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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1921

IRELAND'S ALLIES

During the past two years or so it was seldom that we could agree with Lloyd George, at any rate on Irish affairs.

Yet the newspapers of Thursday last, carrying his speech in the House of Commons on the Anglo-Irish treaty, give us this passage on the new relationship of the Irish Free State with Great Britain and with the overseas Dominions:

"What the relations of New Zealand and South Africa are will be extended to Ireland, and there will be a guarantee contained in the mere fact that the status is the same—that whenever there is an attempt at encroachment upon the rights of Ireland every Dominion will begin to feel that its own position is put in jeopardy. That is a guarantee which is of infinite value to Ireland. In practice it means complete control over their own internal affairs, without any interference from any other part of the Empire. They are the rulers of their own heads, finance, administration and legislation as far as their domestic affairs are concerned; and the representative of the Sovereign will act on the advice of the Dominion Ministers."

Six days previously, in analyzing the treaty of Irish independence, we had written for the CATHOLIC RECORD of last week:

"The first two articles of the treaty with masterly directness at once establish the Dominion-status of Ireland and preclude any and all future attempts to encroach on the liberties thus established. It disposes effectively of the very real objection so often put forth by Irish republicans that the freedom of the Dominions is secured by their distance from England. Now, the concrete status of the Dominions defines more clearly and incontrovertibly than could written instruments the status of Ireland; and in the assertion of full Dominion rights secures her the interested cooperation of the self-governing sister nations, who jealously safeguard their own autonomy with its orderly and continuous development. They are henceforth, and necessarily for their own sakes, the powerful allies of Ireland against any attempted encroachment on their common status."

It is our inmost conviction that Lloyd George stated simply the absolute truth when he said:

"That is a guarantee of infinite value to Ireland."

As from the same considerations we concluded last week:

"The Irish Free State, then, possesses that complete political independence sought by Sinn Féin, and possesses it in greater security than would be afforded by a Republic."

There can be no doubt that this was a vital consideration with the Irish statesmen who negotiated the treaty on behalf of republican Ireland.

As every Canadian knows, and as our American friends will eventually realize, in the control of her domestic affairs Canada is as free as any country on the face of God's earth. She would resent interference on the part of the British Parliament or Government as warmly as any sovereign State in the world.

But there are those who object that in foreign affairs, in her relations with other countries, Canada is not free.

This is something that cannot be dismissed by a simple affirmative or negative. We shall consider it in a subsequent article and show that we may reasonably claim to enjoy as great a measure of freedom even in external affairs as is compatible with the necessary interdependence of self-governing nations. And that nations, despite their vaunted sovereignty, are in fact inter-

dependent is the mighty truth that is inexorably demonstrated by the logic of post-war conditions.

DE VALERA AND THE IRISH FREE STATE

In the course of a special copy-righted cable to The Globe and the Chicago Tribune John Steele has the following:

Late this evening Michael Collins told me that he could go no farther than he had when the public session yesterday was closed. Mr. Collins is fighting hard, but, in spite of this, he tried last night to talk things over with Eamon de Valera, who refused to have anything to say.

"I will have nothing more to do with him now," said Mr. Collins today.

I learn that Mr. de Valera's chief objection to the treaty is the form of the oath. He had framed an oath of allegiance himself, which, his opponents say, was far more humiliating to Irish pride than the one agreed on in the treaty, and he insists that the plenipotentiaries had no right to agree to a change. De Valera is also opposed even to a temporary recognition of partition. On this point Professor MacNeill, who is an Ulster Catholic himself, says that he is quite willing to wait a year or two, until the pressure of economic forces compels Ulster to come into Ireland.

Many Irish Americans will read this with a smile, and with entire comprehension.

One who knows de Valera well and who was associated with him in his propaganda work in America informs us that de Valera has the Woodrow Wilson type of mind. When he becomes obsessed with an idea he is impervious to reason and lost to the sense of realities; he would regard himself as lacking in moral courage or in fidelity to his convictions if he deviated a hair's breadth from the course which he had mapped out for himself.

To this abnormally developed characteristic is attributed the subsequent marring, in some measure, of his wonderful tour during his triumphal tour of the United States.

In referring to this idiosyncrasy of Eamon de Valera we do not in the remotest degree mean to question the sincerity of his patriotism or the purity of his intentions.

It will be remembered that during the height of his popularity and power in the States, when he was the accredited and acknowledged exponent of Irish national hopes and aspirations, he declared that Ireland would be willing to accept the modified form of a Republic enjoyed by Cuba, with the safeguards imposed by the American Government to secure the United States from any enemy attack with Cuba as a base. And at a time when the British Government declared emphatically that the security of Great Britain would be imperilled by an independent Irish Republic, Mr. de Valera challenged its sincerity if it did not accept this modified Cuban form, which the United States had found entirely satisfactory in solving a similar problem.

There was then no outcry from those Irish Americans who now denounce the present Anglo-Irish treaty giving Ireland the same status as Canada.

Yet the national status of Canada is incomparably superior to that of the Republic of Cuba.

Amongst other limitations of sovereignty the right of the United States to intervene, if necessary, in the internal affairs of the island is explicitly affirmed in what is known as the Platt Amendment, which is incorporated in the Cuban constitution.

The sole judge of when there is adequate cause for such intervention is the administration at Washington. Cuba has been an independent Republic—with limitations—for twenty years. Just how far its independence has been circumscribed by Washington during all this time it is not necessary to establish. For in 1906, supported by an army of occupation, American authorities took over the entire administration of Cuba's internal affairs until, in 1909, Cuban government was reorganized to American satisfaction and the United States open tutelage ceased and the troops were withdrawn.

The next time the United States will intervene in Cuba will be just when the administration for the time being at Washington decides that such intervention is necessary or desirable.

If the Government of Great Britain ever attempted to assume any such control over Canada there would be prompt, effective and universal resistance on the part of

Canadians of every origin, of every party and of every creed. If Great Britain persisted in such inconceivable folly she would lose Canada.

But there is not the remotest possibility of such an attempt. Great Britain would not dream of assuming such control over Canada as the United States exercises by constitutional right over Cuba. The most ardent imperialist in Canada would laugh such an absurd suggestion out of polite conversation.

And yet Mr. de Valera, who proposed Cuba as the model for an Irish Republic, is dissatisfied with the treaty which secures for Ireland the status of Canada! And honest Irish Americans who were not shocked at his Cuban proposal regard the Dominion status as a betrayal of Irish national aspirations!

The explanation, partly at least, is the inability of the average American to appreciate the fact that Canada's national status as member of the British Commonwealth is the highly prized and effective guarantee of Canada's national freedom.

The great news is just, to hand that both Houses of the British Parliament have ratified the treaty by overwhelming majorities. At this last-minute writing, nothing is yet known as to its fate in the Dail Eireann.

Should Mr. de Valera take the position that the agreement be submitted to an Irish plebiscite, he would be only fulfilling a pledge given a couple of years ago when he wisely declined to discuss hypothetical Dominion status, but promised if a definite, concrete proposal were made he would submit it to the supreme tribunal of Irish people.

CHRISTMAS

Centuries before the birth of the Redeemer of mankind Malachi, one of the prophets through whom God revealed himself to man, foretold that the name of God would be great among the Gentiles, and that a Sacrifice, a Clean Oblation, would be offered in every place from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same.

For nearly two thousand years that prophecy has been fulfilled, the great Sacrifice of the Altar, the Clean Oblation of Holy Mass, is literally offered in every place, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same.

This great central act of Christian worship is always and everywhere the same; in the vaulted cathedral with all the pomp and ceremony, with all the appropriate setting that human art inspired by divine faith may provide, it is neither more nor less than when offered in a shack for struggling pioneers; or the same when offered in the Catacombs or on the Irish hillsides hidden from the persecuting powers of this world as when the great ones of the earth are gathered together to pay open honor to the Eucharistic Lord and Victim.

But there is a tenderness, a sweetness, a joyousness all its own about the Christmas Mass, the Mass offered to commemorate that day on which was born to us a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. Christ's Mass—Christmas; centuries of history are condensed into that sweet word which carries us back to the time of an undivided Christendom.

Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will. Aye, to men of good will. That is the great, the tremendous, the crushing need of the world to-day.

Whether Christian or neo-pagan it is evident now to all that without good-will there can be no peace.

The nations of the world have, as nations, disowned God and rejected Christ the only Saviour of mankind.

And the result—Christian civilization is tottering toward total collapse.

The civilization that was created by the Church of Christ can be saved only through the Church.

This day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord. The good tidings of great joy are for all the people; but each individual by the exercise of that free will which God has implanted in the human soul, and which even He Himself respects, must choose freely for himself whether or not he will accept in all humility the God-sent message with its God-imposed condition:

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

"THE ULSTERMAN'S CAPACITY"

"The deadlock in Dail Eireann is Ireland's first experience for a century of the difficulties of democracy. There will be much wit in the Irish Parliament and oceans of eloquence, but it may be that the Ulsterman's capacity for saying much in little will yet prove a welcome acquisition. De Valera, as Opposition Leader, is evidently going to be a trifle tiresome."—The Globe, Dec. 16th.

Well! Well! Well!

Remembering the endless rhodomontade of Carsonites and Carsonism that was responsible for the coining of the term, "Ulsteria," and that was appropriately designated by the Gaelic-speaking Irish as *raimeis*, "the Ulsterman's capacity for saying much in little" that has so impressed the Globe must have been that terse and vigorous profession of Ulsterian faith which was also a fervent prayer for the Pope—but not precisely for his eternal welfare.

We call special attention to Shaw Desmond's article on page one of this number of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Just here read again the Globe's flippant comment with its "much wit," "oceans of eloquence," contrasted with "the Ulsterman's capacity for saying much in little."

Then read Shaw Desmond's account of his interview with Arthur Griffith when the life of that Irish statesman and patriot "was not worth a sixpence."

"I said I had only come to know exactly how Ireland meant to run her Republic or Dominion Home Rule—if she got one or the other."

The answer of the little man was to drag over a child's copybook, and with vivid staccato pencil, driven down deep into the paper, within the space of twenty minutes Arthur Griffith had drafted the new Ireland, economically, socially and educationally. Everything was there. Nothing had been left out. A masterly piece of statesmanship and draftsmanship.

No wit. Eloquence, indeed; but far removed from the Globe's "oceanic" type. A marvellous "capacity for saying much in little," a capacity, strange to say, not of an Ulsterman but of a plain, unhyphenated Irishman, the founder, the brains and the soul of Sinn Féin.

Whether it was Griffith or MacNeill, he exercised "the Ulsterman's capacity for saying much in little" and spoke for all Irishmen when he said:

"I would as soon kill one of my own children as to take the life of my Ulster brother. We are all one blood, of one country."

"And he meant it" is the terse and emphatic comment of the convinced interviewer.

This should dispose of the *raimeis* about "civil war" that the taciturn Ulsterman used to rave so "much in little" about.

So far from sharing the Globe's estimate of the new Irish Parliament Shaw Desmond writes with the firm conviction born of intimate knowledge of the statesmen who will dominate that Parliament; and he makes this confident forecast of its work in the immediate future:

"Within a short space of time the world will find an Ireland reorganized from crown to heel economically, with some of the cleverest of American brains helping her on her feet. It will find a system of taxation proportioned to the income of the taxpayer. It will find a country in which every farthing of useless expenditure will have been cut out. It will discover before two years have run their course a system of education second to none in Europe, with the best borrowed from the Continent and native-born."

Even with "much wit and oceans of eloquence" we could stand for a little of that sort of statesmanship in Canada.

A PUZZLE-HEADED OBSERVER

On Dec. 11th a Canadian Press cable flashed from London, England, to our newspapers the summary of The Sunday Observer's "special article on the Canadian elections," from which we take this illuminating paragraph:

"The writer described the Liberal party as probably the most conservative in Canada and by sweeping the Province of Quebec it has the support of the most conservative element in the Canadian population, which is Liberal only because it follows in the footsteps of Laurier and seeks vengeance on the party which introduced conscription."

Now if we strike out the portion in italics, (which are our own) the Observer's observation makes good sense:

"The Liberal party is probably the most conservative in Canada and by sweeping the Province of Quebec it has secured the support of the most conservative element in the Canadian population."

Whether right or wrong this would be a perfectly intelligible comment.

But when we get the Observer's recondite explanation of the *only reason why* "the most conservative element in the Canadian population" affiliates itself with "the party probably the most conservative in Canada" we are lost in wonder at the puzzle-headed perspicacity of the Observer whose illuminating article was thought worthy of transmission by cable for the benefit of less clear-thinking Canadians.

Perhaps the Observer marked up to fifty per cent. of par value a certain type of election talk that in Canada rivalled the Russian rouble and the Polish mark in reaching new low levels.

FRESH OBEISSANCES

BY THE OBSERVER

It is a great thing to be a statesman; but it is a much greater thing to be a super-statesman. We have had some statesmen in Canada; but it is only in England that they have super-statesmen. And they are super-statesmen only to the people of the "Dominions beyond the seas"; "the blooming colonies," in other words; and one of the reasons why we are only "blooming colonies," and have no very clear prospect of becoming anything else, is that we have the tradition, carefully ground into us in our childhood, that all English statesmen are super-statesmen.

This is a distinction we reserve for those alone who walk the hallowed floors of the English Parliament. We do not even confine it to the English House of Commons; we are strongly disposed to extend it to the House of Lords. Our own statesmen are mere statesmen, and English statesmen are mere statesmen to English electors. But English statesmen, to Canadians, are super-statesmen. Nay, more! let a Greenwood or a Max Aitken go over from Canada to England, and get himself into Parliament and into office, and he becomes at once, in Canadian eyes, not a mere politician, which he might be, but probably never would be, in Canada; he becomes a super-statesman, and Canadians regard him and all his works, thenceforth, through the rosy glamor which magnifies at the same time that it obscures and beautifies; the glamor of a carefully-taught and highly favorable traditional prejudice.

English statesmen who, at home, in their own constituencies and amongst their own people, are looked upon as common clay and prone to error, must find a vast amount of consolation in knowing that in "the blooming colonies" they can never fall below the status of super-statesmen, provided always, and this is the sole condition, that they do not become suspect of having any truck or trade with the "Pope of Rome." No other line of communication they can open up, whether terrestrial, celestial or infernal, can ever affect that status; they are super-statesmen ex-officio, ab initio and forever.

These reflections are occasioned by reading the Canadian press eulogies of Mr. Lloyd George of recent date. Happy is the man who can always be right; or, if there be no such man, happy the man who can always be sure of devoted support for whatever he may do. Mr. Lloyd George cannot depend on any such support as that at home. He can always be sure of it in Canada, while he remains in that sacred area where the super-statesmen do their super-stunts.

Mr. Lloyd George, a year ago, decided to divide Ireland and give her three parliaments and two senates; but not to take away Dublin Castle or the Boards. And the Canadian press said he was the greatest, the most enlightened, and the most generous statesman of his age. A year ago he was aggressively defending the massacres and the terrorism of the Cromwellian revival; and his Canadian admirers applauded his every word; and it was only amongst English electors and English journalists that his super-statesmanship was questioned.

Now, he is going to give Ireland two Parliaments and a Boundary Commission; and the country is to remain divided, and, as it must

remain divided, Dublin Castle and the Boards must remain; the more important of the Boards at least. Ireland is one country; and her national services are joint; not several. Railways, for example, Banks, for another example. Post office, Customs; a score of subjects of legislation. Someone must legislate on them; not for four or six counties; but for the whole country.

What will be done? Only one thing is possible if there are to be two legislative divisions; the legislation which applies to both must be passed outside them both; or else it will be the subject of conflicting legislation.

The Boards remain: That's the only way if there are to be two nations in one. Wait and see, when the Bill is brought down, and you will find that that is what is going to be attempted.

The point that larger powers are to be granted is not as important as it looks; because those powers will be limited in their exercise, and will be only theoretical powers if the country is to be divided.

NOTE.—Interesting point of view; but we have greater faith in the clear-headed Irishmen who signed the treaty.—E. C. R.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE ARTIST colony in the Adirondacks has received a notable addition lately in the person of Mr. Archibald Browne, R. C. A., late of Toronto. Mr. Browne had come to occupy a leading place among Canadian artists, and had won for himself a reputation now extending far beyond the boundaries of Canada. His removal, therefore, to the neighboring Republic is a distinct loss to Art circles in this country, and will be greatly regretted. But in the wider field of the United States, and the closer proximity to the art centers of the East, which residence at Lake Placid ensures to him, his fame as a landscape painter is bound to increase and in that way redound to the credit of Canada, where his art has been developed and fostered.

Of Mr. Browne, Mr. R. C. Reade, Lecturer in Greek at Toronto University, wrote a few years ago: "The North American Renaissance in art is not confined to the United States alone, of the truth of which statement I have found ample proof in the work of Mr. Archibald Browne, a brilliant Canadian paysagist, whose pictures are now on exhibition in New York. Here is an art which, at first glance, strikes to the core of your artistic sensibility, with a rapturous thrust of opulent and majestic colour; an art in which passion and sincerity, beauty and truth, realism and romance, paint and personality are fused in a persuasive harmony. The technique is modern enough to satisfy the most ardent thirst for artistic sensations. It has verve, sparkle and intensity, without the least theatricality or garishness. It is brilliant, and at the same time fastidious, refined and reticent. His landscapes are real landscapes, genuine, natural scenes; a moon rising over a marsh, a peaceful woodland vista; but at the same time fulfil Amiel's dictum that a landscape is a state of the soul. The artist is at once true to nature and true to his own personality—a double veracity, a double focus which produces absolutely truthful vision."

Mr. Browne, we may be permitted to add, who is of that virile Scots Presbyterian type which hates shams and aspires, though not always successfully, to truth as the one treasure worth possessing, is a recent convert to the Catholic Faith, having been received into the Church about a year ago. His name may therefore be added to that list of noted persons in America who, repelled by the materialistic and disintegrating character of present-day religion outside the Church, have found fruition of their hopes and ideals in Catholic truth.

IT TRANSPIRES that "Richard Dehan," whose novels have attracted wide attention within the past few years, especially the "Dop Doctor," is not a man, but a frail, invalid woman, Clothilde Graves, not unknown under her own name as a dramatist and journalist of great capability. Miss Graves is an Irish-woman by birth, daughter of an officer in the Royal Irish Regiment. She is also a convert to the

Faith, which fact has lent a color to all her more recent productions. She has just completed a book on Jerusalem which will be published shortly. At present she resides at the Convent of the Blessed Sacrament, Barnber, Essex, where, as an invalid, she lives in strict seclusion, under a rigid health regime. In these days of widespread posing and notoriety-seeking it is refreshing to read of an author of ability who does not care for publicity and declines to be interviewed or photographed. Her personality is said to be an interesting one, but known to few. Writing is her relaxation from almost constant pain.

A good story is being told, on the authority of the late Cardinal Martelli, which illustrates the varied character of visitors to Rome and to the Papal Court. A wealthy American, from the Far West, was paying his second visit to Rome, and through the good offices of an American prelate obtained an audience with the Pope, Pius X. Cardinal Martelli acted as interpreter at the interview. When presented, the American amazed the assembled prelates, who understood English, by exclaiming with great show of affability: "I am very glad of this honor, Your Holiness. I knew your father, the late Pope Pius IX., and was presented to him. I am very glad to meet Your Holiness." This speech, related the Cardinal, was not translated literally to the Pope, and from the kindly and benevolent bearing of His Holiness, the visitor no doubt carried away the impression that he had made a decided "hit" with him.

ANOTHER story of a like character, this time on the authority of the Chicago Tribune, will bear repeating. A well-known lady artist, resident in Rome, while standing one day near the statue of the Apollo Belvedere, presently became aware of the presence of one of her country-women, a well-to-do looking person, who introduced herself as Mrs. Raggles, from Missouri. "Is this the Apollo Belvedere?" she enquired. Being assured that it was, the tourist said: "Considered a great statue?" "Generally thought to be one of the world's masterpieces," was the reply. "Manly beauty, and all that sort of thing," interrogated the visitor. "Yes," responded the now amazed artist, "it is judged to be one of the noblest representations of the human form in existence." "Well," retorted the tourist, closing her Bader and moving away, "I've seen the Apollo Belvedere, and I've seen Raggles. Give me Raggles."

Apocryph of the story of the American and the Pope here is a story told by a lady orator in the recent election campaign; the writer was present.

The speaker was endeavoring to lead her audience to believe that French Canadians would not be so awfully bad if only they had not been "so poisoned and misled." That they were even capable of being civilized—and eventually vote right—she left to be inferred from her own experience. Travelling through Quebec with the War Women in 1911 she was astonished at the cordial reception everywhere accorded them. Arches innumerable spanned the magnificent highway between Montreal and Quebec. One particularly fine one attracted her attention. On inquiry she found that it had been erected in honor of the son of the parish priest who had gone to the War and made the supreme sacrifice. Instead of the expected applause at this evidence that even French Canadian priests were not beyond hope, the half-suppressed titters and chuckles of the audience seemed to disconcert her a bit, but to enlighten her not at all.—E. C. R.

THOSE TWO WORDS

We have been asked what precisely we mean by the terms "optimism" and "pessimism," which have of late appeared at times in our columns. The question comes mostly from aggrieved pessimists. Well, both words are fairly new to the language; neither is in Johnson. Today they are variously used; "pessimism," for instance, for the doctrine that everything is for the worst, and that life is an evil, or for the disposition to look on the dark side of things. Similarly, "optimism" if either the doctrine that everything is for the best, or the disposition to look on the bright side of things. Were the philosophical use of the words the only right one, no Catholic could be either an optimist or a pessimist.