MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, MARCH 1, 1868.

MIRACULOUS CURE.

For many months past we have heard various statements regarding the cure of a young lady, a novice in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Grand Coteau, La. We have now been favored with a pamphlet containing all the particulars, drawn up by Rev. F. Benausse, S. J., and published with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop. The subject, Miss Mary Wilson, a postulant in the Convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, was born of Protestant parents, brought up a Presbyterian, and became a Catholic at the age of eighteen.

The accuracy and scrupulous care with which matters of this kind are investigated by the Church is well known. In this instance the Archbishop authorized the closest scrutiny, taking of depositions, etc., and the result is the pamphlet "Account" before us. No person can rise from the perusal of this *brochure* without being convinced that the inquiry was conducted with the strictest regard to the rules of evidence, candor, and the application of those tests which scientific medical jurisprudence demands. Upon the whole, the conclusion is irresistible, that the hand of God, through his servant, Blessed Berchmans, is manifestly observable in the case of Miss Wilson. Attended by skillful and experienced physicians, the resources of the healing art were exhausted, and all abandoned the case as hopeless. In the words of the narrative:

The extremities were cold, the tongue quite raw, the lips black, the hands and finger-nails blue, her mouth, which was but one sore, was filled with black blood, clotted around the teeth and emitting an offensive odor. For the last five days, her eyes were closed, and her feet and hands contracted. During the last twenty-four hours she drank nothing whatever. Such was her condition on the morning of the 14th of December, when it was decided to attempt once more to administer the Viaticum. The priest gave her only a small part of the Sacred Host, and experienced some difficulty in placing it on her tongue. He then directed a little water to be given to help her to swallow the particle. * * *

They soon retire and leave her alone with God. The nurse, knowing that nothing more can be done, and perceiving that she is calm, attends to her devotions and to the other sick, in an adjoining room. * * *

An hour or so later, the Superioress returned to the infirmary. And this is what she attests with the sanctity of an oath: "About half-past seven o'clock I entered the infirmary, and what was my surprise or rather amazement, when I saw that dear child, whom I had left in a dying condition an hour before, holding out her arms toward me, saying: 'Mother, I am well, I can get up!' This exclamation surprised me the more as I had witnessed the difficulty she experienced in moving her tongue at the moment of communion. Perceiving my astonishment, our dear patient said again, that she was cured, assuring me that she could rise immediately."

The nurse who entered at that moment, gives the like testimony. The patient assured her also that she was cured, and in order to prove it, asked for a glass of water which she drank without the least difficulty. Other members of the Community now come in; the Superioress sends for the six novices who had asked permission, the evening before, to bid their dying sister a last farewell. All remark her sparkling eyes, her clean mouth, and teeth, joy in every feature, and ease in every gesture. No longer does the least sign of disease remain. What a change! But neither the Superioress, the nurse, nor the others present know what to think of it. Is it the reaction, spoken of by the doctor, which precedes death? Is it an illusion or a cure? All remains in uncertainty! At half-past eight o'clock the physician paid his usual visit, and was very much surprised at what he saw. He examined the tongue and found it perfectly sound; no more inflammation nor swelling; no longer any sign of illness. At a loss to account for this, he said to Miss Wilson: "One thing is certain; if you recover, it is neither I nor my prescriptions that will have cured you."

The next day she took breakfast as if she never had been ill. After mass, the doctor was invited to visit her, and found her in perfect health. About noon she ate a hearty dinner, and then, as soon as she was allowed, dressed herself quickly, and hastened to the church to thank God. Soon after the physician arrived; she ran to meet him, took him by the hand, made him sit down, and conversed with him for a long time. The emotion of the doctor was extreme and visible to all present.

Since then, she attends to the exercises of the Community. * * *—Whilst lavishing upon the patient all possible care, natural and professional, the Superioress and other members of the Community had also had recourse to spiritual and supernatural aid. Many prayers had been said. At the very beginning of the illness a novena or nine days' devotion had been performed in honor of Blessed John Berchmans, which was followed by other novenas addressed to other heavenly intercessors. Finally, the Superioress, having read a new life of Blessed John Berchmans, remarked the miracles related as having been wrought in favor of Religious Communities. She felt herself prompted to perform another novena to the saint. She induced the patient and novices to do the same, and was joined by the members of the Community. This novena was begun on the 6th of December. A picture of Blessed John Berchmans, surrounded with flowers and tapers, was exposed upon the Altar of the Noviciate Chapel. Every day the novices assembled to recite the prayers for the object of the novena. They implored a cure through the intercession of the Blessed John Berchmans, if this favor should forward his canonization. On their part, the Superioress had promised to have four masses of thanksgiving celebrated in honor of the Holy Trinity and the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.

At the same time, a small picture of Blessed John Berchmans was given to the patient, and every day a nun came to recite the prayers of the novena at the foot of her bed, and to remind her of the petition. Each time was added: "If this cure may forward the canonization of Blessed John Berchmans." This condition inspired confidence. The picture of Blessed John Berchmans was always on her bed; during her painful attacks his assistance was implored, and the picture placed upon her suffering limbs, with the oft-repeated prayer: "O God, glorify thy servant, John Berchmans, by relieving our sister, and if it be to the glory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus that she recover, let it be through the intercession of Blessed John Berchmans, that hereby his canonization may be forwarded." She herself affirms upon oath, that on Friday, 14th of December, after receiving the Holy Eucharist, not being able to speak, she had begged God in her heart to cure her through the intercession of Blessed John Berchmans, and that then she had placed the picture upon her mouth, begging the same favor from the saint. The first words she pronounced, after she became convinced that she was cured were: "Blessed Berchmans has cured me."

The next morning, at my visit, I asked her: "Who has cured you?" She answered, pointing to the picture: "Blessed Berchmans." It was the last day of the novena. It was through his intercession that the favor was solicited, and all thank him for it. Immediately, a public novena of thanksgiving to the saint was begun.

WHO ARE THE IRISH?

That spirited monthly, *The Land We Love*, in a late number had an article headed as above, in which some home truths are advanced for the benefit of those who begged the Irish to fight their battles, and now would place them below the negro. We quote:

One Mr. Bingham, who had a prominent part in "the taking off" of Mrs. Surratt, says that the negroes are as well qualified to vote as those who have been brought up to the tail of the wheel-barrow. Thus graciously and gratefully does this honorable gentleman allude to Ireland—the country which gave to the Unittd States cause the best fighters in its army—the birth-place of Sheridan, the most successful corps commander in that army, and also of Meagher, who so often led the attack and covered the retreat.

It is, probably, a hopeless task to try to enlighten radical ignorance, but we will submit a few facts to this modern Beotian. Does he know that Wellington, the greatest soldier of Great Britain, was an Irishman? That the sweetest poet of the English language was Moore, an Irishman? That according to Walter Scott, the most vigorous writer of pure, idiomatic English was Swift, an Irishman? That the greatest British statesman was Burke, an Irishman? Does he know that Byron said of Sheridan, the Irishman, "He has written the best comedy, the best farce, the best address in the English tongue, and to crown all, he has delivered the best oration ever conceived or heard of in any country?" It may be some rebuke to Mr. B.'s radical impudence to tell him that the profoundest sensation ever made in the British Parliament was caused by the speeches of those two Irishmen, Burke and Sheridan, during the trial of Warren Hastings. The great Bummer Hastings had just brought to a successful conclusion the conquest of India. He had swept over that unhappy region in the style most popular even in the nineteenth century—stealing, plundering, burning, and murdering. Like a modern hero, he endeared war to the heart of the conquering nation by making war support itself, and by furnishing dainty materials for illustrated pictorials of the suffering and humiliation of the conquered people. He was, therefore, feasted and honored, and was the Magnus Apollo, the adored idol, of the British populace. But in this very hour of his triumph and popularity, these two generous Irishmen had the heart to sympathize with the wronged and oppressed; still better, they had the courage to denounce the demi-god and bring him to trial. It was the Begum speech of Sheridan delivered on the occasion of this impeachment, which Byron pronounced to be the master effort of British oratory.

Will it be worth while to tell radical stupidity of those world-renowned Irish writers, Sterne, Steele, and Goldsmith? Of Shee, the Irish poet and painter, President of the Royal Academy? Of the great Oriental scholar, Shea, the Irishman? Of a long line of eminent orators, barristers, statesmen, and jurists, Curran, Grattan, Lord Plunkett, Saurin, O'Connell, Shiel, Mitchel, etc., etc.? Has this radical ignoramus ever heard of poor Emmett? If not, we refer him to the school-books. Has he ever heard of Bishop Berkely, Bishop Shirley, Archbishop Usher—all Irishmen, and the last the author of a chronology of the Bible? Does he know that the great French philosopher said of Robert Boyle, the Irishman, "without Robert Boyle, we would know nothing?" Does he know that one of the most eminent of British surgeons was Abernethy, the Irishman? Does he know that the first commodore in the American navy was John Barry, the Irishman, whom the English tried to bribe with $60,000 in money, and the captaincy of an English frigate?

In our section we will not be so ungrateful as the honorable gentleman, and will ever honor young Mitchell—noble son of a noble sire—who gave his life for the defense of Fort Sumter; and fresh will we ever keep the memory of that peerless soldier and noble Irish gentleman, Patrick R. Cleburne.

If the honorable gentleman can mention a single name among the descendants from Guinea, Congo, and Ashantee, which will bear comparison with any one of those given above, then we will believe that radical ignorance is not so great as radical wickedness.

THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

The monstrosity involved in the establishment of Episcopalianism in Ireland, can no longer be kept out of sight, or ignored. The public opinion of the civilized world has been slow in formation; but it is now being concentrated in such a way, and in such force, as compels, not merely attention to its iniquity, but likewise an abandonment of the most crying wrong, of the age. Those who are old enough to remember the appointment of Dr. Whately to the Protestant See of Dublin, must be aware of the sensation created by that movement, as his orthodoxy on some vital points was seriously called in question. Belonging to what was then a liberal party, political views were more consulted than evangelical or theological fitness. That Whately himself had some qualms on the justice or fitness of things as then managed, we are left in no doubt. Dr. Arnold would never have addressed him, as shown by his correspondence, were he not sure of the coincidence in their views.

The London *Catholic Register*, in a recent article, says on this subject:

The name of Arnold, who was a type, both as to religion and politics, of the highest order of English gentlemen, has not lost its authority. No other name in our time, except that of Newman, has attracted such universal respect. It ought not, therefore, to be an indifferent fact in the judgment of educated Englishmen that Arnold utterly reprobated the Irish Established Church. "The Protestant clergy," he wrote to Whately, though the latter was one of their chiefs, "ought not to have their present revenues in Ireland." But Arnold was not content with stripping the intruders of their revenues. He considered that justice required more than this, and did not hesitate to urge upon Whately, as if sure of his acquiescence, "the simple, just, and Christian measure of establishing the Roman Catholic Church in three-fifths of Ireland." If Arnold doubted whether Whately would be "the last" of his order in Catholic Ireland, it was not because he differed from the latter in thinking that he *ought* to be the last, but solely because, as he observed in one of his letters to him, "My great fear is that the English are indifferent to justice, *when it is not on their own side.*"

It is not necessary to possess the exact knowledge of our history which distinguished Dr. Arnold, to recognize the unpleasant truth, that no triumph has ever been gained over English bigotry which was not extorted from English fears. When Edmund Burke pleaded for justice to Ireland, and reminded the House of Commons that they had established the Catholic Church in Canada because they dared not oppress the Catholics of that colony for fear of a rebellion, the great orator showed how exactly he appreciated his countrymen. He knew, like Arnold, that justice has little worth in their eyes, "when it is not on their own side." Our whole history, since the so-called Reformation, is a proof of this fact. When England was in peril, and a hostile fleet menaced her shores, she gladly accepted the succor of her Catholic population, eager to defend their country, even against a Catholic invasion.—When the peril was past, the first thought of Elizabeth and her council was to invent new tortures for the loyal Catholics whose aid was no longer necessary. It has always been thus. England has dealt even with her Protestant subjects in the same way. When she tried to force her Parliamentary Church upon Scotland, the Scots, a rugged race, sternly replied, "We'll fight you for it." The threat was enough, and the docile Episcopalians of England made a covenant with the Presbyterians of Scotland. The kirk owes its endowment to English fears. In like manner, if England has slowly and grudgingly relaxed her penal code against Catholics, it was not her justice, but her fears, which inspired the reluctant mercy. In 1897, a cabinet council was held "on French affairs." It was, as Windham relates in his Diary, (p. 368,) stormy and agitated, and lasted till past midnight. Pitt was present, and Liverpool, and the Duke of Portland, and Spencer, and Grenville. They were quaking with fear, for there was a rumor that French troops had landed in Ireland. The usual result followed. "Lord Spencer, and Grenville," says Windham, "both seem to be for taking the first moment of concession in favor of Catholics." How well Burke and Arnold knew their countrymen! Thirty-two years later, the Duke of Wellington insisted on passing the bill for Catholic emancipation, which he had vehemently opposed, but only because, as he naively observed, "it was better to appease the Catholics than to provoke a civil war." Like Pharaoh, the English people would not "let the children of Israel go," till his fears overmastered his bigotry. Once more, in our own day, a further instalment of her rights is about to be conceded to Ireland, not because the English are suddenly enamored of justice, but because a new panic affrights them. They have so brutally maltreated Ireland, that a nation has grown up on the other side of the Atlantic, sworn to avenge her wrongs. If Ireland should one day become the destruction of England, it would only be a new example of retributive justice. "There is no instance," says an illustrious Englishman, "even in the ten persecutions, of such severity as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics." These are words of Samuel Johnson, and no one can blame the Americans if they agree with such a witness. Already they threaten Canada, which they would overrun in a month if the Catholic Canadians ceased to support English rule.—They have even ventured to shed blood on English soil; and, though they are few as yet, who knows how soon their number may be increased? And so, Englishmen are beginning to say once more, "Let us be just to Ireland;" and as the Irish establishment, which they affected to call a "sentimental grievance," is the most impudent outrage ever inflicted even upon persecuted Ireland, they talk at last of sweeping it away. Wait till next session, they tell us, and the abomination shall be removed.

The February number of *St. Paul's Magazine*, edited by Anthony Trollope, contains a masterly article on the Church in Ireland, of which the following is an extract:

The Irish establishment, as now maintained by the State, is ridiculously overmanned. To give an instance: The suppressed See of Kilfenora, now included in the Diocese of Killaloe, still contains the diocesan staff appropriate to its former dignity. There are within its boundaries forty-nine Protestant families—in all, two hundred and fifty-one souls—the population of a hamlet, a handful of people that could probably supply a congregation of at most one hundred and fifty hearers; that is, they could be packed into an ordinary drawing-room, or would, perhaps, fill one gallery in a well-sized church. How many Protestant clergymen are there to minister to these wants? Two? three? six? Well, there is a bishop, as follows: A dean, an archdeacon, a treasurer, a rural dean, a vicar-general, a registrar, four incumbents, and two curates! It must also be remembered that the forty-nine families thus amply provided for in spiritual things, include the families of the clergymen and the church officials.

BEAU BRUMMEL AND GEORGE IV.

George IV, King of Great Britain and Ireland, first gentleman in Europe, etc., had for a bosom companion the man whose name heads this paragraph. The lady mentioned below, Mrs. Fitzherbert, was really married to the Prince of Wales, the certificate of which she preserved with jealous care till death, when her executors vindicated her fair fame by undoubtedly genuine documents. It proved more—that George IV was the meanest of a brutal line of kings—Sheridan the basest of sycophants—George III and Queen Charlotte connivers of adultery. The author of the "School for Scandal" had the effrontery to state in his seat in the House of Commons that there was no real marriage, although but a few hours before he used all the powers of his wit and sophistry to inveigle the poor lady out of the only consolation left in her bereavement, the genuine certificate which proved her the virtuous wife of an unworthy "king defender of the faith." Even the miserable phantom of manhood, the panderer to his vices, was not too low to be the victim of his mean arts. Some particulars of this man's life are given below:

Brummell was the son of a steward, having a handsome person, considerable wit, and sound tact, and being known at Eton as a good scholar, boatman, and cricketer, he cultivated friends among the young noblemen, and on leaving school entered a crack regiment, and, under the auspices of the Duchess of Devonshire, was soon launched into society. Everything he did, said, and wore was admired, as a matter of course. He had the finest Sevres china, snuff boxes, the most exquisite walking canes; his horses were of the best blood, his carriages of the highest style. His cravat was a marvel (it is supposed he threw away armfuls every day before he attained his success). Men of fashion felt a sort of religious awe as they passed over the threshold of Weston, Brummell's tailor, in Old Bond street. The incomparable creature used jokingly to declare his very blacking was mixed with champagne. His library in Chapel street was full of the most *recherche* books—the choicest editions, and, above all, the most exquisite bindings. His furniture was the result of years of study. Nothing could equal the elegance of his manners except his contempt for Bloomsbury Square and the middle class, from a very humble station of which he himself had sprung. Throned in the bay window at White's club, with the Duke of Rutland on one side and Lord Alvanley on the other, his frown could destroy the reputation of a passing dandy, and his approval insure success in the *beau monde*. He was a law-giver as to pantaloons, and a legislator in the matter of boots. In our degenerate days nothing appears so vulgar as the coarse and offensive impudence of his *bon mots*, but they were the rage in the three bottle days; and against this fribble's decision in matters of taste there was no appeal. The Regent, who was haughty with a duke, was familiar with Brummell. The tide turned at last, and the Phæton of Carlton House fell. He dared to thwart divine right in its pleasures. He objected to the cruel discarding of Mrs. Fitzherbert for another and a less worthy favorite. The Regent at once broke in two the glass idol of Bond street. He struck him two blows; one was for standing between him and the new syren, the second for asking, at Lady Cholmondeley's ball, "Who is your fat friend?" The second blow was struck in a way worthy of the Regent's mean spirit of revenge. He asked the Beau to dinner, under the garb of reconciliation, and when the Beau had taken rather too much wine, rang the bell, saying to the Duke of York: "I think we had better order Mr. Brummell's carriage before he gets drunk."

It was a strange rise—it was a miserable fall. The tuft hunter's debts had accumulated like an avalanche, and like an avalanche they soon came rolling upon him. He became consul at Caen, lost the appointment by imprudence; and, retaining to the last—even when poor, paralyzed, and imbecile—his old affectations, died in Calais, a poor, forlorn, driveling, beggared exile.

DEATH OF MR. RATHBONE.—Those who have read the life of Father Mathew, by Mr. Maguire, will remember the warm friendship that existed between the munificent Liverpool merchant and the Apostle of Temperance. In every exigency of his useful, holy life, Father Mathew had a never failing resource in the friendship of Mr. Rathbone, and now the latter, it is to be hoped, has gone to join his saintly friend.

Mr. Rathbone's hospitality, without being ostentatious, was large. After Father Mathew had visited England, the family he most loved and the home he most delighted in was that happy one at Greenbank. The Apostle of Temperance had unbounded admiration for the charity of the Rathbones. Mrs. Rathbone, and at least one of her sons, visited Ireland in the year of the famine and relieved misery with princely beneficence. Blanco White was also a visitor at Greenbank, and, if we remember rightly, died there; but he was a very different man from Father Mathew, being "Everything by turn and nothing long." The poet boasted in reference to his father that he had "rocked the cradle of his declining years." The cradle of Mr. Rathbone's declining years was surrounded by wife, sister, sons, and friends, one and all of whom must have borrowed sanctity from the expiring words of the good old man.

PHENOMENA OF DREAMS.

Philosophers have not disdained to discuss the theory of dreams, but the action of the mind, its vagaries and gyrations during sleep, has not yet, and perhaps never will be satisfactorily explained. A writer in *Southern Society*, gives some curious instances of what he calls coincidences, which, as it relate to two well-known citizens of our own State—the late Judge Porter, United States Senator, and Felix Gardere, State Treasurer—we reproduce, the genuineness of the facts being undoubted:

Judge Alexander Porter, of Louisiana, once related to me a curious dream he had had. Being in New Orleans, he was engaged until a late hour one evening in a conversation with Mr. Gardere, our State Treasurer at the time. In the course of conversation the Judge referred to an article in an English periodical, which he desired to show Mr. Gardere, but having left it in his room in the third or fourth story of the St. Louis Hotel, he promised to hand it to Mr. Gardere in the morning. The friends separated, Mr. Gardere to go home and the Judge to go to bed. Much fatigued, he soon fell asleep, and dreamed. Dreamed he was traveling on horseback to Nashville, Tennesse, a route which he had often gone over, and with which he was perfectly familiar. He passed through several days with various experiences; stopped at the different stands, crossed the rivers, and was pursuing his journey as leisurely as he had often done before. This night, as he thought, he stopped in the Indian Nation, at a very rude and suspicious looking place. There were several rough, ugly looking customers sitting round the fire. From some whispers and suspicious glances which he had observed, he was satisfied those ruffians intended to rob, perhaps murder him. Isolated as the locality was—there was no house within miles around—there was no alternative but to remain where he was. His horse was very much jaded, and being much fatigued himself, he took up his saddle-bags and retired for the night. There was no lock on the door of the room, but so impressed was he with the insecurity of his situation, that he put the furniture and everything he could move against the door, in order at least to have some little warning; if possible, to be awakened by the resistance which these barricades would offer, and trust to chance for his safety. His forebodings were too true; he had not long been in bed (according to his dream) before he heard persons approaching his room; stopping, they commenced pushing at the door. In this dilemma he scarcely knew what to do, but in a second he determined that his only safety was to rise from his bed, and await the entrance of the robbers, perhaps murderers, and when the door yielded, as he knew it must, to knock the first man down and run for the woods, where he hoped to secrete himself until daylight. Acting on this idea, he slowly rose from his bed and took such a position as would enable him to knock down the first intruder, then escape by flight. It was not long before the feeble resistance of his barricades yielded to the outward force. Feeling the door yielding, he made ready and knocked down—not the robber—but his friend, Mr. Gardere! who, being much astonished at his unwelcome reception, exclaimed, "Halloo, Judge!" The Judge immediately awakened, and as soon as conscious of facts, was delighted to find that he had not seriously injured his friend, when an explanation took place. It had been but a few minutes since the Judge had retired to his room, when Mr. Gardere, curious to see the article in the periodical previously alluded to, determined to go up to the Judge's room and take it home with him that night. The first touch of the knob and the opening of the door had, no doubt, induced the whole dream of the journey to Nashville, the robbers, etc. The Judge had only time to get out of bed, and as Mr. Gardere entered he received the blow intended for the robber, which knocked down his friend, but relieved the Judge from his painful dream, which he related to me in all seriousness, vouching for the authenticity of the facts, but looking upon it as a mere coincidence.

CONDESCENSION OF THE POPE—No unprejudiced person, in visiting Rome—seeing and hearing for himself—can fail being impressed with the angelic traits of its ruler. A late traveler writing home says:

Every one is full of beautiful stories of the daring and devotion of the Papal Zouaves, and the tenderness of the "Holy Father" toward them. He goes constantly to see the wounded. A young count of the Zouaves died the other day of his wounds. His father arrived in time to see him, and close the eyes of this, his only son. The Pope sent for the father, and when he entered, opened his arms, into which the father threw himself, weeping. The Pope wept like a woman—decorated the father with the order which was to have been given to the son, and asked "What can I do for you, who have given your blood for me?" He has letters every day from the parents of the fallen, saying they ask no higher fate for their children than to die in such a cause, such is their enthusiasm. Cardinal Barnabo had a letter from a widowed mother, whose only son had been killed, in which the mother said, "Had I a thousand sons I would give them all for this cause. Tell the 'Holy Father' I have been all my life keeping intact my son's patrimony—I gave him the one—I now give him the other." The Cardinal read this to the Pope. He said, with many tears, "Oh, what can I send her? what can I say?" then he went into his little bed chamber, and from a secretary took a broach set in jewels—on the broach was a figure of an angel with outstretched hand—"Take her this," said the Pope, "and tell her to look upon this as a figure of her son, who, as her guardian angel, points to her the way for us to follow him."

The secret of perfection is, not to do a great deal, but to do perfectly the smallest things; seeing nothing is small in the service of God.