# LA DAME DE MASSABIELLE.

## The Great French Catholic Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

## FIFTY THOUSAND PILGRIMS ON THE SPOT.

## History of the Virgin Visions of Bernadette Soubirous.

## THREE PEASANT GIRLS PICKING BRAMBLES.

## Appearance of the Woman in White to Bernadette.

## Bursting Forth of the Miraculous Spring.

## A RAILROAD JOURNEY OF PSALMS.

## Lodging the Parisian Pilgrims at Agen.

## ARRIVAL AT LOURDES.

## Mass and Vespers Sung Beneath the Pyrenees.

## SKETCH OF THE SUPPLIANTS.

## Impressive Scenes and Historic Memories Before the Shrine.

## THE VOICEFUL PRAYERS.

## Vive la France! Vive l'Eglise! Vive le Pope!

AGEN (LOT-ET-GARONNE), France, Oct. 5, 1872.

The religious manifestation I am about to describe is one of the most extraordinary that has been recorded in the history of this century, and can only be compared to the antique celebrations of past ages. It is a gigantic exodus of voluntary pilgrims and several thousand priests gathering from every part of France round the famed grottoes of Massabielle, in the village of Lourdes (Hautes-Pyrénées), for the purpose of obtaining through prayer the

REGENERATION, CONVERSION AND PEACE OF FRANCE.

The present pilgrimage consists of 50,000 travellers, including those from Paris as well as from the principal provincial cities, but not the thousands of pilgrims from other parts belonging to the diocese of the department in which Loudres itself is situated. The great idea is to reach the spot by to-morrow, the 6th instant, when five bishops are to officiate at mass and vespers at five different altars erected among the mountains, and where as many of the priests who are crowding thither are also to say low mass, one after the other, at the numerous churches and side chapels for miles and miles around. In consequence of

THE IMMENSE CONCOURSE OF PILGRIMS,

the administration of the Orleans Railway Company have wisely concluded that the two trains which left Paris yesterday, 4th October, containing 650 persons each, and myself as eye-witness among the number, should be detained a few hours at Agen, whence this correspondence is dated. Notwithstanding the great anxiety expressed to proceed without delay, this halt, which breaks the journey in two, is considered provident, as it will avoid great encumbrance at the small station of Lourdes perhaps also positive danger. For my own part I appreciate it entirely, as it affords me an opportunity of giving your readers a retrospective account of Lourdes and of

THE ORIGIN OF THE PILGRIMAGE

thither. There is, moreover, so much to be told that it is as well to narrate the events of the past fourteen years before those of the present are entered into. First, Lourdes is a small and picturesque village in the French Pyrénées. Whether the traveller be *en route* for Barreges, Saint-Sauveur, Cauterets or Bagnères-de-Bigorre, or whether the tourist be leaving Cauterets or Pau for Luchon, he he must pass by Lourdes. This little spot is a centre whence all the roads to the thermal stations radiate; and yet no one knows any more about it than if it had not a fortress on the top of a rock, and had not been besieged by Charlemange, and were not the key of the Pyrénées.

My own souvenirs of Lourdes are very indistinct and I would not undertake to reproduce them, though I remember having, many years ago, been greatly interested in the place now in such repute from having heard a strange tale about the mighty Saracen chief who was master of the fortress

WHEN CHARLEMAGNE MARCHED OUT

to drive him from the stronghold. Other stories of brigand chiefs who lived up on the rock, like eagles in their nests, caused me on one occasion to go a long way out of my route for a look at the venerable pile. But that was years ago, and though the River Gave may still roll on tumultuously at the foot of that rock, it is probable the village has undergone changes and will not appear so poetic as it did when imagination was young and railways did not shriek through mountain passes.

I have to come to the realities of the present, and they read so much like fiction that I need seek no recollection to make Lourdes interesting. Up to the year 1858 this village was to every one nothing but what I have just said of it, a thoroughfare to the Winter stations. Since then it has become famed for

A MIRACULOUS SPRING

and other miracles too numerous to relate here. What adds to the wonderment of all who know anything about Lourdes is this:—Every person connected with the stories related is alive; their names, their dwellings are known; they have been questioned and cross-questioned; they have been brought up before the authorities and officials; have been examined and found—perfectly sincere. The other remarkable fact is that the clergy and bishops were opposed to the propagation of the great event which marked the origin of the religious celebrity of Lourdes.

The following are the facts related by thousands and *de visu*:—On the 11th of February, 1858, the day being clear and mild,

THREE LITTLE GIRLS

were sent out to pick up sticks in the direction of the Grotto of Massabielle. Two were sisters, Marie and Bernadette Soubirous, the other girl's name is Jeanne Abadie, a neighbor. They were of very poor parents, so needy that the sticks they were to bring home were the fuel waited for by which to cook the family dinner. Marie Soubirous was healthy and strong; but Bernadette, her elder by a few years, was troubled with asthma and though only fourteen was so delicate that she did not look more than ten. This Bernadette had not been brought up at home, but by a friend of her mother, living at Bartres, and who, for the small sum of five francs a month, provided her with lodging and food. It had been arranged that she should lend what assistance she could, but as she was too delicate to work at the farm or field, she kept the sheep, and sat whole days doing nothing but fondling the lambs.

From year to year it was settled this should be the last of her stay at Bartrés; but the good people loved her as if she was their own, and, though she was told that next Autumn would be her last, when the next Autumn came Bernadette was kept, and had only been a fortnight home when the memorable day of picking up fagots marked a great period in the fortunes of the village of Lourdes. As I have said, the two Soubirous sisters and their neighbor's daughter Jeanne went out together. They crossed a bridge over the Gave, went past the mill of M. de Laffitte, the wealthy man of Lourdes,

PICKING UP BITS OF DEAD WOOD

as they walked along, and thus came to a large meadow, the two robust girls much ahead of the more delicate Bernadette, who stopped to cough each time she stooped. She wore a black stuff frock and the white coarse woollen capulet of the villagers in those parts, a pair of wooden shoes, and the only thing which distinguished her from the other poor children was a pair of stockings. These had been given her by her mother in consideration of her weak lungs. On the three girls went until they came in front of the Massabielle grotto, where they were certain to find plenty of sticks, for the rocks in which the excavation is bared by nature are overhung by short brushwood that the wind wrenches out of the scanty earth in which it grows. There was unfortunately a narrow stream to cross; but the girls found it nearly dry. Jeanne and Mary soon took off their wooden shoes and waded over, hopping from stone to stone, and laughing at their big leaps upon stones which were far apart.

"HOW COLD THE WATER IS,"

said one of them when they got on dry land and sat down to put on their shoes. Bernadette, on hearing this, was afraid to put her small feet in the stream.

"Do throw some big stones quite close," she begged, shuddering on the opposite side; "I should like to keep my feet dry."

But the two healthy girls were too busy picking up plentiful sticks to attend to the request of Bernadette.

"You must get into doing as we do," at last cried Jeanne; "take leaps and come over."

Poor Bernadette had to make up her mind to the dreaded water, leaned her back on a fragment of rock and began to pull her stockings off. She had already thrown one down, when she heard a sudden swell of the river and a whirling in the air as if a terrible storm was gathering; but when she looked up she found the poplars perfectly straight and none of the leaves shaken by the wind. "I thought I heard the leaves rustle," she said, looking about, and then went on pulling her other stocking off. The noises increased. Bernadette looked up, and suddenly her figure fell together, while her face remained uplifted; like a crushed flower down she bent and remained on her knees. She had a vision. She saw

A RADIANT VIRGIN IN PURE WHITE,

without jewel or coronet; nothing like what she had fancied was the Blessed Lady; a real figure, such she could have imagined was that of a princess or queen had she ever thought of any one so much above her station. This apparition held a long chaplet on her arm. Bernadette was not afraid. She fixed her eyes on the beautiful vision, then seeing it smile and make the sign of the cross, she did likewise, and then the vision vanished. Bernadette was still spell-bound to the spot long after the "dame" had disappeared. After a time she looked around her. The Gave, close by, was running on as usual, but everything seemed night and darkness.

IN THE HOLLOW OF THE GROTTO,

a few instants before filled with a luminous vision, there was nothing but a branch of wild briar that she had often seen before. She could not make out what had happened, but, deeply moved, she hurried over the stream, finding that both Jeanne and Marie were looking at her. Her surprise was immense on noticing they were not surprised.

"Have you seen nothing?" she asked.

"What?" they asked.

"Nothing? No one?" repeated Bernadette.

"What have you seen?" asked the little girls.

"Oh," replied Bernadette, with a feeling of timid pleasure, not unmixed with fear, "If you have seen nothing I cannot say."

The two girls looked at her, and, though they wondered why she was so pale and strange, they went on picking up their wood. But Bernadette could do nothing. She stood in deep thought, passing the vision over in her mind and looking up.

"What did you see?" asked the girls again.

"Well, some one in white," replied Bernadette. Marie and Jeanne were afraid.

"Dear me, I hope it won't hurt us. We will not come to the grotto again," was all they said and thought of the vision; but when they got home they told the tale to their mother.

"Nonsense," said Mme. Soubirous, shrugging her shoulders. "You fancy; you did not see, my child."

Bernadette maintained she had, and related the whole scene, with the description of her vision, in the same words as to her sister and friend.

"Well, I will not let you go to the grotto any more," was Mme. Soubirous' conclusion. Bernadette returned no answer. The next day was Friday, and the child talked of nothing but her "dame." On Saturday some one asked her who she was like. She said she fancied she had seen such faces at church. As she talked on of the same vision incessantly the mother was prevailed on to allow her to go to the grotto on the following Sunday, and the only restriction Madame Soubirous made was that Bernadette should not be left alone, but that the two girls, Marie and Jeanne, should stop on each side of her all the time. Bernadette walked very fast, and when she came to Massabielle she knelt. Her two companions did likewise, watching her face all the time and divided between wonder and fear.

"THERE SHE IS!"

cried Bernadette. "There! there!"

Jeanne and Marie looked; they could see nothing; but when they next turned to Bernadette the child was transformed, her face was radiant, her lips parted. She was listening attentively, with clasped hands.

"Bernadette!" exclaimed both, "we are frightened of you. Get up! come!"

But Bernadette did not hear, neither did she rise until they saw her features assume their usual expression. They then went home to repeat the story they had already told; and it was heard with the same disbelief. This occurred several times, until at length

ALL THE PEASANTRY HEARD AND TALKED OF IT.

Among others who disbelieved were a Mme. Millet and a Mlle. Antoinette Peyret; but they thought they would cross-question Bernadette after taking her to the grotto themselves and watching her. On this occasion, instead of walking quietly at her usual slow pace, she took a short cut down a precipitous rock, and the ladies had some difficulty in following her. When they were in front of the grotto they witnessed the most extraordinary change come over the child's face. She appeared in ecstasy and yet in holy fear. They were so impressed that Mme. Millet whispered:—

"We should not be here."

"You are to stop!" cried Bernadette, as if she had been told to speak.

"ASK WHO SHE IS,"

desired Mme. Millet, "or take this paper, with my pencil, and request her to put down what she wants."

The child obeyed and the witnesses distinctly heard her say:—

"Ma 'Dame,' if you have anything to tell me will you be good enough to say who you are and what you desire."

The witnesses heard no reply, but they saw the child advance with paper and pencil, keeping her gaze on the excavation, then she stopped and listened for some time. Her features were angelic. It lasted for fully three minutes, after the expiration of which Bernadette walked back, and on being questioned related that the lady had said she saw no necessity for writing, as she knew Bernadette would obey; but what she wanted was to see her every day at the grotto for fifteen days, promising her that if she did so she

SHOULD BE HAPPY IN A BETTER WORLD.

This is but the preliminary of the whole story. During the fifteen days which followed Bernadette was accompanied not by one, two or twelve people, but by hundreds. All the inhabitants of Lourdes followed her to witness her interviews with the vision, and the same transformations took place during her trances. The Prefect of the Commune, Mr. Massy, and the Commissaire de Police, Mr. Jaconet, took alarm at the spread of the agitation, the former came to Lourdes from Tarbes to look into the matter and desired Mr. Jacomet to arrest the child as an impostor, if, after questioning her alone, he discovered she had been influenced to act her part. Meanwhile the fifteen days were far advanced, and the population of the village, as well as of the villages around, gathered to look at the child. She passed through them with perfect impassiveness, neither reddening nor turning pale, ever thinking and walking on in her coarse clothes as if she had too much on her mind to care for people, or for what was going on about her.

The curé of the place did not encourage the peasantry to believe in her visions; he was even very sharp with Bernadette. His name is Peyramale, and he is still alive; none of the peasantry, on the other hand, doubted; in their opinion Bernadette was an instrument in the hands of God, and they believed that the Blessed Virgin appeared to her. On the 21st February Bernadette came as usual to the grotto, and as simply as possible knelt in her accustomed place, where, in the presence of a dense multitude, after she had her usual vision and was rising to move,

A POLICE OFFICER PUT HIS HAND ON HER SHOULDER

and arrested her in the name of the law. She was led to M. Jacomet, who with threats and persuasion endeavored to make her prevaricate, but after a long sitting gave his efforts up, saying he had never seen or heard such a case. He forbade her father at the peril of his liberty to allow her to return to the grotto, and thinking he would have to adopt some course, after having written for advice to M. Roaland, who was then the Minister of Public Instruction, he let her go to her parents' home. The attraction of the grotto proved so strong that her father after a day or two preferred getting into trouble with M. le Prefect rather than cause his child to pine and grieve, as she visibly did, besides which the peasantry of Lourdes are not to be trifled with. They took the part of Bernadette against Prefect, curé, father and commissaire and to the grotto Bernadette returned, all making way for her wherever she appeared. It was then thought M. Peyramale could shake the child's fancy and detect any equivocation if there existed any. As he was known to be averse to her visions and to be very little acquainted with her on account of her long stay away from the village, it was supposed he would show no partiality to her, and the time was looked forward to when he would call her to the presbytery. He, however, was disinclined to do so; but Bernadette, to his great wonder, one day walked through his garden into his house.

"Are you not the daughter of Miller Soubirous?" he asked.

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé."

"Well, then, Bernadette, what do you want?"

"Monsieur le Curé, the 'dame' who appears at the Grotto of Massabielle"——

"Yes, yes, I know," said the curé. "You pretend you have visions, and you have got all the country in excitement with your tales. What do you mean by telling me these things? What is this? Nothing but things you cannot prove."

Bernadette was in no way astonished. She clearly related all that had occurred, all she had seen and heard, and when she had done the curé asked, "And what is the name of your 'dame?'"

"I don't know."

"Those who believe say it is the Virgin; but, child, know, that if it is not, if you lie, you will never see her in heaven."

"I do not know if she is the Virgin," replied Bernadette, "but I see her as I see you, and she speaks to me, and I have come to tell you that she has told me to tell you she wants

A CHURCH TO BE BUILT ON THE MASSABIELLE ROCK,

that's all." M. Peyramale looked closely at the child. She stood the gaze with innocent assurance; he made her repeat her message; she did so; after which he replied:—

"You tell me, Bernadette, that the lady has a branch of briar under her feet in the grotto. This is February; go and tell her that if she wants a new chapel on the rock she must first make that branch bring forth roses in this season."

Thereupon Bernadette was dismissed.

"The briar will bring forth buds," said the people in the village; but the rock has brought forth something else.

When the child next saw her vision she gave the curé's message, which the "dame" did not heed; but told her to go on her knees from the place she was on to the hard, dry rock, and as far as she could, until she could go no further. The people who were looking on saw her do this, there were 300 present, holding their breath in suspense and wonder. When she came to herself she was still repeating

"REPENT!" "REPENT!"

The time after this, instead of 300 spectators, there were all the people from the villages round, far and near. Several daily assert they were present in all the departments. Be that as it may, when Bernadette had her vision she suddenly rose to her feet and walked to the River Gave; then, as if called, went back to the grotto, where she kneaded with her two hands a portion of earth on the rock; she carried it to her lips, and did as if she washed herself with it; then she knelt and dug a hole in the ground, and by degrees drop after drop of muddy, thick water appeared on the surface. She went on until she had enough to fill her hands; she drank it, and then went away. The crowds pressed forward. There was a hollow of sticky clay; but soon a thin streak of water burst up, and with one voice the whole people cried,

"A FOUNTAIN OUT OF THE ROCK!"

It was so. The next day the streak had become as thick as a man's wrist. The child related that the "dame" had desired her to wash and drink in the fountain; that she had gone to the river, knowing of no fountain in the rock, and that she had been called back and told that she was to drink of the spring, not the Gave. She had obeyed, and the "*source merveilleuse*" was the consequence. The rest of Bernadette's story is more that of a saint than of a human being. The authorities intervened to stop what they considered a great superstition, until the Emperor Napoleon III. telegraphed to M. Massy to leave his coercive measures alone and the peasantry to their fountain. For several years MM. Jacomet and Massy were the declared enemies of the Lourdais. Bernadette's fountain is at present said to be a strong stream, and the numerous

CURES AND MIRACLES

here performed fill all the papers. A church is being built on the grotto that has already cost 2,500,000 francs; convents are to cover the mountains around; the Orleans Railway Company have added a branch in order to render access easier. Bernadette is at this present moment a sister of charity in the Hospital of Nevers. Her father and mother have died, but her sister Marie and her brother live at Lourdes. Very large offers of money have been made them, but all have been rejected. This place of Anger is full of Bernadette, and the above facts are related all over the place. As seeing is believing—and there is a vast field for belief—I will refrain from expressing any opinion until I have questioned some of the eye-witnesses of the above scenes and visited every spot accurately.

Meanwhile the journey hither was inaugurated by a full service at Notre Dame des Victoires, in Paris, where

ALL THE PARIS PILGRIMS ASSEMBLED.

In each car were ten, and out of the ten there were on an average four priests who had never left their villages, and made straight to Paris for the purpose of joining in the great "manifestation of faith and hope." The prayers read and chanted all along the road from Paris to Agen were litanies, one of the priests giving the key-note and the other joining in with the responses. This occurred in each car, and nothing but prayers went on until night time, when silence ensued and the priests slept; but with the first streak of daylight the litanies and psalms recommenced. The people at the stations were not amicably disposed, as a general rule,

MOCKERY, SHOUTS AND CRIES

being heard occasionally.

At Agen a notice was posted forbidding cries or demonstrations of every description that might originate a notion that the pilgrims were out on a political instead of a religious excursion. A service in the Cathedral, vespers and a sermon inaugurated their arrival, and a band struck up, in which all joined,

"SAUVEZ LA FRANCE."

A curious sight was that of so many people, in different garbs, threading in long lines through the narrow streets of this small city, taken by surprise at our sudden halt and invasion. The market women, with handkerchiefs round their heads, and men in brown, short blouses, without belts, appear to be the principal inhabitants. Garlic, onions and prunes lie about in heaps. Heads of garlic are purchased as we purchase potatoes, by the bushel or by the bunch. There are some handsome mural paintings in the Cathedral, which is very ornate, but the most curious of the churches is one that was built in the fourteenth century.

Finally, everything I have seen and heard since I left Paris yesterday is suggestive of the Middle Ages. These lines of interminable pilgrims, elated and enthusiastic; the plain chant along the roads, the numbering of beads, the old cathedral, the curious Southern costume and hot sun, the Capuchin fathers, with bare feet, in cowl and cope; the flocking over food in the open air, a total absence of English sounds or American travellers, the ringing of bells—all these things carry one far into dust and worm-eaten volumes that tell of Crusaders, processions and pardons.

### The Pilgrims at the Shrine.

LOURDES, Oct. 9, 1872.

The departure of Paris pilgrims for Lourdes after their short stay in the city of Agen was marked with a slight but very noticeable movement of non-adherence and disapproval on the part of a large fraction of the inhabitants. There arose a loud murmur among the close files of lookers-on who stood on both sides of the new-comers, and several epithets expressive of sarcastic contempt were heard; but the affable bearing of the pilgrims, their visible relish at the idea of a little insult and persecution, completely silenced any further demonstration.

Agen is a miserably built city, paved with knobby, small stones, which stand up in points and are as perfectly oval as the prunes this place is famed for. It is, in fact, like walking over plum-stones barefoot to get over them. The sidewalks are not over thirty inches broad, and the streets are excessively narrow. The situation of the town, however, on the Garonne, is remarkably picturesque, standing and straggling about

AT THE FOOT OF A VINE-CLAD HILL

that is dotted with villas, cottages, fruit trees and steeples. This is the native place of the celebrated Bernard de Palissy and Lacepède. It was in olden times taken and retaken by the Goths and Huns, and has belonged both to the Kings of England and to those of France, to the Dukes of Aquitaine and to the Counts of Toulouse. There are signs of antiquity and of all the different styles of architecture here and there. The pilgrims were led to the spacious college, which, fortunately for them, is unoccupied by scholars at this season of the year, the vacation not being yet over. They had no sooner gained access to the courtyard than all flocked to the cloisters and school rooms around, where provision baskets were unpacked and

A PICNIC COMMENCED ON A GIGANTIC SCALE,

the priests going backwards and forwards, making themselves generally useful and hospitable. It was a curious sight. Here and there sat the fasting pilgrims—those who had determined to take no food until they reached the miracle spring at Lourdes. They read their prayers aloud by the side of feasting pilgrims, who listened as they enjoyed their meal. The Franciscan or Capuchin Fathers would hurry by to visit the different convents during their short stay. The resident college professors assembled in groups under the shady chestnut trees and communicated their impressions to each other. The fountain was surrounded by those who preferred a good wash to food and who were luxuriating in a dash from the welcome spouts. When all had satisfied their different necessities the Cathedral bells rang for the grand gathering of pilgrims within the Cathedral, where they were to hear a sermon and vespers. The old walls had perhaps never seen such a congregation for many a long year, and the curate looked on them from his oaken pulpit with emotion, after which he preached and admonished the pilgrims to go on their way in peace and rejoicing. It is certain every one was disposed so to do, but there was nothing to rejoice over when the hour of ten saw them

IN COMPLETE DARKNESS HUDDLED TOGETHER

at the station and waiting for the signal to enter the train that was to convey them to Lourdes. There they stood shivering in the damp, and when at length the doors were opened they rushed in the waiting rooms, and thence into the cars. It was a perfect assault, each compartment being taken by storm, and the priests showing they could maintain their positions as firmly as Pontifical Zouaves at Mentone. At last, every one had a place somehow, by favor of some extraordinary chance or other, and general good humor returned notwithstanding the very trying circumstances. These were caused by the numerous small packages each pilgrim had set out with. No luggage had been allowed beyond what each could hold in hand; but some had fancied their hands could hold more than nature ever intended, so the accumulation of bags, bundles and baskets overhead, underfoot and in the intermediate space was oppressive. No first class carriages being allowed either for any but the infirm and helpless, the mixture of the layers of this social world was very striking.

"It could not be expected to turn out a comfortable journey," said a worthy, fat priest, looking up from his book and trying to read by the light of the roof lamp; "but consider, my children, that a pious train of pilgrims is not like a profane excursion train."

This soothed the good wayfarers, and by degrees the packages sunk into respective hollows, and the passengers themselves gradually found space for their elbows, each in his or her neighbor's side. It is wonderful what things people can put up with. When comparative ease was restored prayers commenced on each car, the priest who was highest in orders having the Magnificat to say, and the others taking up the litanies, while the lay or non-ecclesiastic pilgrims responded

UNTIL SLEEP CONQUERED FERVOR.

But it awoke again with daybreak, and eyelids were no sooner unclosed than Te Deums were heard from car to car, or psalms, or the chaplet, according to the taste of the pilgrims. Thus did the train reach Lourdes at five A. M. on the 6th October, the finest sun shining over the Pyrenees that ever welcomed a Sabbath in. It was quite refreshing to behold the astonishment of the inexperienced travellers, who for the most part had never left their parish in Paris for any journey beyond some church or walk in the environs of the capital. The snow that covered mountain peaks by the side of green, verdant meadows lower down, the leaping streams, the rising morning haze disclosing novel scenes, were totally new to them, and some of the priests, even, with their heads full of learning, showed by their questions and exclamations that they had never gone further than their schools and convents. Lourdes certainly is

A LOVELY SPOT, A VERY GEM

dropped from one of the mountain ridges nearest heaven. Only a part of the scenery could be discerned in the gray morning, and a proper view of Lourdes cannot be had until the traveller stands on one of its eminences.

As the pilgrims had been told beforehand that it was not possible that a small place, containing 4,500 inhabitants, could accommodate 30,000 pilgrims assembling there from all parts of France, they were quite prepared to put up with all sorts of inconveniences; but still all nourished a very legitimate hope that they could get a place in the open air to lie down on, so modest were they in their requirements. In this, at least, they were not disappointed, for on looking about they were rewarded with shelter, if not beds, in the village and environs. For my own part, as I have come to a part in my narrative in which I find I must speak of personal adventure, I walked, after having studied my map of Lourdes, with carpet-bag in hand, up to the "hospice," an asylum for the sick, kept by the "Sœurs," or Sisters of Charity. I knew that the heroine of the place, Bernadette Soubirous, had been sheltered there after her extraordinary vision at the Massabielle Grotto. I was less anxious to gain admittance within this asylum for the purpose of obtaining rest than for that of procuring information from the Sisters who had had the child under their roof and lived in daily intercourse with her. I proposed making friends with the good people at the hospice at any cost, to see, to question and put facts together.

THE HOSPICE OF LOURDES

is a very poor institution, though it is rendered healthy and inviting by the great economy and industry of the sisters who keep it. It stands on a slope from which a splendid view is obtained of the country around. When I ascended the path leading to the entrance the Sisters were decorating it by hanging evergreen garlands from poplar to poplar, paper cut flowers and bannerets, on which were painted sentences from the Scriptures and the Christian virtues to be practised here below, such as resignation, frugality, &c. Their costume was black, relieved by white muslin caps tightly bound on the forehead and having stiff borders in front, which supported their veils, leaving their faces uncovered.

Five or six monks came up behind me, not knowing exactly where I was going, but impressed by my apparent confidence, very likely, with a conviction that I meant to find room and trusting they might be as successful.

"My good Sister," said one of them to a very fresh-colored and energetic looking "Sœur," who put down her festoons to come and greet us, "we are poor pilgrims, and beg you will keep our bags while we go down in the village to say mass."

"Say mass, my good friars!" exclaimed the Sister. "God grant you all may, but many a holy man will be deprived of that blessing to-day; there are priests round every altar who have been waiting long hours for their turn since last midnight, and are no nearer now to mass than my soul is to Paradise."

At this information the priests were greatly distressed.

"But come, my good friars," went on the Sister, "there is nothing like trying; I will show you where you can put your things in safety, if we can do nothing more."

"No beds?" I asked.

"Beds!" exclaimed the Sister, as if I had asked for something never heard of before. "Well, yes, my good pilgrim, there are such things as beds for the ailing, and we have given our own up to lie down on the floor."

Hereupon the priests followed her; for after the above she turned her back and led the way. I remained under the porch, and when the monks had hurried by, after having placed their worldly goods under charge, I detained the Sister by her spacious sleeve, and gained so much of her confidence that before I left her or let her go she half promised

A SPARE CORNER IN A REMOTE ROOM

for the night, adding that perhaps, as I was willing to put something in the poor box in return for any kindness shown, she might be able to find a mattress; but she would make no rash promise before the clock struck twelve, as a father of the Church—by which she meant one of the bishops—might claim her hospitality, and there was positively but that one corner left. When this was settled I hurried away in the direction of

THE GROTTOES OF MASSABIELLE,

the centre to which all were bound. I needed no directions, having but to follow the multitude, when I entered the principal street, which is bordered with irregularly built houses, backed with mountains on either side. After having passed the old, frowning fort, on the top of a formidable rock, I proceeded to the principal "place" of the village, which was hung with festoons and undergoing preparations for a general illumination in the evening. I then struck off to the right, following a line of devout pilgrims, all ages and professions, colors and sizes. At length I entered the trodden road that goes winding through admirable and grand scenery, not stopping until I came to a bridge which crosses the noisy, rushing Gave. There I stood in order to study the aspect of the country and people attentively. The former is wild in some parts, charmingly peaceful in others; green pasture land, thick woods, sharp rocks stand in the foreground, with snowy peaks rising at the back, thus mingling wild asperity and winning smiles in one glance.

THE PILGRIMS.

The same extreme contrasts were observable in the animated population streaming by me. Here was hoary, white-headed age; here came the middle-aged mountaineer with his knotty stick, his sunburned face, dark, flashing eyes and huge limbs; here the wrinkled, tottering matron, saying her beads as she went along; here the beautiful southern maids of Arles and Bayonne, in their red, blue and yellow capulets, walking on like queens, and as dignified as Roman women; here passed the Basque peasant, in his colored *béret*, his shaggy loose coat, gaiters and earrings; here passed the sharp-chinned Bearnais with prominent cheek bones, long, thin cheeks and features cast in the same mould as those of Henry IV. Then jostled by the Gascon, with a broad smile on his gleeful face, helping some loiterer on as he went; pushing a wheelbarrow here, giving some child a lift there; rolling his r's when he spoke, and speaking to every one, multiplying the different gifts of single humanity and the uses of his limbs in innumerable ways. Here still followed the provincials of France, her doctors, dealers, merchants, ladies in very modest garbs, women of the world disguised as poor female pilgrims, all trudging in and out of the meandering road, united in one conviction, namely, that Lourdes was a blessed spot, favored by the extraordinary apparition of the pure Virgin—a spot agreeable to God—and, therefore, the fittest of all in which to join in

PRAYER FOR BELOVED FRANCE AND THE CHURCH.

After noticing these points I went on. The soil became damp, sticky, then almost swampy in consequence of the incessant coming and going of foot passengers from the spring of Massabielle.

By dint of patience and general good will I at length waded through the thousands round the altar, at which mass was being sung in front of the grotto. I did not venture to look up at it until I found a proper position, which was at length afforded by a plank of wood that accidentally lay across two large stones on the banks of the Gave, exactly opposite. To this I steered, and found I was exactly facing the grotto.

IT WAS A VERY STUPENDOUS SIGHT.

There are three excavations bored by Nature through the old rocks of Massabielle that stand on a kind of island formed by the waters of the Gave and a canal. The latter have been turned off in order now to render access to the grotto more easy. The best simile wherewith to convey a clear idea of the appearance of the perforations is that of a huge sponge.

The lower grotto is on a level with the ground, and looks like a deep, black oven of semi-circular form. It is about four metres high by fifteen wide (thirteen feet by fifty). Above this there are two other excavations. The one to the right is like a deep niche in a church, or large oval window, for through it the light is given to the grotto below. It is overhung with moss, trails of ivy, brushwood and a wild mixture of bramble, briar and hedgerow vegetation. In this latter orifice, now filled with a white statue of the virgin, did Bernadette behold her vision. The lower grotto is now cut off by a railing, in order to prevent pilgrims from going in and carrying it away by pieces. Behind these railings hang

THE CRUTCHES OF THOSE WHO COME THERE LAME

and go away with the use of their limbs. A pulpit, constructed with deal planks, is erected to the right of the grotto for the bishops, who mount it in turn, in order to address the flocks of people around. The sermon was just beginning when I reached the spot I have described, and was delivered by Mgr. the Bishop of Tarbes. It was on the vicissitudes of France. The prelate ascribed them principally to the breaking of the day of rest, to the love of ease and show, to the infatuation of pride and conceit and to the low state of public education. With a view, then, to raise the spirits of his hearers after this great exposure of their past folly, he told them there was

NO CAUSE TO DESPAIR OF THE FUTURE;

he did not think there was any nation on the face of the world so capable of self-sacrifice, generous impulse and so amenable to salutary influence as France, but that there were causes which rendered these virtues of no account. He explained that his countrymen were easily led away by theories they did not look into, and also rendered inert by indifference as to the public good. He saw no help if the devout did not come forward boldly with example and word of speech; he thought this great manifestation was a desire on the part of the pilgrims to walk in the path of courage and strength in the future; he trusted that men who had come so many miles from their homes would not keep away from their parish church on Sundays, but attend divine service instead of

LEAVING ALL THE RELIGION OF THEIR FAMILIES TO THEIR WIVES,

as if it were only fit for the weak instead of being in reality the blood and sinews of a nation. He besought them to stand shoulder to shoulder; to root out their love of pleasure; to be earnest citizens, and, stretching his hands out towards them, he asked, "Will you here promise to serve and love your country as I mean?" "*Oui!*" replied the thousands, and this affirmation echoed from mount to valley. "Will you say, '*Vive la France!*' as children should who have been fed on the bountiful bosom of a dear mother?"

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

shouted the people like one man. Then the Bishop, after a pause, during which nothing but the rush of the Gave and the rustling of ash trees were heard, raised his clear voice still higher, and, turning to the rock behind him, cried,

"VIVE THE CHURCH, THE ROCK OF AGES."

It was as if the place shook with the clamoring echo of nature responding to the voice of man. Then all joined in a "Vive the Holy Father, vive Pius IX." The Bishop descended and the pilgrims rushed to the pool which is filled by the miraculous fountain that started out of the rock under Bernadette's touch when she did as the vision described.

TIN CANS, BOTTLES AND PAILS

were filled, the infirm were led down, all approached unmolested; the eyes of the blind were bathed with handkerchiefs steeped in the piscina; the deaf immersed their heads, and the paralytic sat on the edge, waiting as of old to be helped. Diseased pilgrims had been carried thither in sedan chairs. Some drank, some washed. On returning back to the hospice I fell in, as pilgrims do, with a good father, whose cassock was looped up and who held his three-cornered, spacious hat in his hands. We talked as we went along, and he gave me a programme in his own handwriting of the ceremonies of the afternoon and next day.

As this letter is already very long I will describe them in my next, which will leave by the following mail, and also my progress with Sister Elizabeth and what I further heard of Bernadette and saw at Lourdes in the course of the two days which followed.

# TEMPLE EMANUEL.

## Dr. Gutheim's Farewell Discourse—The Light of Faith, Truth, Virtue—What Is Needed to Make Judaism Permanent and Beloved Here.

Notwithstanding the disagreeable morning, a goodly congregation gathered yesterday in the Temple Emanuel to listen to the parting words of Rev. Dr. Gutheim, who this evening leaves New York for New Orleans, where he has accepted a call to minister to his old congregation, who have during his absence organized on the plan of the Temple here and erected a synagogue after its model. In the course of reading they have begun Genesis, the first chapter of which was read yesterday, and from the following verse of which the Doctor preached:—"And God said, Let there be light, and there was light." Light, he said, is the most beneficial object in creation—the richest jewel in the crown of creation. What would all that we have and hold dear be worth were it not for the light that shines upon us—those variegated flowers that brighten our pathway? The panorama of life which passes before us day by day would be of no avail to us without it. Without that sun which the Almighty created to rule the day all would be darkness and despair.

SWEET IS THE LIGHT

and pleasant to our eyes. Desolate indeed is he who is deprived of the light. Give him all else, and without the light of this world he would be more helpless than a babe and poorer than the poorest. Sweet is the light to man! It is the greatest blessing of God to the world. With light did God begin His work of creation, giving us the means and setting us an example that we should walk in light. Five times does this word "light" occur in this first chapter, from which we may infer its importance. Without this light man would grope on in darkness, knowing nothing. "Thou art my light and my salvation," says the Psalmist, and the soul that is imbued with unswerving faith in God walks in light. But he who is denied of this faith walks on in darkness. Let us then, said the Doctor, cultivate this light of faith in our souls. Light is also truth as well as faith—truth stamped upon history, upon nature and upon the life of man. It is truth of such practical effect that those who would act differently to gain an evanescent notoriety which does not rightly belong to them only reveal in more hideous forms the hypocrisy of their natures. Let the truth grow and spring up in our hearts and look down from heaven upon our souls, and let our prayer be, "O God of truth, send Thy truth abroad into all the earth and guide us in the way that we should go." Light is virtue also, and virtue should ever be taken for light, since its opposite is darkness. Vice shuns the light of day, but by virtue alone there ariseth light in the darkness. Let us then practise this virtue as the light which God has bestowed upon and planted in our hearts.

LIGHT IS ALSO KNOWLEDGE,

without which man cannot know God. It is knowledge chained to virtue that brings peace and joy to the human soul and that makes our lives happy to ourselves and a benediction to those around us. It is knowledge that gives man the true insight into things past, present and future—into the things that relate to this world and to that which is to come. It is this fourfold character of light, as the brightness of the material universe, as the blessing of faith, virtue, knowledge, that we should always view it and profit by it. The law is light, and this light was kindled ages ago on Sinai, and far as the light has penetrated this law of God has been and is to be acknowledged. It has been spread abroad by this Torah. Let us, then, cultivate and enjoy this light, and impart its blessings unto others. This, said the Doctor, is the last Sabbath I shall be with you, and what better subject, he asked, could he speak to the congregation about? There were some things, he said, that in parting he desired to impress upon their minds. One of these was a better observance of the Sabbath; another was a closer union with other bodies of Israelites and representation in the Board of Delegates of American Israelites—a society that is recognized in Europe as the mouthpiece and representative of American Israelites.

The Doctor then gave

A FEW PARTING WORDS

of explanation. He has been four years with the Temple congregation, and, according to agreement, has preached twice a month in English and performed such other clerical duties as the Church Board had assigned. When he came among them he believed there was a desire to cultivate English preaching and to make it more available and useful, but he has never been asked even to offer a prayer in English unless in the absence of his respected colleague. He had come, therefore, in some sense, to look upon himself as being rather ornamental than useful to the congregation. He would gladly have made his services more available to the people, but they evidently did not want them; and hence, when his old congregation called him, he accepted because a wider field of usefulness would open up before him there. At the Doctor's remarks many tears were shed, and at the close he was bade godspeed by many.

# THE STREET CAR COLLISION.

## Conclusion of the Investigation Before the Fire Commissioners—The Driver of the Car To Blame.

At the Fire Marshal's chief office, in Mercer street, the investigation into the late accident on Fourth avenue, whereby one of the horses belonging to the Fire Department was killed, was continued yesterday before Commissioners Shaler and Blair. It will be remembered that a short time ago a fire engine collided with one of the Fourth avenue street cars, and the present investigation was held for the purpose of determining who was to blame for the accident. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew appeared for the Fourth Avenue Railroad Company and examined several witnesses in the endeavor to show that the driver of the street car was not to blame in the matter. But all of them testified that they heard the bell of the engine, and it was improbable that the driver of the car should not have heard it also. However, the captain of the company was running in advance of his machine, so it could not have been progressing at a very terrific rate of speed. The Fire Commissioners demand restitution for the loss of their horse—a valuable animal—and it is not unlikely the matter will be brought into the Courts. The investigation having been ended the Commissioners will report to the Board, who will take such action as they may deem advisable.

# PHILADELPHIA'S HIGHSTEPPING DEFAULTER.

## An Insurance Clerk Issues Scrip on His Own Account.

## ONLY $43,000 "MADE."

## A Lover of Elaborate Establishments, Fast Women and Fast Horses.

## Wills' Arrest, Bail and Partial Restitution.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 26, 1872.

A defalcation, aggregating $43,000, has just come to light in the office of the Delaware Mutual Safety Fire and Marine Insurance Company of this city. Fletcher Wills, the dividend clerk of this company, a young married man, is the author, and a fast woman and fast horses the alleged cause. Several weeks ago Mr. Thomas C. Hand, the President of the company, received information that Wills was living entirely beyond the style his salary would entitle him to, and knowing the young man had no other source of income an investigation of his accounts was determined upon. The investigation confirmed the suspicions of the managers and Wills was accused of the crime. He admitted it at once and made a statement that enabled the bookkeepers to discern the full extent of his stealings. It seems Wills has been in the habit of

ISSUING FRAUDULENT SCRIP

and mingling it with the genuine issues when presented for the signatures of the officers. It was signed without suspicion of its real nature, and Wills, having this scrip in his possession, sold it and appropriated the receipts. He worked his little game for about three years and covered his transactions by entering them in the profit and loss account. There is still $7,500 unaccounted for, but Wills acknowledged having realized about thirty-five thousand dollars by his peculations. A portion of the money, it is asserted, was expended in the support of

A FAST WOMAN AND A PAIR OF STYLISH HORSES.

In addition to this he supported in good style his own establishment—in other words, his wife and family. He has made a partial restitution to the company by giving up his residence and that of his mistress. His horses and carriage and all his personal effects he has also yielded up to the company. The two houses and the horses and carriage will bring about ten thousand dollars, leaving a deficit of $33,000. Wills' character has always been considered good, and his uniformity of conduct during business hours completely hoodwinked his employers and those having intimate business relations with him. It is thought very strange that peculation to this amount could go on for so long a time without discovery; but the exceeding

SHREWDNESS OF HIS OPERATIONS

stamps him a man of wonderful ability in his peculiar line; but "murder will out," and he probably feels that truth in all its force by this time. His wife and relatives are well nigh heart-broken over the discovery of his villany, and Philadelphia business circles have not received such a shock for years. Wills has been arraigned before an Alderman for a hearing, and given bail in $10,000 for his appearance at Court.

# LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

SO INTELLECT is only phosphorus on the brain, after all! At least thus reasons a Paris *medico* in forty quarto pages of a report to the Academy of Sciences. According to him you have only to introduce phosphorus into the skull of an idiot and you at once transform him into a man of genius. We are not told, however, how the phosphorus is to be introduced.

DR. HANNA, the son-in-law and biographer of Chalmers, is about to publish reminiscences of a tour in Palestine, which he made some years ago, in company with his friend, since deceased, Mr. Keith Johnston, the geographer.

MR. FORSTER'S "Life of Charles Dickens" is to be extended to three volumes.

A NOVEL is in the press by General Sir Henry Vincent, one of the oldest general officers in Her Majesty's service, whose career is well known.

MR. HENRY A. WICKHAM, an English traveller in pursuit of the South American paradise of india-rubber, has just published the result of his exploration in a book entitled "Journey Through the Wilderness from Trinidad to Para, by Way of the Great Cataracts of the Orinoco."

STILL ANOTHER history of Maximilian has appeared in London, this time by a friend and apologist, one W. H. Chynoweth, who shows that, while the French invasion of Mexico was a crime and a blunder, the "Emperor" Maximilian was deceived into the belief that the people wanted him to save them from anarchy and misrule.

THE LIBRARY of the arsenal, situated at the bottom of the Quartier St. Antoine, Paris, has been reopened to the public. The work of cleaning and arranging the volumes, rendered necessary by the precautions taken to protect them from the Commune, has been successfully accomplished during the vacation.

THE NEW and enlarged edition of "Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer or Geographical Dictionary of the World" is nearly ready for issue. It will contain nearly ten thousand new names of places and the latest census populations at home and abroad. The work has been wholly under the careful superintendence of Dr. J. Thomas and T. Baldwin.

"THE POLYGLOTTE," edited by Orm, published by Schneider, of Trieste, is announced as an international periodical, which will offer articles in German, Italian, French and English.

THE IMPORTATION of American books into France, Germany and Russia is increasing at a very rapid rate. In Leipsic the book firms want American publishers to establish agencies in that great book market of the Continent.

"THE MAN WITH THE NOSE" is the title of Miss "Cometh Up as a Flower" Broughton's new serial.

A MAGNIFICENT book on Turkish architecture, with many plates and text in Turkish, German and French, is being prepared by the Ottoman government for the Vienna Exhibition of 1873.

VICTOR HUGO'S next production will be the long-promised sequel to "La Légende des Siècles"—"Dieu." That is to be shortly followed by "La Fin de Satan," though we can see no reason why this should be published before the millennium. Besides these poems, M. Hugo has in preparation "Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit" and "Le Théâtre en Liberté."

# NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia—"The World of Anecdote: An Accumulation of Facts, Incidents and Illustrations, Historical and Biographical," by Edwin Paxton Hood; "The Harveys," by Henry Kingsley; "My Brother's Keeper," by A. B. Warner; "The Toilet in Ancient and Modern Times: With a Review of the Different Theories of Beauty, &c.," by Arnold J. Cooley.

From D. Appleton & Co.—"The Vegetable World: Being a History of Plants, with Their Structure and Peculiar Properties," adapted from the work of Louis Figuier; "A Handbook of Chemical Technology," by Rudolf Wagner, Ph. D., Professor at the University of Wurtzburg; translated and edited by William Crookes, F. R. S.

From Dodd & Meade—"The Little Sanctuary and Other Meditations," by Alexander Raleigh, D. D.; "Premiums Paid to Experience; Incidents in My Business Life," by Edward Garrett.

From Hurd & Houghton—"The City of God and the Church Makers; An Examination Into Structural Christianity and Criticism of Christian Scribes and Doctors of the Law," by R. Abbey.

From T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia—"The Outcast and Other Poems," by J. W. Watson, author of "Beautiful Snow."

From Sheldon & Co.—"The Ordeal for Wives;" a novel.

From Holt & Williams—"Sermons," by the Rev. H. R. Hawcis, M. A., incumbent of St. James', Westmoreland street, Marylebone, London.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston—"Smallpox: The Predisposing Conditions and Their Preventives; With a Scientific Exposition of Vaccination." by Dr. Carl Both.