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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1901.
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The Globe and Mail

Vol. LI, No. 22 MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1901. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Topics of the Day.

SACRED BANNERS.—A number of our Catholic exchanges have recently expressed opinions concerning the custom of high sounding titles for members and officers, especially of our religious, national, or benevolent societies, and we are in harmony with those who think that there is no necessity for any such titles. In the first place these Grande, Highs, Most Excellent, and such like are meaningless in their exaggeration; and, in the second place, they savor too much of anti-Catholic organizations. Then it has been suggested by other Catholic organs, that the use of banners, scarfs, pins, charms, and other emblems, might be curtailed with great advantage to all concerned. We would advise caution in this crusade, for there is such a thing as carrying a reformation to an unwarranted length.

As to society banners, the Holy See has of late approved of a formula for the blessing of church banners, and it is universally acknowledged that they constitute a very helpful factor in all organizations. The multiplication of such banners may be carried to excess, but we are of the opinion that each properly organized and duly recognized association, or society, under the direct guidance of the Church, should have its distinctive standard. The banner seems to have been, from time immemorial, and amongst all races, the emblem of concerted action, the expression of authority, the signal for achievement. In the Church Militant each one of the faithful is actually a soldier and each society may be considered as a company, or a regiment. The standard of the Cross, the great Lebarum of the centuries, is the banner that all must follow; but, under its guidance, each sub-division of that vast army has its particular standard.

Then there is something inspiring about a banner; the eyes turn to its folds, and read in them the thought, or the principle that cements so many under its protection. It is a symbol that speaks in a language far more emphatic than words; it is an inspiration that at once suggests action and encourages endeavor. The grouping of flags around the national standard is the most emphatic expression of loyalty and submission to the authority represented by that standard; so the grouping of society banners around the standard of the Cross is an act of Faith that no language can translate, for it is understood by all—irrespective of station, race, tongue, or age.

FRANCE'S DANGER.—That France's great danger is from within, and not from abroad, is, we think apparent to the entire world—administrative France excepted. Certainly the unbelievers who hold the helm of State to-day are not capable of staying the in-rolling tide of misfortune that menaces the country. Their methods are exactly calculated to drive France with ever increasing rapidity towards the brink of ruin. It was under the influence of Catholicity that France climbed to the highest summits that her nationhood ever attained; it has equally been under the influence of the anti-Catholic spirits that now sways her destinies that she has sunk to the lowest depths that her genius has reached. In glancing over our exchanges we come upon the following editorial comment in one of them:—

"A debate took place last week in the French Senate on the population question, a brief summary of which was sent to this country by cable. The figures cited by the senator who called attention to the subject are certainly startling and such as to give to the French people grave cause for alarm. He alleged that the populations of France, Germany and Great Britain were at the beginning of the present century in round numbers as follows: France, 36,000,000; Germany, 45,000,000; Great Britain, 41,000,000. Now, the figures are, in round numbers, France, 38,000,000; Germany, 53,000,000, and Great Britain, 43,000,000. Germany was a somewhat vague term at the beginning of the century and one would like to know just what countries were included in Germany's population as we estimate them. It would seem that at the beginning of the century, France tall only 3,

But as a mere matter of worldly knowledge and experience Anglicans, it seems to us, ought to see that when the ship is bound to drift helplessly when there is no pilot, or rather when every one on board claims the position of pilot.

CATHOLIC UNITY.—Rev. Father O'Hare, of Brooklyn, N.Y., in the course of a recent sermon to which reference has already been made in these columns, said:—

The social condition of the laity in the Catholic Church calls for the attention of and the supreme effort upon the part of the hierarchy and the clergy in the United States of America. By historical developments which could not well be averted, a Catholic Society is neither not in existence or at least in a weak condition which demands organization. Protestantism, with its gaze ever turned earthward, can only maintain itself as it maintains its creed, by artificial means. It lays emphasis upon that which is only an accessory to civilization, namely, outward appearance, respectable bearing and quasi polished manners. To our people, most of whom have come out from under the ill-treatment and unjust subjugation of English arrogance, Protestant society is quite a centre of attraction. Mingling, then, in these circles, they naturally learn to speak the language of the Canaanites, to imitate their views and either by intimidation, by intellectual weakness, or as a matter of habit to accommodate themselves to their principles. All these are elements of weakness which call for a radical change. The laity justly looks to the hierarchy for counsel, guidance and leadership. They look to those whom God has exalted and made his chosen knights and whose predecessors in the past have, by the nobility of their lives, inculcated those virtues for counsel, guidance and leadership. They look to those whom God has exalted and made his chosen knights and whose predecessors in the past have, by the nobility of their lives, inculcated those virtues for counsel, guidance and leadership. They look to those whom God has exalted and made his chosen knights and whose predecessors in the past have, by the nobility of their lives, inculcated those virtues for counsel, guidance and leadership.

REMINISCENCES OF SCOTTISH CATHOLICS

By Our Special Contributor, "Cruz"—Continued.

ANOTHER CHAPTER.—Last week I touched lightly upon the story of the Scotch Catholics in Canada. It will be remembered that this subject was suggested to my mind by the reading of an account of the ceremonies in connection with the eleventh anniversary of His Lordship Bishop Macdonell's consecration as pastor of the See of Alexandria. No wonder that the mention of the good Bishop's name should carry my mind back to that day, eleven years ago, when the first Bishop of Alexandria was raised to the episcopal ranks. Of those who were present on that occasion a very great number have departed from this life, and others are scattered over the world. I remember well the splendid sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Filliatre, O.M.I., and it strikes me that the late Mgr. Fabre was represented there by the present Archbishop of Montreal. The names of the priests and of the relatives of the newly consecrated Bishop would easily recall the story of that grand Catholic settlement of Glengarry. I have since come upon some notes collected by a lady, from most authentic sources, consisting of a real history of St. Raphael's of Glengarry, and of the Catholic Scotch pioneers of that region. I intend to draw upon that sheaf of notes for my present article. I never like to reproduce, even in part, the work of another without giving full credit to the original author; but in this case I am not too certain as to the lady's identity—I believe her to be the late Mrs. Berlinguet (nee Amy Pope) of Three Rivers, sister of Mr. Joseph Pope, C.M.G., Under-Secretary of State. At all events the information is exact, and that is the principal point.

NOT ALL MACS.—I now turn to the notes before me: "It must not be thought that all the Catholic settlers were Macdonalds (or Macdonald's flock) we find the names to the migration of Rev. Dr. Macdonald's flock we find the names of Fraser, McLeannan, Hay, Rose, Clouston, and others; among the bands of 1785 were Craze, McIntoshes, McWilliamses, McDougalls, McPhies, McGillies, McGillivrays, McQualls and Campbells. Those of 1802 were more than half Macdonalds. In 1804 Rev. Dr. Macdonald followed the people to Canada. He proceeded first to visit the Rev. Roderick (Rory) Macdonald at the Indian mission of St. Regis, and then went to Kingston. The clansmen of the old regiment especially, settled at St. Raphael's, Glengarry, wanted to have their former chaplain appointed parish priest, and to have Father Fitzsimons, then pastor of the parish, removed. Father Roderick refused with them in vain. At last a sturdy clansman, John Macdonald, a man of letters, pushed his way from St. Raphael's to Quebec in midwinter, 1805, and laid his petition before Bishop du Plessis, who came to Glengarry in the summer of the same year, and appointed Dr. Macdonald parish priest of St. Raphael's."

THE "BLUE CHAPEL."—Needless to attempt any description of the first Denomination of the Blessed Sacrament given by their new pastor in the little Blue Chapel. That edifice was literally packed on that occasion. It was a wooden chapel erected by the first settlers, covered with clap-boards later on, once painted blue, and at the time in question, both too small for the congregation and too weather-beaten to be ornamental. Yet it was a most sacred building in the eyes of those Glengarry Scotch Catholics. This is the chapel that a Highlander man described to a traveler, who asked the way to St. Raphael's, as "a small black kirk, painted blue, with green whitewash on the front door in the side of it." The description was very exact, although it may appear contradictory, stopping aside from the path of Catholicity. But it is with the pioneers I have to do this week.

GLENGARRY'S REGIMENT.—There was a regiment of Scotch Catholics, under the command of Glengarry, stationed at New Ross, in Ireland, towards the close of the eighteenth century. In 1802, when under a cousin of Colonel Glengarry—Donald Macdonald—this regiment was disbanded, and the discharged men were absolutely destitute. Their chaplain, Rev. Dr. Macdonald, went to London and sought aid from the Government to enable them to emigrate to Canada. The Government offered to settle them in Trinidad. But the priest "persuaded" until he secured from the French—adding to an order to grant two hundred

of English arrogance, Protestant society is quite a centre of attraction. Mingling, then, in these circles, they naturally learn to speak the language of the Canaanites, to imitate their views and either by intimidation, by intellectual weakness, or as a matter of habit to accommodate themselves to their principles. All these are elements of weakness which call for a radical change. The laity justly looks to the hierarchy for counsel, guidance and leadership. They look to those whom God has exalted and made his chosen knights and whose predecessors in the past have, by the nobility of their lives, inculcated those virtues for counsel, guidance and leadership. They look to those whom God has exalted and made his chosen knights and whose predecessors in the past have, by the nobility of their lives, inculcated those virtues for counsel, guidance and leadership.

HIGHLAND LONGEVITY.—I still quote from the notes. "Among those who came out in the ship 'Macdonald' were our John Macdonald, of the Macdonalds of Loupe, and Anna McGillis, his wife, with three children. The first son, established to nine before many years past, and of these two sons entered the Church; the eldest Aeneas (Angus), joined the Sulpicians, and passed forty years in the Montreal Seminary, where he lived to the age of eighty, universally beloved; then returned to Montreal to breathe his last in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, a kinsman of his exhorting him in his own native tongue. Two brothers and two sisters died, aged respectively, ninety-eight, eighty-two, seventy-three, and sixty-seven years; there are now living in Cornwall (in 1882) two brothers and one sister, aged eighty-eight, eighty-one and seventy-eight years. (All of whom are now dead—1901). The second son, John, studied for the priesthood, and soon after his ordination was an assistant at St. Raphael's; thence he was removed to Kingston, where he suffered many hardships for ten years. He was Vicar-General of Kingston and parish priest of St. Raphael's for many years; and died at Lancaster on the 16th March, 1879, in the ninety-seventh year of his age."

A SCOTCH ANECDOTE.—If the readers are not fatigued with the subject I will now crave permission to continue it in the next issue. It would take several months to deal with the various Scotch Catholic settlements in Canada, and to tell of all that Highland energy has done for Catholicity in this Dominion. I have not even properly commenced to treat of one parish alone. But before closing I will reproduce an authentic and very characteristic story in connection with Father John Macdonald. He was a very determined man; and he "handled" his congregation without gloves. If any unlucky fellow incurred his displeasure he was pitilessly and publicly rebuked. According to ancient Scotch custom the priest was never called "Father," hence Father John was always called "Maister Ian." There was a stern authority on the part of the "Maister," and an exemplary submission on the part of the flock; yet, there was a kind of familiarity between them that could not exist amongst any other people and their clergy. Here is an instance: Father John was in a lowering rage one day on account of some mischief done by a parishioner. Sunday came; the congregation was at Mass; the priest came to the Communion rail to preach, and he thus began: "John Roy Macdonald leave this Church." "Tead silence," John Roy Macdonald; I say leave this Church." John Roy Macdonald rises and goes slowly and solemnly out, stepping carefully over the far-part logs that did duty for a floor. Father John proceeds with his sermon, when creak, creak, back over the logs comes John Roy Macdonald, and calmly resumes his seat. "John Roy Macdonald, did I not tell you to leave this Church?" "Yea, Maister Ian, and I will be for to go out of the Church for to please you, and now I wass come back to please myself." Ah! they were sturdy Catholics those Scotch Highlanders; and the faith they planted in Glengarry flourishes to-day as of yore—the Macdonalds still wear mitres and hold croziers.

SOME IRISH WRITERS.

[FROM A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR.]

Under this heading we find a somewhat lengthy article in a recent number of the "Providence Visitor." While we fully appreciate the writer's aim and sympathize with his desire to make known more generally the men whose pens have achieved so much for Ireland, we cannot but feel that there were those who deserved more praise for their labor in the cause of Ireland's literature than the few mentioned in that sketch. Taking the following paragraph we can form an estimate of the whole article.

"These three men, Lever, Lover and Carleton, now remembered chiefly as the authors of 'Charles O'Malley,' 'Handy Andy' and 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' were the giants of their era, and their influence can be plainly discerned in the literature of to-day. Lever and Lover furnished us with the conventional Irishman—the author of a hundred witty sayings, the blundering hero of a hundred escapades, the dashing dare-devil who still figures on the stage, and is not unknown in literature, though one may seek vainly for him in real life. To Carleton may be traced all that has been written soberly concerning the Irish peasantry, from Mrs. Hall's 'Sketches of Irish Character' down to Jane Barlow's 'Irish Idylls' and Katherine Tynan's 'Isle in the Water.'"

It is exactly here that we have to differ from the writer in his estimate of the works and effects of the works of these three. Lever and Lover have, as is truthfully said, "furnished us with the conventional Irishman * * * who still figures on the stage." This is exactly the fault we have to find with both Lever and Lover. Micky Free, Durbly the Blast, or Handy Andy have given birth to thousands of like characters, stage Irishmen, vile caricatures of the race, and it is against the very effects or consequences of their works, in this direction, that a veritable crusade had to be undertaken, in order to clear the Irish people of the misrepresentation and the abusive ridicule that have been heaped upon them during the past sixty years. It was exactly these works of Lever and Lover and the feeble efforts of their imitators that created amongst "the lords of human kind" what Phillips styled "a prejudice against my native land, predominant above every other feeling,—inveterate as ignorance would generate, and monstrous as credulity could feed." Was there an absurdity uttered — it was Irish! Was there a crime committed — it was Irish! Was there a freak at which folly would blush — a frolic which levity would disown—a cruelty at which barbarism would shudder — none could hatch or harbor them but an Irishman. Ireland became the rival's jest and the miser's profit—the Painter sold her caricature, the Ballad-singer chanted her in burlesque, and the Phant Senator decried out his stupid slander with the plagiarism of her slander!"

As far as Carleton's works are concerned, they have done more than the productions of any other writer to bring ridicule upon the Irish character, and to lower the Irish peasant in the estimation of all who are not conversant with true Irish characteristics. In fact, he furnished a whip to the bitterest of Ireland's enemies wherewith they have lashed and scourged the race, even upon the freedom-haunted soil of the new world. His "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" are to-day very happily forgotten by the vast bulk of the reading world. Not many weeks ago we had occasion to read a work, in two volumes, entitled "Rambles in the South of Ireland, during the year 1838, by Lady Chatterton," and we felt proportionately grateful to that gifted lady for the truthful and beautifully touching manner in which she brings out the true "traits" of the Irish peasantry. What a contrast with the native-born and admittedly talented Carleton? Who that has read Willis' "Pencilings by the Way Side," has not been struck by the higher standpoint from which that able essayist deals with the same Irish peasantry? It seems to have been reserved for Carleton to place before the world, in the clown's garb of ridicule, the very peasant race from which he sprang; equally has he had the unenviable distinction of being the most effective originator of a species of ridicule which the bigot loves to cast over the very priesthood to the ranks of which Carleton once aspired. We cannot agree, no matter how fine the talents or how remarkable the success of the writer, that any man whose production have, in any way, served to injure the Irish race

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.)