

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger. NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, MARCH 17, 1878.

PIUS IX.

How He Looked in Death.

Immense Crowds that Filled St. Peter's to View His Remains.

THE SOLEMN CLOSING SCENES.

London Register, February 13. The embalming being concluded, the body of the beloved Pontiff, Pius IX, was exposed in a small saloon contiguous to the chamber in which he died. To this saloon were admitted those who had loved Pius IX while living and mourned his death. From eleven till four he lay exposed to the gaze of his beloved children. On his dear head was the crimson cambric bordered with ermine, which he rarely wore in life. On his shoulders was the mozzetta, scarlet in color, bordered with ermine. The arms were crossed upon his breast, and his fair hands, now white in death, clasped that crucifix which had consoled him in his last moments. The face of the dead Pontiff had that appearance which the human heart will always associate with that of those who die in the Lord. A waxy clearness was in the face, and the contracted lower lip seemed as if it had been thus contracted in a smile. Two Noble Guards stood at the foot of the bed with swords in mourning, and motionless as statues. It is more easy to imagine than to describe the sorrow which sat upon the faces and gathered in the eyes of the Romans, mostly the nobility of the Eternal City, as they entered into the room where lay the mortal remains of their beloved Father.

SOBS BURST FORTH UNRESTRAINEDLY. Tears flowed down many faces, and as the people knelt at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, fell upon the white coverlet of his bed. Devotion, love, sorrow filled their hearts; and the presence of others did not prevent them from giving full way to these feelings. And even they who owed so much to Pius IX, were not alone in the display of their sorrow for his loss. The very Jews have deplored his death, and have given testimony of the grief which oppressed them when this their champion and protector was removed from amongst them. All Rome, with one sad exception, the Municipality, with Prince Emmanuel Ruspall at its head, grieved and wept the loss they sustained in the death of Pius IX. A miserable defence has been attempted to be set up for the wretched corporation, but it has failed egregiously.

At four o'clock further admissions to look upon the dead Pontiff were refused. The vesting of him in the habit of a Bishop was then begun. This task devolved upon the Penitentiaries of St. Peter's. It was a long and a difficult task. A gold mitre was placed upon the head; the chasuble was of crimson cloth of gold; on the hands were purple silk gloves, and on the fourth finger of the right hand was the episcopal ring. As on his death-bed, so now, the hands clasped the crucifix. Slippers embroidered in gold covered the feet, which had purple silk stockings on them. The robes of the Greek Church in communion with the Holy See, such as his Holiness was accustomed to wear at the great ceremonies when he pontificated in St. Peter's were placed upon his dead body, as well as those he wore as Bishop of the Roman Church. At five o'clock the mitre was placed upon his head, and from this hour forward those who were about to assist at the ceremony of the removal of his body from his room in the Vatican to the Chapel of the Most Holy Sacrament in the Basilica of St. Peter, had already begun to gather, and to fill up the neighboring halls. At half-past six the preparations were complete, and the bearers raised up the bed on which the Pontiff lay in death, and began to move forward. The procession was opened by two files of Swiss Guards, followed by Palafrenieri and by the clergy bearing torches. Then came the mace-bearers, and they were followed by a detachment of the Swiss Guards. The bearers of the funeral bed, on which was Pius IX., the beloved Pontiff, surrounded by the Noble Guard and by the Penitentiaries of the Vatican Basilica, then came along slowly and mournfully. The Penitentiaries bore lighted wax candles. They were followed by Mgr. Ricci, Major-domo; Mgr. Macchi, Master of the household; Mgr. Samminiatelli, Secret Almoner; and Mgrs. Negrotto, Casali del Drago, De Bisogno, and Della Voipe, Secret Chamberlains; and by Mgr. Vannutelli, Substitute of the Secretary of State. Immediately after these came Marquis Sacchetti, Marquis Scrlipini, and the Commendatore Filippini. Behind these followed the Duke of Castelvecchio, commander of the Corps of the Noble Guard; Prince Altieri, Captain; and the privileged officers of the same Corps. The Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church—that is to say, all those in Rome who were able to attend—came next, and as they proceeded their voices were raised in the chanting of psalms. After the members of the Sacred College came very many princes and members of the high aristocracy. Behind these followed the Secret Chamberlains of his Holiness with other distinguished personages. The procession was closed by a detachment of the Palatine Guard of Honor. It is seldom that such a sad and solemn ceremony is witnessed even in Rome, and it is difficult for those who have not seen it, or who do not know the scene on which it occurred, even to imagine its strange and melancholy interest.

A PROFOUND AND SOLEMN SABBATH seemed to accompany the procession as it passed through the ample halls of the Vatican, through the world-renowned Loggia of Raphael, through the Ducal and Royal Halls, by stairs and vestibules whose names are celebrated in the annals of Rome, and the very existence of which constitute an imperishable monument of the magnificence of the Roman Pontiffs. Many persons who had not been enabled before to kiss the foot of the Sovereign Pontiff had gathered in the halls and passages through which the procession passed, and with tears and sobs paid the last tribute of respect to their venerated Sovereign and Father. At 7 o'clock exactly the body of the defunct Pontiff was brought into the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where it

was waited for by the Chapter of St. Peter with lighted candles. There the body was placed upon the funeral bed in the spot prepared for it. All the Cardinals surrounded the bed, and the cantors of the Cappella Giulia intone the customary prayers, after which Mgr. Folocaldi, Canon of the Patriarchal Basilica of the Vatican, pronounced the Absolution. The pious ceremonies being thus concluded, the processions withdrew, and the body of Pius IX was left in the custody of the Noble Guard, who have the duty and privilege of watching over it until it be placed in the sepulchre.

It is reported that, from midnight on Saturday, persons began to gather around the gates that close in the portico of St. Peter's, with the intention of waiting until these gates were opened at six o'clock on Sunday morning. However that may be, I know that at half-past five in the morning, long before day broke over the sleeping city, between six and seven thousand persons had already taken up their position in front of St. Peter's.

THEY WAITED PATIENTLY IN THE DARK AND COLD MORNING.

They were possessed by one sole thought—to be first to visit the great Pontiff whose death the Catholic world laments. Soldiers and carbiniers were in the grand piazza to preserve order when necessary, and to suppress rebellion or revolution, if such should occur. Happily those who waited at the gates of St. Peter's were neither disturbers nor revolutionists. The gates are opened and the crowd soon gathers around the doors in the vestibule. The minutes pass slowly, but the people are silent. At seven the great doors begin to fall back on their hinges, and the crowd flows into the immense basilica. They press forward to the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where they gaze, many with dimmed eyes, on the countenance of the Pontiff; and, with deepest devotion, kiss his slipper, that may be easily reached, as his feet are close to the iron rails that enclose this chapel. As the hours pass on the crowd increases. At ten o'clock the crowd is immense, and many begin to suffer. I had already endured the crushing at the Quirinal when the dead body of Victor Emmanuel was exposed; but severe and difficult as that was, and the entrance there, they were but slight in comparison to this in St. Peter's on Sunday morning. The gendarmes in front of the chapel had formed a narrow passage, through which only a limited number of persons were allowed to pass at one time. This was an excellent plan; but as the great nave was filled, for about ten or twelve of its whole extent, by a compact crowd that pressed towards the narrow passage formed by the gendarmes, the latter experienced the greatest difficulty in keeping their position. Meanwhile, the crowd swayed to and fro, and from right to left, in a manner that was most disagreeable to many. As some strove to force their way forward to the Chapel of the Most Holy Sacrament, the gendarmes, whose patience, it must be confessed, had been sorely tried, struck the people. Shouts arose from the men and shrieks from the women. Many of the latter fainted, and were brought to a state of consciousness by the ammonia and vinegar with which the guards were provided. The men in front, who were driven by those behind them, were frequently maltreated by the gendarmes, some being collared in a very rude manner and handed over to the Guards of Public Security, who removed them from the church. About 11 o'clock, however, a large number of Italian soldiers entered the Church and drew up in a double line in front of the chapel. They gradually closed in and prevented others from joining the crowd. This is the first time that the Italian soldiers of the line ever served in St. Peter's. One gate only was open at the portico, and that was for the use of those departing from the Basilica. No more were allowed to enter the church until the crowd within was considerably lessened. The entrance gate being only opened for a few seconds permitted the entrance of but a limited number; and by this means order was secured within the church. But the crowd without was excessive. Such a gathering has not been seen in Rome since the day upon which the Vatican Council was opened, when I beheld the vast Basilica almost filled. During the whole day of Sunday last this crowd continued, and for three days afterwards. It is almost incredible that a constant stream of thousands of people could be kept up during the whole day from six in the morning until half-past five in the evening. And yet it has been so for four days. It is one of the most wonderful considerations in this sad time. It shows

HOW DEEPLY THE ROMANS LOVED PIUS IX.

Although it may be said that some may have come to scoff—as really did occur unchecked by gendarmes or police—and some through curiosity, yet not even the most bigoted Liberal doubts but that it was the affection of the people for Pius IX, both as Pontiff and King, which attracted them to witness his dear lineaments in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament at the Vatican. The appearance of the Pontiff with golden mitre and scarlet cloth of gold chasuble was beautiful in the extreme. The face was pale—indeed, it was nearly always pale in life—and waxen. The features had that distinguishing character which enabled you at once to recognize the Pontiff. A slight contraction of the mouth, the under lip pressed against the upper more closely than during life, gave one the idea of the pain that the Pontiff suffered during the last two hours of his life. But in another light this contraction looks that of a smile. At each side of the bier stand six great candlesticks bearing large wax candles lighted. At the corners stand four Noble Guards with helmets with white plumes, blue uniform, and swords in their right hands. They resemble painted statues, so silent and motionless are they. At the door of the chapel leading to the Vatican Palace, and by which the procession I have described proceeded, hangs a red curtain. In front of this curtain, and standing out clear against it, are two Swiss Guards with halberds, silent and motionless as the Noble Guards, and who look as if they had just stepped down from a sixteenth century picture. Without the chapel, and in front of the heavy railing which closes it in, stand a pile of Sampietrini, with purple frock coats with velvet collars and gold binding. They are those who watch and care for the great Basilica. Then come gendarmes with tall blue and red plumes in their hats; and, further from the chapel, Guards of Public Security and soldiers of the line. The latter were occasionally succeeded by bersaglieri. The mode of en-

trance and exit for them was by the sacristy.

Mass was said during these four days in the Canon's Chapel, opposite the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. A very simple catafalque, surmounted by a tiara, stood in front of the altar in this chapel. The music was of that sad nature that conveys so well to the ear the sorrow of the occasion on which it was used. No organ accompaniment interfered with the sweet tones of the voices of the Pontifical singers.

THE BURIAL.

Day by day the crowds poured into the Basilica. From early morning, through the weary hours of the sunny days, and until the shades of night came down upon the city, the people pressed along the various streets leading to the Bridge of St. Angelo and filled the Borgo, until from the high ground near the bridge this street was black and living with the multitudes that passed along. At the doors the soldiers of the Line formed a hedge enclosing a considerable space, within which was empty. The living hedge opened at intervals of a few minutes, and the crowd then flowed into the Basilica. The steps leading up to the extensive platform in front of the portico were filled with a compact mass of human beings, waiting until the hedge opened, sometimes at the sides, sometimes in the front, so as to remove the possibility of having a very great crowd at one spot. By another hedge of soldiers within the church the crowd was directed past the altar on the right, where the sad Pieta of Michael Angelo sits, and so along the right aisle until the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament was reached. The aisle is closed here by the chapels enclosed during the time of the Vatican Council, and the spectators are directed into the great nave, where, at the statue of St. Peter, the line of soldiers ends, and the visitor is free from their restraint or direction. A few seconds in all the time allowed in front of the bier on the Pope lies. The words "Avanti Signori, Avanti!" are constantly repeated by the guards who stand along the line. In front of the chapel half a dozen artists are busily engaged in sketching or painting the touching scene.

ON Wednesday night the venerable REMAINS OF PIUS THE NINTH WERE PLACED IN THE SEPULCHRE.

There seemed to be in the minds of the people for days past a sense of their still possessing Pius IX. One could scarcely think he was lost to them when he lay in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. He looked so much like himself, so much like what he looked on many and many a glorious and memorable occasion, that it was not to be wondered at that only on the day morning should the sense of their dear loss press sorely on the minds and hearts of the Roman people. His remains were then removed from their gaze and placed in the sepulchre, and hidden away from them for ever.

The Basilica of St. Peter's on Wednesday night presented a sad appearance, and such as would cause deep emotion in the hearts of those who saw it. Here and there throughout the immense nave a solitary candle was placed, sometimes in a simple sconce on the pavement. The six tall candles on the High Altar were lighted. The tiny bands of light around the Confession where lies the body of the first Vicar of Christ glimmered like an army of fireflies. In the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament burned the twelve torches that surrounded the bier of Pius the Ninth, and the six candles on the altar dispelled the upper gloom. The faithful Noble Guard surrounded the bier; the Swiss Guards stood at the door that leads to the Vatican, and, when the gate of the chapel was opened to the people, guarded the entrance. As the people, furnished with the permissions signed by His Eminence Cardinal Pecci, Camerlengo, entered the Basilica from the Sacristy, through which they were obliged to pass, many, indeed most of them, approached the chapel, and, kneeling, prayed fervently for the dead Pontiff and for the wants of the Church. Many, again, especially the pious ladies, begged the priest who was within the chapel to place upon the body of the dead Pontiff rosaries, medals, crucifixes, etc., which they held as relics and memorials of this sad scene and of this dear Father.

MEANWHILE THE

CARDINALS DESCENDED FROM THE CONSISTORIAL HALL,

where they were assembled, and proceeded into the chapel by the private staircase. Here they were waited for by the clergy of the Basilica to form the procession which should accompany the dead body of the Pontiff, now about to be placed in its temporary sepulchre. As the Cardinals passed before the bier each of them kissed the feet of the dead Pontiff, and pressed their foreheads against his feet. This was a solemn spectacle, and many wept as they beheld it. Mgr. Folocaldi, Archbishop of Ephesus, robed in black cope and white mitre, assisted by the Pontifical Masters of Ceremonies, asperged the dead Pope with holy water. The usual prayers being then said, the Archbishop intoned the *Miserere*, which was continued by the Cantors of the Julian Chapel, directed by the Cavalier Salvatore Meluzzi. The solemn notes of the sad chant in unison resounded strangely through the dimly-lighted Basilica. It is a quarter to seven, and

ONE OF THE MOST SOLEMN MOMENTS HAS ARRIVED.

The procession begins to move. It is led by the capillary mace bearers. Then comes the cross-bearer, followed by the members of the Seminary of the Vatican, who in sad tones repeat verses of the Psalms. The Chapter follows, and here walks the Arch-priest of St. Peter's, his Eminence Cardinal Borromeo, Arce in *cappa magna*, and, immediately after, the bier, surrounded by the Noble Guards and the Swiss Guards. It is borne by the Missionaries of the Church, by the *Essenti* of the Noble Guard, and by the Brothers of the Arch-confraternity of the Most Holy Sacrament of St. Michele in Borgo. It is followed by the members of the Pontifical Court, the Camerieri Segreti of Sword and Mantle, and a number of distinguished persons of every rank and grade, whom duty, love, or gratitude, had attached to Pius IX. A detachment of the Palatine Guard closed the procession. It advances slowly into the nave and moves slowly towards the Papal altar, and as it passes before the statue of St. Peter, its progress is still slower. It seems by the strange light of the torches as if the first Pope, with raised right hand, was blessing the dead Pius, the Pontiff who surpassed the years of his Pontificate in Rome. At the Confession the

procession described a curve, and went forward to the Chapel of the Choir. Above the chanting of students and the sobbing of many in the procession, the noise of pick and hammer, preparing the sepulchre, and the dead Pope, rose strong and loud, and was deeply impressive. Having reached the Chapel of the Choir the bier was placed in the centre, and was surrounded by the clergy and the Noble Guard. The cantors continued their sad and long-drawn notes of sorrow and hope in the Lord.

The Pontiff that broke upon the ear, upon the feeling, *Sicut verus ad fontes aquarum*. Mgr. Folocaldi recited the long prayers prescribed by the Ritual, and increased and asperged with holy water the coffin of cypress, the first of those in which the body of Pius IX was placed. This was the last moment that the dear features of the beloved Pontiff would be seen by those who surrounded the bier. Every eye was fixed upon him, and many went forward again to kiss the feet of him whom they loved so well. Finally, Mgr. Ricci Paracciani, Major-domo of his Holiness, slowly approached, and, with a hand trembling from the emotion he felt, placed a white silk veil over the face of the dead Pius IX. Mgr. Pio Martinucci, Prefect of Pontifical Ceremonies, covered the body of the Pope with a large veil of crimson silk.

Now is the moment in which Pius IX. will be placed in the coffin. The Chaplains of St. Peter's and the Noble Guard raise the body of the Pontiff from the bier on which it lay, and place it gently in the cypress coffin prepared for it. This coffin, which had been previously placed in the leaden coffin, is lined with crimson velvet. When the body was composed there with all due reverence, Mgr. Ricci, the Major-domo, assisted by Mgr. Cataldi, Master of Ceremonies, placed three purses of rich velvet containing as many medals of gold, silver, and bronze as correspond to the years of the reign of Pius IX. According to some accounts, there are thirty-two medals in each purse, according to others but thirty-one, as the thirty-second year of the Pontificate was not concluded. The coffins were then closed, the lid of the inner one being fastened down by screws, that of the outer one by solder. When the latter was closed, on the silk violet band attached to it were placed the seals, of which two were those of the Camerlengo, and the other those of the Arch-priest of the Basilica and of the Vatican Chapter. Besides the medals, a case containing the eulogium of the late Pontiff written in Latin on parchment was placed in the first coffin. While these acts were being accomplished, the Notary of the Chapter of St. Peter's read in a loud voice the relation of what was occurring. On the leaden coffin is represented a Cross, and under the arms of the late Pope—which arms are surmounted by a tiara, but without the keys, as these symbols of power belong only to the living—the following epitaph is inscribed:—

CORPVS PH. IX. P. M. VIXIT. AN. LXXXV. M. VIII. D. XXVI. REGN. V. M. P. PALAT. VIT. AN. XXXI. M. VII. D. XXIII. OBIT. DIE. VII. FEBR. AN. MDCCCLXXXVIII.

Beneath this inscription a skull, resting upon cross-bones, is carved.

The third coffin, of chestnut, awaits its burden. When the leaden coffin containing that which enclosed the body of the Pontiff is placed in that of chestnut, it is transported by means of pulleys and ropes to the place prepared for it—that is to say, above a door to the left of the Chapel of the Choir, where the dead Pontiff is laid till the death of his successor, after which the body is removed to its permanent resting place. When the body of Pius the Ninth was placed in this sepulchre the workmen began immediately to build it up again. Meanwhile the cantors continued their solemn chant. Now it was the Psalm *Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel*, and then the verse *Humiliter hic qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent, ad dirigendos pedes nostros in viam pacis*. The stroke of hammer and trowel continued under the direction of the architect Vespiugni. The last requiem was sung, and at a quarter to nine the people sadly withdrew from the Basilica.

ON the following morning (Thursday),

above the door near to the Chapel of the Choir, and directly opposite the monument of Innocent VIII., were the signs of new painting in imitation of marble on the wall, and on the unsightly sarcophagus that is placed there, surmounted by a cushion bearing a tiara. Here, also, in the place of inscription, were painted the following simple words:—PIUS IX., P. M.

THE WILL OF PIUS THE NINTH.

At 1 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday the Most Eminent and Rev. Camerlengo summoned around him the relations of the late Pontiff, Pius IX, and proceeded to read his testamentary dispositions. They were written on some papers by his own hand during the year 1875, and were bound up with a silk ribbon. Supreme reasons of delicacy, says the official and well-informed *Osservatore Romano*, as may be easily comprehended, do not permit us to speak of the way in which Pius IX has disposed of his modest private fortune. To treat, however, with the grandeur which belongs to the subject, this majestic and immortal figure of the Pontiff, it will suffice, undoubtedly, to quote the following words, in which he prescribes what concerns his burial:—

When my body has become a corpse it will be buried in the Church of St. Lorenzo, without the walls, exactly under the little arch existing under the so-called grating (*graticola*) or alone, on which are even now discovered the stains produced by the martyrdom of the illustrious Levite. The expense of the monument should not exceed four hundred crowns (about £80).

And here, likewise written by the hand of the late Pontiff, is the inscription he desires to be placed on his exceedingly modest tomb.

ANNO ET CINQUEM PII P. IX. SUM. PONT. VIXIT ANN. IN PONTIFICATU ANN. ORATE PRO EO.

A well-known Oxford man, who was at the same time fellow of his college and head master of a prosperous grammar school, was once detected by an old pupil skating on a Sunday afternoon. "I think, doctor," was the not unoriginal observation, "you once flogged me for boating on a Sunday." "Yes, my dear boy," was the reply, "and I did quite right. If a man really likes boating, skating is entirely different. It may freeze hard on the Saturday night, and then thaw again before day-break on Monday morning."

Intelligence Bureau.

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