

# MORNING STAR



## Catholic Messenger.

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger

THE MORNING STAR has been started with the approval of the ecclesiastical authority of the Diocese, to supply an admitted want in New Orleans, and is mainly devoted to the interests of the Catholic Church. It will not interfere in politics except wherein they interfere with Catholic rights, but will expose iniquity in high places, without regard to persons or parties. Next to the spiritual rights of all men, it will especially champion the temporal rights of the poor.

Approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop: We approve of the foregoing undertaking, and commend it to the Catholics of our Diocese. J. M. ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS, December 18, 1875.

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"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!"

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VOLUME VIII. NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 21, 1875. NUMBER 42.

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.  
NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1875.  
TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

**GERMANY.**—The Government is preparing proceedings before the Ecclesiastical Court against the Archbishop of Cologne and the Bishop of Treves for the purpose of deposing them. Count Von Arnim is still at Vevey, in Switzerland. He has asked leave of the Court to remain abroad longer on account of the state of his health, before undergoing imprisonment. Before the answer was sent a pamphlet containing a document connected with the trial, and some matter insulting to the Emperor and Bismarck, appeared. It is thought that Arnim, or one of his friends, had it published.

**IRELAND.**—The River Folka, near Dublin, burst its banks on the 13th, submerging a thousand acres.  
**ENGLAND.**—A terrible storm passed over London on the 13th, damaging property to the amount of \$5,000,000. On the coast a number of vessels were wrecked and many lives lost. Block, Vaughan & Co., iron producers, at Leeds, have been compelled owing to a strike of workmen, to discharge 2,000 to 3,000 hands. In Glasgow, on the 13th, the large cotton mills belonging to Robertson & Young were burned. Loss, \$1,500,000. 1,200 persons thrown out of employment.

**FRANCE.**—The great debate on the system of voting took place on the 12th. The Assembly Hall was crowded. Ricord, Moderate Republican, opened the debate, opposing the Government project of voting by attendances. Gambetta also spoke in the same strain. Dufaure, Minister of Justice, replied, and a vote was taken by secret ballot, resulting in favor of the Government by 357 to 326.  
Gambetta's organ next day said: "We are beaten, but not despairing; it is not enough to triumph in the Assembly; the country is still to be won. What has happened should stimulate our zeal. If we can enlighten the country, universal suffrage will be able to take care of itself."

In consequence of its triumph, the Conservative party intends to take the lead in the movement in favor of dissolution. It is generally believed the Assembly will dissolve in December, and elections for Senators be held in January and for Representatives in February. The Government motion to postpone consideration of the Municipal bill till after the election, though opposed by the Republicans, was passed by the Conservatives by a large majority.

**TURKEY.**—Selim Pacha's army was surrounded week before last by a body of Herzegovinians and defeated with a loss of a thousand men killed, its provision train, 50 tons of ammunition and 300 rifles. The insurgents lost 59 killed and 30 wounded. Reports have been received by the Porte of another fight between other bodies of troops in which the insurgents were defeated, losing 600 men. The Turkish forces having been withdrawn from the Serbian frontier, Prince Milan has ordered his troops home.

**SPAIN.**—Don Carlos has written a letter to Alfonso in which he says: "The attitude of President Grant is a prelude to war between Spain and the United States. If you do not recognize the independence of Cuba, the revolution which you represent is responsible for this partricial rebellion. Had I reigned it would not have occurred; at least not gained strength. Now, however, the integrity of the country is at stake, and all her children are bound to defend it. Should we break out I offer you a truce as long as the contest lasts, but maintain my rights to the crown as I retain the conviction that I shall one day wear it. I cannot send my loyal volunteers to Cuba, but I will defend these provinces and the Cantabrian coast will send out privateers, manned by the indomitable population of that coast, which will pursue the merchant ships of our enemies, and perhaps chase them into their own harbors. If you accept the truce let us appoint representatives to settle the conditions. If you refuse, the world will be the witness that Catholic Spain has nobly done her duty." The only answer given by the Madrid Government to this is an order to Gen. Quesada henceforth to receive no communication from Don Carlos, except the announcement of an unconditional surrender.

**UNION STATES.**  
**ALABAMA.**—The new Constitution was ratified last Tuesday by from 50,000 to 60,000 majority. Only four counties in the State gave majorities against it, the remaining sixty-one being overwhelmingly in favor of it.

**WISCONSIN.**—Milwaukee, Nov. 18.—Official returns: Ludington, Republican, for Governor, by majority; Parker, Democrat, for Lieutenant Governor, 1901. The Democrats elect the balance of the State ticket.

**FAILURES.**—The Boston Bulletin's list of failures and suspensions for the week gives thirteen for Boston and New England. Ten failures are also announced in New York for the week.

**BURNETT'S COCAINE** for the hair has stood the test of time and competition. It has established a reputation for purity and efficacy in every quarter of the world. Millions of bottles have been sold during the last twenty years, and the public have rendered verdict that it is the cheapest and best hair dressing in the world.

Buy your shoes at Geo. J. Wagner's, corner of Daphne and Ursuline streets, Second District. His goods are of excellent quality and finish, and his prices are very low.

### Jubilee Exercises in Mobile.

[From Tuesday's Register.]  
As announced in Sunday's Register, the Solemn Mass of Devotion of the Forty Hours took place at the Cathedral at 10 o'clock Sunday morning. For the past week a solemn mission, conducted by the Rev. Clergy of the Cathedral, closed with the solemn devotion of the Forty Hours. The ceremonies, according to the Roman Catholic Ritual, were carried out in their fullest perfection. A solemn High Mass was celebrated, with the Rev. Father Ryan celebrant; Rev. Father Desjardins as deacon; and Rev. Father Keeler as sub-deacon. The Very Rev. Father McDonough preaching a discourse on the Blessed Sacrament. After Mass, the usual procession of the Blessed Sacrament, accompanied by the various societies and sodalities of the Cathedral, was formed, and marched around the church. After this Solemn Benediction was imparted by the Rev. Father Ryan. On Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, according to announcement, the various members of the congregation, assembled at the Cathedral to the number of 3,000 or more, and after a few words from the Very Rev. Vicar General, Very Rev. F. McDonough, and Father Ryan, the procession formed, with the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society as an escort. Then came the Children of the Christian Brothers school, numbering 300 strong; then followed the Children of Mary of the Cathedral, 250 members; the Angela Society, 75, with their banners and pennants; the ladies of the congregation, the gentlemen of the congregation, the visiting clergy and clergy of the Cathedral, various parishes, and the laity in general. The procession was very long, and visited the four churches prescribed by the R. Rev. Bishop Guilpin. The procession visited the Church of St. Vincent's after having made their devotions at the Cathedral; then visited St. Patrick's Church, and finally visited St. Joseph's. Rev. Father Imsand kindly received them at the church door, and after a few appropriate and kind remarks to the large audience assembled before the church, imparted to them the Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. We must congratulate the Catholics of Mobile on the quiet and devotional, as well as imposing demonstration of last Sunday afternoon; and during the next two processions of next Sunday and the following, we hope to see all our Catholic brethren in procession. We have no doubt, but next Sunday's procession will be still more imposing. The Rev. Father Ryan will dismiss the procession at Father Imsand's with a few words and Benediction.

### Burial of Guibord.

Montreal, Nov. 16.—The military programme was carried out. By half-past 8 o'clock the streets were crowded with spectators. The grave was prepared at the Catholic Cemetery in presence of a couple of boys, police and sextons. At 10 o'clock the soldiers and members of the institute approached. At the Protestant Cemetery the soldiers formed in hollow square and the friends of the deceased entered. The coffin containing Guibord's remains was brought out; the troops shouldered arms, and the funeral procession started, which at that time consisted of a couple of caissons; the police were the sole guards; the military not far behind. The streets were crowded with people of all classes, in cabs, carts and on foot. Great quiet prevailed. When the procession entered the Catholic cemetery, the crowd came from all directions and ran up all the avenues towards the grave. The soldiers did not enter the yard. The police formed a large square around the grave and kept the crowd back while the coffin was brought from the hearse, by four men, placed in a bed of cement and the grave filled up. Some remarks were made by a friend of the deceased, which were looted by some roughs. Nothing was said on the side of the Canadian Institute. Threats to dig the body out of the grave, if occasion offered, were so openly made that the President of the institute asked that a guard be placed over the grave for twenty-four hours until the cement hardened. The cold rain hurried the crowd away.

**NEW ORLEANS AS A COTTON MARKET.**—If there should be any doubts as to the superiority of New Orleans as a cotton market over St. Louis, a recent occurrence, which is here related, should settle the question forever. An Arkansas farmer shipped a lot of cotton to that city, which was sold at 13 cents by the able and experienced factor who received it. The buyer (doubtless some old Louisiana or Mississippi cotton planter) at once shipped it to Messrs. Temple & Coons & Co., general agents in this city, who on Friday disposed of it at 15 cents—two cents per pound advance. The fact of the business is, it takes time to make efficient salesmen of cotton, the business not being acquired in a year or two, and the St. Louis factors are consequently deficient in the proper knowledge necessary to those who have to handle so important a commodity. Messrs. Temple & Coons & Co., being the direct agents of cotton planters, and old planters themselves, know all that is worth knowing about the staple, and will get its worth every time. St. Louis factors cannot be expected to do this.—N. O. Sunday's Tribune.

The latest conundrum is, "Why is the Fourth of July?" That's all. An interval of fifteen minutes is here allowed for guessing the answer. Then the conundrum is put again in this form: "Why is the 4th of July?"

### (For the Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.) FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR.

A sweetly perfumed cluster bright  
Of flowers, rich and rare,  
To dwell on Jesus' shrine of love,  
And spend their fragrance there;  
To offer endless, loving prayers  
For some dear, fervent heart,  
That fain would ever linger there,  
But now is forced to part;  
To dwell beside that tiny home,  
Where lives the God of Love,  
To breathe their perfumed praises sweet  
E'en unto Him above;  
To watch the long and silent night,  
And loving vigils keep,  
While man, the chosen creature, e'en  
Forgets His God in sleep;  
To spend the beauty of their lives,  
Their lives so quickly run,  
And bow their heads before that shrine,  
Their love's last labor done.  
Oh! sweetest of all missions here  
To creatures ever given,  
Oh! sweetest privilege to dear,  
The Saviour's only heaven!  
To live, and breathe at Jesus' shrine  
Each performed, sacred sigh,  
And at the same sweet Jesus' feet  
To linger, e'en to die!  
Oh! would that I my lonely life  
At Jesus' sacred feet  
Could spend, beside that tiny home,  
Like fragrant flowers sweet!  
Oh! would that I the busy days  
Could pass as flowers fair,  
My every breath a loving act  
To Jesus hidden there.  
And through the long and silent night,  
With eyes of watching keep,  
A loving place near Jesus dear,  
And o'er his sorrows weep!  
May I not thus my moments spend,  
May I not ever make,  
Thus ceaseless acts of prayerful praise  
For my own Jesus' sake.  
Ah! each low word I softly breathe,  
Each footstep of the way  
I bend unto the opening tomb,  
I'll ever strive to say:  
My God, I'll offer this through love,  
That thus my life may be  
One endless prayer, like flowers fair,  
Forever giv'n to Thee!

MUNONETTE, CHILD OF MARY.  
St. Alphonsus Parish, Nov. 16, 1875.

### THE WONDERS OF LOURDES.

(Continued.)

#### THE GROTTO OF LOURDES.

Lourdes, in the Diocese of Tarbes, towards the southwestern frontier of France, is a small but picturesque town of the Pyrenees. Previous to the wonderful occurrences which we are going to relate, it was famous only for the excellence of its chocolate. It is situated at the entrance of several mountain gorges, leading to the most frequented springs of medicinal waters in the Pyrenees: Cauterets, Saint Sauveur, Baresges, Bagnères de Bigorres, Bagnères de Luchon. At a short distance to the west of the town, there rises, almost perpendicularly, a natural wall of frowning rocks, known in the vicinity as "Roche Massabielle;" that is, "Old Rocks." In the shadow of these crags, a torrent, formed of all the waters which rush from the neighboring mountains, hurries along. At this epoch a little canal branched off from the main stream, and bathing the feet of the Massabielle rocks, hastened on to put in motion the ponderous wheels of two mills. In this wall of grayish stones, a grotto, about twelve feet high and as many deep, has been excavated by nature herself. The roof, of smooth, unbroken surface, describes an arch, and curving toward the left, sinks into the soil at acute angles. The right hand side is almost perpendicular. In the interior to the right of the spectator, at an elevation of six or seven feet from the soil, we notice a hollow recess in the shape of a niche, six feet in height, and bearing a close resemblance to an elongated O. This, as well as the grotto itself, is the workmanship of nature. The hand of man has never exercised its skill upon these wild crags. The depth of the niche is inconsiderable. The grotto, by reason of its very structure, was neither damp

nor dark. Bushes of mountain growth adorned it with a pleasing framework of straggling foliage.

In the month of February, 1858, a wild-briar bush was the only other monument of the grotto of Massabielle. It grew and thrived capriciously at the very foot of the niche, and its pendent branches hung freely towards the ground. To this uninviting spot, few steps were ever attracted. A few herdsmen and shepherds, overtaken by bad weather, sometimes betook themselves to its shelter. We have observed that the soil of the cavern was wholly free from moisture.

That is the place, foreordained by Providence, to witness every display of the glory and love of the Most Blessed Virgin.

#### III. BERNADETTE.

Marie Bernadette Soubirous, of Lourdes, whom we shall call by her familiar name of Bernadette, was, in 1858, a small tiny girl of fourteen, little indeed even among the little things of this world. The life of her family was one of incessant toil and strict sparing—penury itself was no frequent guest beneath its roof.

From her birth Bernadette seemed doomed for an early grave. On the completion of her fourteenth year, she was yet thin, diminutive in size, sickly in constitution. In her cradle, asthma seized upon her feeble lungs, and fastened obstinately on them. She had been brought up in the neighboring parish of Bartres, and the greater part of her childhood was passed on the green hillocks which surround that village, keeping watch over a little flock of sheep.

This alone distinguished her from other ordinary children—the exuberant frolicsomeness of early youth was quenched in her by the habitual oppression of her breathing.

But in that wretched child lay hidden a treasure, over which God himself watched with complacency: her heart—pure with the virginal glow of untainted innocence. Artless, extremely docile, very affectionate, of an engaging candor, she was the embodiment of guileless simplicity. Look, speech, countenance; her very trait bespoke the ingenuousness of her soul. Her features were not of a refined stamp, but they were mild, agreeable, and full of sympathy. Her hair was jet black, her eyes of a lustrous brown, shone with a subdued radiance beneath her pale brow.

She was fourteen, and she had not yet known the bliss of a first communion, but, in her soul, her baptismal purity must have been assuredly preserved in its integrity.

Sin, evil of any description, filled her with horror; a fault committed in her presence caused her exquisite suffering. Her sister, younger than herself by three years, often relates with emotions of tender respect, how Bernadette let pass no occasion of reproaching her with her distaste for prayer, her peevishness, her over-bold manners.

During the evening prayer, made in common by the assembled household, the attitude of Bernadette was ever respectful and composed; she used no support whilst kneeling;—everything in her betokened piety and devotion.

She was ignorant of even the primary elements of learning;—but she knew well how to recite her beads. 'Twas her only prayer; she had learnt no other. With her well-worn chaplet clasped in her hands, she would, frequently during the day, address herself to the Blessed Virgin Mary, whom she scarcely knew, we may say, except by name. But the Virgin Mother of Nazareth knew Bernadette, and loved and watched over her. Let her grow in years, in piety and meekness; Mary is waiting for her.

Bernadette must return to the paternal roof; she is to prepare for her first communion. One day previous to her departure, the good priest, to whose pastoral care the parish of Bartres was at this moment entrusted, met her driving along her little flock. The aspect of innocent candor depicted on her face instantly struck him. He bowed to her with a species of religious reverence; and looking after her when she had passed, he exclaimed, "The children to whom the Blessed Virgin appeared on the mountain of La Salette, must have been like that little girl." The worthy priest knew not that in his words, there was the shadow of a prophecy.

#### IV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1858.

On Thursday, February 11th, 1858, Mme. Soubirous allowed her daughter to sally out, in company with her young sister Mary, and a little girl of one of the neighbors—they were going to the torrent near the Massabielle rocks for the purpose of gathering any refuse wood which might be lying around. Bernadette wore a poor dress of coarse, black wool, all patched; her head was enveloped in that pretty coil, named capulet, in use among the peasantry of the Pyrenees. Bernadette's was of pure, white wool; it fell gracefully over her shoulders, and protected them from the chillness of the air.

Off go the three children—it was about half past eleven—laughing and chatting gaily on the way. Half an hour afterwards they were at work on the town lots, bordering on the torrent, directly opposite the grotto. The cold was pretty sharp, the sky was cloudy, but not the slightest breath of wind disturbed the motionless air.

Bernadette was a few steps behind. Less lucky than her two companions, she had not met with the smallest twig of dry wood. The former had passed over the bed of the mill canal mentioned above; only a meagre stream it was at this moment. They had crossed with naked feet. Whilst putting on their sabots, they cried out to Bernadette that the water was icy.

"Delicate as she was, and weakened by her asthma, poor Bernadette hesitated to wet her feet. "I don't dare to get into the water," answered she, "my cough is too bad." Nevertheless, after a few moments she decided to risk it. Supporting herself on a large stone, she began to get ready. A sudden noise, as of a violent gust rushing impetuously by, caused her to lift her head and to look around. Strange! Not a leaf trembled on the tapering poplars that lined the banks of the torrent. "I must have been dreaming," muttered the astonished child; and again she leaned down to bare her feet. But, lo! the mysterious noise is heard anew; it seems now to confine itself to the grotto. Bernadette raises her head, casts one glance before her. She attempts to scream aloud, emotion chokes the sound. Struck with amazement at the sight which greets her, and trembling in every limb, she instinctively sinks to the earth on her knees.

A wonderful apparition stands before her, within the shadow of the grotto, in the recess of the niche.

At this very moment the sounds of the Angelus bells came from every quarter, floating musically through the still air, over the hill sides and meadows of Lourdes.

#### THE FIRST APPARITION.

In the midst of a dazzling light, gleaming with the intensity of the sun's noon-day splendor, but without its blinding glare, there appeared before the child a lady of incomparable beauty. She was of ordinary size. The charming freshness of maidenhood was diffused over her whole countenance. She was clothed in a long white robe, blasing with a silvery glitter, and of a texture unknown to human skill. An azure girdle encircled the waist. A veil, similar in material to the dress, shrouded the head and shoulders, and fell in many folds to the ground. The feet, of virginal whiteness, seemed to rest on the wild briar bush. Two roses, luminous with a gold-like glitter, shone on the upper portion of the Lady's feet. The two hands were held joined before the breast, in the attitude of fervent prayer. From the clasped fingers hung a long rosary, with beads of snowy whiteness, and a chain of pure gold; to it was attached a large golden cross.

The countenance of the Apparition was of unspeakable beauty. Upon it was mirrored the impress of peace, innocence, bounty, majesty. The brow was one of marvellous attraction; the eyes, of a deep sky-blue, beamed with a mild effulgence, that melted the heart of Bernadette. Upon the lips played a smile of heavenly tenderness and mansuetude.

Here was nothing vague and vapory; no fantastical illusion. The child beheld a living reality. That body, though glorified, was still a body, a thing of life and action.

Out of herself with wonder, Bernadette could scarcely trust her eyes. The beautiful Lady smiled upon her graciously; with gentle wave of the hand, and a slight inclination

of the head, she appeared to welcome her little visitor.

The child rubs her eyes, she is fully awake. Instinctively she draws her beads from her pocket, and to guard herself from delusion, endeavors to make the sign of the cross; but her hand falls powerless by her side. A feeling of indescribable fear creeps over her. But, at this moment, the Lady, with her right hand, takes the cross of her rosary, which hangs suspended over the left wrist, and slowly signs herself with the symbol of our salvation, then with a smile of unutterable benignity, she seems to say to the child: "Do as I do." Bernadette now strives to imitate the action of the vision; her arm has recovered its elasticity. The Lady joins her hands anew, and commences to pass the grains of her chaplet through her fingers; Bernadette recites her beads.

Since a few moments her sister was looking at her. She saw her face overspread with a deep pallor, her eyes fixed on vacancy; she noticed the double movement of the arm, she observed her appearance, as of one absorbed in intense prayer. "Well," said she to her companion, "look at Bernadette saying her prayers." "What a fancy to come here to pray. I think 'tis enough to pray in church," replied the other. "Bah! let her alone; that is the only thing she knows how to do."

They paid no further attention to Bernadette; but in order to warm themselves, away they went running and jumping around, picking up their little load of dried twigs. Thus did they busy themselves during the whole time that Bernadette employed in saying her beads.

Bernadette, motionless on her knees, keeps her eyes fixed upon that mysterious figure, so mild and so amiable. With ravishing sweetness, the Lady makes her a sign to approach nearer; Bernadette, far from moving, scarcely dares to breathe. Finally, the Lady opens her arms towards the child, bows slightly, smiles as if to bid farewell. "Bernadette smiles but the cold, gray stone and the leafless wild-briar, hears the gay laughter of her companions—the heavenly vision had vanished. The immaculate Virgin had withdrawn into the mystery of those realms, to pierce which is not given to mortal eye in this world, except by a special dispensation of the bounty of God.

Bernadette arose, hastily drew off her sabots, crossed the canal, and coming to her companions, exclaimed in a voice broken with emotion: "Have you seen nothing?" "No," replied the children, somewhat surprised. For the moment Bernadette said nothing further. The three children were soon on their way back to town.

Prompted by a natural curiosity, Mary Soubirous began to question her sister on her eccentric conduct at the grotto. Bernadette, unable to resist her importunities, related all that had occurred, but with the injunction of keeping it secret. The mother heard of the affair; she esteemed it all mere moonshine; but fearing lest her daughter should be led astray by some snare of the demon, she forbade her to return to the grotto. Bernadette answered not a word, but her little heart swelled with grief. During the evening prayer, when she came to her favorite invocation, "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to you," she burst into a flood of tears. The dear child had not the least thought that the Apparition of the Grotto was, in any way, connected with her heavenly mother. But how could she abandon the hope of again seeing that beautiful Lady, who had shown her such condescension; a relentless attraction towards the grotto sprang up in her bosom.

(To be continued.)

THE HONESTRAD ASSOCIATION.—With great pleasure we call attention to the very satisfactory statement of this Association which will be found on the fifth page of to-day's STAR. During the past two years \$25,000 have been loaned to stockholders, but this amount represents only a tithe of the benefits conferred, as through the Association many persons have been enabled to save their little properties from the sheriff's hands, while others have become owners of the houses which they rented. We are glad of the success of this Association for many reasons, the principal of which is that it will be instrumental in causing others to be organized when business improves, and thus be the means of securing to every industrious mechanic, clerk and laborer a home of his own.