

THE ORIGIN OF SCOTCH PLAIDS.

The great popularity of Scotch Plaids in dress and other fabrics during this season, and the revival of Celtic forms of decorations in the wood, metal, and stoneworking crafts, serve to remind us of the fact that the Irish art forms are immortal and that if the whirling of time depresses those forms for a generation, another whirl brings them uppermost throughout the world. It will surprise many persons, even in the dry goods and upholstery line, to learn that Scotch plaids, so called during the past century, are really Irish plaids, a kind of wool textile fabric that has been made in Ireland for more than two thousand years.

The Rev. Father Daniel Rock, author of "The Church of Our Fathers," "Influences of the Catholic Church on Art," and "The Loyalty of the Irish to Popes," in a history of the textile industries of the world, which he wrote by request of the British Government, and which is now a text book on the subject in all the art schools of the world, states that he saw fragments of the striped and checked woollen fabric, in modern times called Scotch plaids, wrapping the remains of Celts buried at least 1,000 years before the landing of St. Patrick. These fragments were found during the excavation of ancient Celtic burial places. The term Scotch plaid arose when the Venetians and Genoese merchants began to deal in them through their resident wool buyers in Ireland. By the Italians the Irish were called Scotch, and the word plaid is merely a perversion of the word plait.

In a memorial of the ship owners of London, addressed to Parliament in 1335, the petitioners said that the law of the previous year, which deprived the Cistercian monks of the right of sending wool out of the kingdom, had ruined the shipping interests of London, and had driven thousands of carters, horse owners, stable men, weavers and plaiters of Irish plaits to the Hanse towns of the Continent, and that the value of the trade in Irish plaits had supported more than 3,000 persons. The report of the king in council touching this matter has also been preserved, and was recently printed.

By this it is shown that the wool industry, then, as it is to-day, the greatest exporting industry of England, was the creation of the Cistercian monks, who in various parts of the kingdom had induced a turbulent class of men who had lived by hunting fur-bearing animals to engage in pastoral work, and that they had introduced fine breeds of sheep from the Holy Land, Spain, and Italy, which had flourished far beyond their expectations, so that in the course of a century the monks had built up a great continental demand for English wool, which was accounted the best in the world, and that the passage of the law taking the wool trade out of the hands of the Cistercians was for the purpose of hoarding a great store of wool in the kingdom and to the end that Continental workers of wool might be induced to settle in England and establish the making of fine clothes on a large scale, and it was further shown that

the Irish ship owners and merchants engaged in the tin mining and smelting business in Cornwall had grossly and in the most contemptuous manner refused to abide by the laws of parliament, and had at various times and with force of arms prevented the King's master of arms in the discharge of the duty in preventing wool and Irish plaits going beyond seas in Irish ships, which were henceforth deprived of the right of entering in or departing from any port in the kingdom.

The next we hear of Irish in England during that reign is an account of the building of the long range of forts in the vicinity of the tin mines, in Cornwall; these forts, the remains of which may be seen to this day, were all built facing toward the land the sea being undefended. The meaning of this is, that the defences were intended to keep out the King of England's troops. It is a remarkable fact that the Agnus Dei, stamped out every ingot of tin made by the Irish during the thousand years and more in which they possessed that industry in Cornwall, is still used. There has not been a break in its use during all that time. Wherever in the world there is a tin-working or plumber's shop, there the Agnus Dei stamp is seen on Cornish tin. But in trade the brand is called "Lamb and Flag," in allusion to the figure of the Paschal Lamb and banner of the Church, first portrayed in the Catacombs of Rome by the early Christians. A matter of frequent discussion in art circles of late is whether in representations of our Lord on the cross He should be shown, as in the ancient Irish sculptures garbed in a tunic, or in the semi-nude form which has come down to us from the sculptures of the early Christians in Rome.

It seems to be the opinion of the profoundly learned antiquarians that the Irish form of representation is that which is undoubtedly correct. The Irish in the early days of the Church were noted for fidelity to traditions with respect to dress and ornaments of persons of others than Irish race, and the dress worn by Christ in hundreds of Celtic carvings of the time of the labors of the first Christian missionaries in Ireland, is not that of the Irish people, but that of a Roman.

In an early Irish sculpture of the crucifixion, carved during the sixth century, the artist handled the subject in a masterly and dignified manner; the wounds in the hands and the feet are accentuated, but the central thought in the artist's mind was the risen side, where the glastly incision is shown through the rent in the garment, and the artist made it perfectly clear that the garment is not the seamless garment made by the Blessed Virgin, and which the Roman soldiers cast lots for, by showing that the garment is sewn in many parts, and that it is an old garment cast off probably by one of the soldiers who cast dice for the beautiful robes, woven in one piece by the Mother of Sorrows.—G. Wilfred Pearce, in the Newark Ledger.

Catholicity in North Carolina

By VERY REV. F. FELIX, O.S.B.

July 4, 1584, opens the annals of the history of North Carolina. Sir Walter Raleigh, at the direction of Queen Elizabeth, sent two vessels under the command of Philip Armidas and Arthur Barlow, to the New World, not, however, to fulfil the pious ambition of a Columbus, to plant salvation upon the virgin soil of America, but acting effectively upon the order of the reigning Tudor, to conquer and appropriate in England's name.

These vessels were driven about the bays and inlets of what is now the Carolina coast, until a landing was effected on Wokokin Island. Here they discovered a friendly tribe of Indians, artless and generous, upon whose chief at a later date, the English Queen conferred the title, "Lord Roanoke." This was the Anglo-Saxons' preface to the great chapters of their history on the new continent. The visit paid to the amicably disposed men and their island, was not succeeded by a settlement in this region until the year 1687, when we may speak of the first colony in North Carolina. Religious persecution had driven men and women into the inhospitable wilderness of the then unbounded state.

The Puritans of Massachusetts, those liberty-loving, God-fearing exiles of the Mother Country, forced the Quakers as far South as Virginia after having mutilated their bodies by revolting tortures, which truthful his-

torians do not hesitate to depict in all their shocking details.

I shall pass over the Palatines founded in this State by Swiss and French Huguenots. The number of those immigrants was barely one thousand. Many of them were massacred in struggles with the Indians, and their homes destroyed. Subsequently English settlers, Scotch Presbyterians, and Lutherans formed communities, and by Colonial legislation, the "Church by Law Establishment" enjoyed exclusive rights; other religions were permitted, provided they did not interfere with the Episcopal, form of worship.

The voluminous Colonial Records of North Carolina give no evidence of any Catholic settlers. Even the names chronicled suggest none that may be suggested of belonging to the true Faith. If there were a few souls, no trace of them can now be discovered. Probably Catholic emigrants feared to share the cruel treatment their co-religionists received in Virginia, where they enjoyed no liberty, were named incompetent to act as witnesses "in any case whatsoever," and hence were mere slaves to lordly proprietors. There Irish women and children were actually sold as slaves, when under Cromwell seventy thousand sons and daughters of Erin were transferred to the colonies, the greater number, however, being sent to the Barbadoes and Jamaica.

Bicknell's History of North Caro-

EASY QUICK WORK
SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES.

SURPRISE SOAP
MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

lina, published in Dublin, 1739, refers to a Catholic settlement in Bath Town, on Pamlico Sound, where a priest was supposed to have resided, but no trace of such an established colony is extant. The absence of any positive law against the Church in the primitive days of the settlements leads one to imagine the non-existence of a necessity for framing such ordinances. Only after the sons of the State had rallied and banded themselves in freedom's cause, to which the celebrated Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence (of which the Carolinians are justly proud) gave an impulse, laws detrimental to the Catholic Church were enacted; in fact, no early constitution of any State, except Massachusetts, equalled that of North Carolina in animosity towards those professing that belief—"any man who shall deny the existence of God or the truth of the Protestant religion, or the divine authority of the Old and New Testament, shall not hold any office in this State."

These difficulties naturally deterred conscientious Catholics from seeking an asylum within these hostile borders. Later and present perplexities will be mentioned as we proceed.

Research proves that the torch of Catholicity was first lighted in the little town of Newbern. In 1774, Gerard and Joseph Sharpe, two English gentlemen, were extensively engaged in commercial pursuits in this town. They were visited that year by their sister, Margaret, a devout, pious Catholic woman of strong intellectual acquirements and an equally intense attachment to her faith. Though far away from the consolation of the Church, she was not shaken in her belief, and by her example kept alive the smouldering flame of faith in her brothers' bosoms.

In May, 1775, she married Dr. Alexander Gaston, a native of Ballinacorney, Ireland, a graduate of the medical College of Edinburgh, and a surgeon in the English navy, a position which he resigned to sail for the North American provinces. He settled in Newbern, where, after a few years' residence, during which he practised his profession, he married Margaret Sharpe. Her two brothers had died and her husband was shot by Tories commanded by Major Craig of the British army, in August, 1781, whilst attempting his escape in a canoe across the river Trent. Mrs. Gaston was then left entirely alone in America with a young son and infant daughter dependent upon her. Too strong to shrink amid these disasters, supported by religion and energy of character, she met the exigencies of the hour with fortitude, and made the education of her son the grand object of her existence.

Upon his susceptible childish character she stamped her own exquisite sensibility, high integrity, and above all her religion, thus fashioning his volatile and sometimes irritable temperament in her own perfect mould. She knew he might be of use to his God and country; therefore he was reared for these two great ends.

William Gaston received his education in that bulwark of learning, where his name is immortalized. "Few institutions in America can boast of having matriculated a man of higher intellectual attainments and more spotless character," wrote Stephen B.

Some cough mixtures smother the cough. But this smother breeze fans it into life again.

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Weeks, of John Hopkins University. Mrs. Gaston lived to see her son loved by his fellow-citizens, honored by his State, and promoting the cause of God's Holy Church, so that the very name of Gaston was sufficient to dispel the pulpit defamations of would-be religious ministers. By his eloquence he succeeded in having the constitution of his State amended so as not to exclude Catholics from office. His mother died at Newbern full of days, blessed with temporal possessions, but more glorified for preserving the pearl of religion in a hostile State, and after giving the same trust to her son, departed to God to receive her reward.

In time Newbern became the residence of other Catholics, Francis Lamotte, a refugee of the French Revolution, two other French gentlemen, Francis Xavier Martin, author of a history of North Carolina bearing his name, Mr. Gillet and wife and Mr. William Joseph Williams, formerly a respectable Episcopal clergyman and a convert to Catholicity.

Rev. John England visited the town for the first time in 1821, remained eight days, preached each night in the court house, and celebrated Mass every morning in Hon. William Gaston's house. He organized the little congregation, and erected Newbern into an ecclesiastical district under the invocation of St. Paul. This may be considered as the opening of the Catholic Missions in North Carolina.

From this year, Bishop England paid frequent visits, baptizing, confirming preaching, and in 1824 appointed Rev. Francis O'Donoghue missionary for the entire State, with Newbern as his residence.

The vestry met on June 21 of the same year for the purpose of raising funds to purchase a site for a Church. The foundation was soon laid and the church finished, but owing to the death of Bishop England, in 1841, was not blessed until his successor Dr. Reynolds, paid his first visit in 1844, placing it under the patronage of St. Paul.

The death of Judge Gaston, January 19, 1844, affected the interests of the little church materially, so that its pastor, Father Quigly, was obliged to solicit contributions from other cities. Bishop Reynolds continued to visit Newbern carrying on the good work; converts increased, and the congregation was now fully organized. Yet the death of Judge Gaston would long be felt.

Judge Gaston was also the founder of the first Catholic colony in the western part of the State, in a county named after him "Gaston," which now forms the centre of Catholicity in the State. He composed the stirring lyric so dear to the hearts of Carolinians, a stanza of which will suffice to show the trend of its verses and convey an idea of the love that gave it birth:

Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessing attend her,
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her;
Tho' scorner may sneer at, and witting defame her,
Yet our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the old North State forever!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good old North State!

At the present writing the church at Newbern is in a flourishing condition. Extensive improvements have been made by the present pastor, who, together with an assistant, labors energetically for the propagation of religion and the education of white and colored children. As a number of prominent colored people reside in the town, a school has been recently erected for their accommodation, and a church, both places under the patronage of St. Charles. The result has been very gratifying.

Edenton, a mission attended by the priests of Newbern, was inaugurated in 1857, when three young graduates of St. Joseph's Academy, Edenton, who were converts to the Faith, conceived the idea of building a church in their home. The twelve Catholics of the place were compelled to worship in a small room in one of

their houses, and forced to be satisfied with an annual visit from some good old missionary. Without a farthing in their pockets, the young girls commenced the great work among Protestants of every persuasion, nothing daunted by the refusal of the visiting priest to assist in the project, lest failure be the ultimate issue.

Applying to her Protestant father one of the girls received \$100 and a promise of a site for a church. A trip to Baltimore followed and an appeal to Archbishop Kenrick, whose answer, as he placed a twenty-dollar gold piece in her hand, deserves to be recorded: "Go, my little apostle, with my abundant blessing; you will succeed with the help of God. Be sure, my child, to put all insults in your heart and the money in your pocket."

Returning home with \$585.50, the work was commenced and continued by the young women, who translated French works, taught music and, through the post solicited donations in the United States and Europe. Father Faber of the Oratory of St. Atory of St. Philip, Prince Hohenlohe, and even the great Cardinal Antonelli, helped them. Bishop Lynch of Charleston laid the corner stone on the feast of St. Anne, and to whose care it was entrusted, and the occasion was made memorable by his eloquent discourse.

Surmounting innumerable obstacles, these persevering converts prayed the humble church to completion, and on July 26th, 1858, the first Mass was celebrated in Edenton in a house really dedicated to God's service. On that happy morn as the congregation knelt at the altar to receive the Bread of Life, as the priest advanced with uplifted Host, a beautiful white dove flew in through the window and hovered over the middle of the sanctuary until the priest returned to the altar.

The church gained converts and thrived until the Civil War, when it became the barracks of soldiers and everything of value was stolen or sold at auction among them. From this deplorable condition it has been rescued, rededicated, and brighter days have dawned for the little church of St. Anne.

This very interesting article which we take from the Messenger of the Sacred Heart will be continued in a future issue.

A LAND PURCHASE BILL FOR IRELAND.

Rev. Father Boylan, writing from Crosserlough, Ballyjamesduff, Co. Cavan, to the Dublin Freeman, says:

I hope you will kindly permit me to address a few words to my fellow-countrymen upon a good Land Purchase Bill that would place the rights of Irishmen once and for ever upon an imperishable basis, a Bill that would

—1st, diminish the tenant's present rent; secondly, would even diminish that rent every ten years; and thirdly, would sweep away the whole rent in 49 years; a Bill that, by rooting the Irishman in the soil, would materially diminish an emigration that drains the elements of wealth, power and greatness of Ireland, and pours those life-giving sustaining streams of energy and valor into another land. Our first principle should be that the people ought to remain at home. A man born and bred to manhood is capital to his country, his health her strength, his intellect her gain, his industry her advantage. You may have prosperity with men but you cannot have it without them. Of what use is it to multiply articles if you have not the people to buy and use them? Secure a good Land Purchase Bill, give every tenant in Ireland a chance of buying out his farm for ever at a reasonable figure, and you stimulate that self-reliance and self-respect from which spring the powers of energy and enterprise, the mighty, the only, elements of national greatness.

Extend your gaze beyond the Irish horizon, look at the countries where the farmers have bought out their farms for ever—the small proprietor of Flanders prospers on his sandy soil, for his tenure is secure; the Belgian peasant thrives upon his little farm, for it is his own; happy is Switzerland with its thrifty people, who are masters of the narrow patches on their mountain sides, while the eternal snows are not able to bid defiance to the encroachments of their industry. I was in Belgium, and visited the home of a small farmer, and as a proof of what self-reliance can do, self-reliance inspired by the thought that it is his own family and his descendants for ever will reap the fruit of his labor, that whilst he held only eight acres of land, he had six cows, abundance of oats and potatoes, and the clover on his field was at least four feet high. And now, if this great question were settled, would it not serve the landlord himself? First, he would have his in-

come regularly paid from the Funds, and be sure of it; secondly, would never again have to depend on a good or a bad season; thirdly, never again feel the pain of serving an ejectment process; and lastly, he would be surrounded by a wall of brass by the sincere respect and blessings of the people for bringing freedom and independence to their firesides.

The cause of Ireland was never stained by one tinge of that Communism which, from time to time, has given such trouble on the Continent. The people of Ireland have a natural respect for rank and class. A gentry who discharge their duties are an honor to a country; they are the capitals of the columns that so nobly support the dome of social edifice; but in consulting now-a-days for the security and strength of the social edifice we look to the solidity and depth of the foundations, and not merely to the grace and height of its ornamental pillars. The class that digs out food for all should be regarded as the heart of the nation; and then let the blood of prosperity flow from the heart warily and evenly throughout all the veins and arteries of the whole social system. In every noble effort for his country, I hope, will prove himself the friend of all, without any distinction of creed, color, or clime. The Catholic clergy will ever teach the people respect for authority, for government, and for law, but they will teach them at the same time that the star-gemmed hand that traced the old Law on the Tables of Stone has written no decalogue for despotism, has written for it no promise of perpetuity of rule and sovereignty like that decreed to the sons of Abraham.

We shall never give up the cause of the dear old land until we re-establish upon the soil of Ireland the Irish people, and make it for them a possession and, and an inheritance by buying out their farms for ever, and thus become a solid body of men, as God has moulded them, living by the sweat of brow and brain and advancing to prosperity and honor by the appointed paths of industry and religion. But to carry this great question we must have a united, and sturdy agitation. Let each man feel that upon his own individual effort all depends; drops of water these efforts may be, but they will float the Irish vessel of tenant independence into the happy harbor of success. Every government has to yield to external pressure. The Duke of Wellington was asked by an Englishman why did he as Prime Minister of England consent to emancipate the Catholics of Ireland. He answered—"I consented for the very best reason in the world, because I couldn't help it; I used every plan, every effort to beat back the swelling tide of public opinion, but all in vain, every succeeding wave increased in strength and in volume. I said 'No' to the last, and I never said 'Yes' until the spray dashed upon my forehead."

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DATES OF BIG INVENTIONS.

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(Communications from Messrs. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of patents and experts, New York Life Building, Montreal.)

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