

The Catholic Record

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Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, R.A.
Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.
Associate Editor—H. F. Mackintosh.
Manager—Robert M. Burns.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 4, 1920

THE AWFUL TRAGEDY IN IRELAND

The recent shocking murder of military officers in Dublin and the subsequent savage shooting up of men, women and children at a football game throws a lurid light on the anarchic conditions prevailing in Ireland.

Our Canadian press has suppressed altogether the Irish side of the Irish story, thus abdicating the high functions and sacred trust of a free press. In this there is a marked contrast with the press of England, where journals not owned or controlled by the Government or its supporters have been outspoken in condemnation of the orgy of Government outrages and atrocities which are the undoubted cause of the murders that are invoked as their justification.

This is conclusively proved by the fact that during the first two years of the Government's policy of repression not a single policeman was shot.

In their recent protest against the reign of terror in Ireland the Irish bishops recall the fact that "when the country was crimeless" they warned the Government that their policy of ruthless repression would lead to the "most deplorable consequences."

In an article written for The Statesman and reproduced in the CATHOLIC RECORD of Nov. 20th, the Rev. Herbert Dunno, an eminent English Protestant, says:

"The shooting of policemen did not precede, but was the outcome of the Government's policy of rigorous repression and, unfortunately, political outrages are always produced by political corruptions, such as those which exist in Ireland."

It is a simple fact, yet terrible in its significance, that for two years the Irish people, with what a correspondent of a foreign newspaper characterized as "almost criminal patience," endured the same policy of repression which, differing only in intensity, horrifies the civilized world today.

The genesis of the present anarchy is thus summed up by Arthur Griffiths:

"A policy of repression, based upon nocturnal raids, arrests and imprisonments, was pursued toward the people's representatives and the people themselves. The restraint with which this policy was endured did not avail to abate its rigours and as time passed repression became more brutal and to it was added calculated provocation. The press that exposed and condemned the evil policy was suppressed or threatened with suppression. Public meeting was interdicted and all the organic means by which a nation expresses itself was sought to be stifled. Political spies, whose business it was to denounce men for their opinions and agents provocateurs, whose work was to instigate outrages, were scattered through the country.

"Consequences that inevitably flowed from the efforts to treat the lawfully registered vote of the people as a crime and the elections and their representatives as criminals, were in turn used as an excuse before the world for the sacking of Irish towns and villages, the destruction of Irish factories, creameries and business houses, the burning of Irish homes, homesteads and harvests, and the murder of Irish citizens, until today, throughout the major part of Ireland, a system of terrorism and destruction surpassing anything alleged against the Germans in Belgium in the late War is established

and carried on by the armed forces of the English Government."

Another consequence of the contemptibly partisan attitude of the Canadian press in their suppression of truth and suggestion of falsehood with regard to Ireland is the belief—the honestly mistaken belief in many cases—that the whole Irish question is one of religion,—the case of a Protestant minority defending itself against Catholic aggression.

The Rev. Mr. Dunno, from whom we have quoted above, is one of the many Englishmen who save the term "British Fair Play" from becoming a hissing—and a by-word when he honestly and emphatically affirms:

"There is not the slightest reason for believing, as many Protestants in Canada do, that the underlying issue is a desire on the part of the Roman Catholics to dominate and control the Protestant minority. Outside Belfast there is no religious feud at all, and there it is fostered by political and vested interests for ulterior motives. It is the old policy of 'divide and conquer.' Many of the foremost leaders in the Sinn Féin and Nationalist movements are Protestants. In districts that are overwhelmingly Catholic I found Protestants holding positions of importance. I have not heard of a single case where Protestants have been maltreated in Catholic centres, but there are hundreds of cases on record where unoffending Catholics have been assaulted, their homes wrecked and their lives endangered by Protestant mobs incited by base-minded politicians."

This bears out to the letter what the Irish bishops say on the same subject:

"Only one persecuting section can be found among the Irish people, and perhaps recent sad events may, before it is altogether too late, open all eyes to the iniquity of furnishing a corner of Ulster with a separate government and the deadly instrument of special police to enable it all the more readily to trample under foot the victims of its intolerance."

All know that Irish lawlessness and anarchy had their origin and source in Carsonism some eight years ago, and that at that time the supporters of the present Government aided and abetted rebellion and provided malcontents for all time what ex-Premier Asquith aptly and justly termed "a complete Grammar of Anarchy." All know that the Government now proposes to arm these Carsonite rebels and turn them loose on their Catholic fellow countrymen to glut their insatiable lust for persecution. Canadians have been so befuddled and misled on everything pertaining to Ireland that perhaps we had better here quote an honest English paper, the Manchester Guardian:

"Already the plans are published for converting the Orange lodges into military police, duly equipped and paid by the British Government. Mr. Bonar Law has pretended that this would be an entirely non-partisan body, and has said anybody might join it. But how many active followers of Mr. Davlin, let alone Sinn Féiners, we should like to know, will be admitted to its ranks? Thus the same men who have been actively engaged in the most bitter party warfare in the streets of Belfast, at Lisburn, and elsewhere, and who have displayed their impatience and respect for law by forcing out the many thousands of Catholic workers from employment in the shipyards and pursuing them even in their homes, will suddenly be converted into armed guardians of law and order."

More or less obscured by the deliberate suppression of truth and suggestion of falsehood to which we have referred, these things are still known to all. But few there are who will not have a more vivid conception of the extent to which brutal Protestant Ascendancy has been restored on reading the account published in Truth (London, Eng.) in its issue of Oct. 30th last of the revolting prostitution of justice in the regularly constituted courts.

Here is the plain, unvarnished tale as told by Truth:

"One of the most depressing features of the situation in Ulster, hitherto unnoticed, is the breakdown of the administration of the law in certain districts. I was present at the quarter sessions held in one of these districts the other day. Amongst the prisoners were a number of Orangemen charged with looting from Catholic shops during the recent rioting. The majority of the Catholic jurors were asked by

the defence to stand by. The result was that most of the prisoners were acquitted against the evidence. In one case the prisoner had in his house as much furniture and food-stuffs as filled two rooms, the property of a Catholic shop-keeper. Yet he was found not guilty. Finally, the Crown Prosecutor, in disgust, withdrew the charges against the other prisoners.

"No one in court seemed surprised at what happened, and justice was outraged openly. Personally, I would prefer the action of the Sinn Féiners, who refuse to recognize the British Courts, to the methods of the Orangemen, who, after swearing that they would well and truly try and true deliverance make, according to the evidence proceeded to break their oaths. The scandal of the quarter sessions was only one of the many signs which point to the conclusion that the Carsonites have definitely and deliberately determined to deny the elementary rights of citizenship to their Nationalist fellow Ulstermen in the six counties. And it is upon such a foundation that the Prime Minister hopes to build a peaceful North-east Ulster and the Carsonites say they will erect a model Parliament."—(Truth, London, Eng., Oct. 30th, 1920)

The foregoing facts illustrate the general situation the full knowledge of which is seared into the consciousness of Irish men and women. Moreover, worse than Turkish atrocities are of daily occurrence.

Here is one which happened Nov. 2nd and which is thus described in an Irish paper now at hand:

In an interview the Rev. J. Considine, C. C., who ministered to Mrs. E. Quinn, the girl-wife and mother, who was killed at Gort, county Galway, said:

"Please don't ask me—I cannot—I feel unable to give it. It is too awful, too inhuman to contemplate."

"Pressed, the priest overcame his emotion and continued:

"I have heard of Turkish atrocities. I have read of the death of Joan of Arc. I have read of the sufferings of Nurse Cavell, and as I read these things I often felt my blood boil and I often prayed that the good God would change the hearts of the persecutors, but little did I then dream that I should witness a tragedy more cruel than any of those things, and that here in our own little peaceful parish. At about 8 p. m., Father Considine added, Malachy Quinn, weeping bitterly, called for him and said he just heard that his wife had been shot. Father Considine procured a motor car and hurried to the scene. At the gateway there was a large pool of blood on the roadside. About three yards away, in the yard, there was another pool, and the porch leading to the kitchen was actually covered with blood. In a room was the poor woman lying on her back with blood oozing through her clothes.

"Oh, Father John," she said, "I have been shot." Shot by whom? I exclaimed. By police she answered. She added that she saw them in two lorries, and that the shot came from the first lorry. At this point she became weaker and he put no further questions to her.

"I tried to console her as best I could," said Father Considine and immediately administered the last Sacraments. When I had finished she whispered to me: Bring me Malachy. Bring him to me, I hear him crying. I have something to tell him."

"I did so," said Father Considine. "What a scene. Then she became weak. She fainted off. Gradually she became worse. I sent word immediately to the Head Constable of Gort. He arrived with three police and military. All seemed shocked at the tragedy. I asked him to go and see the woman. He seemed to have his men felt the trial too much. He answered, I cannot. I pointed out the pools of blood. No trace of the bullet could be found. It seems the poor woman, who I am informed, was within two months of her confinement, was sitting on her wall outside her house, holding her nine months' old child in her arms, when the lorry passed from which the fatal shot was fired. The bullet pierced the stomach. The child fell from her arms. She managed to crawl over the wall, which was blood stained, into the yard where she lay for some time and then crawled to the porch to tell her little servant girl that she had been shot."

What comment can any honest man make on this? Honest Englishmen find organs of public opinion that give adequate expression to their heart sick disgust at the sorry hypocrisy which seeks to veil the sordid and revolting butchery by the forces of the Crown as "restoring law and order" in Ireland.

If Malachy Quinn took lawless vengeance into his own hands is there a jury in Christendom that would not bring in a strong recommendation of mercy?

The execution of Nurse Cavell sent a thrill of horror throughout the world; and Englishmen proudly boasted of a civilization that placed

them above the barbarities of German Kultur. Yet the murder of Mrs. Quinn is one of the direct consequences of the license given by the English Government to its Bashi Bazaros in Ireland.

When the matter came up in the House of Commons this is how the Irish chief secretary justified the appalling event and reconciled it with the superior claims of British civilization:

"Sir H. Greenwood replying to Mr. Devlin, said he regretted to say that Mrs. Quinn of Galway, who had her baby in her arms, was fatally shot but it might be that the men in the lorries fired in anticipation of an ambush. (Cries of "Oh.")

Commander Kenworthy asked whether a record was kept of the petrol and ammunition used by those in the motor lorries.

Sir Hamar Greenwood said a perfect record was kept. He held that in counties like Galway the police and military had every right to anticipate ambushes. ("Oh" and "Hear, hear.")

Commander Kenworthy—Could the Chief Secretary assure the House that the most drastic steps will be taken to prevent pot shots at innocent women. (Cries of "Oh, oh.")

Sir H. Greenwood protested against such charges.

In another column we publish the despatch to the New York Times, telling of the murder of Father Griffin who, it is said, was to have come to America to give evidence before the Nation's Committee of One Hundred now inquiring into conditions in Ireland. Would it be prudent for Father Considine to apply for a passport to come to Washington? Might not someone "suspect an ambush?"

It is this unspeakable policy of frightfulness, of arson, torture, raping and murder that has driven desperate young Irishmen to resort to the wild justice of revenge.

And it is young Irishmen driven to desperation that commit those acts of reprisal which would be and have been condoned in England whenever and wherever provoked by ruthless tyranny. Even Gladstone said he was proud to clasp the hand of Mazzini.

Arthur Griffiths, trusting in this universal sympathy with the victims of intolerable repression, said a few weeks ago:

"We are willing to have any impartial body investigate the so-called murders of policemen. The proof will be insurmountable that these men were the victims of the relatives of people murdered in cold blood, or whose liberties were sworn away by perjured testimony bought with gold or promotion. The British Premier knows that the reprisals of the Irish people have only been against assassins sent to Ireland to force the young men and women of the country to emigrate. Their creameries have been burned down, their shops destroyed, their farms ravaged, their relatives taken away and foully murdered."

"Mr. Lloyd George knows that the Sinn Féin Government has had no hand in this work, for otherwise he would have all its officials everywhere in jail, if not shot. He knows that the vengeance executed has been personal and is justified before all law after the attempts of imported murderers to drive the people from their land to alien soil. He knows that this coercion is a failure, as is now the burning of towns and the ravaging of villages, and he is seeking a way out before the world in the hope that he can keep the real facts from Englishmen on whose sense of justice we shall ultimately rely, and not in vain."

Another utterly unjustified impression created by the truth-suppressing and falsehood-suggesting press is that Sinn Féiners shoot policemen from behind a hedge whenever they get a chance. As a matter of public fact announced in the newspapers at the time of each occurrence 441 police and military were captured by the Irish Volunteers between Aug. 1st, 1920, and Oct. 9th, 1920, and were released unharmed. A fact which bears out the claim that it is only on police or military known to be guilty of outrages that vengeance is taken.

The claim that such private vengeance is justified is quite another question. It has been condemned unequivocally and emphatically by the Irish bishops, it is in direct conflict with Catholic teaching and the stern command of God. As a mere matter of policy it is the worst possible inasmuch as it furnishes the faction now in control of the Government with the much-desired and sorely-needed excuse for continued repression and frightfulness at the very time when English public opinion was hardening against Government atrocities.

WEALTH AND CIVILIZATION

By THE OBSERVER

Somewhere in my reading,

recently, I came across this proposition: "Wealth means progressive civilization."

Does it? Not necessarily, I think; not even probably, I fear. Education, including in that term religious education, might be said to mean progressive civilization; but what has wealth to do with such progress? Education, properly understood, means progress in the power to comprehend, the power to appreciate; the ability to see things in their just proportion; including, and not only including but giving first place to,—the capacity of drawing a true line between things divine and eternal, on the one hand, and things worldly and temporary on the other.

That indeed is progress in civilization; but wealth does not necessarily promote education; and in fact, as wealth is regarded and used nowadays, it tends rather to retard education.

Wealth, at its best, as used today, enables man to draw more and more deeply on the resources of nature; to make and distribute a multitude of material objects, most of which are not necessary to even our worldly happiness; enables him to increase his own opportunities for physical enjoyment. It is quite plain that all these things would be quite possible to a world of pagans who knew not God's name.

Wealthy men are not the leaders in the things of the spirit, the mind and the heart which are the very essence of civilization. Wealthy men are not the leaders in education. It is not by wealthy men that great things have been done in the realms of thought; in discovery; in literature; in research. Wealth is not by leading in the progress of civilization; but rather by turning to the uses of material progress the forces, the intellectual power, and the energy, which ought to go to the doing of things which would really promote the progress of civilization.

A corporation spends twenty-three million dollars in advertising a baking-powder; (this actually happened); and the chief stockholder dies, leaving a fortune of thirty million dollars. I understand it is a very good baking powder; and it ought to be, since the consuming public paid twenty-three million dollars to have its merits advertised to themselves; but how much has the progress of civilization been affected by this accumulation of wealth?

That depends on what use has been made of the dead baking-powder magnate's accumulation of thirty million dollars. I don't know what has become of it; but I do know what is the common fate of such fortunes, and of most fortunes of any considerable size: One of two things: They are spent for unnecessary material purposes, to be gathered up by some other originator of "a new want," or a new baking-powder; or else they are made use of to pile up yet greater fortunes by fresh drives at the resources of the earth, or in constructing combines of large fortunes to dictate financial terms to whole nations and peoples. Seldom do they go to promote even material education, and we may say, never to promote the broad education of which I have spoken; the only education which can really involve progressive civilization.

In other words, when wealth is made merely an instrument to accumulate more wealth, then wealth only leads to wealth, and not to increase or progress in civilization. To increase ability, to develop natural capacity is not necessarily to do something for civilization; for if you make of young brains merely a machine wherewith to build up huge piles of money, or to fill the markets of the world with new combinations of wood, stone or metal, you have not sent out an apostle of civilization, but merely an agent for comfort or material utility, and these, at their best, are but small items in civilization; and the world would be as capable of achieving them if we were still waiting for Christ, as it is now.

When we talk of civilization, we must think broadly enough to give the word a meaning which includes the progress which Jesus Christ came on earth and died on Calvary to make possible. His Apostles, fresh from His presence, did not go out to the wealthy and luxurious cities of that day to show them how to use their wealth to pile up more wealth: They went after their hearts, to purify them; their con-

sciences, to enlighten and inform them; their minds, to make plain to them the reasonableness of Christianity and the true relations of man to God. That was the civilization the Apostles preached.

But now, 1900 years afterwards, we are asked to believe that wealth means progressive civilization; a proposition which was offered in Corinth and in Antioch in defense of their way of doing things.

Well, if any of the then inhabitants of Corinth or Antioch could come on earth for a day or two, they would perhaps be surprised to see that their error persists still, or is repeated, in the cities and the nations of today.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

TO SAY that there are fashions in diet, as well as in dress or manners, is a simple truism. The Dominion periodical, Conservation, calls attention to a fashion in fish, which, it appears, has been working out to the advantage of our American neighbors, and conversely to the disadvantage of Canadians.

THIS ANOMALOUS condition existed, it appears, during the recent salmon fishing season on the British Columbia coast, when the Alaska fisheries were shipping their red salmon to British Columbia, while the B. C. fisheries were shipping their pinks to U. S. canneries. This was due, we are told, to the lack of a market for the latter in Canada, whereas there was a demand for them across the line.

NOW COMES an expert, in the person of Dr. Edward Prince, Chairman of the Biological Board of Canada, to tell us that while the red salmon has been preferred in Canada, and accepted by fashion and usage as the better article, the pink fish, at which we have as a people been turning up our noses, is distinctly superior in quality and flavor. "The best flavored salmon on the Pacific coast," Dr. Prince assures us, "is least in demand on the [Canadian] market, because the color is pale. The inferior salmon, of a rich red color, brings the best price, and takes the lead, because of its color, this having no relation to excellence of flavor or edible superiority." The moral, then, is that while Canadians have been paying twice the price for the inferior article, the people of the United States, wiser in their generation, have been reaping the benefit. As fish-eaters to a considerable degree Catholics should be interested.

IN THE matter of foodstuffs, as we learn from the Weekly Bulletin of the Department of Trade and Commerce, Canada is about to reap the benefits of recent experiments in the transportation of that considerable item, Barbadoes molasses. Up to the present time this commodity, noted for its exceptionally fine quality, has been imported in barrels and puncheons—a very expensive method of handling it. Now it is to be imported in bulk. The first molasses tank steamer has been built, and is to be put into commission at once. This steamer is fitted with huge tanks of enamelled steel into which the molasses will be pumped and transported to St. John or Montreal, where receiving tanks capable of storing 1,540,000 gallons, have also been erected. By handling the product in this manner the cost is expected to be reduced to a minimum. Which is good news to the Canadian housekeeper if the ubiquitous monopolist for once fails to intervene.

A FRENCH periodical, L'Illustration, recently reproduced the photograph of a man who is now one hundred and forty-five years old. The history of this man, briefly, is this: His name is Zora. He was born at Bistia, Asia Minor, in the year 1775. He has been twice married, and has a son living at the respectable age of ninety-six, and a grand-daughter aged seventy-seven. For a long time Zora was employed as a street porter in Constantinople, where he still lives, but two years ago became the gate keeper of the artillery manufactory at Top-Hane. He is in excellent health, but a few months ago found it necessary to adopt a milk diet. To a correspondent of L'Illustration who recently visited him, and spoke about the numerous great events he must have witnessed, no other reply was forthcoming than: "They have had no interest for me." Would this, queries a philosopher, be the secret of his great age?

SOME YEARS ago an American periodical reproduced the photographs of several California Indians who were then still living at ages almost rivaling Zora of Constantinople. These were all subjects of the mission established by Padre Junipero Serra in 1769. The oldest, Victoriano, chief of the Sobobos, and Cassiano, were both one hundred and thirty-six. Lorenzo, third wife of Victoriano, was one hundred and eight years old, and hale and hearty, but almost a juvenile compared with "Old Marie," who at one hundred and thirty was still making baskets, "the deft workmanship of which revealed no weakened hand." There were several others, all past the century mark, and at the time the record was made (1897) exhibiting every prospect of many years of life.

IN THE case of these Indians it was admitted that their great ages rested on estimation alone, there being no authentic record. It was established beyond doubt, however, by Major John Carrère, of the United States Indian Department, that Cassiano had been present at the founding of the Mission of San Antonio de Padua, by Father Junipero himself, on July 14th, 1771. It was the custom of the Franciscans upon baptizing an Indian to record the event in the mission archives, and the fact that the records still exist of several of them, who at the time were adults, is pretty good authority for their ages as estimated by Major Carrère.

ANY DOUBT that may exist as to the exact ages of the Indians referred to does not apply to Don Ygnacio Francisco de la Cruz Garcia, a Spanish Mexican who was still alive in Los Angeles in 1897, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen. Of the authenticity of this man's age there was no question, as the record of his baptism by Father Jose Pico at Armoelo, Sonora, Mexico, 1781, is there to testify. This record, as exhibiting the uniform era of the Catholic Church throughout the world in all ages in matters of this kind, is worth reproducing. It reads:

"At the parochial church of San Jose de Garcia, on the first day of the month of May, in the year 1781, I solemnly baptized a child three days old, whom I named Ygnacio Francisco de la Cruz Garcia, said child being the legitimate son of Don Jose Garcia and Marianna Gonzalez, both from Spain. The godfather of said child being Don Felipe Carpena, and the godmother Don Serafina Carpena.

(Signed) Jose Pico."

IRELAND TRUSTS IN GOD FOR FREEDOM SAYS NEW BISHOP

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Washington, D. C., Nov. 18.—"Ireland's hope for freedom and prosperity is placed in God alone."

So declares the newly appointed auxiliary Bishop of Sacramento, the Rev. Patrick J. Keane, S. T. L., who has just returned from a visit to Ireland lasting several weeks and in which he was as much impressed by the deep religious fervor of the people as he was by the terror that has been struck into the inhabitants by the British soldiers in the south of Ireland and the Orange loughs in the north.

"The people of Ireland believe firmly," said Father Keane, "that their delivery from conscription measures during the War was due chiefly to prayer, especially intercession to the Blessed Virgin. And today this voice of Catholic Ireland is raised in prayer as never before."

"I celebrated Mass one Sunday in the Dominican Church in Dublin and I was deeply impressed as the number of people who went to Holy Communion. Three priests commenced distributing the Sacrament immediately after the consecration and did not finish until after the Mass was ended. On week days as well as on Sundays there are great crowds at Mass. The workmen leave their plants to attend Mass and pray for their comrades who are in prison or who have been put to death."

"There is no sentiment for bolshevism among the Irish workmen. The Sinn Féin is a national movement, not an international one and the Irish workmen are enlisted body and soul in this movement. The latest outrages of the British Government—for, it is certainly upon the Government that the responsibility must be placed for the sacking of towns and the murder of innocent people—has been instrumental chiefly in driving those old nationalists and Redmondites who had not joined Sinn Féin into the ranks.

"The example of religious devotion shown by Lord Mayor MacSwiney before he died in Brixton prison was certainly noble and edifying for the Irish people. Almost every word he uttered was a prayer. He echoed the sentiment of the whole Irish people when he put his faith firmly in God."