

THE ORANGEMEN AND THE MONTREAL MAGISTRATES.

The meeting of magistrates at Montreal was one more scene in the serio-comedy which is being acted out in that city. Most reasonable people have long been convinced that our jury system is worse than useless. The English have in the main come to that conclusion, having been led by many experiences of the shameful miscarriage of justice. That it ever should have been imported into Canada is a pity, and can only be accounted for on the very general ground that Englishmen consider all things English fit for all the world. At the Conquest, the French portion of the population protested against it, and carried their point so far as the land laws are concerned, but failed to carry it with regard to criminal matters. The result is—the best land laws and the worst criminal court in all civilization. We all felt what an abnormal iniquity it was when nearly twelve months ago the Grand Jury of Montreal could not be persuaded by any amount of evidence to bring in a true bill against the man accused of shooting Hackett. And now we have had a specimen of what our great unpaid magistracy is worth. It is some two hundred strong—but has no defined functions. That is—had none until last week—when it found a way to play the rowdy. It met in solemn council, ran quickly through a noisy farce and ended in fool's play at passing resolutions.

The meeting was called to devise means for protecting the peace of the city on the twelfth; it had no legal powers, and could not divest any number of magistrates of the right to act after their own judgment and on their own responsibility; and yet the majority, being Catholics, went to work to make fierce partisan speeches, and to propose one-sided plans as if they were ranting politicians or bigotted ecclesiastics, and not representatives of law and order. No wonder that the Protestant portion of the meeting left in disgust—the majority was simply insolent.

I spoke strongly last week against the Orange procession—indeed against Orangeism—and see no reason now for modifying my opinions or toning down my words. If I could see the practical good it has ever done or is ever likely to do in the country, I would at once acknowledge its utility and support it to the best of my ability. But I fail to see that, and I would use all my endeavours to promote peace between the two sections of the Irish people. For this is purely an Irish question; not as Irish against the rest of the world, as a daily paper foolishly put it the other day, but as Irish against Irish, a few French Canadians joining the Irish Catholics, and a few Protestant Canadians joining the Irish Protestants—the first on religious grounds, the last on political grounds.

But it is only too evident that the Catholics are driving this question to a broader and more general issue. They have not only incensed the Orangemen by a constant bullying and threatening—daring them to walk in procession, and promising the most awful consequences if they did—thus forcing them to walk if only to show that they were not a set of cowards—trying in every way to outlaw them, so that they might be treated as vagabonds—demanding that they should not be protected in the streets, but left to the mercy of a lawless and godless gang from Griffintown, and now—to crown the whole—the Mayor of Montreal, at the meeting of the Magistrates, read a series of resolutions, which for silliness of style and utter stupidity of sentiment, were a marvel. Mayor Beaudry must have called together a few of his friends in the City Council to help in framing those resolutions—for surely outside of that assembly of wise men not five men could be found so lacking in wit as to draw up such a document. Mayor Beaudry should be presented with a diploma for having developed a special kind of official imbecility, and his friends who gave him counsel should have honourable mention.

The proclamation issued was on a par with the remarkable resolutions—in truth—with the Magistrates' meeting—which was a farce from beginning to end. It is of no use in law—and can only promote disorder. It was a high-handed effort to put down Orangeism; not in a legal, but in a most illegal and offensive manner. Of course, Mayor Beaudry has changed since—for Mayor Beaudry is always changing. If words have any meaning at all, the proclamation was intended to stop the procession—but Mayor Beaudry, finding that he had outraged the sentiment of the Protestant community, says it was only intended to apply to mob gatherings in the streets "or elsewhere in the city."

Those who advised the Mayor, and who uphold him now, have blundered greatly. There would have been no talk of an Orange procession if they had acted with fairness and justice—if they had not blustered and threatened so much—if they had not arrested the progress of law in the late shooting cases—if they had tried to put down, instead of inflaming, rowdyism. And now this is the result:—The Orangemen will defy any effort to stop the procession—and they are right, unless M. Taillon's bill for its suppression shall be passed by the Local Legislature and receive the immediate sanction of the Lieut.-Governor, and so become law at once—they (the Orangemen) are exalted into importance, by being

made the *pro tem.* champions of liberty. A large portion—if not the whole Protestant community—is compelled to sympathise with them and protest against the action taken against them—and what should have been allowed to die from neglect, has got a new lease of life from persecution. And yet more, we have the edifying spectacle of our Chief Magistrate set at defiance by half a dozen of his *confreres*—they calling out the military in spite of his pompous assertions that there is no need for such a step—said Chief rushing off to Ottawa and elsewhere for support, but—out of Montreal—finding no green thing to rest upon. The half dozen are right—the Mayor is wrong. We must have the military—not only during the day, but also during the night that will follow; for then the danger to life and property will be greatest. Had the majority of the Magistrates acted with anything like reasonableness, and instructed the Mayor to act something like a wise man, we should have had a simple and unpretending walk of the Orangemen on the twelfth, and then they would have troubled the public no more; for they are doing here what they have never done in Ireland,—that is, walk in a city where the majority of the inhabitants are Catholic—and it is more than likely that the whole Protestant part of the community would have been opposed to the organization, especially as the O. Y. B's have introduced quite a new and dangerous element, into it; but now we are bound to see that no portion of the people shall be treated with unfairness and injustice. We must protect the Catholics from insult—they must have their rights—but no more. They are not masters here to say who shall and who shall not walk the streets. They must have justice—but they must shew a willingness to grant that same to others. I would gladly see all party—and all other processions—put down; but it must be done in a lawful way, and in the interests of the general public. This last move of the Magistrates and the Mayor is only an effort to make a white of two blacks.

ALFRED J. BRAY.

"THE PARTY PROCESSION BILL."

And so the City Council of Montreal have resolved that our Provincial Government shall condemn us to be for ever priest-ridden, and that only by sanction of a clergyman of some kind shall friends be allowed to stroll along our streets linked together in consecutive sets of twos or threes. Future residents of this happy clime will find themselves involved in inextricable legal intricacies to determine whether an Indian file march—one following after one—shall be deemed a *party* procession, inasmuch as each one of the party has in such case no connecting link with the other. But, happy thought! let a clergyman be named to head the procession and all will be well. Said clergyman can even display his credentials spread wide upon his manly breast, while his banns float wildly on the breeze, and none will molest or make afraid the smaller bands which follow in his protecting wake. Thus shall our clergy become endeared to us, and policemen—alas! the place that knew them shall know them no more. We shall rest safe and tranquil beneath the sheltering wing of *any earthly kind* of mother church.

This age and country evidently *will* "procesh," and so the advocates of progress undertake to lead the way. Thus only can the *flag* and *banner* trade prosper. Dealers in these sublime products of civilization are already advertising "a liberal discount to clergy," so rapid is the spread of new and advanced ideas in our midst.

'Tis painful to think what popular clergymen will have to suffer from the constant demand on their perambulatory powers in heading processions. It will become quite a *feature* in their necessary qualifications. And, verily, such processions will be a sore evil when they are done under a July sun.

Still, take it all round, the Bill is a good one. Nothing but religious processions, religious emblems and banners will be seen where men most do congregate. Familiarity breeds contempt. All reverence for anything of external religious display will die out, and then perhaps a gentle longing for some kind of real internal religion—a religion of the heart and life whose only banner is Love—might come to be preferred. Or, as the other alternative, puny attempts to infuse religion into banners, flags, gilt crosses, or glowing pictures of the Battle of the Boyne, will eventually be left in peace to patrol the streets, while an amused smile plays over the happy faces of the restored original inhabitants, who will by that time have resumed possession of their happy hunting grounds, as they gaze on these childish mementos of a fallen race.

Sad a little, perhaps, to look forward to, yet not sad when we consider the present. Let us submit to the inevitable, and peacefully toddle through life, with the clergy ever in front to guide our otherwise unflagging zeal. And when we die we will find the benefit, for over each will be written the same grand epitaph:—

"Full well he walked for many a changing year,
Behind his shepherd like a goodly sheep,
In mellow tones said 'Baa,' when priest said hear,
Yielding up liberty he could not keep.
Such are the sweet results of councils deep,
Who safely thus this soul did keep.
He's happy now. He's free. So none need weep.

EUSEBIUS.

Mr. Webster is reported to have said to a friend that although he knew that he had a public reputation to leave to posterity, yet if he were to live his life over again, he would upon no consideration whatever, permit himself to enter public life. The public, he said, are ungrateful, and the man who serves them most faithfully receives no adequate reward. Do your duty, he added, as a private citizen, but let politics alone. It is probable that he said this substantially as is reported, for there was never a more bitterly disappointed public man.