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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 10, 1917

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM

British fair play is proverbial; nor have we any desire to question that it is deservedly so. But neither the British people as a people nor British fair play has much to do with the government of Ireland.

There is an axiom of fair play which was old when Cæsar conquered Britain, an elementary sense of justice inherent in human nature, pagan or Christian, civilized or savage; it has come down to us through the ages in the language of the first great law-giving and civilizing empire of Europe: audi alteram partem—before judging, bear the other side.

Some ten days ago Mr. Redmond moved a resolution in Parliament deploring "the policy which is being pursued by the Irish executive and the Irish military authorities at a time when the highest interests of Ireland demand the creation of an atmosphere favorable to the success of the Irish Convention."

The cable announced the fact and gave a summary of the speech of Mr. Duke, the Irish Secretary; not a sentence, not a syllable of the speech of Mr. Redmond. Next day, via Reuter's Ottawa Agency, the press was given the full text of Mr. Duke's "important speech in the House of Commons yesterday afternoon in reply to motion moved by John Redmond, M. P." Still not one word of what Mr. Redmond said in support of the motion which evoked from the Irish Secretary a speech so "important" that it was considered worth cabling in full. At this writing the transatlantic papers containing (presumably) Mr. Redmond's side of the important debate have not reached here. We are, nevertheless, able to give our readers an insight into conditions which Mr. Redmond must have described.

In the September number of The English Review is an article by the editor, Austin Harrison, on Ireland. In this article Mr. Harrison does not regale us with a priori arguments on preconceived notions of Irish perversity. He had gone over to Ireland to see and hear the riotous extravagance of a Sinn Fein election. And his first impression he records thus:

"We could have wished for no more peaceful spot in Europe than the little town of Kilkenny. . . . And I began to wonder how I was to pass the time in such calm surroundings until the day of the poll came round."

And now we should like very much to give all that this honest and fearless Englishman has to say of what he saw with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. British fair play, British truthfulness, British straightforwardness, shine in every sentence; the British statecraft which considers all these things out of place in Ireland, which as a matter of settled policy suppresses the true and suggests, when it does not emphatically assert, the false; that type of British statecraft which is represented by Irish bureaucracy fills him with shame.

Without yielding to the temptation to infringe on the copyright and reproduce the whole article we shall give such copious extracts as to allow this Englishman to speak for himself:

"While I was so cogitating there shuffled past us a picturesque figure with a concertina. A man in rags yet with the allure of a poet, his head finely poised, his eyes ardent and mystic, and as he began to play that truly awful instrument with a softness not generally associated with it, we called out to him to give us some Irish airs. He played 'The Soldier's Song' and, at the request of an Irishman who had not visited Ireland for thirty years and was feeling sentimental, 'The Wearing of the Green' and other melodies, whereat suddenly a couple of policemen appeared before us and ordered him to desist. We protested. We had asked him to play. But authority would hear no excuse. 'The man knows he is not allowed to play these tunes' we were told. For a second there was a tension. One or two men standing near groaned; the musician threw up his arms and slunk away; we returned to our coffee disturbed, not understanding, ashamed.

"I say ashamed deliberately. Was this Ireland? Was this the civilization for which we declare we are fighting in the name of liberty and nationality? A cripple bard not allowed to play Irish airs on a concertina! This, in the British Empire! We sit in silence. We speak of Parnell. I think somehow of Yeats in a velvet jacket in London drawing-rooms. Ah, how little do we Englishmen know the truth of Ireland! We go there to hunt; to shoot; to 'do' Killarney, the 'King's tour'; to amuse ourselves. We do not go there to observe: to think: to realize.

"My friend cannot understand. 'Are we in Russia?' he questions. The whole difference of race looms up before us. This is oppression, stupid oppression.

"An old man in the street we talk to tells us of the former glory of the city. (once 40,000; now 11,000, Ed.) It is gone. The young men are gone. All round the present town the ruins of Kilkenny's former greatness testify to the decay. Nothing doing. It is the blood-cry of Ireland. All that evening and far into the night we talk of the man with the concertina driven away like a hound for playing an Irish tune. It offends us. As I lie in bed that night I cannot help asking myself why it is that Mr. Lloyd George, the Welshman, does not himself go to Ireland and see on the spot this police Government, these Cossack conditions, the pity of it. He would be the first man to cry out against this shame. Why does he not go there and talk to the people, see what it all means, and think—think?"

A small incident this, but for that very reason all the more significant. If this "stupid oppression" extends even to such little things, then it is universal, embittering as it is intended to do, every relation of the Irish people with their alien Government.

Mr. Harrison continues:

"The next day I learn more. I visit the offices of the paper, The Kilkenny People, and see the plant removed and, some of it, even destroyed by the military. This incident started the election. Soldiers lined the streets: it was a military operation. The plant was put out of action, thereby preventing the company from fulfilling its jobbing contracts and placing thirty men out of work. A military act, that is the point, performed by English soldiers. I talk to the proprietor, Mr. Keane, who, not unnaturally, found himself the hero of the hour. I speak to his lawyer, who complains that his offer of guarantees is not responded to, and what strikes me profoundly is the foolishness of this work of oppression, so that in a rage at our English stupidity I wire Mr. Lloyd George, urging him to consider the matter.

"For this I can see is making Sinn Fein. It gave Cosgrave the election."

The English editor naturally studies the Sinn Fein movement. Noticing the complete absence of drunkenness, a police sergeant informs him "Its due to Sinn Fein." And noting that "discipline is the essence of the movement" he adds: "Not a man in the whole place the worse of liquor—could we say as much of any constituency in our elections?"

"All the young women are for Sinn Fein. In the procession which marches around the city on the eve of the poll the girls march with the men, five abreast, with a true military swing. There is no trace of disorder. Hilarity is the note. The Sinn Feiners have their own police, their own pickets. The watchword is: 'No disorder.' Not a policeman has anything to do. It is a ridiculously quiet election for the home of the fighting 'cats.' I find the English officers, posted for eventualities, do not relish the police job. Every man in the regiment has his good friend in town, they inform us; they are men who have been to the Front. 'Why?' they ask me, as if was my fault, "do we not give them their Government?' and I echo with them —why?"

Mr. Harrison goes up to Dublin where he finds a crowd awaiting the arrival of Mr. Cosgrave, the Member-elect for Kilkenny. The police are in force.

"Mr. Cosgrave does not appear. The crowd, composed mostly of young girls and youths, sing songs and gradually dwindle, then later there is a baton charge. For no special reason. A young man lies on the pavement, senseless, surrounded by a knot of chattering people. A few paces off the police stand lined up. There the lad lies—knocked out. An hour later an ambulance arrives and takes him to hospital. Method! The Cossack method. Again I wonder if our emotional Welsh Prime Minister knows of our police Government in Ireland. I have seen Cossacks do that in Petrograd. I am puzzled. There was no riot. There was no reason for any violence nor any excuse for it. If any particular individual was unruly, why not arrest him? But to knock a man out and leave him like a dog in the street seems a queer way in the Empire of Liberty. I never saw the Berlin police do that. I go to bed that night ashamed. I talk to a soldier in the hotel. He laughs. 'Fine chaps, the Dublin police,' he says; 'expect they were annoyed being kept up so late.'"

That last sentence is eloquent. That soldier would boast of having served under Maxwell; and must remember many extenuating circumstances in the case of Bowen-Colthurst.

We have cited so largely from the description of the incidents and conditions which came under the observation of the editor of The English Review that we shall have to reserve for another time reference to his reflections and conclusions.

Enough has probably been given to throw some light on the tenor of John Redmond's speech on which the cable is silent though it gives the complete text of Mr. Duke's extraordinarily important reply. It may be that some will think Mr. Redmond's charges must have been equally important. Others may think that if Mr. Duke's answer was really effective, it would be doubly so if the other side had been heard. And again there may be those who will think that the complete suppression of one side of a Parliamentary debate while giving the other side unprecedented consideration is the most impressive sort of tribute to the force and effectiveness of the side suppressed. And, what is of greater moment, a guilty acknowledgment of the truth of the facts and condition therein alleged in support of the resolution.

This is an extract from the "important speech" which has been cabled to us in extenso:

"It is a thankless office, after having set my hand to this task and devoted all the efforts a man could devote to it, to be accused of being covertly a man who was the instrument of its destruction. I cannot think that Mr. Redmond or any man who knows my attitude towards the convention could entertain that. I only say I don't forgive the man who, with the knowledge of the efforts I have made in this matter, can suppose that this was one piece of elaborate imposture, and that I was betraying Ireland and betraying what I believe to be the great interests of the Empire."

Mr. Redmond, interposing, said: "Mr. Duke, you must not accuse me of having said anything of the kind."

Mr. Duke, continuing, said: "Everyone knows it has been said how could these machinations be going on unless I were a born idiot, without my knowledge."

Surely those charged with the ruthless suppression of Redmond's side of the debate must have overlooked this. The Irish leader's quiet and uncontroverted remark not only emphasizes the childish petulance of the Irish Secretary, but makes clear that this part at least of his "important" answer is as irrelevant as it is petulant.

We don't know what Mr. Redmond said about the invidious discrimination in the seizure of weapons; but Mr. Harrison puts it this way:

"We have now prohibited the carrying of weapons—hurleys for instance—but we have not seized the guns known to be secreted in Ulster, known to be kept by Ulster M. P's."

Mr. Duke solemnly asseverates that Swedish exercises have not been forbidden, denounces the hurley as 'a dangerous weapon," but he says nothing about the provocative discrimination. Perhaps we should explain that the Canadian counterpart of this dangerous weapon is the hockey stick.

John Redmond can not at this date be branded as a rebel, nor dismissed as a hair-brained zealot, nor, even in Canada, be damned by the epithet Sinn Fein. The cable has in the past made John Redmond known to the world. It has now aroused a very widespread curiosity as to what John Redmond said in support of John Redmond's motion; and that curiosity is deepened not so much by the very great prominence given to the reply of Mr. Duke as by the very eloquent silence as to what he was endeavoring to answer. We can not award even the honors of debate to Mr. Duke if we are not allowed to hear the other side.

We would not have our readers rail at British fair play; rather we would repeat our favorite admonition to distinguish clearly between the English people and the English Government, especially the English Government in Ireland. British fair play is something real, thank God. And the ignorance which has long prevented its application to Ireland is fast disappearing. An interesting case in point is the writer from whom we have quoted above. Austin Harrison is the son of the famous author Frederic Harrison, who has written some of the most savagely anti-Irish articles we have seen since the War begun.

The difference between father and son is that in Irish affairs the son knows whereof he writes. The father belongs to another generation, he is eighty-six years old. The present generation of Englishmen are learning their Ireland. Some of them know it. The great majority have progressed so far as to find that there are two sides to the Irish question as to all others. And British fair play impels, nay compels, them to hear the other side And in this general desire to hear the other side rests the hope of a peaceful and honorable solution of the Irish problem.

MORE LIGHT ON FORD AFFAIR

Mr. S. Ducharme, M. L. A., in a public letter, has roundly condemned the faction leaders in the Ford affair. He attended some of the meetings and was reported in the famous press campaign as having spoken against his Bishop.

Mr. Ducharme thus explains:

"I had in mind and said that His Lordship proceeded hastily in forming his opinion and coming to his conclusions, and making his declarations regarding the bilingual schools in this province, so soon after he took charge of the diocese, and that, in a large measure, in my humble opinion, has engendered disagreements from which the present trouble can be traced. But while I say that His Lordship appeared to me to be hasty in his discussion of the bilingual schools, I cannot honestly deny the privilege of any citizen of the province to discuss educational matters in the province."

To this we may be permitted to offer a word of explanation which Mr. Ducharme or any one else desiring to understand the situation might have had any time during the last seven years for the asking. Indeed without going to that trouble, for it has been a matter of public knowledge. However the camouflage of the "powder" manufacturers may have prevented Mr. Ducharme and others from taking it into account.

Bishop Fallon was born a half-century ago in the province of Ontario; he was educated in its schools primary, secondary and university; his whole life has been dominated by educational interests and very largely given exclusively to their promotion. So that when Bishop Fallon "so soon after he took charge of the diocese" discussed bilingual schools there is not the slightest ground in the world for thinking that he formed his opinions or came to conclusions hastily; but there is every reason to believe that he did so with a competence all too rare, and with a knowledge of the situation full and adequate. Bishop Fallon need not have had that exceptional experience which gave him special qualifications in order to form an opinion and come to a conclusion on a fact like this: Of 2,000 pupils in the bilingual schools—so-called—of his diocese only eleven passed the Entrance examination. Nor does it take long for the Bishop, a teacher of unusual experience and rare qualifications, to judge from the examination of the children in Catechism on a Confirmation tour the condition of the schools whence they come. He has put on public record over his own name the facts and the findings from that source. Then bilingual schools were a burning question long before Bishop Fallon came to London. And again, between the time that Monsignor Fallon was named Bishop of London and the date of his consecration an attempt was made to reduce the Separate schools of Windsor to the status of bilingual schools. This would lower the standard of qualification for the teachers and lessen the efficiency of the schools. This Mr. Ducharme may hold is a matter of opinion. So be it. But the cold fact stands out that the question of the efficiency or inefficiency of bilingual schools was thus thrust upon the Bishop even before he took possession of his See. We shall not discuss the impropriety, the discourtesy or the gross usurpation of episcopal rights in this proceeding. Let the the fact, however, be remembered. It is important for those who would avoid forming opinions and coming to conclusions with undue haste.

Perhaps even then Bishop Fallon should have remembered what Sir John Macdonald, generous in his appreciation of their good qualities, considered as "the chief of the defects" of the French Canadian character—"a predisposition to fall a prey to demagogues, and an extreme sensitiveness on matters affecting their race."

Mr. Ducharme bears abundant testimony confirming the late Prime Minister's reputation as a shrewd judge of human nature.

Mr. Ducharme says:

"At the meetings above referred to I listened very attentively to the speakers. I made an honest effort to discover, know, understand and appreciate the aim sought by such a campaign, and after having carefully analyzed the 'powder' used to explode it, I came to the conclusion that 'some of the people can be deceived all the time, and all the people may be deceived some of the time, but all the people cannot be deceived all the time.'

"Hence my disapproval of the manner in which this campaign was conducted."

Charged with deserting or even opposing his compatriots he writes:

"My answer is, I am not against you, I am for you. Qui bene amat, bene castigat, (qui aime bien chatie bien,) I am trying to divert you from the disgraceful path in which you are being led. Some say I am going back on my compatriots. I am not going back on them, but I am trying to get them to advance and not to retrograde."

Threatened with political consequences Mr. Ducharme clearly indicates that he is politician enough to see through a sordid political game:

"Since the announcement of my disapproval of this campaign, several persons told me that the stand I am taking places my chance of re-election in jeopardy. Why should such action weaken my chance of re-election? What has that matter to do with politics? Does someone smell the 'powder?' Has some one set the political pot to boil? Is the Church being made a scapegoat for a political stroke? Surely it is not used for such a sordid purpose. Are some nationalist demagogues at the gate? Is some one attempting, through the great charitable Roman Catholic Church to lead us into the chaotic, tortuous path of a narrow nationalism? I hope not. Beware of demagogues. They flatter our sentiments. They appeal to our passions, but not to reason."

He then reveals the demagogues in their true colors:

"I was in sympathy with the parishioners of Ford City, and I am yet, because I believed they sincerely thought they had some cause or justification in trying to retain posession of the church, but my heart pains when I feel impelled by duty and honor, for the sake of peace, and for justice to all parties, to say that while the leaders in this campaign preach at the several meetings that Bishop Fallon conspired against the guards around the church and that that provoked a riot, the same leaders admit that they (the leaders) knew that the posting of guards at the church was a wrongful or illegal act, but that it was a manœuver, knowing the high temper of the bishop, to provoke him to use force against them, they would cry persecution and use his weapon to stampede the people of other parishes against him and create a loud impression at Rome.

"Who are these leaders? Qui vivra verra!

"Does not that mean that the leaders deliberately plotted to surreptitiously draw an opponent into a trap and then called on help to 'flail' him, abuse him, and portray him as a cruel master, while they posed as martyrs?"

Mr. Ducharme's mother tongue is not English, but he makes his meaning quite clear.

"And create a loud impression at Rome."

Well, Well.

Can it be that amongst the "leaders" there are those who would play a game of ecclesiastical politics more sordid than that of the demagogues whose ambitions are confined to the civil order?

"Who are these leaders? Qui vivra, verra!"

The member for Essex has seen and heard enough of the campaign to know what to expect:

"I may be severely criticized for what I have said. An attempt may be made to distort the tenor, the meaning, and the facts of this letter, but one thing, at least, can be placed to my credit, it is that I have the courage of my convictions. I am bold enough to be honest, and honest enough to be bold.

"Even at the peril of my political life, I will stand for the dignity of my church. Even at the peril of my political life I will try to save my compatriots from being drawn into public disrepute."

No one on either side whose good opinion is worth having, though he may not see eye to eye with him on this question, will deny that Mr. Ducharme is fully justified in this ringing declaration by his manly, straightforward and fearless performance of his duty as he sees that duty from the viewpoint of a Catholic loyal to his Church and as a public man loyal to his people.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

The materialistic spirit of enterprise, so characteristic of our day, seems to dominate life in Western Canada. One sees it in the project of underground piping of crude oil from Wyoming to the large refineries at Regina, in the vast network of railroads that covers the country, in the ambitious plans of the prairie cities, and in the extensive irrigation system of Southern Alberta. Again, beyond the Great Divide, this spirit manifests itself in the tunneling of mountains, the bridging of yawning chasms, and in the chiseling of a ledge for the steel from the rocky sides of the almost perpendicular cliffs that overlook the angry, yellow waters of the Fraser River. In Vancouver the close proximity of ten-story buildings to three-story stumps suggests that same spirit, which reveals the climax of its achievements, across the line at Seattle, where they actually remove mountains.

Closely akin to this spirit of enterprise is the spirit of optimism. One finds plenty of that in the material sphere; nor is it lacking among the laborers in the harvest. We heard an Oblate missionary thus speak of one of his confreres, whom we shall call Father Thomas. "That is the most enthusiastic man I ever see. When there is nothing to eat, he say: Ah, we will have a better appetite tomorrow! When the church she's cold he say: Wait till I light the candles on the altar; that will make her warm. When you say to him; That Indian he's no good. You waste your time with him: Never mind, he say, he'll get sense when he gets older. And when he lie down to sleep in his little room at the back of the church, he say as he listen to the calves bawling to the cows, and the cows bawling to the calves (as they do when they are separated in the fall) and the howling of the coyotes in the distance, he say: Is not that a grand and glorious lullaby! Ah, every man and child in the Cariboo love that man. He is an optimist, that Father Thomas."

"Do you not find life very monotonous?" we said to a dweller on the prairie. "Oh no!" he replied, "nature reveals herself to us in a variety of aspects, and my occupation affords me a multitude of interests. The life of a business man in any of your eastern towns is much more monotonous and less independent; for he is, as a rule, wholly absorbed in his ledgers and his merchandise, and lets the newspapers do his thinking for him; while we Westerners do our own thinking." That last remark especially appealed to us; for a man who would let the daily press of to-day do his thinking for him would soon become queer. This spirit of independence is due, no doubt, to the fact that in that new country so much depends upon personal courage and initiative. In the East we are more or less slaves to conventionality and social rules. On the prairie, these are cast to the winds. There "a man's a man for a' that." He is not asked who his great grandfather was; but he is asked to make good. To the one who attains to it, honorable success is an open sesame to the highest civil and social preferment.

As regards Catholics, another element in this composite spirit is a lively and childlike faith. It is said of sailors that their daily association with danger and with the manifestations of God's omnipotence engenders in them a spirit of piety. The same is true of the dwellers on the prairie. Of course, all sailors are not pious; nor are all Westerners richly endowed with that quality. But to one who has the faith, the circumstances of life on the open plains are calculated to foster and deepen that conviction. The boundless horizon speaks to him of God's "eternal years," the snow-capped mountains in the distance of His omnipotence. The vast oceans of grain suggest the divine munificence of Him, Who provides daily bread for the multitude; while the fact that so much depends upon wind and weather deepens the consciousness of his dependence upon God's providence.

Such is the complex spirit that energizes western life. Those who have passed the meridian are not easily imbued with it. But, in the hot blood of youth, it is destined to accomplish much for the upbuilding of a greater Canada, and, let us hope, for the extension of God's Kingdom in this favored land.

THE GLEANER

The making of money is often the unmaking of man.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SIR HENRY MORRIS, the eminent London surgeon, is quoted as urging aerial reprisals to "paralyse [the enemy's war spirit." Nothing is more likely to break Germany's morale, he says, than "scaring this race of bullies by means of air raids." Reprisals aside, the impression is spreading that the issue of the War is to be decided in the air.

ONE OF the boy heroes of the War is James Frederick Sharpe, a youth of Old London, who, during an air raid, first warned his mother of the danger and helped her to a place of safety, and then, regardless of his own peril, crossed the street to rescue his crippled grandfather and was killed in the act. He was but fifteen years old. Possibly some poet of the future may immortalize this youth by placing him in a niche beside the "Boy Hero of Haarlem."

DURING THE nine months ending Sept. 30th of this year, 191 persons were killed and 749 wounded in air raids in the Metropolitan Police District of London. During the same period 487 persons were killed, and 14,104 injured in traffic accidents in the same district. Which goes to show that peace has its perils as well as war, and that the great populace habitually shut their eyes to the price paid for "modern improvements." London's experience is, in that respect, but the experience of all large cities.

SPEAKING OF German air-raids over England, and, (notwithstanding the shocking death-toll), their utter failure from a military point of view, it is instructive at this stage to read the lurid stories of their "success" being told to the German people. For example, according to Reuter's, the Rheinisch Westfalische Zeitung, Krupp's Essen newspaper, prints this on the authority of a "neutral," who relates "what really happened" in some of the raids over London. (1) On July 15th bombs were dropped on the Tower—one of the towers was seriously damaged. (2) The Houses of Parliament were badly damaged. (3) On August 13th bombs were successfully directed against Hyde Park and Piccadilly—"the panic was indescribable: 29 dead and 100 wounded were counted in the twinkling of an eye." (4) On September 8th, Westminster Bridge was seriously damaged—"dead and wounded lay all around." (5) The Bank of England was successfully bombed—all five watchmen lay dead upon the pavement. The Wellington monument, fifty yards away, was shattered. It is sufficient comment that no raid of any sort took place on any of the dates named.

THE SCARCITY of leather and the increasing price of boots and shoes has given an impetus to the manufacture of substitutes in Europe and is already in evidence on this continent. Wooden heels are already familiar. In England substances known as "Economite," "Weltum," "Metrite,"—composed of rubber and cotton waste, vulcanized, are being extensively used; also the more familiar "Balata." There is also a flexible wooden sole, called "Uto." While it is not claimed for these products that they are equal to the best oak-tanned sole leather, they are much cheaper, and little if any less durable. It is quite probable that before the War ends they, or others along the same line, may be accepted permanently as substitutes.

"THE CONVERSION of China" is the intention designated by the Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV., to the Apostleship of Prayer for the month of November. It is one which should appeal very strongly to the whole Catholic world, and which should have a very special interest for readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who have become familiar with the special phase of missionary work in China represented by Father John Fraser. The continued interest in Father Fraser's work, as evidenced by the steady contributions to the Fund is, indeed, a pledge that, so far as Canada is concerned, the Holy Father's appeal will not fall upon deaf ears. That, on the contrary, it will give a great impetus to the missionary spirit will be the prayer of every earnest associate of the League of the Sacred Heart.

THE HISTORY of Catholic missionary effort in China has, we are reminded by the Director of the League in the United States, been one of generous sacrifice. A long list of