

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

FASHION NOTES.

Mrs. J. J. Skellington, Editor.

The new summer camels hairs and pin head checks are forty six inches wide, and only seven yards of these materials are required for a full suit with outside sacque. The trimming usually employed is about five yards of silk, which forms the plaiting on the underskirt, the vest, collar, cuffs and pipings and the flat bands sometimes used to trim the back breadths of the overskirt. The substitutes for silk are saten, and new stuffs in watered and plain stripes, closely imitating silk goods of similar design, and woolen goods resembling the silk broads. The only new wash goods are figured linens which come in small lozenge patterns of blue and whites for over dresses, blue china crape linens, scarcely to be distinguished from the material that they imitate; linen pin head checks in black and white, and linen damasks in daisy patterns of dark blue on old gold grounds, and light blue, grey, and olive on white. The damasks are to be used for vests; the lozenge patterns, for over dresses; the china crape for underskirts and the pin head checks for trimmings or evening costumes. These linens are both firmer and cooler than ginghams, and make much prettier dresses, and are all adapted for travelling suits for the hot weather.

Hair jewelry is coming into vogue again. The long, narrow comb still continues the favorite.

The fashionable bridesmaid's dress is white satin and tulle.

Evening boots are made of broadened and damask silk.

Fancy basket-woven ribbons are shown for ladies' neck wear.

Black fans, painted by hand in floral design, are all the rage.

Scarf of chenille with deep fringe, are used for bonnet strings.

A striped silk apron varies the monotony of a black silk pretty.

French *noir*, with very small waves is much used for trimming.

For indoor dresses, vests of plush are trimmed with Breton lace.

Buttons inlaid with mother-of-pearl are extensively used this season.

Scarlet and black stockings elaborately embroidered are the most popular.

Short Princess dresses for indoor wear are made of crimson flannel, and trimmed with white tulle lace.

For walking and traveling are worn half boots of kid in a color to match as nearly as possible the toilet.

Blased bands for many-colored, striped and plaided cloths are used in trimming *costumes de fatigue* and simple house dresses of solid colors.

HOUSEWIVES CORNER.

**Pigs' Feet Hash.**—Singe and scrape the feet, then wash clean, and put them into salt and water to soak over night, or for several hours, then scrape again until they are perfectly clean, and boil them till the meat falls from the bones, chop with a knife, season with salt and pepper, pack in a crock, and if the weather be cool it will keep some time. It can be sliced and eaten cold, or put into skillet and fried until brown.

**Pig's Head.**—Have the head nicely cleaned, and boil it till very tender. Chop it very fine, and season with salt, pepper, sage, and a little clove, while hot. Put in a deep dish, and cover with a plate that is smaller than the dish, that it may rest on the meat. Place on the plate a very heavy weight, and let it stand for twenty-four hours. This makes the famous "Pig's Head Cheese."

**SWEET-BREAD.**—Take two large parboiled sweet-breads, put into a stew-pan with one and one-half gills of water, season with salt, black and cayenne pepper, put over a slow fire. Mix one large tablespoonful of browned flour, with a piece of butter, stir butter and gravy well together. After stirring slowly for half an hour, set the pan in a quick oven, and when nicely browned place in a dish, pour the gravy into one-half pint stewed tomatoes, thicken with one dessertspoonful of flour; butter, salt and pepper, strain through a sieve into a stewpan, let it come to a boil, stir till done, pour over the sweet-bread and send to the table hot.

**SWEET-BREAD BROILED.**—Parboil after soaking in salt and water, then rub well with butter, and broil. Turn often and dip into melted butter to prevent them from becoming hard and dried.

**FRIED RABBIT.**—After the rabbit has been thoroughly cleaned and washed, put it into boiling water and let boil for about ten minutes; drain, and when cold, cut it into joints, dip into beaten egg, and then into fine bread-crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper. When all are ready fry them in butter over a moderate fire fifteen minutes, thicken the gravy with an ounce of butter and a small teaspoonful of flour, give it a minute's boil, stir in two table-spoonfuls of cream, dish the rabbit, pour the sauce under it and serve quickly.

**STEWED RABBIT.**—Skin and clean the rabbit, cut into pieces, put one-fourth of a pound of butter into a stewpan and turn the pieces of rabbit about in it until nicely browned; take out the meat, add one pint of boiling water to the butter, one tablespoonful of flour stirred to a paste in cold water, one tablespoonful of salt, and a little grated onion if liked, let this boil up, add the meat, stew slowly till the rabbit is tender. Serve hot.

**BROWNED POTATOES.**—Boil and three quarters of an hour before a roast of beef is taken from the oven, put them in the dripping pan, after skimming off the fat from the gravy; baste them frequently, and when quite brown, drain on a sieve.

LOUISE LATEAU.

ACCOUNT OF A RECENT VISIT TO THE STIGMATIST OF BOIS D'HAINES, BY A MINNESOTA.

From the Northwestern Chronicle.

On the afternoon of October 31st, 1878, I left Louvain, accompanied by several friends, for Bois d'Haine the birth-place of Louise Lateau. We arrived at our destination about 7 p. m., but, finding that the little village could bear neither a hotel nor a railway station, we were obliged to pass the night at Malinge, a neat and business like town situated about a mile from Bois d'Haine. A brief sketch of the now universally celebrated "stigmatist" of Belgium may not be out of place. Louise Lateau was born in Bois d'Haine on January 20th, 1850. Her father was a very modest farmer, who is called here "un petit cultivateur," owning about an acre of ground; fortune certainly did not smile on him; in the eyes of the world he was indeed poor in the extreme, but in the sight of God he was rich for he possessed those virtues which adorn the Christian soul and assure its happiness.

**THE DESIGNS OF PROVIDENCE.** The birth of Louise, this child of grace and benediction was apparently the sign of great calamities for her family. Her mother in giving birth to her narrowly escaped death, and having contracted a dangerous and lingering illness, she remained for over two years bed-ridden. The support of the family in the meantime, which she had been prepared in the school of suffering to bow her will in humble submission to the will of God.

**WHEN A LITTLE OVER TWO YEARS OLD** she was rescued from death by drowning by her mother and elder sister. When but eight years old she was installed as nurse to an aged invalid, whom she tenderly nursed until her death. She was afterwards called to the same office at the bedside of one of her aunts. In the meantime she was also obliged to drive cows to pasture, and on one occasion was violently thrown to the ground by one of the animals, and trodden under foot by another. She received serious internal injuries, and a severe illness ensued, from which, however, she happily recovered. This schooled in affliction she learned to love suffering; her charity soon knew no bounds, she who was so tried by adversity, was always ready to lend a helping hand to the sick and needy. An occasion soon presented itself for the exercise of her self-sacrificing devotedness. In the year 1866, the cholera broke out in Bois d'Haine, and was making sad havoc in the little village.

The zealous pastor was unable to meet the wants of all. He made an appeal to charity, and Louise alone, having received permission from her mother, responded. From that moment her time was spent in burying the dead, consoling the dying, comforting the sick, assisting the poor, in a word, practicing the virtue of charity in the most sublime degree—and all this at the tender age of sixteen years. Amidst these labors and fatigue, Louise seemed to enjoy excellent health, but shortly after was attacked by an illness which soon brought her near to the grave; she received the last Sacraments and bade adieu to her disconsolate family, when suddenly she was impelled to ask Almighty God to restore her to health. She felt that her prayers were heard, and announced to those around her time was spent in visiting the church, and, contrary to all expectations, when life had all but fled, she rose, as she had predicted, from her bed of sickness, went to the church and received with her customary fervor our divine Lord in the Holy Eucharist. It was during this sickness that Louise received the stigmata, the marks of Christ Crucified, on her feet, hands and side. Later on, the marks of the Crown of Thorns became perceptible. Every Friday since the first stigmata appeared she has experienced, and continues to experience, all the tortures of the Passion and death of our Redeemer. In former years she would endeavor to relate to her friends the past few years it comes forth only from the wounds on her hands—except on some great feast day, when it flows likewise from the wound in the side.

**BESIDES THE STIGMATA** she has the most sublime ecstasies, during which a most celestial expression overspreads her whole countenance. While in ecstasy she is conscious only of the voice of ecclesiastical authorities, and the mutuality of sacred or consecrated objects; she understands and participates in all the prayers of the Church, which are recited in her presence, no matter in what language expressed. At the age of eleven Louise made her first Communion, and on account of her marked fervor the Holy Table every fortnight, later by her fervent and repeated requests, she obtained permission to receive daily, and during the last eight years the Blessed Sacrament has been her only nourishment, the sole sustenance of her material life as far as her carnality. I will not endeavor to relate to you what I witnessed at Bois d'Haine. Our little party left Malinge at 6 a. m., on the feast of All Saints, for Bois d'Haine, and after a brisk walk of twenty minutes over the open country, we arrived at the neat and newly built church of the village. After hearing Mass, we met the venerable Cure, who had already given us permission to assist at the Communion of Louise and be present at the ecstasy which takes place every Friday between 2 and 3 p. m. A procession was formed to accompany the Blessed Sacrament. We arrived at the house at 7:30 p. m., and shortly after repaired to the chamber of Louise, to which the Blessed Sacrament had been carried. Who can describe the feelings and emotions which arise in the soul when one sees for the first time, this person so highly favored of God! In a little room, scarcely 8x10 on a low wooden couch lies the saintly Louise. Opposite the bed is a small window near which placed a small table, covered with a snow-white cloth, bearing a wooden crucifix, two candles and a vase of holy water; this table is used exclusively for the Blessed Sacrament. At the head of the bed stands a cane bottomed chair; in the right corner, at the foot of the bed, hangs a picture representing the Passion of our Saviour over the bed hangs the Formula of the Benediction sent by the immortal Pius IX. at the head of the bed is a simple steel engraving of B. Marie Alacoque. These articles constitute the entire furniture of the room, about which reigns an air of

**THE MOST SCRUPULOUS NEATNESS.** There was quite a number present at the Communion of Louise, and the room was literally packed. While the priest recites the prayers before Communion, Louise lies on her back, her eyes are closed and her face is covered with a deadly pallor; she gasps for breath, her mouth repeatedly opens and closes and the distortions of her face denote that she is suffering the most acute agony—her lips are parched and bloodless, and one would conceive

her to be in the last agony of death. When the great moment has come, and the priest pronounces the words, "Domine non sum dignus," and convalesces.

**THE SACRED ROST** to Louise, her agony seems to become more intense; but from the instant that the adorable particle is received she gives no signs of life. She is "mystically absorbed," and unconscious of everything going on around her. She remains in this state for twenty-seven minutes. During the "mystical absorption," the linen cloth in which her hands had been enveloped during the night was removed, and we saw, for the first time, the stigmata. The hands and wrists were covered with blood, which had also saturated the sleeves of her calico smock. She had been bleeding since Thursday at midnight, and the blood had coagulated around the stigmata, which are on the back of each hand. The Cure requested a physician, who formed one of our party, to remove the clots of blood; he did so, and we could then plainly see the blood oozing out slowly but continually. Before receding, which all do before Louise comes to, in order to avoid unnecessary embarrassment, each visitor passed in turn by the bedside to contemplate and admire the striking scene; they touched and kissed her hands, which and thereby procured a little of the blood, which they will preserve with jealous care and devotion. The scene has been enacted weekly for the past eight years. What reverence and devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar does it not excite in the hearts of those who have had the privilege of witnessing the miracle of Louise! How their faith is strengthened in the Real Presence before this wonderful triumph of the Holy Eucharist!

**IN THE AFTERNOON** our party again gathered before the little cottage of the Lateau family, and waited anxiously for the coming of the good Cure, Monsieur l'Abbe Niels, who made his appearance at five minutes past two, and immediately entered the cottage to ascertain whether Louise had as yet entered into the ecstasy. With the exceptions of her pastor, high dignitaries of the Church and medical men commissioned to make experiments, no one is allowed to be present when she enters into the ecstasy. At 2:15 p. m. the Cure returns to inform us that we may enter, how she had been prepared in the school of suffering to bow her will in humble submission to the will of God.

**A RELIC OF THE HOLY CROSS.** This was held at some distance from her—both out of reach and sight—but she rose immediately, with out aid of her hands, to a sitting posture and endeavored to grasp it, while an expression of ineffable sweetness diffused itself over her entire countenance. The relic was then handed to her, and clasping it with great eagerness her attention seemed to be augmented—her eyes opened, and she gazed upon the relic with a look of mingled pain and longing as if she were about to lose some cherished object, which she would fain retain, and in another instant she falls back heavily on the bed and gives no sign of life. Several of the visitors who possessed relics now asked the Cure for permission to press them to her, which was kindly granted. I will only mention the presentation of

**THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.** This was then sung, and it had the same effect on Louise, namely, she remained sitting upright; her hands extended; her gaze lost as it were in the infinity of space; her every look expressing joy or sadness, according to the sense of the prayers of those about her were saying, and which, nevertheless, she could neither hear nor understand; for during the whole hour she was absolutely unconscious of all that was going on around her.

**AT THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS,** at the words "Misericordia Domini," or "Misericordia," a bright smile illumined her whole countenance. The hymn finished, Louise fell back as an inanimate body would fall. It is now nearly three o'clock, and the Cure has retired to his room, leaving the little chamber, the looks of all are fixed on Louise, who suddenly rises to a sitting posture, the hands extended forward as though she would fly to Calvary's Mount to relieve the suffering Jesus during the last few moments that preceded His death on the Cross. (For he it remembered her during the ecstasy) on her face are painted successively the most lively expressions of tender compassion, acute pain, and fervent prayer. Then passes a scene that can never be effaced from the memory. The whole body gives signs of the greatest terror and suffering, the eyes closed, and simultaneous with the first stroke of the clock as it strikes the hour of three, Louise falls back as if dead, the mouth opens and the arms are extended on the bed in the form of a cross; "Consummatum est," it is consummated. The end of the ecstasy is near at hand; Louise is about to return to real life, and all must leave the room. The Cure follows, and after a little chat with him we bid him adieu to the home and birthplace of the saintly Louise. This dear readers, is what passes at Bois d'Haine every Friday afternoon.

Louise carries engraved in her very flesh the blood-stained banner of Christ, the emblem of our Holy Religion—the Cross. Louise on the bed of suffering recalls to man the last sad scene in the work of his redemption. She is, as it were, the safeguard and glory of our religion in Belgium, the blessed instrument of our Saviour, over the bed hangs the Formula of the Benediction sent by the immortal Pius IX. at the head of the bed is a simple steel engraving of B. Marie Alacoque. These articles constitute the entire furniture of the room, about which reigns an air of

one of the greatest amongst many marvels that are marking the passage on this 19th century over the Ocean of Time. Whoever has had the happiness to assist at the ecstasies that take place every Friday, quit the humble home of Louise Lateau deeply moved and affected. . . . His mind is pre-occupied with the strange phenomena he has seen, and if he possesses the precious gift of Faith, his soul breathes a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to Him who has designed to give in the person of Louise a striking proof of His infinite mercy and omnipotence, and who has verified in the person of this humble daughter of the church those words of St. Paul: "But the foolish things of the world hath God chosen that he may found the wise, and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that he may confound the strong."

F. L. C.

A TOUCHING STORY.

An account comes from London of a pathetic address which Dean Stanley made to some children at Westminster Abbey on Innocents' Day, in which he related an incident that occurred not long ago in Edinburgh. A gentleman was standing at the door of a hotel one very cold day, when an ill-dressed, puny little fellow asked him to buy some matches. The gentleman refused at first, but on being urged very strongly, bought a box, giving the boy a shilling, which was considerably over the price. The boy had no change, but promised to bring it the next day. He did not come, however, and it was considered lost. Late in the evening this gentleman was told that a boy wished to see him, a much smaller boy than the match vendor entered. He stood a moment dithering among his rings, and said, "Was it you, sir, who bought Sandie's matches?" "Yes," "Well, then, here's your change; Sandie cannot come; a cart ran over him; his legs are broken, and he's going to die, and that's all." Then, putting the change on the table, he burst into sobs. It was afterwards learned that the two poor little things lived alone, their parents being dead. Sandie's last prayer was for his brother "Reddy." "And I am glad," said Dean Stanley, "to tell you my friend promised to take care of little Reddy."

A PIOUS INDIAN MAID.

A California correspondent sends the following edifying narration to the *Catholic Columbian*: "The tribe of Indians called the Diggers, scattered through California, are proverbial for their ignorance; but there are exceptions to all rules, and I know of one within my personal experience. Several years ago a young girl of this tribe was living with us. Before she came to the house, one of us had prepared her for her First Communion, and had been surprised and delighted at the intelligence with which she listened to the instructions, and the piety which she evinced in preparing for this greatest of acts. It was her habit, subsequently, to receive Communion every two weeks, and she would come the evening previous and ask us to read something pious to her, and would listen with the most earnest attention, now and then inquiring the meaning of some phrase or word. She could read herself, but seemed to enjoy listening and having things explained to her. Often we would ask her to pray for us, and then, after a week or more, perhaps, had elapsed, if we repeated our request she would always answer: 'I have prayed for you ever since you asked me the last time.' She would say in her simple way: 'Sometimes, when I am walking in the street, I feel very sorry for the people I see, and I pray to their Angel Guardian to take care of them.' She was passionately fond of flowers, and had great taste in arranging them for the house and the church. Her devotion to the Blessed Virgin was very tender, and it pleased her to choose the most delicate flowers and the rarest to place before her statue. Like many of the Indians in California, Della inherited consumption. It was a great trial when, on account of weakness, she was obliged to absent herself from Mass. For a year before her death, she lived with a lady who had taken care of her when a child. The family were not Catholics, she told us that she of her life for her conversion. Such characters as Della are rare, and it would be well for all our young girls if they would imitate her docility, modesty and piety. Though only fifteen when she died, she had done a great deal for our Lord, and I trust He has rewarded her for the humble virtues which she practised."

WHY THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA DID NOT GRACE THE WEDDING AT WINDSOR.

I have heard an explanation of the refusal of the Empress of Austria to grace the wedding ceremony at Windsor with her amiable presence. It is certainly not the distance from the Royal Borough to Royal Meads; no, this is it, *on dit*: Her Imperial Majesty last season had selected Leicestershire first among English counties in the annals of hunting, as the scene of her Nimrodian prowess. On her return journey to Vienna she repaired to Windsor to say farewell to Queen Victoria. It was Sunday. The snow was thick upon town and tower, but such little inconveniences are beneath the notice of the illustrious lady, who faces wind and weather as gallantly as she does the most formidable "bullfinch" to be met with in a thirty miles run. In royal visits it is "the thing" to announce beforehand the hour of arrival and departure, and the Empress who had come by the ordinary train, took leave of the Queen and set out in one of the royal carriages to catch the train that was timed to pass Windsor station within ten minutes of their adieu. It was snowing and blowing and altogether uninviting for even such a short trip as the journey to London; but the Queen, either through forgetfulness or something else, made no offer of prolonging her hospitality to her imperial sister. So, naturally things took their course and the carriage proceeded to the station. However, winding down the somewhat steep descent from the castle, one of the horses lost his footing on the slippery road and fell, and before the cortege was again on route the up train had arrived and departed. The Empress

adhering to the strict etiquette of the court, nevertheless went on straight to the station, and was fain to accept the hospitality of the station master's parlor, with the accompanying creature comforts indispensable even to a travelling sovereign on a cold afternoon in an English winter. The Empress, they say, still remembers with satisfaction the homely meal and the cosy fire at Windsor station; she remembers, also, the fact that the royal carriage was not sent back to invite her return to the castle, and that no inquiry was made by her royal sister as to how she got over the little *contretemps*. Hence the very unimpeachable refusal to accept the invitation to the evening nuptials from the high-spirited lady now hunting the fox at Summerhill, and taking captive the hearts and freckles the tongues of the "finest peasantry in the world" by the graciousness of her manner and the boldness of her equestrian feats as the "savage" hunter of the "creek" hunting country of Ireland.—*London Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.*

"INTO THE GATES OF HELL."

DESCRIPTION OF THE MEMORABLE "CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE" BY A SURVIVOR.

A survivor of the celebrated ride into the jaws of death gives, in the *Evening Standard*, the following graphic picture of the charge: "Lord Cardigan's eye glanced us over; then spurring his horse forward a few paces, he said: 'My men, we have received orders to silence that battery.' 'My God!' my brother ejaculated. Then, grasping my hand, he said: 'Fred, my dear fellow, good-bye; we don't know what may happen. God bless you; keep close to me.' 'What more he might have said was lost in Lord Cardigan's ringing shout of: 'Charge!'

"We went in at a trot; the trot changed to a canter, and the canter to a gallop. Through the lines I could see Lord Cardigan several horse-lengths ahead riding as steadily as if he was on parade. Now, to tell the plain truth, when we had no more than a short distance, say one hundred paces, I felt terribly afraid. The truth flashed upon me in a moment that we were riding into a position that would expose us to a fire on both flanks, as well as the fire from the battery in front of us, which we had been instructed to silence. I said to myself: 'This is a ride to death!' but I said it loud enough for my brother to hear, and he answered and said: 'There goes the first!'

"The first was Lord Lucan's aid-de-camp, Captain Nolan, who, after making a slight detour, was crossing our left to join us in the charge. A cannon ball had just cut him in two as my brother spoke. 'My heart leaped up my mouth and I almost shrieked with fear, but I restrained myself, and setting my teeth hard I rode on. A moment later the rifle bullets from the sharpshooters on the hillside began to whistle about our ears. Saddles were emptied at every step. Then came the whistling hot shrieking shell, and there through our squadrons mangled men and horses, plunging bloody furrows through and through our ranks. Then my fear left me. My whole soul became filled with a thirst for revenge, and I believe the same spirit animated every man in the ranks. Their eyes flashed, and they ground their teeth and pressed closer together. The very horses caught the mad spirit, and plunged forward as if impatient to lead us to our revenge and theirs. At this time there was not much to be seen. A battery, from our right over the valley, but the flaming mouths of the guns revealed themselves to our eyes at every moment as they belched forth their murderous contents of shot and shell.

"Now a shot tore through our ranks, cutting a red line from flank to flank, then a shell ploughed an oblique and bloody furrow from our right front to our left rear; upon a shrieking shot rose over our front ranks, fell into our centre, and hewed its way to the rear, making terrible havoc in its passage. Oh! that was a ride. Horses ran leaderless, and men lurching, and splashed with blood of their comrades, pressed closer and closer and ground their teeth harder, and mentally swore deadlier revenge as their number grew smaller.

"Alone and in front rode Cardigan, still keeping the same distance ahead. His charger was headed for the centre of the battery. Silently we followed him. Up to this time neither my brother nor myself had received the slightest scratch, although we were now riding side by side with comrades who at the start were separated from us by several files. We reached the battery at last. Up to this time we had ridden in silence, but what a yell burst from us as we plunged in among the Russian guns. Well would it have been for them if they had killed us as we before we reached them. They had done too little and too much. They had set us on fire with passion. Only blood could quench our thirst for revenge. We passed through the battery like a whirlwind, subduing the cannon on our passage. I don't believe one of them lived to tell the tale of that ride. Out of the battery and into the brigade—an army it was—of cavalry. Our charge was resistless.

"The Russians fell before our sabres as corn falls before the reaper. They seemed to have no power to work upon. They closed in upon us and surrounded us on every side, but we heaved our way through them as men hew their way through air—gun for ever and only stopped when we reached the banks of the Tchernaya river.

"Wheeling here we proceeded to cut our way back again. On the return ride I was assailed by a gigantic Russian trooper who made a strike at me with his sabre. I partially dodged, but not wholly, and the next moment felt a stinging pain in my neck. It passed in a moment, however, and I was about to make short work of the trooper, when I heard my brother cry: 'Ah! you would, would you?' and the Russian fell dead to the chin.

"We cut our way through and once more entered the fatal valley. When half way back to our starting point a cannon shot struck my brother and he bled to death. 'Tom, ah, thank you!' "The color-sergeant drained another glass.

"When we formed up on arriving at our starting-point, Lord Cardigan, with the tears streaming from his eyes, said: 'It was not my fault, my men.' "And the men replied with one voice: 'We are ready to go in again, my lord, if you will lead us.' "Just then I became dizzy. My scalp had been lifted by the stroke of the Russian's sabre, the skin of my cheek cleft across to my upper lip, and I bled from loss of blood.

"When my time expired in the cavalry I enlisted in this regiment. I am always proud to hear myself called one of the six hundred, but—poor Jack! I'll tell that again, Tom."

Thus ended the sergeant's story of the famous charge.

A day's fever in the love of God brings grace enough to make a saint.