

extended the hand of friendship to long suffering Ireland. Instead of sending subjugators and exterminators across St. George's Channel and the Irish Sea with the sword in one hand and the Saxon Bible in the other, they send over ambassadors of peace bearing aloft the olive branch and proclaiming aloud that holy motto proclaimed at the dawn of redemption, "Peace on earth, good will to man."

They no longer look on the Irish people as Helots and Ishmaelites, a nation of Idolaters worshipping at the shrines of Crom and Baal. At last the English people have realized that the Irish are not so black as they have been painted. And now that England has consented to shake hands across the yawning gulf of centuries of hate and persecution, poor Ireland is endeavouring to prove herself worthy of the confidence reposed in her. Her children have consented to let all the wrongs and sufferings of the past become history, not party politics, and from the teachings of the past they have learned the lessons of mutual respect and toleration for one another, instead of bitterness and enmity. Discord has ever been the bane of Irishmen. It has been the obstacle which has ever barred their way in their onward march to the "Promised land." Tom Moore used to say, "while their enemies join in hate they never join in love." But I think at last Irishmen are about to join hands in friendship for their common weal and drive the demon of discord, irrevocably into the Red Sea. The chasm of religious hate is about to be spanned, and irrespective of class, or creed, or clan, Irishmen are going to take their stand on the broad platform of *Unity*.

"Start not Irishborn man!
If you're to Ireland true,
We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan,
We've hearts and hands for you."

The voices of a united people must be recognized. Forty millions of Irishmen at home and abroad to-day unite their voices in one grand and mighty appeal, clamoring for redress of centuries of oppression and wrong. What power on earth can stand before that clarion appeal for justice! Of course there is an infinitesimal part of the Irish race, which, how-

ever, would not count a molecule in the great whole, that do not raise their voices in consonance with their brethren in demanding justice for their country: on the contrary, strange, as it may seem, these benighted beings raise their feeble voices in a weak and silly clamour for more coercion, more tyranny, more misery and poverty for themselves and their countrymen. I mean the Ulster Orangemen. The Owl circulates in the Universities of the United States. Well probably the word "Orangeman" will sound strange to the ears of an average American. Canadians understand the term, but the American may pause and ask its meaning.

Oh! son of a free land! thou who hast had the good fortune to have been born beneath the sheltering folds of the "Stars and Stripes"—that banner which waves welcome, but at the same time defiance to every alien flag—I will try and tell thee what an Ulster Orangeman is. The Orangeman cannot think for himself. He blindly follows whithersoever he is led and if you ask him why he beats an old goatskin under a broiling July sun and curses a certain old gentleman in far away Imperial Rome, he cannot tell you his reasons for doing so; he has a series of parrot cries consisting of "Derry," "Aughrim" and "The Boyne," "To h—l with the Pope," and "No Surrender," and as the parrot does not understand the words it utters, neither does he. He is a fool,—the tool and the dupe of vile men who use him for their own sordid ends and traffic on his ignorance.

A few Ulster landlords, and one or two Clerical firebrands are the leaders of the Ulster Orangemen. These men work for their own base motives. They well know that their tenure of office and power, depends on how they fan the flame of bigotry and keep it burning, by setting man against man, but their tricks are too transparent not to be seen through by even the most stolid intellect: their standard is almost deserted save by a few of the lowest scum of society—the most ignorant, most depraved and degraded of the human species. However the Orange faction or to use an Americanism—"know nothingism" is dying out, will soon be dead in the North of Ireland. Ere another decade