselves before His throne on earth, obedience, reverence and love, that God may crown in heaven that which was begun so favourably on earth.

The Boston correspondent of the Hartfort Times thus gossips about Mr. and Mrs. Edouin: All the leading members of the Evangeline Company are there (at City Point), including Mr. and Mrs. Edouin, and I suppose their three babies ("Babes in the wood!), the youngest of which was baptized at one of the Episcopal churches. This couple have not sacrifised everything to art, like some of the profession. They have seemed to think that they owed something to society in a domestic as well as a dramatic way, and though the public has hardly missed the popular Alice Atherton from the boards where refined fun is given in abundance, she has, nevertheless, presented her husband with a very interesting little family, of which he is very fond and proud. Five years ago Miss Atherton was slender and lithe; now she is stout and matronly, but a better artist than ever. The couple had purchased a nice little nest in one of the pleasent suburbs of London and resolved not to travel again, when Lydia Thompson dropped in upon them and made such an advantageous offer that it was hardly to be resisted, and that is why they have been in this country the past season, much to the delight of the general public.

American girls will learn with interest that the value of a French girl's nose has just been judicially valued at $1,000. Some time ago a Paris omnibus horse became frisky, there was a collision, a window was smashed, and a passenger—a young demoiselle—received some of the broken glass in her face. It was at first thought the hurts were trifling and her parents declined the proffered service of the omnibus company's doctor. But the scratches did not heal as they were expected to, and the girl's father brought a suit against the company, alleging that her nose had been permanently marred, and that this seriously diminished her prospect of establishment in life—in other words, of getting a husband. He obtained $200 on the first trial and $1,000 on the second.

There are many things which disconcert the average young lady, and one of them is, while reading an intensely interesting novel, to discover that in the most exciting part there is a chapter torn out.

... buried Thursday ..., with her child in her arms. The funeral services were to begin at 2 o'clock, but long before that hour so many persons came from Middleboro and adjoining towns that it was impossible to accommodate more than a small portion of them in the house. Minnie and her husband, Major Newell, better known as General Grant, Jr., have always made the the old homestead here their home when not travelling. It is a plain country farm house, about two miles from Middleboro Centre, and has been made comfortable for Minnie's parents by Minnie's money. Across the way Tom Thumb's country seat, a pretty French-roofed cottage, stands on a smooth green lawn. Minnie Warren has always been loved by the people who know her when she was little Huldah Bump, her real name, and many of those who came to the funersl had had personal experiences of her kindness since she became famous and wealthy. Sweet-perfumed flowers, beautifully arranged as harps and wreaths, were brought by these friends, and on a delicate pillow of roses and passion flowers Minnie's head lay in the casket.

THE PARLOR OF DEATH.

At 2 o'clock the family assembled in the parlor around the casket. This was of black walnut, covered with blue silk velvet, and lined with white satin. It was the casket of a child of ten years, but as the friends looked within they saw the little mother with one arm embracing the girl baby, whose face lay nestled close to the mother's bosom. The mother's head was turned to the baby, and the two seemed quietly sleeping. The baby's face was a sweet one, a little dimple remaining in the chin that even death had not taken away. No one looked upon the little mother and child without weeping. General Tom Thumb sat near the head of the casket, and by his side sat his wife, Lavinia Warren. On the other side sat Major Newell, and he made no effort to control his feelings. He wept bitterly, as he has almost without cessation since his wife died. Besides these, Minnie's father and mother and her brothers and sisters, all large men and women, were in the room. They remember Minnie as a daughter and sister, who shared her wealth with them, rather than a famous little woman. Mrs. P. T. Barnum and Mr. Bleeker and his wife, who have travelled with the Tom Thumb party for fifteen years, were also among the chief mourners.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

Soon after 2 o'clock, the house being uncomfortably filled, and fully 1000 persons on the lawn outside, a chant was sung by choir, and the Rev. Mr. Dyer made a short prayer. He then spoke of Minnie's kindness and sweetness of disposition. Mrs. Tom Thumb, as she heard her sister's tenderness spoken of, fainted, and was carried from the room. There was not a dry eye in the house. After another hymn had been sung, six young ladies, old friends and mates of Minnie, took their places as pall-bearers, and then the family looked for the last time upon Minnie's face. General Tom Thumb could not control his grief as he turned from the casket. The doors were then opened and the people passed through the parlor, looking for few minutes at the faces of the mother and child. It was two hours before the last friend had passed by and the casket closed. Borne by four young men the casket was placed in the hearse, and, followed by many carriages, taken to the village cemetery. Here, after the benediction, the casket was lowered into the little grave. Many stood near even after the clergymen had dismissed them.

"I KNEW I SHOULD LIVE—TAKE ME AND ROCK ME."

The death of Minnie Warren will probably end the public appearance of the Tom Thumb party. Minnie's death was undoubtedly caused by her maternal love. Had she listened to the advice of the physician sooner, her own life might have been saved, although her child would have been lost to her. But she would not until it was too late. During her sickness she seemed to think of nothing but the baby that she soon hoped to fold to her bosom. "I shall live," she said to her sister, Mrs. Southworth; and after her baby was born she said with a smile, "I knew I should live; take me and rock me." The sister took Minnie in her arms, as she would an infant, and rocked her. "Don't cry," said Minnie, "I shall live through it." Then, after a little, she said, "Rock me on the other side, sister." Mrs. Southworth did so, and Minnie was quiet a little while. At length she said with a sigh, "I don't know whether I shall get through after all. Please put me on the bed, I feel very badly; I'm afraid I can't live through it." The sister put her tenderly on the bed. In a few minutes, without another word and with only a gentle sigh, Minnie died, three hours after her baby was born. The baby was a beautiful child, robust, and weighed just one-seventh of Minnie's weight, six pounds.

A mouse is able to shift for itself when about a fortnight old; and by the time it is six weeks old frequently becomes a parent. Mice have generally between six and ten young ones at a litter, sometimes as many as twelve and even more, hence their fecundity is such that, not allowing for any mortality, a celebrated naturlist declares that the offspring of a single family of mice might number several millions in twelve months' time,

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... from Washington to "the ... is not fraught with apecial interest, beyond that which always attaches to a pleasant ride over an excellent railway through a splendid country. The route of the Northern Central road thro' Pennsylvania and New York traverses some of the best sections of both these States, and passes the cities of Harrisburg, Williamsport, Elmira, Rochester and Lockport; skirting Seneca Lake at Watkins and affording a view of Canandaigua Lake. Probably a majority of the people of this country have at one time or another seen Niagara Falls. They are one of the greatest natural wonders of this continent and one of the first which every American, and every foreign tourist desires to visit. I well remember the feelings of awe and admiration that came over me as I gazed for the first time upon this magnificent spectacle. Since that time I have often visited the spot and each time they seem grander and more wonderful. I cannot undertake to describe tnis cataract which is the wonder of the world and in whose presence all stand dumb. It has a perpendicular fall of about 165 feet, and the rapids which commence about three quarters of a mile above, are scarcely less interesting. Goat Island, a quarter of a mile wide and half a mile in length, extends to the very brow of the precipice, dividing the fall into two portions the higher of which is on the American side while the greater body of water is on the Canada side. The volume of "lacetal fluid" which constantly pours over this immense precipice and the power with which it sweeps everything before it is appalling. No living thing has ever been known to go over and come out of the whirlpool below alive. A pine board floated over soon comes to the surface in splinters. Several cases are reported where small boats have ventured too near the rapids above and been drawn into the terrible vortex of angry, foaming waters, down, down, beyond the power of human assistance. The deep green color of the water and the effect in contrast with the white foam cannot be portrayed with pen, nor scarcely with painter's brush, though Church's famous picture in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington is marvellously near to it. A beautiful bright rainbow rests above the water a few rods below the whirlpool, where the sun's rays are reflected through the mists, and is visible from morning till night in clear weather. That homely old rhyme:

Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

find practical verification right here. Table Rock, on the Canada side was once one of the curious things connected with the Falls, but the decay of time and the wear upon its foundation by the water caused it to crumble away about two years ago. And the old tower which formerly stood out in the river two or three hundred yards from Goat Island, commanding a view of the rapids, is no longer one of the landmarks here. Its foundation was upon a rock but the constant wear and concussion of the water caused its walls to weaken until it was regorded unsafe, so the authorities filled it with powder and had a Fourth of July explosion. There is a great rush here now the hotels and thoroughfares being thronged with sightseers and pleasure seekers. The Cataract House which is an old favorite, and perhaps the best here, had nearly 200 arrivals yesterday and at three o'clock to-day the capacious dining room was the scene of animated discussion. This is partially owing to the session of the National Dental Association in session this week. I have seen none of the troublesome insolence of hack drivers and the kindred annoyances of which there used to be so much complaint, but the "Indian Bazaars" are as numerous as ever and these retailers of relics, photographic views, fans, canes, etc., are as eager to gobble your loose change as they ever were. The most reprehensible thing I have seen is the fencing in of the falls, which has been done within a few years. Visitors are now taxed twenty-five cents for a sight of the cataract. One of the most enjoyable experiences of a visit is a "current bath" at the Cataract House. The Cataract is the oldest in the village and its old register dating back to 1826 contains the autographs of many historical and distinguished persons. Not long since an old gentleman visiting the house asked permission to look at the book and turning over its leaves pointed out his own name written there fifty years ago. He was then a young man accompanied by his bride a lovely woman, now gone to her long resting place. It is a famous resort here for bridal couples and blushing brides clinging to the arms of diffident bridegrooms are too numerous to mention. There is one thing about the falls but little know, viz,: that the river above the rapids is splendid fishing ground. People go to the lakes and up the St. Lawrence river to fish when fine Perch and Bass in large numbers inhabit accessable waters right here.

PHONO.

M. McLEOD, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET, keeps a fine assortment of Tobacconist Fancy Goods, Virginia and Canadian Smoking and Chewing Tobacco Havana Cigars, &c, His "Queen" Cigars, "three for a quarter," are the genuine article. Virginia Shag and Gold Leaf Smoking Tobaccos a specialty.