

in the House of Parliament was dead, and buried, and petrified into a fossil. Yet, strange to say, this same Mr. McGee and his minions appear to feel a good share of uneasiness about this dread Orangeism. I would be surprised at the amount of excitement they experience over Orangeism, were it not that I know they belong to the tribe of superstitionists and ghost seers. I beg, however, to assure them, that if Orangeism is dead, it is harmless, and therefore they need not be so disquieted. I desire to inform this Goliath of Romanism, who boastingly threatens us with his 300,000 Pope-soldiers, that the little David of Orangeism still lives—that the great principles which brought the Order into being are not obsolete—they have as much vitality and importance now as they ever had. In speaking of Orange power, I have, of course, regard to the fact that the provinces of Canada are united; were we split asunder Orangemen in the East would have little guarantee for their liberties. But the two provinces are joined, and a very considerable majority of the Protestants of both provinces profess the principles Orangeism, revere our sacred history, and would die to protect our Lodges from profanation. It is quite true that our Lower Canadian brethren live in the midst of a people easily aroused to fanaticism in our regard. It is true that the Government frequently pursues towards us a galling and unpatriotic course of conduct. But the remedy lies in a closer union, and a closer sympathy with the sufferings of one another—a closer union with our brethren who are separated from us by the River Ottawa—a more skilful, wise and liberal course of action with regard to those who differ from us in religion. Above all, the idea conveyed by a word we cannot too frequently repeat, *union*! UNION!! UNION!!! Our Order has, with unexampled celerity