

FRENCH CANADIAN SYMPATHY

A Remarkable Article Published in Le Monde, Montreal, on the Occasion of the Celebration of the National Festival.

A Vigorous and Scholarly Outline of Irish History—An Enthusiastic Expression of Good Will Towards the People of the Emerald Isle.

We present to our readers the following translation of an able and sympathetic article, which appeared in the issue of Le Monde, one of the leading French Canadian journals of Montreal, on St. Patrick's Day:

There is nothing in the law of the present time which prohibits Irishmen from manifesting the love they bear for Ireland by celebrating St. Patrick's Day.

It was not always so, and history still preserves, in the archives of Parliament the text of those laws in virtue of which in times gone by, an Irishman exposed himself to the punishment of the lash who should be "guilty of making a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Patrick."

Of course this is now ancient history, but, even so, it is instructive sometimes, and even in our days it is a salutary thing now and again, to "catch a glimpse of the days that are over," so that we may gather there the energy to confront whatever hardships the future may reserve for us.

Moreover, this virtue is contagious and nothing is so fit to generate and foster heroism as the history of that little nation of heroes on which fortune only smiled, it would seem, when fortune found nothing else to do.

Twenty centuries of war, in the fields of battle or of politics, and Ireland's sons were scattered under the sky of every land, but preserving still, like the green shamrock of her plains, an ever living hope, based on an immortal faith, as well in the supreme justice of her cause as in the immortality of justice.

In the recent and throughout the remote past thus has it been with Ireland.

By turns invaded, victorious, defeated, oppressed,—subjected to the fierce will of hatred and fanaticism, parcelled out as spoil of war among her victors, Ireland has seen her sons tracked like wild beasts, ejected from their old homes, because they would not say "I abjure,"—driven for safety to caves and fastnesses, slaughtered while they prayed, or starved to death, or worse, made so miserable that in the space of some months 250,000 of the people died of want. And yet in spite of all this, Ireland to-day remains the same as she is described in her old national archives, the Psalter of Tara, the Annals of Tigernath and of Innisfallen—indomitable and with the added glory of the martyr's crown.

After having deplored the loss of her ancient warrior-kings, assassinated or betrayed, of unfortunate heroes overcome by force of numbers, O'Neill, O'Donnell, MacGuire, Tyrconnell, O'Brien, O'Rourke and a whole litany of others, Ireland had still to witness the desecration and pillage of her Christian temples, the proscription and banishment of her priests, replaced perforce for ministers of another Creed, her Christian schools closed in the name of law, her children forced to accept Protestant teaching or be allowed to grow up in ignorance,—and still Ireland remains exhausted it is true, but still with a smile of hope struggling through blood-stained tears, and murmuring ever: "I shall live, because I still believe Erin go Bragh!" She saw adulterous Henry VIII. attempt to dechristianize her by sending off her perjured bishops; Edward VI. impose on her the new liturgy; Elizabeth command the unparalleled massacre of Mullamast; Cromwell destroy the population of whole districts by burning down the forests in which they had taken refuge. Eighty thousand people were, under the Act of Settlement, trans-

ported to the Indies and there sold into slavery. And Ireland, in the presence of these hecatombs, croons to herself in the words of her old Bard McLiagh, the lament of her passionate desolation: "Kinkora, palace of Brian, my old king, where is thy once spring like verdure? Where are the bards and warriors who once sat at thy banquet-tables, O Kinkora?"

"Where are the heroic bards, O thou Queen of the Emerald Isle? Where are the golden-billed swarms that flashed in the hands of the brave Dalcaissians?"

"And though the Good is gone, and the Conaig of the beautiful brow is departed. Alas! in my solitude I know that neither Gran nor Corc can hear the voice of my sighs. Where is thy day 'is my refuge'?"

"Where are those silent abodes where once shone the flower of Temora? Without fear they rushed into the midst of battles, but never did they, with sacrilegious hands, defile the altars of the true God. Their loss has made my life desolate, O Kinkora!"

Then as of a sudden aroused, thrilled in every pulse, her head is raised to contemplate her people acclaiming a new champion, the coming of a few brave followers, then a national party, while the people are cheered with hope of better days. It is Keogh, the father of peaceful agitation, who has appeared: it is Shiel, the orator, whose fiery word almost is worth an army; it is the great O'Connell reanimating the people's energy and grouping about himself all the remains of heroism in his dying country; it is a whole legion of tribunes of the people, for it is time of mass meetings, of petitions bearing 100,000 signatures—and then, at last comes PARNELL, the heroic unfortunate—and then Gladstone. And behold always in the shadowy distance amid the balmy splendors of hope "arise the Maid, the fair Maid, the sweet Genuis of Erin cloaked in immaculate azure, with saddened eyes but still a smile upon her lips, an emerald crown upon her brow entwined with lilies and shamrocks, and singing to her golden lyre which awhile she caresses:—"God holds the future. I suffer. I believe and I hope."

Therefore do we hail thee, O heroic Ireland. We hail thy worthy sons scattered in every land and bearing with them wherever they go an example of invincible attachment to the Church of Christ, and an unchanging love of liberty.

May the magnificent spectacle of brave Irishmen kneeling this morning at the foot of the altar and thence traversing our streets grouped beneath the noble banner of their sainted patron, teach loudly to those who have vowed the ruin of Catholicity, that even the most cruel persecution that ever was born of hate is impotent to destroy the ardent, living faith of a whole people.

May the great spectacle remind our persecuted brethren, remind all sincere Catholics, that the union of the faithful under their pastors, respected and obeyed, ends always in triumph over the fanaticism of tyrants, ends in victory in spite of the perfidy of traitors.

To every eye may it show, and cry aloud in every ear, that right is invincible and God's justice lives forever.

With these sentiments it is that we heartily associate ourselves with the brave sons of Ireland in the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, and join in the Irish cheer,

"ERIN GO BRAGH!"

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

An Interesting Outline of His Daily Life.

Mr. Lynn R. Meekins, a Protestant, contributes to the current number of Leslie's Weekly an interesting sketch of the daily life of Cardinal Gibbons, from which we take the following extracts. After referring to the qualifications of Cardinal Gibbons as a pedestrian, the writer proceeds to say:—

Undoubtedly this regular and thorough exercise has everything to do with the fine health of Cardinal Gibbons. From early youth he has lived a perfect physical life, and now, when he is traveling rapidly toward sixty-three, he has the vitality and freshness of a man of forty. So many articles and sketches and biographies have described the cardinal as an ascetic, that the impression of a great many people is that he is a man who lives apart from the world and its interests, and who cares for nothing but retirement and formalism. This is just the kind of man Cardinal Gibbons is not. In his information and in his activities he is strictly modern. He is conventional to the duties of his position, but there is no man who more dislikes unnecessary ceremony. He will drop into a friend's home on one of his walks, and it is a general saying that no one knows exactly when the cardinal will call, for he likes such little surprises; and he will talk in the most interesting manner upon topics of current interest with his visitors. He will discuss the full merits of civil service reform, and he will tell why he believes high license is the most practical regulation of the liquor problem, although he would like to see something even more stringent than that if it were possible, and he will praise arbitration; and on all the questions of government and administration he will

be found taking the highest ground without for an instant letting the discussion become partisan, for he tries to hold the balance even between the parties and to weigh all questions with moral scales.

Now, we may want to know what this prince of the church does, and probably we shall discover before we get through, that, next to the President of the United States, he is about the busiest man of high position in this country. He is never in bed after six o'clock. He celebrates the seven o'clock Mass every morning. At eight he takes his breakfast, and until half past nine he is busy with his secretaries, his mail, and the morning papers, which he never fails to read. This work almost always goes over its allotted hours, for his mail is heavy and he answers a great many of his letters personally. Every note or letter I have ever received from him has been in his own handwriting, and when I suggested that it must be a great deal of work to write so much, and that the typewriter certainly offered a way out of it, he replied that he found that he could get shades of expression and meaning with the pen that somehow escaped him in dictation. When to this correspondence we add the fact that he writes his sermons, and most astonishing of all, that he has written all his books—some of them twice over—with the pen, we have in this very performance a great deal more than the average man accomplishes. I can now understand why one of the men who were putting his last book in type said to me: "The cardinal is a good man, but he is dreadfully poky about copy." That, however, is not because he does not do his work promptly; it is because he revises and re-writes so much, and if the authors who wait for inspiration and dash off things could see and know that it is out of the hardest toil the simple and direct style of the cardinal is born, they would understand better why it is that his books have had

KNIGHTS OF ESCULAPIUS.

The Results of the Examinations at McGill College.

The results of the final year's examinations in the Faculty of Medicine at McGill University were announced on Thursday last. Seventy-six have passed all their primary and final subjects, and are entitled to the degree of M.D. and C.M., and amongst the number we are pleased to notice the name of Mr. T. J. J. Curran, son of Mr Justice Curran of Montreal, as well as a number of other good Irish names. The following is the list:

J. Barclay, Montreal; W. K. Brown, Montreal; C. L. Brown, B.A., Port Lewis; R. H. Barrill, B.A., Yarmouth, N.S.; I. G. Campbell, B.V.S., Montreal; S. L. Clendinning, Brighton, Ont.; T. J. Curran, Montreal; F. W. Delmage, B.A., St. Mary's, Ont.; J. J. Doyle, Halifax, N.S.; W. R. Dunbar, Abercrombie, N.S.; E. M. Von Eberts, Winnipeg, Man.; G. M. Foster, Pembroke, Ont.; A. L. Foster, Ottawa, Ont.; F. W. Gilday, Montreal; G. S. Gordon, Halifax, N.S.; T. A. Gouley, Eggleston, Ont.; C. C. Gurd, B.A., Montreal; E. S. Harding, Amherst, N.S.; F. C. Harvey, Wolfville, N.S.; E. W. Hayden, Cobourg, Ont.; H. H. Hurdman, Ottawa, Ont.; J. A. Johnston, Emerald Junction, P. E. I.; W. Johnston, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; C. Jost, B. A., Guysboro, N.S.; C. B. Keenan, Ottawa, Ont.; R. A. Kerr, Montreal; H. S. Kirby, Ottawa, Ont.; I. H. Laidley, Montreal; A. L. Laing, Montreal; H. B. A. Lennon, Montreal; J. R. Le Touzel, Goderich, Ont.; J. L. Lockary, St. Stephen, N. B.; H. F. Lyster, Richmond, Que. E. C. D. MacCallum, Kingston, Ont.; D. J. Macdonald, Whytecove, C.B.; G. P. McDougall, Grand River, P.E.I.; J. G. McDougall, Blue Mountain, N.S.; A. S. McElroy, Richmond, Ont.; F. W. Mc Kinon, Vankleek Hill, Ont.; A. A. McLennan, Lancaster, Ont.; D. A. McLennan, Montreal; W. P. McNally, Abrams Village, P. E. I.; J. D. McRae, Glen Ellis, Ont.; W. R. McKee, Baddeck, C. B.; N. Malloch, Kenmore, Ont.; M. J. Maloney, Eggleston, Ont.; E. A. Merkle, Morrisburg, Ont.; C. H. Morris, B. A., Windsor, N. S.; L. H. Morse, B. A., Bridgetown, N.S.; R. J. Middley, Woodstock, Ont.; J. A. Milburn, Peterboro, Ont.; W. T. Pallister, Guelph, Ont.; A. J. Palmer, Buckingham, Que.; A. R. Pennoyer, Goulet, Que.; A. A. Ritchie, Dalhousie, N. B.; G. C. Robitaille, Holyoke, Mass.; H. M. Robertson, Chatham, Ont.; F. E. Rogers, Brighton, Ont.; J. J. Roy, New Glasgow, N.S.; W. T. Scott, Montreal; A. A. Skeels, B. A., Montreal; H. Smith, Acadia Mines, N.S.; R. A. Smith, Durham, Ont.; H. M. Stuefield, B.A., Truro, N.S.; A. Sterling, Fredericton, N.B.; G. R. Sutherland, Hodgson, N.S.; J. A. Tierney, Valleyfield, Que.; H. W. Thomas, Montreal; J. E. Thomas, Montreal; J. A. Thompson, Kinnear's Mills, Que.; F. W. Tozer, N.B.; J. B. Trainor, Kell's Cross, P.E.I.; F. R. Wainwright, Montreal; S. F. A. Wainwright, St. Andrews, Que.; E. J. Williams, B.A., Sherbrooke, Que.; and F. W. E. Wilson, Montreal.

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WONDERFUL are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and yet they are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes PURE BLOOD.

It is at the battle of Clontarf that we first bear of the flag emblazoned with the Gall-green or "blazing Sun," the sunburst standard of Fingal, marked with the arms of the O'Brien, the hand and sword, bearing the inscription "Victory or Death." This standard is believed to have been green, and from this time forward green seems to predominate though other colors are conspicuous in their patriotic banners and uniforms.

In T. C. Luby's "Life and Times of Daniel O'Connell," the following paragraph is found:—"On the 19th of April, 1780, Grattan moved his famous declaration of right.

Note and Comment.

The German Emperor has commanded that medals made from cannons captured by German troops and bearing a portrait of Wilhelm I. be bestowed to members of the army in commemoration of the centenary of the first Emperor.

Isaac S. Dement of Chicago has broken the world's record of speed as a shorthand writer by writing 432 words in one minute in a test before a business college in Quincy, Illinois. The report does not say anything about the reading of the notes.

Labouchere, speaking of Jubilee honors, humbly requests that he be omitted from the list of the elect, for in his opinion no one can justly lay claim to a title on the occasion of the celebration of the sixty year's reign but Her Majesty's physician.

The Boston Post, commenting upon the fashionable cravats and neckwear of this season, says: Judging by some of the shop windows on Washington street, the coming spring is to be a season of very distinctly to be heard colors in men's neckwear. It would appear a little short of miraculous that in a few cases the plate glass windows were strong enough to stand the shock of some of the combinations in the alleged fashionable plaids.

The colored bicycle is more popular than the black one, and one of America's manufacturers explained this phenomenon by saying that riders take a special pride and interest in the different makes of wheels and the color helps to distinguish them; but the real reason is more likely to be the general love for brightness and a festive air, and the fact that a rider on a black wheel looks as if he were ready for a funeral.

Thirteen has proved to be a lucky number for Nansen, the explorer. He was born on the thirteenth of the month, he went "farthest north" with a company of thirteen, and all returned safe and sound. The Fram became free from the ice on the thirteenth of the month and the Royal Scottish Geographical Society entertained him on their 13th anniversary, which was held on the 13th of February.

In the report of the Jefferson Laboratory of President Eliot of Harvard, the following polysyllabic sentence is to be found: "Professor Jackson, Mr. M. H. Itner, finished the work upon parabromodimethylolol, which was begun last year, and continued with Mr. H. A. T. ray the study of the derivatives of chloral, obtaining results which throw some light upon the constitution of the oxide of dibenzylchlorodimethoxyquinone."

Professor Max Müller, of Oxford, in a recent lecture described the largest book in the world, known as the Kuth Daw, which consists of 729 parts in the shape of white marble plates, covered with inscriptions, and each plate built round with a temple of brick. It is found in Burman, near the old city of Mandalay, and the 700 pagodas of this Buddhist centre virtually makes up this monster book, which may be considered the religious colex of these people. It is a product of this century, having been erected as late as 1857 by order of Mandoun, the second of the last kings of Burmah.

Broken hearts are frequently reckoned among the damaged personal property of this world, but we seldom see them, and so we have to accept the statement of their owners for the fact. Some people's hearts stand a good deal of patching and seem none the worse for it, but a lady of New York died last week from the breaking of her heart. A post mortem examination showed that her heart had burst open, and the Coroner said that to his knowledge it was the only case on record of the actual breaking of a heart. And it was not sentiment did it, either, just indigestion.

The overflowing of the Mississippi and its tributaries has caused great desolation in Tennessee and Missouri and other neighboring States. Many lives have been lost, stock drowned and property destroyed in the submerged districts, and the sorrow and desolation of the scene is appalling. Five railroad lines are stopped, and the lowlands opposite Memphis and Tennessee are inundated for forty miles. The poor are suffering from want of food, clothing and shelter, and many are huddled together in temporary buildings.

A plucky woman is Mrs. Reed, the wife of Captain Reed of the long overdue ship, T. F. Oakes, which left Hong Kong on July 4th, for New York. While in the China Sea a terrific typhoon was encountered and the ship was blown far out of her course. A calm followed; then six of the crew died of scurvy, and one by one the others became afflicted, and it was at last necessary for the captain's wife, a woman of great endurance and courage, to take the wheel while her husband aided the men on deck. In spite of the intense cold Mrs. Reed stuck to her post until the British steamer Kasbeck, Capt. Miller, sighted the Gales, and towed it into New York harbor.

Leslie's Weekly publishes the following extract from a book written by Mr. W. Dean Howells, nearly fifteen years ago, in which the principal character, a modern journalist, is made to declare his creed:—"I should make it pay, to begin with; and I should make it pay by making it such a thorough newspaper that every class of people must have it. I should cater to the lowest class first, and as long as I was poor I would have the fullest

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and best reports of every local accident and crime; that would take all the rabble. Then, as I could afford it, I'd rise a little and give first-class non-partisan reports of local political affairs; that would fetch the next largest class, the ward politicians of all parties. I'd lay for the local religious world, after that—religion comes right after politics in the popular mind, and it interests the women like murder. I'd give the minutest religious intelligence, and not only that, but the religious gossip and the religious scandal. Then I'd go in for fashion and society—that comes next. I'd have the most reliable and thorough-going financial reports that money could buy. When I'd got my local ground perfectly covered, I'd begin to ramify. Every fellow that could spell, in any part of the country, should understand that, if he sent me an account of a suicide, or an elopement, or a murder, or an accident, he should be well paid for it; and I'd rise on the same scale through all the departments. I'd add art criticisms, dramatic and sporting news, and book reviews, more for the looks of the thing than for anything else; they don't any of 'em appeal to a large class. I'd get my paper into such a shape that people of every kind and degree would have to say, no matter what particular objection was made to it, 'Yes, that's so; but it's the best newspaper in the world, and we can't get along without it.'

"And then you'd begin to clean up, little by little—let up on your murders and scandals, and purge and live cleanly like a gentleman? The trick's been tried before."

"I don't know about the cleaning up. I should want to keep all my audience. If I cleaned up, the dirty fellows would go off to some one else; and the fellows that pretended to be clean would be disappointed."

A statement relative to the adoption of green as the color of the Irish flag at the time of the Revolution of 1798 has been floating calmly under the eyes of Irish-American patriots and scholars in the columns of almost every Catholic Weekly in the United States, but immediately when it crosses the border and enters Canadian territory through the columns of the TRUE WITNESS, the statement is forthwith challenged by an alert subscriber, and proofs demanded.

The assertion is that the Ancient Flag of Ireland was a golden harp on a dark blue ground and that it was not until the Rebellion of 1798 that green was adopted as the national color, because it was a fusion of the orange and blue and thus represented the union of Catholic and Protestant Irishmen of that time."

A little investigation of the subject has brought out the following historical references to Ireland's national color and flag:

In the third of Thomas Mooney's series of Irish Lectures, published in Boston in 1846, we find that during the reign of Tighernmas "the monarch was known by his mantle of yellow and purple, for green had not yet become the national color."

"The yellow banner, emblazoned with the dead serpent and the rod of Moses, was borne by the standard bearer of Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, when that monarch had an interview with Henry the Second of England."

"The harp was the earliest national symbol of the Firbolgs, or first inhabitants."

"When Heber and Heremon divided the Kingdom between them they differed about a musician and a poet; but the matter was settled in a friendly manner by Ambergin, their brother, who adjudged the musician to Heber, and the poet to Heremon; the brothers then assumed the harp as an emblem of the harmony that prevailed between them."

Colonel Vallancy, writing of the same period, says:—"Though the garb of the ancient Irish was simple in its fashion, yet the materials of which it was composed were of the most costly quality. Their kings wore mantles of an immense size, generally nine ell, of yellow and purple silk."

Again, in Mooney's Third Lecture, we are told that Ollamh Fodhla regulated the laws and customs of heraldry. "Previous to his time the Milesians did not observe very exactly any particular order; they had a banner bearing as an escutcheon a dead serpent, and wand, in memory of the cure of Gaodhal by Moses."

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The streets around the Senate House were thronged with the disciplined ranks of the Volunteers in various uniforms—orange, scarlet and green—with different facings. Gorgeous banners, with watchwords and devices, significant of freedom, worked in gold or silver on their folds of blue, green, or white, floated proudly overhead."

From Mooney's XIX Lecture:—"In 1789 Lord Charlemont instituted the 'Whig Club' purposely to counteract the wild zealots of the hour. The pale flag of the Whig Clubs soon yielded to the flag of deeper green raised by the United Irishmen."

"The 'National Guards,' in 1793, 'assumed a green uniform and wore buttons on which was medalled the figure of the harp without the crown, the emblem of a Republic.'

In the Instructions drawn up by the Provincial Committee of the United Men of Leinster in 1798, the 7th reads: "A standard to be got for each company, ten feet long, with a pike in the end; the flag to be of green stuff, about two feet square."

The 14th is: "A bit of green stuff, or any other color, to be fastened at the end of each pike, as it has a great effect in frightening the horses of cavalry."

Gordon, a Protestant historian, writing of the period of the abandonment of Wexford by the Orangemen, says:—"Most people were desirous to wear uniforms and ornaments of some kind or other; green was the most favorite and predominant color, but on failure of this blue was substituted, and as to their flags and ensigns, they were also green, or of a dark greenish hue, decorated with many emblematic figures."

When General Humbert's expedition landed in Killala on the 23rd of August, 1798, "a green flag was mounted over the castle gate with the inscription Erin go Bragh."

Smith O'Brien at the opening dinner of the "Eighty-two Club" in Dublin, in 1845, gave expression to the following:—"When we can unite—and God grant that that day may not be far distant—when we can unite the emblems of our northern fellow-countrymen with our own immortal green, I shall not be the last to support the proposal of my friend, Mr. Porter, for the formation of a national militia for Ireland."

The uniform of the "Eighty-Two Club" was "the significant green and gold worn by Sarsfield, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet."

From the above quotations we may infer that green was at least the favorite if not the distinctively national color from the days of Brian the illustrious.

The subject is one that is full of interest, and a clearer light may be thrown upon it by some of the Irish members of THE TRUE WITNESS. The flags carried by the Irish Brigade in France, and the Irish under Montcalm in Canada, that Mr. Kavanagh refers to in his interesting letter, are also subjects of inquiry. Who will state their colors?

M. H.

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