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Catholic Messenger.

HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS! NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 26, 1876. NUMBER 6.

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger. NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, MARCH 26, 1876. TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

FOREIGN. Prussia.—The Prussian Government has just resigned the Bishop of Limburg to resign his office...

MISSISSIPPI.—Formal judgment in the case of Lieut. Gov. Davis was pronounced on the 23rd, being his removal from office and disqualification hereafter from holding any office of honor, trust or profit...

MISSOURI.—On the 20th Alfonso, at the head of his troops, made his triumphant entrance in Madrid, amid the enthusiastic cheers of thousands of people...

LOUISIANA IMMIGRATION. The undersigned, citizens of Louisiana, of Irish nativity or parentage, desire to call the attention of all who are seeking homes to the great advantages this State offers to the agriculturist...

CHINA.—A twelve days' armistice has been concluded between the Turks and insurgents considered very probable that negotior peace will be commenced after the armistice has terminated...

THE LE MARQUE DECISION. The Supreme Court of this State gave last week its decision in the case of the heirs of Madame Le Marque versus the Archbishop...

THE HIBERNIANS.—The Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1, met last Tuesday evening at Orons' Hall, and elected the following gentlemen to serve the ensuing year...

VERY REV. FATHER RAYMOND'S INDOREMENT. ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, NEW ORLEANS, March 7, 1876. Mr. THOS. C. WALSH:

DEAR SIR.—I have read the above address very attentively, and perfectly agree with it in every particular.

There is no place in the United States so favorable to emigrants as the Attakapas and Opelousas parishes; no place where the soil is so fertile and at the same time so cheap...

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climate is so mild and healthy; no place, in a word, where life can be made so comfortable. I may add that the population is generally Catholic, with Catholic churches and schools everywhere...

Having these remarks may draw some emigrants to us, I remain yours respectfully, G. RAYMOND, V. C. Administrator of the Archdiocese of N. Orleans.

Copied from the State Registrar's Report, Census of 1875: Population and Acreage of the Attakapas and St. Landry Parishes of Louisiana.

Table with columns: NAMES OF PARISHES, Total Population, White, Colored, Unimproved Land, Improved Land.

NOTE.—Public lands are not included in the above report of acreage. The addition of United States lands to the amount of unimproved, as reported, would furnish land enough for an additional population of over double the number estimated in the address.

THE LECTURE OF THE RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP QUINLAN, last Tuesday evening on this subject, was heard by a large and very intelligent audience. The Bishop spoke for an hour and twelve minutes, in a plain, direct, and almost conversational style...

With regard to more distinctive tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, the Bishop's exposition of them was firm and positive, but moderate, courteous, and in excellent temper.

His statement of the principles governing the Church in its relations with temporal rulers during the middle ages—commonly, but questionably known as the "dark ages"—was familiar; but the most interesting points in the lecture were those in which he explained the altered relations of the Pope to certain civil rulers in the present age...

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN NATCHEZ. [Natchez Democrat and Courier.] Our Irish fellow citizens comprising the present Hibernian Benefactor Association of Natchez, celebrated yesterday, at once the Festival of the illustrious Patron Saint of their mother land, St. Patrick, and also the fifth anniversary of the Association.

At nine o'clock the members assembled in strong force in their Hall, opposite the Cathedral, and proceeded thence in a body to the Cathedral, where they attended the celebration of Mass and listened to a beautiful address from Rt. Rev. Bishop Elder on the life, history, work, and example of St. Patrick.

After Mass the Association moved again to the Hall, and thence, each member having his Hibernian badge and the officers wearing their beautiful regalia, moved in procession along the route of march already announced.

Having moved through the principal streets the procession halted at the Cathedral Hall and filling in, with invited guests, took seats in the Hall, which had been beautifully decorated with evergreens and festoons...

After everybody had been comfortably seated and the band discoursed a few beautiful airs, Mr. Peter Walsh, the President of the Association, delivered an eloquent, flowery and impressive address, admirably adapted to the occasion, and was followed with brief remarks, in response to a call, by Mr. Paul A. Botta.

Mr. T. V. Fanning being then called upon responded happily, and closed by the effective recitation of a beautiful poetical tribute to Ireland.

Mr. T. V. Wensel, President of the Total Abstinence Society, and other gentlemen also offered appropriate toasts or responded briefly and happily to calls, and thus a couple of hours were spent by the Hibernians and their guests in the enjoyment of a feast of reason and flow of soul, enlivened by good music, good cheer, and the genuine Irish spirit of hospitality.

Among other interesting features appropriate songs were rendered by Messrs. W. F. Fanning, John Martin, Wm. Walsh and E. Emmet Maher.

The present officers of the Hibernian Association are as follows: President, Peter Walsh; Vice-President, Wm. Tuttle; Secretary, James McKee; Corresponding Secretary, F. J. Maher; Treasurer, Patrick Burns.

Its membership is large and earnest, harmonious and devoted, and we may reasonably expect to see, as we hope, this society increase year by year in numbers, benevolence and the cultivation of fraternity among Irishmen.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THIS STATE gave last week its decision in the case of the heirs of Madame Le Marque versus the Archbishop, which had been in the courts for ten years or more.

Mrs. Le Marque lived in Washington county, in this State, and during her long and edifying life had acted as godmother general to the large French congregation living in the vicinity of Old Mines. By her munificent aid a priest was enabled to live among them. A church and schoolhouse were erected and maintained.

The former is one of the neatest in the State. When Madame Le Marque saw that her days on earth were numbered, she considered how after her death she might continue the work of charity and religion which had engaged the greater part of her widowhood's years.

Her first thought was to create a fund and appoint trustees for the maintenance of the parish. By the advice of able counsel she executed the will that has just been declared a fraudulent instrument.

stionably avoided. The object of the testatrix was quite transparent. She wished to avoid all collision with the new constitution, and named the man and made the bequest as though no ecclesiastical office or rank was thought of. In this the Supreme court has declared she perpetrated a fraud.

As the testatrix was quite transparent, she thought to do by stealth what she dared not do in open terms. The will, being a written instrument, could not be voided by parole testimony; but the plea of fraud having been set up, the testimony of witnesses was relevant.

His determination to execute what he conceived to be an implicit trust. Nothing plainer or more explicit than the Archbishop's testimony could have been desired. He could have refused to testify. He could have protested himself behind reserves and quibbles; but when the question was allowed by the court, His Grace answered promptly, explicitly and unreservedly, so as to awake the admiration even of the opposing counsel.

What his further intentions are we cannot state at present. Suffice it to say, that in this case in the famous Cummings case the Archbishop has been actuated by a pure love of principle and a determination to uphold the rights of the Church.

He would not have been one farthing richer to-day had the Supreme Court decided in his favor. It may be that this inquiry of the Drake constitution will stand the test of the courts, and that the Archbishop will have his heavy coat of court for his pains; however that may be, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that the poor parish of the Old Mines has not been swindled out of its property by any neglect or indifference of his.

ROME, February 26.—His Holiness continued in his usual health, and has daily audiences. The parish priests in Rome and the Lenten preachers were received on the 24th by the Holy Father, who addressed to them a short speech in relation to their work.

The Holy Father, seeing the little boy kneeling and making the military salute, smiled, and abating his walking-cane in military fashion said, "Switzer, where is your halberd?" The child then kissed the feet and hand of the Pontiff, and standing up placed himself in position like a Swiss, and keeping his eyes fixed lovingly on the Pope's face, uttered in good Italian, with animation, and with angelic simplicity, what was evidently the cherished desire of his young heart: "Holy Father, I hope, if God grants me health, when I am grown up, to carry your Holiness' banner."

The following touching incident is taken from the Life of Catherine McAuley, foundress and first Superior of the Sisters of Mercy: Sister Mary Rose Dube had for some time been fading away as a consumptive. Weakness, exhaustion and hectic fever indicated consumption in this case, but none of its more painful symptoms were present.

This sweet Sister, who had learned from her saintly guide that the spirit of labor is an essential ingredient of holy poverty, begged to be permitted to sew for the poor, but her debility was so great that the Foundress refused. The invalid insisting that she was strong enough to help the poor in some manner, Mother McAuley, to amuse her, gave her some materials for "Patrick's crosses," and cheered her with the hope of making a few old women happy by furnishing their baskets for the approaching national festival.

Every piece of bright-colored silk or ribbon she could get was brought to her industrious patient, whom she amused by giving a pleasant account of something that had occurred during the day.

A goodly pile of "crosses" garnished the infirmary table very soon, and though Sister M. Rose had received the last Sacraments, she worked away with increasing ardor, rejoicing that from her bed of death she could assist the poor. At last, on the 11th of March, she sank back gently on her pillow, and putting the needle carefully back in the unfinished "Patrick's cross," rested her white, transparent fingers and softly closed her too brilliant eyes.

The Sisters gathered around her, and the last prayers were hardly ended when their gentle, young companion, after smiling her adieux to those she loved so well, fell asleep on her fond mother's bosom.

The weeping infirmarian then took off the thimble of her departed patient, and removed the unfinished "cross" from the bed of death.

The grand clearance sale of General Dry goods will commence to-morrow at Broome's & Adams.

THE BETROTHED: BY MANZONI. [Continued.] Don Abbondio and the Unknown were left alone in the apartment; the latter was absorbed in his own thoughts, impatient for the moment to arrive when he should take his Lucy from sorrow and prison; for she was indeed his Lucy, but in a sense very different from the preceding night. His countenance expressed concentrated agitation, which to the suspicious eye of Don Abbondio appeared something worse; he looked at him with a desire to begin a friendly conversation.

"But what can I say to him?" thought he. "Shall I repeat to him that I rejoice? I rejoice! at what? That having been a demon, he has formed the resolution of becoming an honest man? A pretty salutation, indeed! Oh! oh! however I should arrange my words, my I rejoice would signify nothing else! And on one believe that he has become an honest man all in a moment! Assertions prove nothing; it is easy to make them! But, nevertheless, I must go with him to the castle! Oh! who would have told me this, this morning! Oh! if ever I am so happy to get home again, Perpetua shall answer for having urged me to come here! Oh! miserable that I am! I must, however, say something to this man!" He had at least thought of something to say—"I never expected the pleasure of being in such respectable company,"—and had opened his mouth to speak, when the servant entered with the carriage of the village, who informed them that the good woman was in the little awaiting them. Don Abbondio, approaching the servant, said to him, "Give me a gentle beast, for, to say truth, I am not a skillful horseman."

"Be quite easy," replied the valet, with a smile; "it is the mule of the secretary, a grave man of letters."

"Well," replied Don Abbondio, and continued to himself, "Heaven preserve me!" The Unknown had advanced towards the door, but looking back, and seeing Don Abbondio behind, he suddenly recoiled himself, and bowing with a polite and humble air, waited to let him pass before. This circumstance reassured the poor man a little; but he had scarcely reached the little cart, when he saw the Unknown resume his carbine, and fling it over his shoulder, as if performing the military exercise.

"Oh! oh!" thought Don Abbondio, "what does he want with this tool? That is a strange ornament for a converted person! And if some whim should enter his head! what would become of me! what would become of me!"

If the Unknown had had the least suspicion of the thoughts that were passing in the mind of his companion, he would have done his utmost to inspire him with confidence; but he was far from it, and when he saw that Don Abbondio was very careful not to let his distrust appear.

They found the mules ready at the door; the Unknown mounted one which was presented to him by a groom.

"Is he not vicious in the least?" asked Don Abbondio of the servant, with his foot in the stirrup.

"Be quite easy, she is a lamb," replied he. Don Abbondio climbed to the saddle, by the aid of the servant, and was at last safely mounted.

"The litter, which was a few steps in advance, moved at a call from the driver, and the conveyance departed.

They had to pass before the church, which was crowded with people, and through a small square, which was filled with villagers from abroad, who had not been able to find a place within the walls of the church. The report had already spread; and when they saw the conveyance, they beheld the man who a few hours before had been the object of terror and execration, a confused murmur of applause rose from the crowd. They made way to let him pass; at the same time each one endeavored to obtain a sight of him. When he arrived in front of the church he took off his hat, and bowed his head in reverence, amidst the tumultuous din of many voices, which exclaimed, "God bless you!" Don Abbondio took himself off his horse, bent his head, and commended himself to the protection of heaven; and, hearing the voices of his brethren in the choir, he could not restrain his tears.

But when they reached the open country, in the windings of the almost deserted roads, a darker veil came over his thoughts; there was nothing that he could regard with confidence but the driver, who, belonging to the establishment of the cardinal, most certainly he was not of his race; he looked like a coward. From time to time they passed travelers striving to see the cardinal. The sight of them was a transient balm to Don Abbondio; but still he approached this formidable valley, where they would meet nothing but the vassals of the Unknown! And what vassals! He desired more than ever to enter into conversation with his companion, to keep him in good humor, but, seeing him preoccupied, he dared not attempt to interrupt his thoughts. He was obliged to did with colloguy with himself of which we will transcribe a part for the benefit of the reader.

"It is not an astonishing thing that the saints, as well as the wicked, have always quicksilver in their veins; and, not contented with making a bundle themselves, they would make all mankind, if they could, join the dance with them! Is there not a fatality in it, that the most troublesome come to me—do you see, which we never meddle with anybody; they take me almost by the hair, and thrust me into

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