

PROTESTANTISM IN DANGER.

The Hon. George Brown a Fenian.

It is not many years ago since the *Toronto Globe* said that Orangeism was "a baneful influence" and "wafted to Canada by designing men." Subsequent to these statements, we believe, the same journal has endeavored to make amends for such a broad-cast charge upon a respectable organization. However, there is no rubbing out the ink with which Mr. Brown's ideas of Orangeism in 1851 were laid before the public. Supposing that his notions were at that time acted upon and that every Orangeman for the last ten years had been scorned and disfavored, how much greater, to-day, would have been the inroads which have recently been attempted the peace of our community by a band whose "watchword," it would appear is "Destruction." Protestantism, as it is, is in danger enough from the evidences lately afforded by the presence of a bad, evil spirit in our midst, which, if allowed long to breathe, must do terrible damage to us all. Whether the Fenians are made of Medes, Persians, Macedonians or mountain rangers we do not know; but one thing is certain, they are bent on mischief, and it is for the Orange standard—well supported by all classes of Protestants—to bid defiance to the attempt now made to start disruption in Canada. The question bears more than one serious feature, and prominent among these considerations is, "What will the quiet, orderly people of the Lower Provinces say to connecting themselves with a country where the Reign of Terror seems to be likely to take the place of the more peaceful Reign of the Confederation? It is quite plain to us that Orangeism must now come forward and sentimentalize the Province over so that the first movement made towards outrage and disorder may be put down forever. All good Protestants must join heartily in this undertaking; not rashly, not wickedly, but with an honest desire to defend their rights and maintain peace in our fair land. It is not just for a Fenian or a Roman Catholic to say "Because we are Fenians, because we are Catholics you want to put us down." Such is not the case; we go for putting down any man or any clique or gang of men who raise a disturbance and refuse respect to our Flag and honor and obedience to our Queen. This is British country where no seeds of the Sepoy gender can vegetate and grow; and we ask "What is our Union Jack to us? What becomes of our Responsible Government? if a pack of idle men, who are ignorant in usefulness and only educated to do bad, can raise up in our midst, without let or hindrance, and do just what they like, go where they like, say what they like, destroy what they like and just close their own time and place for all and everything. Let every Protestant think how foolish it is for an essentially Protestant community to look on and have the dread of all this facing them the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. Our country can never prosper if there is an absence of harmony, entire

and complete harmony in the whole land. Would, as Mr. McGee so aptly remarked the other night in Montreal, that we had it in the West, as it is in much abused Lower Canada, there, when the poor *moutons* rest, and the country is said to be priest-ridden and monk-shod, the only strife they have is to see who can do the most good—who can extend the greatest amount of charity. Yes, we wish it could be so with us; we wish the only wrangling here was as to who should take the most active part, and do the most substantial service, in every benevolent movement. Mr. George Brown is to blame for a good portion of the trouble with which Canada is now threatened and we trust most sincerely that the people will not fail to the blame of disunion in our midst in the right quarter. It cannot be forgotten how often, and how low, and how long the columns or the *Globe* were devoted to stirring up strife in Canada West—to arraying Protestants against Catholics—and to the circulation of the basest kind of epithets, one day against Orangemen and the next day against Catholics. We now are likely to have the fruits of all this; and, while the storm threatens, the very same Mr. Brown (just in good time) managed to bury himself off in the fathoms and amongst the mysteries of official life, where he is and isn't responsible. Cute, sly Mr. Brown; he tuned up the fiddle for the fire to blaze, and now as the flame is about to burst forth, he is safely under the protection of John A. Macdonald, who might have something better under his wing than a rotten egg.

Canadian Cockneyism.

An individual whose parents ought not to allow him to leave his mother's apron strings, or at all events go beyond the sound of Bow-bells in "London the Less," until he can behave like a gentleman, has been making himself rather conspicuous during the term of lectures at Osgoode Hall. We cannot forget that we were once boys ourselves, and are therefore disposed to deal lightly with the harmless frivolities of *hobblidyhoyhood*; we should not even raise a cabal against one, who chooses to assume for the nonce, the *cock-tail feather and scarlet cloak* of Mephistopheles, provided the latter were long enough to hide the cloven foot, and there were no holes in the garment thro' which the hoofs constantly protruded, but when these reasonable conditions are not fulfilled, we must tear the *obnoxious rag* from off his shoulders, pluck the *cock-tail feather* from his cap and place bells or a *white feather* in its stead, which would be more becoming than the *Dutch courage* with which he thinks it necessary to supply himself, before wantonly insulting his fellow students, and making the lecture-room an arena for low-lived buffoonery! We had occasion to put *the drag*, on this young gentleman's *fast* career on a former occasion, and as he has put more steam on, we tell him once for all, that if he do not "censor his funning." We shall do him *browner and crispier* than he ever was done before! (*Verb. sep.*)

"Honest" Abe."

Honest reverie of "Honest Abe" just after the completion of his recent Message.

Four years ago when I first came
To rule and govern this great nation,
I had whate'er I chose to name
At my command, to quench the flame,
And stop the rising conflagration.

Had plenty money, plenty men,
And Uncle Sam's unsullied credit,
And thought a "Big Thing" I'll be when
This poor rebellion's crushed, for then
I had not learned, as now, to dread it.

I thought the North a force could bring
The world nor all mankind could injure,
And felt, although a prudent thing,
That when she did bound in the ring
She'd curl her tail without my ginger.

Alas! I've gingered her old tail
So much, to keep her carcass going,
That I'm afraid her copper'll fail,
And al. the world will see how stale
Have been my bragging, puffs, and blowing.

I've issued greenbacks, called out troops,
Committed crimes that even shock me,
Declared both France and England dupes,
To notice me though neither stoops,
But there they sit, and laughingly, mock me

And here's Brazil about to find
A great infraction of her laws,
I "guess" I'll have to be so kind
And beg her pardon, though inclined
By holy Paul to smack her jaws.

But if I should indulge my passion,
I'd have to do the thing *incog.*
John Bull and France have quite a fashion
Which leads them frequently to thrash'un,
Who thus attempts to act the dog.

About "Relations Foreign," I
Have in my Message sibbed a little,
But prudence has no reason why
I should proclaim that every tie,
Which once was strong, is now so brittle.

To make the people think I'm right,
And all my policy perfection,
I've been so *modest* and polite
As their attention to invite
To my unanimous election.

But after all I can but grieve,
To really know my hopes are flagging,
Yet though the wise may disbelieve,
The simple I'll at last deceive
By lofty Messages, and bragging.

A "Raid" Expected.

We anticipate a "raid" on this office by the newsboys this morning.