

## ORANGE HISTORY.

## A Recent Parallel to the Present Orange Bluster.

Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., contributes the following to the *London Speaker*:

It is useful to recall the warlike gasconade of the Orange parsons while the Irish Church was in process of being disestablished; but it surprises me that nobody has yet thought of a much more recent and more striking instance of the Antient Pistol-like ferocity with which the Ulster Orangemen bid defiance to even the most moderate reforms, and the docility with which they afterwards accept them. I allude to the Orange uprising of the winter of 1883, with the openly-avowed programme of preventing—by bloodshed if necessary—the Nationalists from holding a meeting within the province of Ulster. We held only three Ulster constituencies under the narrow franchise that then prevailed. The prospect of the household suffrage bill of 1884 opened up a chance of giving the Ulster Nationalists a representation proportioned to their numbers. During the winter of 1882 a series of meetings was organized with a view of arousing the Nationalists of the North to the constitutional strength the approaching reform of the franchise must give them. Thereupon the Orangemen of "the imperial province" uprose with far more ferocity than they had displayed in the present crisis, and declared that this must not be—that the Ulster borders were a royal preserve, within which no Nationalist member of Parliament must set his foot on pain of death—and that if the executive did not suppress the Nationalist meetings, the "sons of William" would do it themselves with their revolvers and in warlike array.

To make the comparison with the present emergency the closer, the leader of the Tory party of the day (Sir Stafford Northcote), like the leader of the Tory party of to-day made an expedition to Belfast to harangue excited multitudes in Orange scarves, and to implore them not to nail the Nationalists' ears to the pump. The position taken up by the "Loyalists" was one of outrageous arrogance and illegality. It amounted to a crude and brutal claim that the province was theirs; and that the Nationalist member of Parliament, no matter how constitutionally warranted, who dared to pollute its soil with a Nationalist public meeting, would be sent home in a condition that would "make work for the coroner." "We have made up our minds," Lord Claud Hamilton, M. P., coolly declared at Derry (Dec. 18, 1883), "that, if the government fail to prevent Mr. Parnell & Co. making inroads into Ulster. . . if they do not prevent those hordes of ruffians from invading us, we will take the law into our own hands, and we ourselves will." The constitution gave "those hordes of ruffians" a majority at the polls in Derry a few months afterward, and Lord Claud Hamilton took the law into his own hands in no more distressful shape than by retiring from public life from that day to this.

But the war upon the Nationalist meetings proceeded. We, who had to attend them, were on each occasion threatened with the loss of our lives, and large assemblies of revolver men, hired by the day, were collected to make good the threats. In vain the lord-lieutenant of the day (Earl Spencer) mildly represented that the Nationalist meetings were legal. "Military and police," Lord Emswiler indignantly declared in an address of the Grand Orange lodge to the Loyalists of the British empire, "were marched from all parts to watch over a Parnellite parade, and save those who invaded Ulster with hearts of rebels from the fate that rebels may expect when brought face

to face with indignant Loyalists." Colonel (he was then major) Saunderson consoled himself for the disgraceful fact that the Nationalists had received police protection by smacking his lips over the reflection that "had it not been for the protection thus afforded I venture to say that their return across the borders of Ulster would have been very different from their entry."

The Loyalists' ingenious way of keeping the peace on those occasions was to summon an Orange counter demonstration for the same day and the same spot for which a Nationalist meeting was arranged; then to issue blood thirsty proclamations, hire special trains, and collect their dependents and the rowdies of the province on the spot with revolvers. "Orangemen, let the rebels of the murderous Land League hear the roll of your drums to the 'Protestant Boys' . . . and compel the rebel conspirators to return to their haunts in the South and West under a guard of military and police." "Think of those who lie in their bloody shrouds at Smithfield, Aughrim and the Boyne. . . Your resolution to hold a counter meeting at Rosslea has been printed in the *London Times*, and is gone all over the world. The eyes of the world are upon you. To fail will be disgrace and everlasting shame." As in Derry of yore, the call of duty has to be obeyed, and the ramparts have to be manned in self-defence on whatever day the enemy shows. "Bring your sweethearts (revolvers) and plenty of stuff." "Monaghan is ready, with lots of material wanted."

These were the common-places of the proclamations in which the loyalists were exhorted to put down with revolver shots the right of public meeting in their sacred province. The lord-lieutenant was driven to proclaim the murderous counter-demonstrations; but Orange insolence grew only the more loud and menacing. Their courage, their principal organ, the *Daily Express* declared, was not to be put down by "the whiff and wind of a viceregal letter." The viceregal proclamation notwithstanding, "the fidelity of the Derry apprentices were not to be shaken by any exercise of arbitrary authority" and those excellent persons fired three revolver shots at the lord mayor of Dublin, who was guilty of the inconceivable crime of proposing to deliver a lecture on the franchise in their city. "Must we wait until blood has been shed and civil war has broken out before an end is made to meetings which stir the blood of Ulstermen?" Lord Rossmore wrote to the *Times* October, 1883. That worthy nobleman headed a body of men armed with revolvers, who proposed to break through the police, to "carry the rebel meeting at a run in spite of the presence of the military and police." He was dismissed from the commission of the peace for his misconduct, and the southern landlords and grand jurors whom Lord Spencer's administration had saved from destruction, proceeded to express their gratitude by denouncing him for his rebuke to Lord Rossmore, and, in published round robins, adopting and applauding that ridiculous young nobleman's rowdism.

Lord Salisbury is a much more successful inflammatory orator than the late Sir Stafford Northcote. It is highly likely that Nationalists of a more robust constitution than an infirm old man will receive evidence of his lordship's efficiency as a rabble rouser. There are always crackbrained young Giffens at hand to translate the flouts and gibes of their noble patrons into paving stones. I am afraid it would be unsafe to calculate that the present better organized appeals to all that is most combustible and least intelligent in Orangedom will evaporate as harmlessly as the proclamations and counter demonstrations of poor Giffens,

comrades and paymasters in 1883-84. I have judged it useful, however, to refresh public memory as to this recent page of Ulster history, if it were only to remind simple Britons that precisely the same sort of speeches, vows and threats which are being bawled out from the Ulster lodges to day, in view of an Irish Parliament, were indulged in ten years ago in response to an enlargement of the franchise and the modest claim of Nationalists to hold a peaceful public meeting within the province of which they form more than half the population. The moral is that Ulsteria breaks out just as irrationally against the smallest reforms as against the greatest, and that the revolt against the Nationalist right of public meeting, the moment it becomes evident that the British elector has made up his mind that the Orangemen's fears are whimsical, and their menaces of civil war—fudge!

## Employers and Employees.

"The workman is not a force that one can use or disuse according to the immediate necessities of one's business. He is a brother to Jesus Christ entrusted by God to a patron who remains obliged to place him the conditions adapted to facilitate his eternal salvation."

Golden words, and worthy of being inscribed upon the walls of every workshop and in the heart of every employer of human labor. The workman is not a force; he is not a human machine, the intensity of whose muscles is to be calculated to a nicety and whose powers of endurance are to be measured to a fraction. Yet this is precisely what has been and what is being done to-day by the managers of many of our large manufactories and railroads and other industries. Employment by the year, by the month and the week has given place to that by the day, by the hour, by the piece; and the rates are scaled not according to the work accomplished in a given time by a workman of average speed, but by that of one who is skilled and rapid. To that degree of speed the machinery is set, and to its untiring motion the tiring muscles of the workman must keep time.

In the days of slavery it was an open question, among some slaveholders, whether it were better economy to exhaust the lives of their slaves by hard labor, and then replenish their slave-plant with new and vigorous stock; or more profitable to prolong the strength and duration of the lives of their slaves by increasing their number and lightening their labor. The discussion itself sent a thrill of horror through the heart of Northern Christians.

In our day there is no discussion of this question with regard to operatives. Employers, in this respect far more unfeeling than the average slaveholder, wash their hands of all responsibility for the health and comfort of their employees. The only question that is uppermost in their minds is: "How shall I get the most work out of my hands for the least money?" They pay their men the wages due them, and then their responsibility is considered as ended.

Such was not the relation of employer and employee less than a century ago. When boys were indentured to their employers they each, apprentice and master, became bound by duty and by law to one another; the apprentice, in most cases, became a member of his employer's family, and was treated as such. He ate at the family table; sat, in church, in the family pew; when sick, was attended by the family physician. Nor did the employer think his duty ended with the termination of the apprenticeship. Most frequently the apprentice became his journeyman and labored for him until he entered into business for himself. Even in the so-called "dark ages" the labourer, serf or villain though he might be, stood in closer relations to his lord and master than does the workingman of our day to his employer, and the craftsmen's guilds

formed a bond of union of mutual advantage to both parties.

The truth is that, with the violent rejection of the old formative principles of social life and conduct for the new and less rigid principles introduced by the so-called "Reformation," a tendency towards individualism was introduced which was and has continued to be fruitful in producing selfishness and inhumanity among capitalists, and poverty and suffering among the poor and laboring classes. As the fruit of the "Reformation" in Germany came the Peasants' War, in France the Reign of Terror, and in England the dissolution of the monasteries, the erection of poor-houses, and the forcible colonization or enslavement of the poor. Previous to the "Reformation" the Catholic Church taught the rich that they were, by reason of their riches, the stewards of God's bounty to the poor, and inculcated the duty of almsgiving; and he was a sorry lot, indeed, that had no almoner among its retainers. The Church, true to her mission, taught and enforced her teaching, as effectually as she could, that the laborer was not a mere human force that could be used or cast aside at the caprice of the employer, but that he was his dear brother in Christ, united to him by a tie strong as blood, and entitled to his care and protection, his respect and his love.—*Catholic Standard*.

## The Obedient Boy.

I read a very pretty story the other day about a little boy who was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good way out in the pond, and the big boy said: "Go in, Jim, and get her. It is not over your ankles, and I have been in after her every time."

"I dare not," said Jim. "I will carry her all the way home for you but I cannot go in there, she told me not to."

"Who's she?"

"My mother," said Jim, softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead," said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come home to sail boats, and she never let us come unless we had strings enough to haul in with. I am not afraid, you know I am not, only she did not want me to, and I can not do it."

Was not that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother, even after she was dead?

## Literary Note.

Katherine Conway, one of the noblest workers in the Catholic journalistic field, (her "Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly" was a phenomenal success last year) will issue through *Cupples* of Boston, a book for the coming Easter Season, entitled, "A Dream of Lilies." Miss Conway has the happy faculty of hitting the taste of the public. She is fast becoming a universal favorite, and like Miss Procter, is as much liked by the better class of Protestant readers as she is revered by the entire Catholic world. The announcement of this new book has already brought to her publisher heavy advanced orders, compelling him to go to press with a second edition of it before a copy of the first is on the counters of the booksellers.

There are Sarsaparillas and Sarsaparillas; but if you are not careful in your purchase, the disease you wish to cure will only be intensified. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla and no other. It is compounded from the Honduras root and other highly concentrated alteratives.

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