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A CURL.

This delicate ringlet rare
Which I hold with fingers aglow,
Is full of the bright
Subdued starlight
Which danced in the perfumed hair
Of a woman I once held fair;
And I puzzle my brains to know
If the heart of the woman or girl
Hath kept the light of the long ago
As long as the yellow curl.

What matter? Why, little or none—
She is naught to me now, understand;
But I feel less sad
Than tearfully glad,
And a thrill of self-pride has run
Through my veins like a flash of the sun,
That with so unheeding a hand
I can grasp a small part of the gold
Which dazzled my brain when I planned and planned
For the love of that woman of old.

See! I crush it 'tween finger and thumb,
Half in cruelty, half in jest;
As she lies asleep
Does a shudder creep
Through her heart, and render it dumb?
Does a sorrowful whisper come
From her past, while her lord is at rest,
By her side, and none else are near,
While she shudders away from her husband's breast,
And hides her face in her fear?

Is her heart quite withered and sore?
Are the pledges forgotten yet
That with flushing face,
In a secret place,
She breathed in my tingling ear
In the morning of the year,
When after long parting we met
By the sea on the shadowy lawn,
And talked till the sunset faded to jet,
And the moon and stars made a dawn?

As she lies in her wifely place,
With the wings of her white soul furled,
Do the red lips pressed
To her husband's breast
Grow scorched with the hot disgrace
Of the kisses I placed on her face
When the mist of the night upcurled
From the ocean that night of June,
And made a glamour wherein the world
Seemed close to the stars and moon?

By this ringlet of yellow hair,
Still full of the light forlorn
Of that parting spot
Has she quite forgot
The passionate love she bore,
And the hope she promised to share
When this ringlet of gold was shorn,
And the flowers felt the sun on the soil,
And the fire-fly stars went out i' the morn,
And I hurried back to my toil?

I could crush it under my heel!
Hath she forgotten the clear
Vision of fame
That died when her shame
Made my thick blood curdle and reel?
Hath she a heart to feel?
False to her vows in a year,
False and hollow as hell,
False to the voice that warned in her ear,
And false to her face as well!

This curl that she gave to me
Fell over a brow of snow;
So 'twas near the bright
Spiritual light
That burned in the brain—and see!
I am kissing it tenderly!
She is asking for mercy I know;
So I kiss it again and again,
For I know some charm makes the kisses glow,
Like fire through the woman's brain.

She can not choose but atone!
She must sin (by this curl that has gleamed
On her brow) in thought
Against him who bought
The heart already mine own,
And left me weeping alone.
'Tis a charm and my loss is redeemed!
And the sin 'gainst her lord will be—
To remember how close to the stars we seemed
That night in the mist by the sea.

She will look in her husband's face,
She will kiss him on the cheek;
She will kiss, she will smile,
And all the while
In thought no other may trace
She'll be back in that perfumed place,
Hearing the words that I speak,
With a heart too happy to grieve,
While the sunset dies with a purple streak
'Neath the whitening star of eve.

And the voice of the waves will bar
All harsher sounds from her ears,
She'll be under the moon
Of that night in June,
And the motions of moon and star
Will trouble her from afar;
And then, when the silver spheres
Fade fitfully each in its place,
And the red dawn breaks, she will wake in tears,
And shriek at her husband's face!

And in time, when again and again
I have kissed the magical gold,
The man's gross eyes
Will be open and wise,
And his heart will be feverish pain,
And a doubt will arise in his brain;
And ere she has grown very old
He will know what she knows and knew,
And will see the strange light of that night in her cold
Face, and despise her too!

Then perchance in her yearning she may
Be bewildered and brought to shame
By a new delight,
So like that night,
With its mimical glamour of day,
That she cannot shake it away;
And following it she will roam
To the darkness whence it came,
While the man blushes red in his darkened home
When the children utter her name.

See! my passionate lips are warm
On the curl, in a cruel bliss—
In day or mirk
The charm would work—
While she dreams of that night, till her form
Was caught in the eddies of storm;
There's a devil impels me to kiss,
And my blood boils to and fro:—
She asks for mercy! Shall mercy like this
Be given her? No! no! no!

With the world, as it ebbs and flows,
My harsher heart is in tune;
Let the memory
Of her beauty be
Furled in a soft repose
'Round my heart, like the leaves of a rose!
The faith which has faded too soon
I am tearing up by the root;
For the curl, still bright with that night of June,
Lo! I trample it under foot.

—London Temple Bar.

John Tyler.

When the death of General Harrison was made known to the Vice President, he was living in an humble way on a small farm belonging to his friend Judge Waller, in the quaint old town of Williamsburg. He had always been in straitened circumstances, supporting his large family on limited means, and he was hardly able to comprehend the change wrought in his condition by the salary of Vice President, his election to that office being a piece of good fortune wholly unexpected. When he succeeded to the Presidency he was bewildered in contemplating the enormous sum of $25,000 which he was to receive annually for the succeeding four years. He spent about $26,000 in the first eleven months after he came to Washington, and on the fourth of March, 1842, found himself considerably in debt. The salary seemed to him an inexhaustible fund, and he gradually accumulated a large establishment, consisting of a numerous retinue of servants, a fine stable of horses and a costly equipage, then regarded as luxurious and extravagant, but which would now be thought plain and humble to a degree hardly befitting the dignity of the executive office. The affairs of the White House were more economically managed afterward; the establishment was materially reduced, and Mr. Tyler saved enough during the remaining three years of his term to pay for a modest estate on the James river.

He was an admirable host, of amiable deportment and winning manners, always putting visitors at their ease, and dispensing the hospitalities of the executive mansion without formality or ostentation, in the true spirit of a Virginia gentleman. He was frank, cordial, and courteous, credulous and unsuspicious, impressible, of a facile mind, listening to everybody that came near him, and apt to be a convert to the last argument presented in the case. He wrote readily and pleasantly, without great logical force, but his rhetoric was always unexceptionable. In conversation he was fluent and agreeable, and talked well and interestingly, even upon matters about which he was only superficially informed. He was an emotional and sympathetic man, and an appeal to his kindness or benevolence was rarely made in vain.

Living in a frugal manner, among a rural population, he had formed an exaggerated estimate of the power of the federal patronage, and had no doubt that a postoffice worth a thousand dollars a year ought to control a Congressional district. Hence, when he had been persuaded that he might be elected to the Presidency at the expiration of his present term, he determined to retain this source of power within his own control, and would not consent to removals from office when the vacancies might be filled by those who would employ their influence to thwart his designs.—*February Galaxy.*

THE DEDICATION OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

One of the most impressive events that have occurred in the religious history of our city was the dedication of the new church of St. John the Baptist, Dryades street, between Clio and Erato, on Sunday, the seventh instant. For more than a year past this church has been building up from foundation stone to turret. As it progressed the parishioners of St. John were enabled to judge how stately was to be the temple in which their prayers were to be uttered, and even strangers passing that way saw in its vast extent and in its lofty walls conclusive evidence that it was destined to be one of the architectural ornaments of a city that is already beginning to rival New York in the number and beauty of its churches. In an almost unprecedented time, considering the solidity and strength of the entire structure, the church was completed sufficiently to allow of the celebration of the dedication ceremonies within thirty months from the time of the laying of the corner stone. The recognized zeal and earnestness of the pastor, the Rev. Jeremiah Moynihan (and he may well stand as a type of these two qualities), would certainly have prepared our community for such a result, but the speed with which the church of St. John was erected and made habitable for the sacred uses of religion surprised even those who most trusted in his energy.

Before describing the splendid temple in which, hereafter, are to enshrined the devotions of the Catholics of the parish of St. John the Baptist, it will be well to say a few words of

THE OLD CHURCH,

which has been held to the service of more than a generation of Christians. A plain, unpretending structure of wood, its homely walls, its simple altar, its floors well worn by the steps of many and many a devout worshipper, it yet had sufficed for the spiritual wants of men and women who are dead, and who died blessing the little wooden church in which their sins had been confessed and absolved—of those who were children when they first made confession, and who are now fathers and mothers, and filling well their duties as citizens and Christians. More than a year before the new church had begun to rear its stately head, this little church had been scarcely visible from Dryades street, upon which it had fronted for years. Humble as it was, it had symbolized for thousands of reverent souls the sacred mysteries of their faith; and neglected, as it is now, for its more massive successor, it shall remain associated with the spiritual memories of those who have knelt and prayed within its walls.

Twenty-one years ago this church was built by

FATHER JEREMIAH MOYNIHAN,

the pastor of the parish of St. John the Baptist. Those who see that populous thoroughfare, Dryades street, would not find it easy to imagine how desolate was the church square on January 1, 1850, when this energetic priest—then a young man—was assigned to St. John's parish. He was a priest with a flock, but the flock was without a church—without property of any kind. But this latter want was soon supplied through the liberality of P. Irwin, Esq., a citizen who is closely identified with the prosperity of the entire section. Mr. Irwin bought the ground on which the church is now situated, which, through the then Archbishop Blanc, was presented to Father Moynihan. The rest was left in hands that have held firmly to every work demanded of them. On the first of May, 1851, the corner-stone of the wooden church was laid. On the nineteenth of November following, it was dedicated, the Very Rev. Stephen Etienne Rousselon, Vicar General, celebrating mass, and the late distinguished Father J. I. Mullen preaching the dedication sermon.

The parish growing in population, Father Moynihan erected in 1855, at a cost of $15,000, the St. John's school, a substantial structure, capable of accommodating over a thousand pupils. Still desirous of dedicating the unoccupied ground to the service of religion, he designed and erected, in 1861, the St. Mary's Dominican Convent, involving an outlay of $17,000. In this he placed the first colony of nuns that had come from Cabra Convent, near Dublin, and who, since then, have steadfastly worked to the greater glory of God, and in the higher interests of education. These successive buildings rearing themselves where, ten years before, there had been empty grounds, might have seemed to fill the measure of duty for the most zealous and earnest of priests. But Father Moynihan did not think so, and so soon as he could, he appealed to parishioners whose generosity had never failed him, and to others whose assistance had been always freely extended, for aid to build a church that, in its grandeur and magnificence, would be worthy of the God whose minister he was. The appeal was generously met. The foundation of the new temple was laid on the twenty-fourth of June, 1869. In two years and a half from that date, the mystic and solemn Christmas midnight mass was celebrated within it. In two weeks afterward it was dedicated. From the date of his assignment as parish priest to that of the dedication—embracing only a period of twenty-one years—a vast field of usefulness has been opened, religion has received a powerful impetus and education has been largely fostered and developed by the systematic action and untiring energy of one man. Few human lives in so limited a sphere have been as rich in those works that benefit humanity. We have, in this connection, the pleasure of announcing that since the dedication of the seventh of January, Rev. Jeremiah Moynihan has, in connection with the Revs. J. J. Flannagan and H. Tumoine, been raised by Archbishop Perche, as a special mark of recognition for their services, to the dignity of Canons, and as such, Privy Counsellors of his grace. Hereafter these distinguished priests are to be officially addressed as 'Very Reverend."

THE NEW CHURCH

is of the early *Renaissance* order of architecture. In its proportions the first impression produced on the beholder is that of great solidity—of massive strength—of imposing majesty. The tower, which has been nearly completed, and the fact that the upper part of the steeple has not even been begun, tend to strengthen this impression. But, with this strength, there is, in the perfect harmony of all the parts, a beauty that presents much of the *Renaissance*—grace and lightness in the *ensemble*. Externally, the church is massive without being clumsy. The walls are unusually high from the ground, and the buttress-like bell-tower adds greatly to its general picturesqueness. A superb specimen, altogether, of a style of architecture that, if not as elegant as the Ionic or Doric, is the mother of many noble and majestic structures. The tower itself is one that must be universally admired. It is as strong as the famous Tower of St. Jaques—as bold as a buttress of St. Ouen.

The church (Mr. Thomas Mulligan being the designer and superintending architect) has three arched entrances, the main one being in the centre of the tower, and the two others on either side. Above this central entrance is a niche, upon which is to be placed a statue of the tutelar saint of the parish, St. John the Baptist. Above that is to be a large circular illuminated window (eleven feet wide) to face and to correspond with one in the rear above the altar (nine feet wide) already filled. And still above that is a large cross seventeen feet high (built by Mr. François La Pierre, the head mason, with 700 bricks of material), which, when painted in lighter colors, will be a prominent feature from the street. Still higher above is the tower proper, with graceful pillars, which are to support a spire 190 feet high, as yet not begun. Over each of the side entrances is a recessed-cross, that is, a cross not projecting, but built within the wall.

This tower, which, at this early date, presents so splendid a front, and will, we venture to say, be hereafter a landmark for the citizens of New Orleans, is eighty feet in breath, thirty-two feet six inches in the clear, and has already been finished to the height of one hundred and thirty feet.

Entering the church, the spectator is at once impressed by the same mingling of great solidity, with airy lightness, that had already been noticed on the outside. The four immense columns on either side—three in the body of the church and one within the chancel rail—are, perhaps, the most positive enforcers of this apparent solidity; but even they, in their deep reediness from top to base, add to the general gracefulness of design. These pillars, we believe, are the largest in the city—certainly, they are the most imposing.

Within the sanctuary there is a semicircle of smaller pillars, of simpler design, supporting a gallery around the altar. Above these pillars are four square pedestals, which, if we judge correctly the ardor of the reverend pastor, will soon be surmounted by statues of saints high in the Catholic hierarchy and dear to the Catholic heart. Everything within the sanctuary itself is necessarily in an unfinished state—the altar being a temporary one, and the floor, which is to be laid in marble, having now merely a brick foundation. Everything in the sanctuary speaks of space, of grandeur, and when art shall have laid its majestic and finishing hand upon its decorations, it will be a noble shrine for the religion whose sacred offices are to be celebrated within it. Grand as seen now, uncompleted, how far grander will it be when the full designs of Father Moynihan, aided by the science of the architect, shall be embodied. The new church is still in the rough; but, already, through its pillars, cornices, pediments, architraves, illuminated windows, decorations and enrichments, can be seen the future magnificence of the whole of this latest addition to the Catholic monuments of New Orleans.

The new altar, which will be finished as soon as possible, will be thirty feet high, the side altars of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph being proportioned to it. Father Moynihan, who, in his own genial fashion, speaks often of his birth in the country around Cork, has long been resolved, when the church which was to signalize his priesthood, in the most unequivocal manner, was to be erected, to get the altar and the adornments of his sanctuary from Cork. Instructions have been given to the manufacturer in that city to make the new altar correspond in grandeur with the church itself.

The new organ, which has been ordered, and which will soon be placed in position, will come from the celebrated manufactory of Henry Esben, of New York. This organ, which will be the largest in this city, will certainly be in place by Easter.

We hear something of a chime of bells, but as we know nothing positively of the same, we prefer merely to announce the prospective fact, without vouching for it. Surely it is something of which the city is in need.

In figures, the church is 74 feet wide by 168 feet deep; the height within, from floor to ceiling, is 55 feet. The nave is 10 feet wide; the aisles 6 feet each; the windows 33 feet high, standing 3½ feet from the floor. There are 186 pews, each 9 feet long, and capable of seating six persons with ease. Projection of tower, 15 feet.

THE PROCESSION.

In accordance with the programme published, the Hibernian Benevolent Association, branch No. 4, of St. John the Baptist parish, met at half-past eight o'clock, at St. John's schoolhouse. After forming, they awaited the arrival of Branch No. 8, after whom they had sent their band to escort them to the church. The two branches, having united, marched down Dryades street, through Triton walk to Carondelet street, and through Carondelet to Poydras, through Poydras to St. Charles, and then to the square, presenting a splendid appearance. After a short delay they were joined by Branches Nos. 1, 2 and 3, and at ten o'clock they proceeded to St. John's Church, the home branch leading the line, in the following order:

Branch No. 4, seventy-five strong, D. A. Mullane, president; J. McGrath and J. J. Heally, vice presidents; J. C. Murray, recording secretary; P. Molony, financial secretary; Francis Johnson, treasurer, and William Smith, marshal.

Branch No. 8, of St. Francis parish, forty strong, under William Gorman, president.

Branch No. 1, of St. Patrick's parish, 100 strong. Marshals—J. O'Neal and Hugh Flynn.

A strong delegation from Branch No. 3, of St. Joseph's parish, Philip McCabe, president, and another strong delegation from Branch No. 2, of the Third District.

Having reached the front of the church, Branch No. 4 having opened ranks, the assisting branches passed through the line into the nave, where chairs had been provided for them, the members of No. 4 closing after them.

Long before the societies had arrived, however, the interest that had been excited, not only through St. John's parish, but through the neighboring parishes, by the announcement of the approaching benediction of the splendid structure that, even in its uncompleted state, had commanded general admiration, had gathered an immense congregation that filled every available point within the spacious walls. Here, are few buildings in the city large enough to have contained the throngs that succeeded in getting into the church. There before a congregation immense in numbers, strong in faith, composed, moreover, of representatives of various creeds, and embracing many of our most respected citizens, commenced

THE DEDICATION CEREMONIES.

In order to impart to these a befitting solemnity, Father Moynihan had invited the presence of several of the most eminent Bishops of the South. The only one whose duties allowed him to be present, however, was the Right Reverend Bishop Quinlan, of Mobile. In special deference to the pastor of St. John's, of whom he entertains a high opinion, the eminent and venerable Most Reverend N. I. Perche, Archbishop of New Orleans, had consented to bless the church which is destined to be one of the ornaments of his diocese.

One of the largest clerical delegations which we have seen for a long time was present. Among these, we noticed in the sanctuary Reverend Fathers Smith, of St. Joseph; Cornelius Moynihan, of St. Peter; Kenny and Massardier, of St. Theresa; Allen and Hesslin, of St. Patrick; Sheean, of St. Michael; Murphy, S. J.; and Reverend Father Foote, acting as master of ceremonies.

At eleven o'clock, all the clergy in attendance, with the acolytes, went formally in procession to the presbytery to escort his grace, the archbishop, to the church that awaited his benediction.

At this time, the scene, even without the religious accompaniments that, for the moment, were absent, was a most imposing one. One dense mass of humanity in the central pews, even to the distant door; a strong array of the Hibernian societies in the grand aisle, with their rich banners and their uniforms; around and about each colossal column, another dense mass of humanity, mingling its hues and lending a certain softness to the base of each; and above, a gallery lined with still another dense mass of humanity, all toned down to the most exquisite and decorous hush. The new church may often, hereafter, be crowded within all its spaces, vast as they are, but it will probably never see so imposing an assembly as that which attended its solemn dedication.

The Archbishop Perche and Bishop Quinlan having entered the church, proceeded to the sanctuary, where prayers appropriate to the occasion were intoned. The two prelates then, attended by representatives of the Catholic church, best known and most loved in our city, reformed into procession, passed out of the church, marched around the entire building, and blessing it for that high service to which its altars and its walls were to be consecrated, so long as they shall stand upon the earth.

But the interior was still to be blessed. Round the building inside and through the broad central aisle marched the archbishop, placing them with special prayers and with the mystic raising of his Episcopal hand, under the blessing of God, in whose great name they had been edified. As the cortege passed, the symbolic crucifix and the Episcopal crozier shining before it, the vast congregation knelt reverently to receive the blessing that was shed by a chosen hand upon the material columns and the material walls.

The ceremonies had been most impressive, and when the distinguished prelates had reentered the sanctuary and assumed their robes of office, the congregation had been officially prepared for the grand Pontifical mass which was to be celebrated. Even those who are familiar with the Catholic mass do not know, to its fullest extent, the grander solemnity which it assumes when the Pontifical mass is to be celebrated. The Archbishop having been conducted to the throne temporized for the occasion with his Arch-Episcopal cross held before him by a cross-bearer, to the Right Rev. Bishop Quinlan was assigned the honor of celebrating the Pontifical mass. A nobler, a more dignified intonation of the holy mass we do not remember to have heard. Bishop Quinlan's appearance presents a certain massiveness of outline that is, in itself, full of majesty, and the solemn ceremony was made the more solemn for it. In the mass, Bishop Quinlan was assisted by the Rev. F. J. Finn, a most eloquent and earnest priest, as deacon, the Rev. J. Moynihan, Jr., (a nephew of the pastor of St. John's) as sub-deacon; the Rev. Cornelius Moynihan, who, in his own person, challenges with his brother, the love and devotion of the Catholic communities of our city, and the Rev. J. H. Kennedy, the young and popular assistant of St John's, acting, for the occasion, as deacons of honor.

The gospel had been chaunted; the sacred offices of the mass had proceeded so far; Father Moynihan, who, for the nonce yielding his privileges, had occupied himself with the administrative details of the occasion, had, for the first time, seated himself, when

FATHER RYAN

advanced to the chancel door to deliver the dedication sermon. This young priest is an exceptional man in these brazen days of ours. As a poet he fills fully the measure of the dreams of those who believe that genuine poetry is the highest expression of intellectual purity, and that patriotic poetry is the highest expression of nationality. As a priest he bears within his single life all those elements of humble duty and of wise simplicity that make the Christian teacher. As an orator he is magnetic; he not only rules the feelings of men through their minds, but he throws himself upon their hearts by a marvelous inspiration in thoughts, in words, in manner. As a man he is blameless in the sanctities of his private life. All of Father Ryan's sermons are studies in themselves—studies not only of eloquence, but of vivid fancy, of searching analysis and of an invincible and adamantine belief in the faith of which he is so supreme an expositor.

We regret that we are not able to give more than an abstract of

THE DEDICATION SERMON.

Father Ryan, warming with his subject, is one of those who cannot easily be followed. We do not vouch for the correctness of the language. We can certainly vouch, however, for the correctness of the doctrine, as stated.

[Fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, beginning at the eighteenth verse.]

The act of to-day, my brethren, is visibly an act of the successors of the Apostles. Centuries ago, the disciples of Jesus, the humble, unlettered men of Galilee, were found teaching in the temple—teaching in that name which they both loved and honored—teaching to the common multitude the words of eternal life. They were brought before the Council, a tribunal that united the highest learning with the most imposing dignities of religion. "Didn't we tell you not to teach or preach in that name?" questioned they; "and behold you have filled all Jerusalem with your doctrine." But Peter then uprose and said: "Yea, you did charge us not to teach in that name, but we ought to obey God rather than men."

When they heard this they were cut to the heart and sought to rid themselves of these pestilent fellows—these troublesome teachers of a new creed. Then arose old Gamaliel, an aged doctor, a man of many experiences, one esteemed by all men. "Put these men forth," said he, "out of the Council Chamber," as though he were afraid they would hear what he had to say—a little fearful lest they should hear that he, a learned Pharisee, should so seriously incline to their inventions. "My brethren, if this thing be of men, it will come to naught; if of God, we can not overthrow it, lest haply we be found fighting against God."

And Gamaliel was right. Rest the weight of the world on Gamaliel's proposition; it will stand it.

The Catholic Church has stood against the oppression and persecution of rulers in high places, the calumny of schools and of creeds; and behold it to-day, in its oneness, its purity and its strength, the same as when first watched over and guarded by the Apostles. And why? Because it is divine, not human work, and what is of God cannot be set at naught by man.

Christ is not a book. He is a man—a man that came out of heaven for a great and glorious work. The Church which He established is the most visible proof of His divinity, and must represent Him, in its divinity, in every way that a representative can represent the person represented. And this is why we look the world in the face to-day; that our voices are triumphant, and we seem to lose sight of the sweet virtue of humility. Far across historic ages the voice of my church is heard. It was born of Christ. It wrestled with the pagan world, and came off victorious. It stood before the Mussulmen's creed, and to-day it girdles the earth with a girdle of power.

And I call you, oh, shrouded Gamaliel, to come out of your grave. Oh! dead Gamaliel, you said, long ago, that if this work be of men, it would come to naught, but, if of God, men could not overthrow it. Come, stand before me, and see that prophecy fulfilled. It is the church of God, because it has conquered the world, and because the world, in its proudest hour, has never been able to conquer it.

You men of the nineteenth century, ever given to cavil and to a contemptuous analysis of every sacred thing, disprove what I have said if you can. Here is a fact. It rests on the world from the rays of the morning to the curtains of the evening-land. That fact is the Catholic church. Touch it, if you dare, and your name will go down to the grave fitly linked, side by side, with those that raised the cross for God.

The Jews that crucified Him little thought, as they were leading Him up Calvary, that they led Him up to coronation and victory; that the blood which was about to flow would rest upon the world as the blood of benediction or that of malediction.

They have tried to destroy us, but my church has gone down the ages. It has said the De Profundis at the graves of all who have pulled down our temples and trampled upon our shrines. It has sung their requiem and written their epitaph.

Therefore, we call old Time with his hoary locks. Old Time, passing solemnly by on his appointed courses, halt and tell us what you know. Halt, and tell us the wondrous story of the Catholic Church. Who better than you can speak of its trials and its triumphs? You saw it meet the Roman legions in their pride of strength and their arrogance of power; and you saw how that strength was weakened and that power abated. You saw it meet the Mahommedan hosts, when, with their cry of "Death to the Christian," they rushed upon the civilized world; and you saw, and can tell us too, how, shamed and humiliated, the Crescent bowed before the Cross. You saw it meet every sophism and crumble it in its strong hand—meet literature and ridicule and infidelity. And above all waved the lily white hand of the bride of the Lamb of God.

I would not, brethren, demean myself, or stoop to try to prove the divinity of my church as the true church. It needs no tongue but its past and present to prove that. But bring every test—bring the Word of God, the truest measure of faith. We shrink not from the test. Bring old tradition and historic facts—they are our friends. Bring the sword—our bodies are strong to endure—and we care not. Bring the torch, the faggot, the torture—we are used to them. By every test applied, the truth shines forth bright, clear and triumphant. Divinity is power, and we are divine. God is with us in our temples, upon our altars, and within our hearts. Here we are a power. Aye, we are a power—a power stretching across the boundaries of the spiritual world; possessing a vaster and more extensive sway than was ever exercised by crowned and sceptred monarchs. And, as that power, we evoke from the world its two greatest principles—intensest love and intensest hate. Intensest love, in that all encircled by the arms of the mother church and resting upon her bosom, are ready, when that mother's honor and principles are assailed, to yield their lives a glad and willing sacrifice to shield and sustain her. Intensest hate, in that the proud world turns with bitter jealousy from our closed confessional and absolution, gives a sneer to our assertion that we go back to the days of the Son of God; that our birth and lineage, in its royalty, outshadows that of earth's stateliest kings.

This temple, brethren, built and completed so far, and that will, by God's blessing, at no far distant day, stand forth in finished beauty, symbolizes the Catholic Church. It contains the three great powers—testimony conservation and absolution. Its testimony in the real presence upon its altar, its consecrating priesthood, and its power of absolution. As no system of religion can appear to be the true religion that does not enshrine within itself the three imperial powers of testimony, conservation and absolution, so no temple can be a true one that does not embody those powers. So hither you will come, my brethren, at all hours and seasons, whether the heart be buoyant and the step firm and strong, or whether with an unseen battle going on in your breasts, you slowly, falteringly bend before your Maker. Not only in your lifetime, but in your dying hours, will the Old Church stretch out her hands unto you. Hither you will bring the corpses of your friends, and the grand old mother will shed her dews of benediction upon your hearts. The old Church will tell you: "Let me claim this my child, still in a mystic union belonging unto me; let me stand on the boundary between time and eternity, and while I stand there, let me wait for the dead a prayer for the peace of its soul."

Thus, my brethren, this temple becomes not only a symbol of Christianity, but also a shrine of memories for you. A shrine of tears and joys where penitence is breathed and pardon received. A shrine that shuts out the rude jar of the world, and where calm and quiet alone are to be found.

If your old church could tell you its memories, what voices would rise from its walls, its altars and its confessionals, telling of the whispered sin and the spoken absolution; telling of weary and worn men and women who have turned from the life outside to look for the better, truer life within! It would say that was your real home where the soul found the rest denied in the world beyond.

Is that your home out in the street with the noisy, pushing, turbulent world? Where do you come when burdened with grief and care, when the nothingness of life stares at you and places its hard, bony finger upon your heart? Where do you come for holiest mass? Where do you come when you wish to see God face to face? To the temples of the Catholic Church. There you will find the old Christ always there until time shall be no more; the old peace, the old consolations, the old blessings are there. There the sinner comes. There the wanderer comes, weary with exile, weary with the hard and bitter struggle of the world. There the houseless, with not one place of repose among the stately houses that wealth brings, turns from the comforts of others to find a gladness far surpassing theirs. All crowd in to obtain those blessings that, beyond the doors of the Catholic Church, can not be found.

Therefore it is we bless our churches and call to our aid the sweet-voiced hymn, the chaunted prayer, and holy water scattered throughout the length and breadth thereof. No one save the Catholic Church—the church of martyrs and of saints, of miracles and of shrines—has the right to bless one drop of water. We Catholic priests are the blessers in this world. We are the benedictors in this earth of the humanity that peoples it. We alone have the power, and we yearn to scatter those blessings broadcast out in that dreary world, which is always pushing and striving for the mastery.

When you wish to find an oasis, and look for it in vain over the hot sands of life; when your lips are bittered and your feet are so tired, you find doors open like this—doors ever open to those who will unclose them; and you see the little sanctuary light that never goes out, and you come in, as to your home, and kneel at the foot of the altar. As the light from yonder window falls upon your kneeling forms, so does the light of yonder sanctuary fall upon your hearts, hallowing, purifying, beautifying them, and you find your real home in the Catholic Church.

Honor to those who build temples like this. Honor to the venturesome, reckless courage of those Catholic priests, who, wearing themselves away, build such temples as this. Honor to you all, brethren, who build temples like unto this. Honor to all who gave their mite to rear these stately columns, and upraise these stately walls. For, my brethren, Christ is homeless and you are building a home for Him. He needs a home, and you have given Him one.

No wonder, then, my brethren, that the smile of joy gleams on Catholic faces on such a day. No wonder that our hearts are open, and we speak words of praise to the builders; to those who, in the glorious self-immolation of the Catholic priest rear, for Christ, such noble piles.

So let this day be a day of benediction, and let the prayers that are said enter your hearts, and endue them to be living temples of God. Can you receive the blessings contained in the ceremonies of to-day unless your hearts are holy and undefiled?

We, St. Paul says, are temples of the Holy Ghost. The text has just floated across my mind, and, as I never like to conclude a sermon without some practical thought, I will apply it to the present. You look me in the face—I look you in the face. Let me look back of that face, and see whether your hearts are temples of the living God—whether your hearts are Catholic temples. Is God in your heart? Do you keep him in your heart? If so, and the temple be kept pure and holy—a meet habitation for the Spirit of God—he will rest there, the brightest of benedictions; but to the accurst, to those who refuse him a home, the darkest of maledictions.

So, my brethren, learn from the ceremonies of to-day a lesson that will make you better. This is a holy place. This is a structure of holiness. These walls and pillars are sanctified by holy prayer. As we give our prayers to God, so let us give our hearts to Him, and you will find that there is nothing sweeter, purer, more transfiguring than the thought that God has tabernacled Himself in our hearts.

This, my brethren, is my blessing to-day.

The mass having been celebrated by Bishop Quinlan, Archbishop Perche, at the request of Bishop Quinlan, in those deep and sonorous tones so remarkable in a man of his venerable age, pronounced a solemn benediction upon the congregation. It seemed, indeed, the fit official promulgation of the blessing which Father Ryan had so feelingly and so eloquently invoked a short time before.

Father Moynihan announced that a mission would commence in the church on the Sunday following, the fourteenth instant.

The choir of St. John's, under the direction of Mr. George Figenshub, assisted by several members of St. Theresa's church, executed amirably La Hache's St. Louis mass. Adam Bayersdorffer's brass brand, by several sacred airs, added much to the impressiveness of the occasion.

The Hibernian societies, after leaving the church, honored Father Moynihan with a serenade, which was happily responded to by that ever-ready gentleman.

THE DINNER.

After the celebration of the mass, after the church had been so solemnly dedicated by holy prayers and eloquent benediction, and after the congregation had dispersed, the clergy and a number of guests were invited to a dinner given in the lower floor of St. John's school, under the direction of the veteran *restaurateur* of Richelieu, of Camp street.

At three o'clock the company (some eighty in number) assembled. After the solids were discussed, the toasts of the day commenced. The Archbishop struck the vein of merry discourse by a pleasant allusion to the energy and the ardor of the Irish priests in his diocese. After saying that he could think of no nationality that had given so striking evidences of zeal, he called pointedly, as an Irish priest, upon Father Moynihan.

Father Moynihan, who is an excellent impromptu speaker, answered in a jocular vein. He rose, however, after giving his grace the credit for those eminent qualities that ennoble him, into a serious spirit, when he hoped that St. Joseph's Church—the gigantic building which has already passed its first walls, on Common street—shall be the first one hereafter to be dedicated. After a passing compliment to the venerable Archbishop, he called upon Bishop Quinlan, as another dignified representative of the Irish priest, of whom monseigneur had been speaking, and as one who built establishments and founded convents for the honor of the Church—as one, in short, who had the Saviour.

Bishop Quinlan's reply was a lively one, and added to the zest of the meeting.

Father Ryan, standing up in the double capacity of the American priest (always following the pleasant conceit of the Archbishop) and the orator of the day, said a good word in favor of the American branch of the Catholic Church.

Hon. Thomas J. Semmes, as a Catholic layman, and Hon. Christian Roselius, as a Protestant, delivered, each, characteristic addresses, and the entertainment concluded by his grace rising and giving his benediction to the company assembled.

And so the end came. Henceforward the Church of St. John the Baptist shall be consecrated to the service of God. The efforts of the priest whose energy has built it; the kindly wishes of that other priest whose eloquent lips intoned a blessing on it, deserve a history full of gracious prayers and manifold conversions in the future.

From our heart, we reverently invoke them.

Henry Clay and Rufus Choate.

The Senate (during Tyler's administration) was the most able and brilliant body of statesmen, jurists and publicists that was ever seen in this country. And yet the majority was dominated by Mr. Clay as thoroughly and utterly as Bonaparte commanded his Marshals. Massachusetts was represented by Isaac C. Bates and Rufus Choate. They were both very able and accomplished men. Mr. Choate was one of most superb orators of the age; and as a ready, felicitous and effective debater, he was without a superior in Congress. He had that rare combination of attributes, convincing, inexorable logic, and the richest and most vivid imagination. The happy union of extraordinary qualities make the truly great man in the Senate and the forum. He was elected as the successor of Mr. Webster when that gentleman was appointed Secretary of State. He was the intimate, confidential friend of the great New England statesman, and was regarded as his peculiar advocate and champion in the Senate.

When the bank bill was under discussion Mr. Choate offered an amendment which was resisted by Mr. Clay. Mr. Choate was disposed to insist upon it, and, as an argument in support of his proposition, indiscreetly intimated that some modification might be necessary to secure the support of the President. This imprudent suggestion aroused the jealousy and indignation of Mr. Clay. Springing to his feet with flashing eyes, in tones of thunder he denounced Mr. Choate for attempting to coerce the Senate by threats of the displeasure of the Executive. The scene was one of great excitement. The bearing of Mr. Clay was haughty, imperious and overbearing, and his language was correspondingly severe. Mr. Choate fairly quailed under his vehement denunciatian. Mr. Clay appealed to the pride and independence of Senators, and inquired whether the threatened interposition of the Executive to defeat the just expectations of the people was to be tolerated by a co-ordinate branch of the government.

The vivacity of the assault was too much for Mr. Choate, more especially as he felt that he had committed himself by his untoward intimation. He was confused and embarrassed, endeavored to qualify what he had said, and finally averred that he had no authority for the suggestion, and only expressed his individual opinion, based on the circumstances of the case. But Mr. Clay, perceiving the dilemma in which he had placed Mr. Choate, and evidently under the impression that he was hitting Mr. Webster through his next friend, pressed his advantage harshly, if not ungenerously, and read him a severe lecture in a magisterial and dictatorial tone. The feeling of the Senate was clearly in favor of Mr. Choate, although it was seen that he had made a great mistake in the mode of sustaining the amendment. He was so rebuked and overawed, and the superiority of Mr. Clay in the controversy was so manifest, that the friends of Mr. Webster were much mortified at the result. On the following day Mr. Choate made a spirited and manly explanation, vindicating himself completely; but it had the appearance of an afterthought, and the effect was far less than if he had spoken promptly in his own justification.

Few men were capable of coping with Mr. Clay in a controversial discussion. His resources were all at command, and he spoke as forcibly on the spur of the moment as after the most careful preparation. Mr. Choate had all the advantages of superior genius and reasoning faculties, as well as more perfect intellectual training, and yet he was overborne and humiliated by the greater moral and physical vigor of his antagonist.—*February Galaxy.*

Calcasieu Sulphur Mines—Free Importation of Machinery.

We reproduce a report of the debate in the House of Representatives last Wednesday, on a question of particularly local interest:

Mr. Maynard (Republican, Tennessee), from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill permitting the Calcasieu Sulphur and Mining Company of New Orleans to import, free of duty, certain machinery and accompanying implements to be used only in making a series of experiments in mining for sulphur in the parish of Calcasieu, Louisiana, the value of the importations not to exceed $25,000; and, also, permitting a like importation of machinery by any person employed in the manufacture of plate-glass in the United States. Mr. Maynard explained briefly the object of the bill, which was to enable the large sulphur deposits in Calcasieu parish, Louisiana, to be reached through heavy boring of sand and gravel, and to allow a company in Indiana to establish a plate-glass manufactory, being the only one of the kind in the United States. He stated that the bill met the unanimous approval of the Committee of Ways and Means.

Mr. Finkelnburg (Republican, Missouri) opposed the special legislation as wrong in principle. The House should go to the bottom of the evil, and make such a reduction of the tariff as the revenues and trade of the country would permit. Influential and powerful industries obtain special relief from Congress, while the rest of the people are left to bear the burdens as best they can. If it relieved ship builders to have cheap material, cheap iron, cordage, and copper, so it would relieve industries using those materials. If it aids the citizens of Chicago to have cheap building material, so would it aid every village and city throughout the West building to-day, or to be built hereafter. It it will aid those glass manufacturers and sulphur miners in Louisiana to have cheap material, so it would aid every manufactory using machinery. Every argument for special relief was equally an argument for a general reduction of the tariff. As to the statement of Mr. Maynard that the bill was the unanimous report of the committee, he (Finkelnburg) begged to say that he was not in favor of the bill in the committee.

Mr. Maynard apologized for the incorrect statement he had made, and said that he had not proposed to go into a tariff debate on this bill, which provides merely for exceptional cases. There were exceptions which proved the rule.

Mr. Kerr (Democrat, Indiana) concurred in all that Mr. Finkelnburg said, except in the insinuation that the two industries concerned were powerful, and that by reason of that power they had been enabled to secure favorable recommendation. Mr. Kerr said a company had been organized three years ago for the manufacture of ordinary glass at New Albany, Indiana, and had determined that it would make some attempt to establish in this country the manufacture of what is called French plate glass, but in order to commence that manufacture it was necessitated to import this machinery from France. The enterprise was an experiment. It might or might not succeed. After the single importation of the needful machinery the law would expire. That was all that there was in the matter of plate glass. In regard to the other part of the bill, it was exceedingly important that those who had the enterprise in charge should obtain the machinery for making this bore for sulphur, but the machinery was not manufactured in this country, and would have to be imported. It was for these special reasons only that he thought the bill should pass.

Mr Kelley (Republican, Pennsylvania) said that in view of the fact that immense deposits of most all of the ingredients needed in the manufacture and polishing of glass had been discovered in Missouri, he thought they would probably be able to manufacture plate glass in this country, even with the high rates of wages, at a less cost than it could be made elsewhere with the relatively low wages of Europe. What was wanted was machinery, and the bill proposed to admit that free.

Mr. Dawes (Republican, Massachusetts,) deprecated this premature discussion. The Committee of Ways and Means was endeavoring to see if it were possible to reduce the revenue of the country by the amount of fifty or one hundred millions of dollars, more or less, consistently with the current expenses of the government, and with paying a proper portion of the public debt, so as on the one hand not to stay, and on the other hand to retrieve and revive, as much of the industries of the country as possible. If his friends from Missouri and Indiana had arrived at a conclusion so as to see the process by which, with one horizontal stroke, all these things could be accomplished, he (Dawes) was exceedingly gratified they had done so, and that they were prepared beforehand to make such an announcement to the House and country. He confessed to his utter incompetency to the task to which he had been unfortunately assigned.

If it were possible for the other gentlemen of the committee to have seen clearly how, by one horizontal stroke, to reach that great end, it had been utterly impossible for him to do so, or to come to any intelligent conclusion on the subject. His friend from Indiana (Mr. Kerr) was mistaken when he said the manufacture of plate glass was a new industry in this country. They were manufacturing plate glass near his (Dawes') residence, which would compete with any foreign article. If there was to be found abroad a process which would do the work better than it could be done by American machinery, he would be pleased to see that process brought here, and brought free of duty, because every such an enterprise as that would find work for many hands, would find an investment for much capital, and would bring along with it a train of advantages which follow in the footsteps of profitable investment and frugal industry. His theory was, by the help of free trade, and by the help of duty, hand in hand, to work out this great problem.

Mr. Finkelnburg replied that he had not said nor had he intended to convey an idea that he had arrived at a solution of the tariff problem. He was but a patient laborer on the subject, the difficulties of which he recognized as well as the gentleman from Massachusetts did, nor was he in favor of striking all the duties of machinery. He was opposed, however, to making certain kinds of machinery free, in an exceptional manner, until the House had arrived at a proper point to which all machinery should be reduced, with due reference to the revenue of the country and the credit of the government.

Mr. Maynard again stated the points of the bill, and deprecated any general discussion of the tariff question on such a measure. He was seconded, and the bill passed.

A Terrible Crime.

We copy this from the Alexandria *Democrat:*

We have to record a terrible and horrid act perpetrated in our parish. A negro man named Sylvester was, a few days since, found hung to a tree in the pine woods, about eight miles from here. He had been shot through the head, both ears cut off and still more cruel outrage perpetrated on his person. An inquest was held on the body by Coroner Shadburn, and a verdict in accordance with the above facts was rendered. As yet no clue to the perpetrators of this awful deed has been found.

Young man, if you will begin life with a fixed determination to claim nothing which is not scrupulously and entirely your own, you will never have a difficulty. You may have a right in common with some one else; in that case, if he does not yield, and if the right is indivisible, yield your claim gracefully. To illustrate: You and another may meet, face to face, in the centre of a crossing—one has to step into the mud, inevitably. Yield the way—it is as much, and no more, your own than his. Yield, if the same thing happens twenty times a day, and show yourself the best mannered gentleman of the two.

A NABOB'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[As told by himself in his new book entitled "Roughing It," now in press. It is a sample of the good things contained therein.]

In Nevada there used to be current the story and adventure of two of her nabobs, which may or may not have occurred. I give it for what it is worth.

Colonel Jim had seen somewhat of the world, and knew more or less of its ways; but Colonel Jack was from the back settlements of the States, had led a life of arduous toil, and had never seen a city.

These two, blessed with sudden wealth, projected a visit to New York—Colonel Jack to see the sights, and Colonel Jim to guard his unsophistication from misfortune. They reached San Francisco in the night and sailed in the morning. Arrived in New York, Colonel Jack said:

I've heard tell of carriages all my life, and now I mean to have a ride in one; I don't care what it costs. Come along.

They stepped on the sidewalk, and Colonel Jim called a stylish barouche. But Colonel Jack said:

No, sir! None of your Cheap-John turnouts for me. I am here to have a good time, and money ain't any object. I mean to have the nobbiest rig that's going. Now here comes the very trick. Stop that yaller one with the pictures on it—don't you fret—I'll stand all the expense myself.

So Colonel Jim stopped an empty omnibus and they got in. Said Colonel Jack:

Ain't it gay, though? Oh no, I reckon not. Cushions, and windows, and pictures till you can't rest. What would the boys say if they could see us cutting a swell like this in New York? By George, I wish they could see us.

Then he put his head out of the window, and shouted to the driver:

Say, Johnny, this suits me—suits yours, truly, you bet you! I want this shebang all day. I'm on it, old man! Let 'em out! Make 'em go! We'll make it all right to you, sonny.

The driver passed his hand through the strap hole and tapped for his fare—it was before the gongs came into common use. Colonel Jack took the hand and shook it cordially. He said:

You twig me, old pard! All right between gents. Smell of that, and see how you like it!

And he put a twenty dollar gold piece in the driver's hand. After a moment the driver said he could not make change.

Bother the change! Ride out. Put it in your pocket.

Then to Colonel Jim, with a sounding slap on his thigh:

Ain't it style, though? Hanged if I don't hire this thing every day for a week.

The omnibus stopped and a young lady got in. Colonel Jack started for a moment, then nudged Colonel Jim with his elbow.

"Don't say a word," he whispered. "Let her ride if she wants to. Gracious, there's room enough."

The young lady got out her portemonnaie and handed her fare to Colonel Jack.

"What's this for?" he said.

"Give it to the driver, please."

"Take back your money, madame. We can't allow it. You are welcome to a ride here as long as you please, but the shebang is chartered, we shan't let you pay a cent."

The girl shrank into a corner bewildered. An old lady with a basket climbed in, and proffered her fare.

"Excuse me," said Colonel Jack. You are perfectly welcome here, madame, but we can't allow you to pay. Set right down there mum, and don't you feel the least uneasy. Make yourself as free as if you were in your turnout."

Within two minutes three gentlemen, two fat women and a couple of children entered.

"Come right along, friends," said Colonel Jack, "don't mind us; this is a free blow-out." Then he whispered to Colonel Jim: "New York ain't no sociable place; I don't reckon it ain't no name for it."

He resisted every effort to pass fares to the driver, and made everybody cordially welcome. The situation dawned on the people, and they pocketed their money, and delivered themselves up to covert enjoyment of the episode. Half a dozen more passengers entered.

"Oh, there is plenty of room," said Colonel Jack. "Walk right in, and make yourselves at home. A blow-out ain't worth anything as a blow-out unless a body has company." Then, in a whisper to Colonel Jim: "But ain't these New Yorkers friendly? And ain't they cool about it, too? Icebergs ain't anywhere. I reckon they'd tackle a hearse, if it was going their way."

More passengers got in; more yet, and still more. Both seats were filled, and a file of men were standing up, holding on to the cleats overhead. Parties with baskets and bundles were climbing up on the roof. Half-suppressed laughter rippled up from all sides.

"Well, for clean, cool, out-and-out cheek, if this don't bang anything that ever I saw I'm an Injun," whispered Colonel Jack.

A Chinaman crowded his way in.

"I weaken!" said Colonel Jack. "Hold on, driver! Keep your seats, ladies and gents. Just make yourselves free—everything's paid for. Driver, rustle these folks around as long as they're a mind to go—friends of ours, you know. Take them everywhere, and if you want more money, come to the St. Nicholas, and well make it all right. Pleasant journey to you, ladies and gents; go it just as long as you please—it shan't cost you a cent!"

The two comrades got out, and Colonel Jack said:

"Jimmy, its the sociablest place I ever saw. The Chinaman waltzed in as comfortable as anybody. If we'd staid awhile I reckon we'd have some niggers. By George! we'll have to barricade our doors to-night, or some of these ducks will be trying to sleep with us."

Grant Speaking Plainly on the Custom-house Frauds.

[Correspondence New York Herald.]

WASHINGTON, January 14, 1872.

The President is observing with deep interest the investigations of the Senate committee in New York. This interest is largely shared by the members of the executive famil[illegible] General Porter is anxious to be calle[illegible]efore the committee. The charges against Colonel Leet are not entertained by the White House people, and they take every occasion to express confidence in Colonel Leet as a man of integrity, who can make a perfectly clean record. At the same time, the President said to a member of the House in conversation: "My mind is clear upon one point. Every officer under the administration, who has been in any way connected with the irregularities in New York will be dismissed at once. It makes no difference if every man now holding office in New York should be dismissed. I shall not wait for any report or resolution of the Senate, not even for the absolute proof of overt acts. I know how hard it is to prove overt acts. The fact that officers have so demeaned themselves as to be open to suspicion, or to bring scandal on the service, or to dissatisfy the large mercantile class, is enough to justify a change. These Senators are no more anxious than I am to purify this service, and I shall be glad to do my share in the work." As to the renomination the President said he has never expressed any opinion upon that subject. It would be time for him to give his views when the time came for action. As a Republican he would feel in honor bound to support any candidate, and he would give his best efforts for success.

Among the artifices which little General Horace Porter, Generals Babcock and Dent, and the other lords of the bed chamber at Washington, have in reserve to force General Grant's campaign for the Presidency through successfully are a war with Spain, the purchase of the island of Cuba for $150,000,000, and the alluring plan of a convention of the European powers to open the isthmus of Darien and Panama, in the assumed interest of the commerce of the world. The real interest of the latter plausible proposition, however, is to locate valuable land sites in the interest of the "mess," while the meaning in the increase in the price of Cuba by $50,000,000 is that General Sickles may be handsomely endowded in his new departure, and something handsome be laid to the account of the White House for the mental labor of the scheme.—*Wilkes' Spirit.*

Potter Palmer, the Chicago millionaire, recently remarked to a friend that Chicago could never be the city that it was. He didn't think so just after the fire, but his mind is made up now.