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NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, JUNE 21, 1868.

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK.

Sunday....June 21—Third Sunday after Pentecost.
Monday....June 22—St. Barnabas, Apostle.
Tuesday....June 23—St. Anicet, Pope and Martyr.
Wednesday, June 24—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Thursday...June 25—St. Gallican, Martyr.
Friday.....June 26—St. John and St. Paul, Martyrs.
Saturday...June 27—St. William, Abbot.

PAPAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Arabella		$ 5 00
Mrs. Ann Taylor		5 00
Anonymous		1 00
John Connell		50
A lady	(coin)	5 00
Anonymous	(gold)	5 00
Mrs. Julia Cox	(silver)	3 00
Anonymous	"	1 50
Mrs. Murphy	"	50
Little James Murphy	"	25
" John Murphy	"	25
" Mary Murphy	"	25
" Eddie Murphy	"	25— 27 55
Previously published		457 40
Total to date		$484 95

Mr. Richard Hickey, is the agent for this paper, at San Antonio, Texas.

We send several copies of our paper this week to our friends in Western Texas. Many of them, we know, only await an opportunity to disseminate our journal in furtherance of the good cause in which we are engaged.

Worthy of all Credit.—We learn with the most sincere pleasure that the Claiborne and Common street Rail road will not henceforth exact any charge from priests, Sisters of Charity, and orphans traveling on their route. This is a most graceful as well as appropriate act of courtesy and charity.

Young Men's Catholic Friend's Society.—We have the pleasure of acknowledging an invitation to a most appitizing entertainment to be given this morning by the gentlemen of this society in St. Alphonsus' parish, Messrs James P. O'Brien, John J. O'Brien, and M. E. Halligan, committee. It is with great regret that we apprehend being unrepresented on this occasion, partly through sickness, and partly through unavoidable absence from the city.

Diocese of New Orleans.—*Confirmations.*—On Sunday last, the 14th inst., the Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed two hundred and forty persons in the Church of the Assumption, Lafayette. On Tuesday, the 16th, the prelate confirmed eighty-nine persons in the Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, French congregation, Fourth District. On Wednesday last, he confirmed thirty-nine persons in the Chapel of the Ursuline Convent—some, the pupils of the convent, the remainder, attached to the Church of St. Maurice. On Thursday, he confirmed three hundred and eighty persons in St. Joseph's Church, Common street; and at the Hospital Chapel, on the same day, His Grace confirmed fifty-one persons, of whom twenty-three were converts.

Diocese of Natchitoches.—*Ordination.* On Tuesday, 2d inst., Right. Rev. Bishop Martin, of Natchitoches, promoted to the sacred order of the priesthood, Rev. Ludovic Enault, a native of the diocese of Rennes, France. This young priest has been appointed vicar of the Church of St. Matthew, Monroe.

Confirmations.—The same right reverend prelate confirmed one hundred and two persons, on the 31 ult., at St. Paul's Church, Parish of Avoyelles. On the 14th of the same month, he confirmed thirty-five persons in St. Augustine's Church, Parish of Natchitoches. On the 17th, the Bishop confirmed seven pupils in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in the same parish. On the 31st ult., he confirmed twenty-five persons in his cathedral. On the 7th instant, His Grace confirmed twenty five persons in the Church of St. John the Baptist, Cloutierville, in the same parish. All these confirmations, in their respective localities, coincide with the close of the triduum prescribed by the Sovereign Pontiff, which has everywhere developed great faith and piety.

Teas.—Those who have been waiting for fresh supplies will be glad to learn by J. W. Platt & Co.'s advertisement in another column, that they are now in receipt of large invoices of the various qualities of teas there enumerated, which they sell at such prices as must meet the wishes of every economical housekeeper.

The Concert for the Pope.

Monday evening, the 29th instant, is the time set for the concert to be given at St. Patrick's Church, in aid of the Pope. As to the merits of the concert in itself, any laudation on our part would be uncalled for. Mozart's Twelfth Mass is a work of which the merits are thoroughly recognized in this community, and the style in which it has been recently presented by artists, who again appear on this occasion, is sufficient guaranty of its effectiveness. When we know, however, that additional talent is enlisted for this performance, that Mr. Collignon joins Mr. LaHache in the direction, and that the grand organ of St. Patrick's will lend its glorious tones to the harmony, we cannot but anticipate even a more perfect rendering of this master-piece on the present occasion than that recently given at St. Alphonsus Hall. The influential names constituting the committee of arrangements, and representing at least twelve of our principal parishes, afford a good indication of the probable size and character of the audience.

Irrespective of these various guaranties of success, however, the motive of the effort, the fact of its being a tribute to the Pope, ought to make it a real ovation. Our whole community, non-Catholic as well as Catholic can, without inconsistency, mark their sympathy with the wrongs and misfortunes of the Venerable Pontiff.

For Catholics, what more elevated, more holy subject for charity than the Church itself, represented by its august head? It is for the Church as a whole, for its independence as an organization, its freedom of unrestrained communication with its head and centre, that we are called on to move during the present times. If the Pope is driven from Rome to seek shelter under a foreign flag, or if remaining there, he is but a subject liable to control and coercion at the whim of some temporal dictator, what guaranty have Catholics that his communications with them may not be, as they have frequently been, hampered, restricted, perhaps, totally suspended, by the folly or impiety of a despot? In such a case, history tells us, too loudly, how discipline is neglected and faith languishes. What though we shower gifts upon local charities when such a danger threatens? Will God thank us for decorating the shrines of his Church, when we permit that Church itself to be overwhelmed with desolation and disorder? What though our substance is given to the most deserving asylums? God is, after all, the source of their support, and he cannot bless a near-sighted charity which overlooks higher claims, because more remote. There is no duty equal to that of sustaining the Pope.

The occasion is one which might, indeed, well call forth an expression of sympathy from our non-Catholic fellow-citizens. As imbued with the chivalrous sentiments ascribed to the South, where will our people find a more honorable instance of weakness struggling against power than in the present position of the Pope? A large portion of his territory wrested from him and added to the dominions of an enemy eager to deprive him of the remainder; harassed by inroads of organized forces belonging ostensibly to no nation, yet having a foothold beyond his lines; sustained only by the enthusiasm of his few remaining people, the ardor of a small band of foreign volunteers, and the squadrons of an unwilling French protector; the policy of a mysterious imperial cabinet may, at any moment, leave him exposed to an invasion, by which he would, surely, be overwhelmed. If, therefore, we claim to be a people who always incline to favor the weaker side, here is an occasion for sympathy beyond question.

Gratitude, too, always appeals irresistibly to generous hearts, and gratitude for soul-felt sympathy, even though fruitless, is always stronger than for ostentatious aid. In the darkest days of the late Southern struggle, when the nations of the world sent their citizens by tens of thousands to swell the ranks of the Northern armies, the Pope alone of all the potentates of Christendom, the weakest and, generally, the most prudent, sent to us kind words of sympathy, and to our enemies messages of unmistakable rebuke. We all know his efforts in behalf of unfortunate Poland, and, if our States of the South should, through the success of a revolutionary policy, be reduced permanently to a condition similar to that of Poland, we know that his prayers, his tears, and his influence would all be for us, too.

Non-Catholics of the South ought to recognize their own interest in maintaining the permanence of the Papal influence. That influence has always been wielded for the maintenance of order and the suppression of usurpation; for the protection of the weak and the humanizing of power; it has ever been the watchful enemy of radicalism in every shape, and the friend of conservatism; it discourages revolution when violent, and fosters all progress that can hope to be permanent; it does not interfere with politics, but it sheds upon morals a light so divine that philosophy is illuminated by the reflection, and no longer loses its way among the by-paths of folly.

Calvin Reproduced.

Most of our readers have, probably, been of the opinion that the peculiar fires of John Calvin had been extinguished forever—that the great apostle of Geneva had carried down into his grave the torch which he used so effectually in his controversies as an *argumentum ad hominem*. Even if such had been the case, the original Calvinism has again broken out more virulently than ever. The originator of that peculiar form of brotherly love applied it to only a few cases in his own experience; while the latest high priest of the sect proposes commencing operations on a much grander scale. Rev. Bob Breckenridge, of Kentucky, desires to set fire to New York city—yea, verily, and to keep at it until nothing shall be left but ashes and brick-bats, and, possibly, among the rubbish, a few bones of such old folks, invalids, and babies as may not have been able to escape the swift destruction. Rev. Bob doesn't drink—he is a temperance saint, and means what he says. He says, in effect, as we have been recently informed, by the daily papers, that there are fifty thousand Irish and Catholic voters in New York city, by means of whom that city is lost to the Republican party, and that, if necessary, to get rid of them, New York ought to be burned to the ground.

This zeal of the learned doctor is so much the grander in its scope than that of his feebler prototype, in that it embraces not only the cause of God, but, also, that of Cæsar. It is not merely because New York is polluted with the presence of fifty thousand Irish Catholics, (idolators!) with their families, but because the said fifty thousand men and voters are all Democrats! But, Robert himself is not a Democrat at present, hence the "torch." We are confident, however, that there is one weak point in the chain of argument by which the doctor has come to this peremptory conclusion—one difficulty which he has overlooked, and which will change his policy: the insurance companies would object to his proposition most vehemently—and the insurance companies, are they not rich and worthy to be respected? New York, then, is safe!

If we might be allowed to suggest a proper field for the apostolic gifts of the Rev. Mr. Breckenridge, it would be among a population where his zeal would not be counteracted by the cold calculation of moneyed men. He could render himself irresistibly popular, for instance, with the king of the Cannibal Islands and cabinet, by his natural talent for roasting human victims. Through this happy facility he might win the way to their hearts, for the mild and humanizing doctrines of that Christianity of which he proclaims himself a teacher.

We know not what will be the limit of old Mr. Breckenridge's desire for justice, after the fall elections of this year. If, as the Democrats claim, they should carry every Northern State but one, he will be more convinced than ever that Irishmen and Papists are at the bottom of it. Lucky it is for the said Irishmen that the day of John Calvin is gone forever, except in the crazed fancies of a few malignant fanatics, who can never again reach the popular heart. The civilized world is acclimated to Calvinism as an epidemic. It must, henceforth, show itself only in a sporadic form.

Mr. Robert Breckenridge, of Kentucky, was, some twenty years ago, a man of great natural ability; but his character was always essentially of the Puritanic type—that is, Mr. Robert Breckenridge was right, and every body who differed with him was, necessarily, wrong, and ought to be made to take his view of things by force, if necessary. The essence of Puritanism is self-conceit—a self-conceit which not only scouts the idea that it can possibly be in error about anything, but which is determined to assert its superiority over others, and force its views upon their acceptance whenever an opportunity offers.

Thus, the reverend doctor of whom we speak has become so habituated to deify his own reason and believe in his own infallibility—not only in religion, but in everything else—that he cannot entertain, for a moment, the idea that those who disagree with him in politics are anything less than devils, pure and simple. His Calvinistic bitterness, increased from year to year, during a long life, by feeding on itself, has not been diminished at all by the sense of treason to his section and to his friends. In his later developments, then, he is fast attaining a reputation which will go far toward leaving his name coupled in popular traditions with the idea of the evil spirit, and "Old Bob" may yet be the familiar substitute for "Old Nick." In history, he will, perhaps, be recognized with more dignity, as the "Tamerlane of the Pulpit."

Confirmation at St. Joseph's.

Last Thursday, the termination of the octave of Corpus Christi, the Most Rev. Archbishop administered confirmation, at St. Joseph's Church, to some three hundred and eighty candidates, and to fifty-three more in the domestic chapel of the Charity Hospital—in all, four hundred and thirty-three.

The ceremonies, commencing at nine o'clock, with solemn high mass, lasted nearly four hours, and were witnessed by a congregation which crowded the church to its utmost, although on a week day, and during the busiest hours of the day. The Most Rev. Archbishop assisted throughout mass, seated in great state, and attended by the reverend pastors of St. John's, St. Peter's, and St. Theresa's churches, as well as by the clergy of St. Joseph's.

Rev. Father Jeremiah Moynihan preached after mass, with his usual eloquence and impressiveness, and upon the topic which had been of such engrossing interest during the morning—the sacrament of confirmation. The necessity for this sacrament of courage and fortitude was clearly portrayed—the timidity, the faint-heartedness of man in meeting danger or even sacrifice, in the cause of truth and justice, were evident in the conduct of the Apostles themselves, previously to the descent of the Holy Ghost. If even these chosen companions of Christ were so impotent for good without this great sacrament, how slow should we be to judge harshly those non-Catholics who do not admit the existence of such a sacrament, and are, therefore, left to their own weakness! And how perfectly manifest ought to be the growth in all the heroic virtues of Christianity among those who now receive this sacrament, even as it was manifest among the Disciples on the great day of Pentecost.

The origin and institution of confirmation, its nature and efficacy, were ably expounded by the learned orator, including the clear demonstration that the Church has now the same power that she had in the beginning, of conferring the Holy Ghost by the imposition of hands.

At the conclusion of the address, the Venerable Archbishop, notwithstanding the suffering which is habitual from his indisposition, addressed those whom he had confirmed, and exhorted them to be faithful to the strength then imparted to them, and to despise all weakness in the practise of virtue. The paternal, apostolic language in which he spoke, must have created an impression worthy of the love which prompted it. Notwithstanding the great length of the ceremonies, the Archbishop did not fail to visit the Charity Hospital, to administer confirmation in its chapel, as we have already stated. After which, without taking the rest so necessary to his infirmity, he was obliged to hasten home, to meet other engagements and duties.

Of the four hundred and thirty-three persons confirmed, forty-eight were converts—twenty-three of these being within the precincts of the hospital. This is truly a glorious result of zeal in the good Sisters. Their exterior works of charity are accompanied by spiritual ones, and blessed with abundant fruit. To be sure, their converts are often incurables, cripples, and other unfortunates, who would not be considered a great acquisition to some fashionable congregations, but they are among those over whose conversion it is said that the angels in heaven rejoice. It is but a repetition of the marriage parable where the fashionable and the gay excused themselves, and the master of the feast was obliged to send out into the lanes and highways and bring in the worn and weary pilgrims, in their dust and poverty, to sit at his royal table.

The Sugar Lands of Louisiana.

These lands, the richest, the most productive in the world, and priceless in true value, are now worthless to the owners in consequence of the ruin and desolation brought upon them by the war and the merciless taxation and disorganization of labor since imposed upon them. Immense tracts, with princely dwellings, extensive and comfortable negro quarters, massive sugar houses, mills, barns, stables, warehouses, costly machinery, and all the arrangements for the culture and manufacture of sugar on the most extensive and expensive scale are being sold for less than the original cost of the ditches that drain them, because the owners, often those who rescued them from the river, the swamp, and the forest, are positively unable to pay the taxes and other civil burdens levied upon them.

Nearly one thousand sugar plantations throughout the State are lying idle, the fences down, the fields and canals growing up into dense "brakes," the buildings and machinery rotting and rusting, and the unfortunate inhabitants, too often, alas, limited to the grey-haired old sire, the pale and delicate widow, and the emaciated, helpless orphans, struggling for a bare subsistence, cultivating small patches of corn, rice, sweet potatoes, and peas, just enough to stave off the cravings of hunger and keep gaunt famine away.

Cannot something be done to save these lands to the impoverished owners and to make them again productive? To answer this question in the affirmative is the desire of every pure, Christian heart. With proper reflection upon the difficulties and obstacles to contend with, there will come to us suggestions and plans that will revive the drooping spirits of our people, and soon cause our fields to wave with ripening cane. *Sugar is gold*, for it cannot be imported without sending gold to purchase it from foreign countries. These sugar lands of Louisiana are almost the only ones north of the Gulf of Mexico, and they are already prepared for immediate use, and in a few years could produce half a million hogsheads of sugar! The production of sugar cane is the proper and almost exclusive use to which our lands are adapted, and our main object should be to resuscitate and encourage its cultivation. To do this, the present arduous and expensive duties of the sugar planter should be divided, so that other capital and industry and skill could be brought to his assistance. In other words, the labor of the planter should be confined as closely as possible to agriculture, and other capital and skill be employed in the manufacture of the sugar.

If each wheat grower were forced to grind his own grain, we should not only have miserable bread, but, actually, famine would often prevail. If each grape grower pressed his own grapes and fermented their juice, we would have but few drinkers of claret, and they would be very "vinegar faced." But little of the immense sugar crops of the Eastern Hemisphere would ever reach the channels of commerce if the cultivator was relied upon to manufacture the "beet and cane juice."

A thousand reasons might be given why the planter of cane should not be the manufacturer of sugar; and a thousand thanks will be heartily given by him if you relieve him from the three months of toil, expense, and anxiety that he invariably undergoes during "sugar making," and permit him, at that most favorable period, to reap his hay, gather his corn and potatoes, plough his ground, and plant his cane, so that he could heartily respond to the Christian's salute of "a happy Christmas," and fairly start the "new year" with a vigorous and sound crop of seed cane in the ground. How easily would he find time to plant and cultivate corn, peas, potatoes, rice, etc., in abundance! And, when the hot summer months came, and his crops were "laid by," how pleasant the reflection that there was no wood to cut and haul to the "cormorant" of a sugar-house!

But, aside from all these reasons why the planter should abandon the sugar-house to others, is the uncontrolable one of "poverty;" and we must turn our thoughts and exertions to the best plans for accomplishing the change and supplying the capital for the new order of sugar-making. If the owner of the soil were relieved from the necessity of employing immense capital in manufacturing, he could turn his whole energy to production; and he could sell or rent portions of his lands to others, at fair prices; and, in a few years, he would no longer see "ruin and desolation" around him. But he must be *assured* of a *certain* and *fair* market price for his cane; and that must be our next object of inquiry.

That Pic-Nic.

Gentlemen who intend entering the lists for the splendid prize, silver pitcher, can see it on exhibition at this office. It is really an elegant affair, large and beautifully chased, and well worth a good deal of perspiration, considering the amount of coolness it can afterwards procure. Parties doubtful of its powers to refrigerate punch and things of that kind, are welcome to try it while under our charge.

This elegant prize has been entrusted to the Pic-nic Association, by certain ladies of Jefferson city and the Fourth District, to be awarded to the successful competitors in some of the manly contests to take place at the Oakland Course, on the fourth and fifth of July, under the auspices of that Association. We have, after considerable trouble, ascertained that these thoughtful and generous lady doners, are Mrs Charles J. Fox, and Miss Mary F. Breen, of Jefferson City, and Mrs H. C. Brown and Mrs. J. C. Cornell of the Fourth District. In order that the prize may be more honorable and stimulative of competition, it is to be hoped that one of those ladies may be induced to deliver the award with her own hands.

The patriotic and social entertainment given by this public-spirited association is under the sanction of the Most Rev. Archbishop, and the opening ceremonies will be performed by himself, assisted by many of