

REV. A. J. RYAN, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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OUR CLUB RATES

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK.

Sunday.....Jan. 24—Sopranos Sunday. Monday.....Jan. 25—Coronation of St. Paul. Tuesday.....Jan. 26—St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr. Wednesday.....Jan. 27—St. Vitalis, Pope. Thursday.....Jan. 28—St. John Chrysostom, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Friday.....Jan. 29—St. Francis of Sales, Bishop. Saturday.....Jan. 30—St. Felix, Pope.

Delegates to the State Union of the Total Abstinence Societies will find an important notice in another column.

Two hundred students have left the University of Bonn since the pseudo Bishop Reinken's "entronization."

REDEMPTORIST MISSION AT NEW IBERIA.—Rev. Fathers Alfred de Ham and Frederick Faives, C. S. S. R., the former of the Convent in this city and the latter from the Missionary Home at Chatawa, Miss., will begin a two week's mission in New Iberia on the 7th of February.

REQUIEM MASS FOR THE LATE HUGH McCLOSKEY.—We are requested to announce that a solemn Requiem Mass in memory of our lamented friend, the late Hugh McCloskey, will be celebrated at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Baronne street, on Friday morning next, 29th inst. at half-past seven o'clock, on which occasion the friends of the family are invited to attend.

BRANCH NO. 8, H. B. M. A. ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of this Branch the following gentlemen were elected officers to serve during the year 1875: President, Wm. Gorman; Vice Presidents, Thomas McDonough, Daniel Brannigan; Recording Scribe, Chas. M. Sprigg; Financial Scribe, P. Taylor; Treasurer, James Cook; Marshal, Thos. D. Carey; Delegates to the Central Board of the State, Thos. J. B. Flynn, P. Short and L. Lyons. Those marked * were re-elected.

ST. HENRY'S FAIR.—The Fair for the benefit of St. Henry's Church and School, which was inaugurated last night at St. Henry's Hall, corner of Constance and Berlin streets, Sixth District, will be continued all this week and part of next week. Judging from the energy displayed by the fair ladies who have charge of the tables, it is safe to conclude that the Fair will be a financial success. The pupils of St. Henry's School, the German Singing Club of the Sixth District, and the Gaiety Comique Club will each exhibit in turn. The admission has been fixed at the moderate sum of twenty-five cents.

We request those of our patrons who send us money by mail, and who do not receive receipts within a reasonable time, according to distance and mail facilities, to write to us at once. We are constrained to make this request by the frequency of the "mysterious disappearance" of letters, most of them containing money orders. It would be well, also, for those remitting by what are called "postoffice money orders," to remember that the orders which they receive from the postmasters must be sent to us, and must not be kept as receipts, as we cannot get the money without them.

We may further state that it is our invariable rule to answer all business letters the day they are received.

HIBERNIA NATIONAL BANK.—In another column we publish the result of the election held at this Bank on the 19th inst. The gentlemen chosen are all men of the highest character, and rank among the most solid and public spirited of our citizens. At the meeting of the Board, Mr. P. Irwin was re-elected President and Mr. John Henderson, Vice President. Their re-election to the positions they have so long held is a fitting tribute to their worth, and shows that their intelligent management of the affairs of the Bank is appreciated. Of course our talented young friend, Mr. John G. Deveroux, retains the responsible place of Cashier, which he has heretofore filled with so much satisfaction to the public.

A "state of observation" seems necessary in the State of Pennsylvania. In one county (Allegheny), where the Republicans are in the majority, in a population of 240,000, forty murders have been committed in the past four years. A Pittsburg paper says: "Eight months ago an entire family of five persons were brutally murdered. Three months ago five Italians were shot down and a dozen wounded; about the same time a murdered man was found under the Fort Wayne railroad bridge, and two men were slain on the streets of Pittsburg. Two months ago a farmer was murdered in the suburbs of Allegheny, and a month later there was another cold-blooded assassination. Here are fourteen murders in less than eight months in a single county." This looks badly for the "law-abiding" North.

War. The opinion of the London Times, telegraphed to us the other day, on the warlike aspect of Europe, is worthy of serious attention. That paper is not an alarmist; it is, indeed, identified with interests which must be damaged by such anticipations as it indulges in, and therefore we can only consider it as forced to an unwilling admission of facts which ought to be generally known. The clouds of war have been for years creeping up from the horizon and spreading steadily over the political sky. The peoples have been arming. Discontent, distrust, intolerance are universal. There seems to be no peaceful solution to the many-sided problem, and the storm must soon burst upon the civilized world. Paganism is not capable of running more than one nation at a time in the same plane of action. The world under its sway must be all Persian, or all Greek, or all Roman. One great power may succeed another, but two cannot co-exist, and still less can a greater number. They are monsters which devour one another, leaving the strongest sole survivor. The reason of this is that Paganism is itself a monster and the nations over which it broods are its progeny.

Paganism has no conscience, it has only instinct; it knows no principle, it knows only expediency. Men living under its shadow are imbued with its spirit. It is expedient for them to tolerate the existence of one another, because they have use for one another; therefore society exists. But nations have no need of one another, it is of no special advantage to one nation that another should exist; therefore they will not tolerate one another and the strongest absorbs the others. Expediency does not reject such a policy in the strongest, but rather seems to favor it. Thus it happens that while private rights may be respected among Pagan nations and protected by the most perfect system of laws, international rights are not recognized and international law is virtually unknown. Might is their only right and self-interest their only law.

Christianity, on the other hand, has a conscience. It has more; it has charity. It rises above instinct; it places justice above expediency; its might is the handmaid of right; its self-interest is no dearer to it than the interest of its brother. As the Pagan nations are the progeny of Paganism, so are truly Christian nations the offspring of Christianity. It is a perille error to suppose that the religion of a people is of small importance. It is the informing spirit of that people. The nation is but a concrete expression of the religion. It is the vital power, the moving impulse of the nation's activity. It is the great unseen king, ruling every act, whether through emperor, or parliament, or people.

Therefore, where the spirit of Christianity prevails the nations can live together in peace; where Paganism rules there can be but one great, universal nation; where the two systems co-exist, there must come eventually a great, universal war. To apply these truths to the facts of today, Prussia is Pagan. It has lost, as a nation, every vestige of Christianity; as a people, its Protestant population has gone nearly as far as the Government. Prussia, therefore, is determined to devour the other nations. The Protestant nations generally are verging towards Paganism. They long since threw off their allegiance to Christ's Church; they are now openly disclaiming all allegiance to Himself. They are stripping to the fearful conflict of mutual extermination.

Where the laws of Christianity are rejected and where its spirit is scoffed at, selfishness, hatred, ambition and intolerance must beget a fire of insane rage that can only be quenched in a sea of blood.

The Report.

The principal features of the report made by the New Orleans Congressional Committee are fairly presented in the synopsis from the New York Herald, which we publish elsewhere. That report has, however, one fault which makes it unsatisfactory at Washington: it is truthful. So the thing has to be tried over. Another Committee is to see if the showing cannot be made somewhat different, and if that Committee fails, why another will be sent, and so on, until adjournment. This is of a piece with the Administration tactics on the general subject of Louisiana elections. The National Government has no objection to a Louisiana election if its result be Republican. If, however, it should be Democratic, then it must be tried over. The universal cry is: Let there be a new election. By continually having a new election, every time the Democrats succeed, it is hoped that some accident or successful fraud may eventually give a semblance of victory on the other side.

We are very much mistaken, however, if the present Committee from Congress will do much better for the White House than the recent one did. The Senate is tied hand and foot to the triumphal car of Presidential conquest. Its members have no immediate responsibility to their constituents like the members of the Lower House who can be left at home almost immediately. The majority of the Senators are seated for a number of years and feel

certain that by the expiration of their terms the Republican party will be a myth. They will be defunct fossils, unless a change of Constitution should have in some way perpetuated their hold of power along with an indefinite "Third term." A third term, therefore, with an equivocal beginning to it, and a prospective duration whereof no man can divine the end—in other words, a dictatorship—will present the only haven to which they can steer with any prospect of safety. A Dictator will naturally want to make some kind of a show of parliamentary proceedings. A packed Senate of his own confederates and creatures will give an appearance of limitation to the despotism that will, in reality, be absolute. The House, which naturally represents the people, will have but a precarious existence, if any. Thus we see that the President has already cut adrift from that body. He proposes to be governed entirely in his Louisiana policy by the Pinchback action of the Senate, without waiting for any indications from the House.

Blatant demagogues on the floors of Congress constantly attempt to choke off the growing demand for justice to the South by the cry of the "Confederate War" and the "Confederate States." If they were sincere they might find more modern confederates and more dangerous ones nearer home.

Cesar and Catalina.

A truly ambitious man generally subordinates all other passions to the ruling one for obtaining power. He wants to master other men, to rule them, to have control over them. He scorns lesser gratifications and comforts. He is temperate, frugal, liberal. Gluttony, drunkenness, avarice, gambling and other frailties, all appear to be dried up in the heat of his burning ambition. Caesar, Alexander, Napoleon, despised self-indulgence. They tried to soar above the weakness of humanity and make of themselves something like Gods. Now we have never recognized any such arrogant virtue in Grant. He is said to be addicted to indulgence in sensual gratification to an unusual extent. It is unnecessary to refer to any thing of a serious nature, but his excesses in cigar smoking have become historical. Comfort, bodily enjoyment, sensual pleasure, seem to form the object of his existence, while the accumulation of riches is pushed forward with all his spare energy under circumstances sometimes not entirely above comment. Is our Caesar fed on such meat? Grant, the great general, the horse jockey, the derg-fancier, the natural affinity of such gentry as Williams, Sheridan, Durell and Bose Shepherd—this same Grant is now going, they say, to break the unity of historical character and make a Caesar out of a

Shall we say a Falstaff, or a Catalina? We beg Falstaff's pardon. With all his weakness for sack he never contemplated the overthrow of his country's liberties. Catalina was ambitious with the ambition of a bad man—a depraved man. He wanted power, but not as an end—as a means; a means to luxury and self-gratification, to revelry and license and lawlessness. He was a bosom friend of all conspirators, a boon companion of dangerous and disreputable characters, a patron of fraudulent contractors and defaulting office holders, a master organizer in every ring of corruption and plunder. This was the man who plotted to overturn the Roman government and seize its supreme power for his own vile purposes and those of the bold, unscrupulous gang whom he represented. Is Grant a Caesar or a Catalina?

Sweet and Charitable.

There will be found elsewhere announced the full programme of a really splendid Concert which is to take place next Wednesday evening in St. Patrick's Hall. It will be perceived that all the vocalists and performers named, with the exception of three of the most distinguished amateur lady musicians of this city, are professional artists, and, except Professor Van Hullen, shining stars of the present Opera troupe. The selection of morceaux is in excellent taste, and, without the slightest imprudence, the most brilliant and delightful results can be predicted.

The magnificent Hall selected for the performance has already approved its capacity for fine musical effect. It is indeed the architectural triumph of the South in that line, and deserves a visit from all our people on an occasion like the present when its fullest and finest powers will be tested.

We need say nothing of the financial object of the entertainment, as it is announced to be charitable. It may not be amiss, however, to add that it is Diocesan in its extent.

The London Times, in an editorial on the 23rd inst., says: "In the gloom surrounding us, one thing is perceptible, all men are arming. Germany is arming on masse, and surrounding nations, the best part of the world, cannot do otherwise. The momentary dreams of peace have fled away. Germany recognizes the stern necessity. What she won by arms she can only hold by arms, and while arms are in her hands." The Times confesses that Germany cannot raise a third army; her hopes are in her navy.

Father Ryan's Lecture. A large and intelligent audience greeted the Rev'd orator last Sunday evening, on the occasion of his lecture upon The Great Men of the South. Being introduced by Mr. Wiltz, the Speaker of the Louisiana Legislature, the Lecturer paid a well-merited tribute to this noble Southerner who so grandly protested against tyranny, in the name of liberty, justice and his native land. Commencing with the great men of '76, Father Ryan sketched the early life of Patrick Henry—who he designated as the Voice of the Revolution, whose inspired utterances enkindled the fire of patriotism and fanned it into a burning flame over the entire land. Patrick Henry was a Southerner, born in Virginia, and the lesson he taught in those heroic days was being repeated now by Southern hearts with the same earnest determination: "Give me liberty, or give me death!" If we are freemen in the true acceptance of the term, if liberty is a reality and not a dream, then we ask it as our right, we claim it as our best prerogative; but if, while proffered a precious boon, we are denied its enjoyment, if our souls are to be mocked by a name and our manhood deluded by a sound, then give us death in preference to this deceit. But in that grand movement of justice against tyranny, of right against wrong, a sword was needed to lead men to victory, to ensure success, and the South gave—Washington, the Sword of the Revolution.

A mind was also needed—one which could reason out the consequences of events, which could plan combinations necessary to success, and Virginia gave—Jefferson, the Mind of the Revolution—the illustrious author of the Declaration of Independence—of that embodiment of high and holy principles, which, germinating in a Southern State, bring forth their fairest fruits on Southern soil. Passing in review, with a few brilliant remarks for each, the honored names of Madison, Monroe and other great men of the South who lived in the elder days, Father Ryan described the second Revolution which had also evoked a Sword, a Voice, a Mind, worthy to inspire, direct and guide a brave and noble people.

Virginia gave all these in the person of Robert E. Lee—the man made of the purest marble of human nature—whose sword flashed "For the front of the glorious fight, Right or the brave in the cause of right," and which, stainless in its drawing, was as stainless in its sheathing.

We can not follow the glowing argument which showed us the character of the peerless leader, the chivalrous soldier, as one worthy of our deepest reverence. We all know the record of Lee's life; how, being offered the command of the Northern Army, he refused that proud position in order to cast his lot with that of his native State.

The Hector of the Southern Cause, Lee exemplified in his person all the virtues of that illustrious hero, for "the gentlest manners with the bravest mind" may be written now as justly of this great Southern Leader, as when Homer wrote it of his Trojan prince. Around this central figure, Father Ryan grouped the great Confederate chieftains, prominent among whom he placed Louisiana's god and gallant General Polk, in whom, in spite of war's asperities, the zeal of the soldier was always blended with the piety of the Christian.

But it was while referring to the graves of our unknown dead, that Father Ryan gave utterance to his finest thoughts. Among the truly great men of the South he placed those countless heroes whose record finds no place upon the page of history. They gave no name to flash upon the ages; but they gave some thing better—something as deep as a life, as wide as a heart.

And among the living, he characterized as great men of the South, all those who scorn to bow before the shrine of policy, but are willing to kneel down and worship at the feet of principle; who did not measure a man by his money, but by his mind, and who found grander riches in the poverty of principle than in the affluence of policy.

Among such men, he placed again the name of Speaker Wiltz, who had spoken grand truths, not for himself nor for party policy, but for a free people and for the principle of a noble cause.

There were many anecdotes interspersed throughout the lecture, which served to amuse the audience, but which were only accidental sparks sent off from a steady, glowing flame of patriotic fervor.

Referring to the Goddess Calypso who regretted that she was immortal, the lecturer congratulated his audience that they did not have the same cause of regret in regard to certain characters of the present time. Neither Grant nor Sheridan, Emory nor De Trobriand was like Calypso, but the record of the 4th of January, 1875, is immortal, and deeds done that day and words spoken then, will live forever in the history of our country.

Father Ryan also pointed out the danger of placing a soldier in the presidential chair; for a man of war thinks more of might than of right, more of the sword than of the pen, more of acts than of principles. While comparing the great men of the elder days with the little men of modern times, he spoke with much caustic humor of the present lineal, political descendant of George Washington, of him who sits in the White House. Of the former, we all know that he "never told a lie," of the latter it is doubtful whether he is entitled to the same distinction. George Washington had always shown his courage by his acts; some of his military descendants express theirs in words, saying: "I am not afraid."

the many that have slipped us by. We would earnestly urge the talented speaker to write out the heads, at least, of his discourses, so that for the benefit of his many admirers the writers of the press may be able to present a more satisfactory report of his lectures and other public addresses.

Before the Fire.

We are told that the Christian should see God in everything, and everything in God; and the Church, which has a prayer upon her lips for every occasion in life, teaches her children to raise their hearts to their Heavenly Father, even when sitting before the fire. And these are the beautiful words which she suggests to meditative minds: "O my Jesus! inflame my cold heart with the fire that ever burns in Thy sacred heart, and by Thy infinite merits, deliver me from the eternal fire which I deserve on account of my sins."

From this ejaculation the mind is led on to other thoughts, until the bed of coals becomes a book of shining pages in which we read the teachings of the Saints. A black lump of mineral, cold in itself and useless to all mankind, is placed upon the burning fire, and in a few moments it becomes a glowing body, radiating the heat it has acquired, and dispensing light and comfort to all within its influence. In the same way is the heart of man affected when placed in contact with the heart of God.

Within that burning furnace, indifference and selfishness change to zeal and ardent charity, and the soul that was cold to the claims of the destitute, and black with ingratitude to God, sends forth its flames of loving worship to bless the poor and give glory to the Eternal Father. Then, as the fire-light flickers, losing its clear steady flame, and we come to its assistance with timely aid, feeding it with fuel, and opening a current for the air; so are we reminded of that infinite care which watches over our lives, furnishing all the material comforts of being, and stimulating them with the holy breath of hope and affection.

Then comes the reflection that the glory of this world is like a flame, transient in its glow and needing human help to keep it burning; so unlike the glory of virtue, which shines the brighter in the midst of desolation, and leaps the higher when all earthly props fall from beneath it. The Church makes use of a handful of smoking flax to teach a salutary lesson to her highest dignitary upon earth, even to her Infallible Pontiff. On the occasion of the coronation of a new Pope, a clerk of the papal chapel holds up before him a reed surmounted by a wisp of flax. This is lighted; for a moment it blazes up, then dies out, and only its ashes fall at the Pontiff's feet, while the chaplain chants aloud: "Holy Father, thus passeth away the glory of the world!" This impressive ceremony is three times repeated, as though to counteract, according to Cardinal Wiseman's teachings, the earthly influences of a triple crown.

In regard to Leo XII., whose coronation was witnessed by Cardinal Wiseman, we quote these lines from that elegant writer, because everything connected with the Church's Head, either in times past or present, is of interest to Catholics: "The Pope, pale and languid, seemed to bend his head, not in acquiescence merely, but as though in testimony to that solemn declaration; like one who could already give it the evidence of experience. His eye was soft and tender, moist indeed, and glowing with spiritual emotion. He looked upon that passing flash as on a symbol which he deeply felt, as on the history of a whole pontificate—of his own—not long to read. But the calm serenity with which he seemed to peruse it, the sincere acceptance of the lesson stamped upon his features, allowed no suspicion of an inward feeling that required the warning. It seemed in most perfect harmony with his inmost thoughts." Fire, the visible, perceptible, simultaneous emanation of light and heat, was considered by the ancients as worthy of worship. We, of modern days, know as little of the nature of fire as our forefathers did; and even to us it is a type of Deity. All mysterious, all powerful, source of all material life, it is not to be wondered at that certain nations accepted it as an object of adoration; and it is to the credit of the Irish people that while other Pagan nations bowed down to idols of stones, or to animals of the lowest order, the Celts raised up their thoughts to the noblest principle of life—to the ever-beautiful, ever new, ever enduring source of light and heat, the Sun.

But as we sit before the fire, the quiet of the room around us recalls that "upper chamber" where, in the form of tongues of living fire, the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles gathered there. And the mysterious fire, enkindled in those chosen hearts, still burns in all its radiant intensity, lighting up the desert places of this earth and guiding souls across the darkness into light.

Now, as the glowing coals fall aslant each other, and a crimson glare strikes across our sight, we recall the fearful vision of the flaming sword that swept across the gates of Eden. Type of the love, the power and the excellence of their Creator, it thrust our first parents forth into the cold and desolation of a sin-stained world. Out from the light of love, and from the warmth of home, out from the peace of God.

Life, with its glorious crown of immortality, was to be henceforth, to them, a sword of bitter anguish, piercing their hearts with its stinging memories, and pointing them away from God. But the promise made to them of ONE who was to crush the serpent's head, was as a flame upon the altars of their hearts, casting forgiveness upon the past and hope upon the future. "The tongue is a little member," says the Apostle; "behold how small a fire, what a great wood it kindleth." What a fearful comparison! The mere word kindleth tells of the incalculable mischief wrought by the fire of an evil tongue. When a mass of wood is enkindled, who can tell where the destruction

will end. It may be extinguished if there are means of help at hand; but we fear that it will spread, and we know that it is quick to communicate itself on every side. But while we write the fire is extinguished, and we see before us only a handful of cold, grey ashes. Type of our own brief existence and memento of our certain death! The mysterious flame, which we call life, must one day cease to burn, and slipping away from between the bars of flesh, it will lie behind only ashes. Thank God! there is an Infinite Light shining beyond the present darkness, which will one day kindle these ashes of clay, and make them glow with the beauty of immortality.

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St. Michael's Fair. This fair opened in the hall of the new school house, Annunciation Square, last Tuesday evening and continued throughout the week. In spite of the bad weather the attendance was above the average. This Sunday evening, the St. Louis Literary Association of St. Theresa's Parish, will give the first of a series of entertainments which promise to be not only enjoyable but also very instructive. Their second appearance will be on Thursday night. These young gentlemen have been in training for some time and besides attaining to great excellence in the performance of the several plays they present, have learned that there can be "too much even of a good thing" and they will, consequently, be careful not to prolong their entertainments to the point of fatiguing their audiences. The principal source of excitement we understand to be a contest between Messrs. M. Wood and Jas. Lynch for a magnificent gold watch and chain, valued at \$500. These gentlemen are very well known, each has a large circle of active and influential friends, and, having entered the contest with heart and soul, it is certain there will be a very lively contest for the victory. We have not had the pleasure of visiting the Hall as yet, but hear that the tables are beautifully decorated and heavily loaded with elegant articles of all descriptions, which are offered for sale or as prizes in the lotteries. For a list of tables and of the ladies in charge, we refer the curious reader to the notice on our fifth page. Let all who can attend the Fair, remembering that upon the mites here contributed depends, in a great measure, the proper education of hundreds of the youth of St. Michael's parish.

Synopsis of the Louisiana Report. [N. Y. Herald.] The report of the New Orleans committee proves beyond a doubt—First—That the last election in Louisiana was, in the words of the committee, "fair, free and peaceable." Second—That it resulted in the election of a Democratic majority of twenty-nine in the lower House of the Legislature. Third—That the report of the Returning Board was fraudulent, unjust and contrary to the laws under which it acted. This carries us to the assembling of the Legislature. Here we find these facts undisputed: First—The Returning Board had prepared a list of one hundred and six members, of whom, under its manipulations, fifty-three were Republicans, as was supposed, and fifty-three Democrats. Thus this Board attempted to set aside the will of the people of the State. Second—One hundred and two members met on the 4th of January and proceeded to choose a Speaker; the Republicans present actually taking part in the proceedings; by nominating a candidate for Speaker and voting for him, by accepting appointments as part of a Committee on Credentials, and organizing with this committee, and by their votes in the House on the Speakership they would not alone have had. Wiltz received fifty-five votes, Hahn (Republican), two, and one was blank; and fifty-six is the constitutional quorum. When the members were sworn in fifty-one Democrats and five Republicans took the oath, making an indisputable and regular quorum of the House. Third—The Legislature was thereafter dispersed by United States troops. Fourth—The Republicans proceeded to organize, but—here is the important and vital point—they had and have no quorum, and cannot, therefore, act as a Legislature. They may adjourn from day to day; but, under the Louisiana constitution, can do none of the acts of a Legislature. Fifth—Hence Louisiana has to-day no regularly organized and competent lower House of Legislature. It cannot, therefore, have a quorum, even on the report of the Returning Board. Sixth—Hence the pretended election of Pinchback is a fraud and void. Seventh—And, finally, nothing is in the way of the assembling and constituting of a legal House except federal bayonets. If Congress will remove them, the Wiltz House, the only regular one, would at once assemble.

The Blessings of the Holy Father. [N. Y. Freeman's Journal.] A strange and thoughtless mistake has happened to some worthy people. It is to suppose that the Blessing of the Pope, in answer to a petition for it, is an endorsement of the cause in which this or that Catholic is engaged. This is not correct. Two Catholic powers, going to war with each other, may, each, ask and receive the Blessing of the Pope. Two aspirants for a civil dignity may, each, do the same thing. The Pope is the common Father of all who profess the Catholic Faith. Our Divine Lord set him his pattern, when He submitted to the Wee of Judas—the "inopportunist" Apostle. We make this remark especially in reference to the report that the Freemasons and Infidels are making a tool of young Alfonso, have instructed him to write and ask the Pope's blessing—and that, as a matter of course, he received it. This giving of the Pope's Blessing to the empty signature-head of a political party such as that at Madrid, is, by the way, a signal refutation of the pretended danger to civil freedom arising from the proclamation of Papal Infallibility. No one can doubt on what side the Pope's personal sympathies are, in Spanish matters. But, as Vicar of Christ, he is as impartial in the bestowal of his Apostolic gifts as his Divine Lord is when He permits the priest, in one and the same instant, to give His Sacrament. Body to a pure virgin soul, and to a black-hearted hypocrite, or delusionist, the two kneeling together at Holy Communion.

Women do not talk more than men. They're listened to more, that's all.