

ANGEISM IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

It appears that Orangeism was never instituted to support Catholicism, but to support Britishism, and that it has used anti-Catholic prejudices simply as a means to gain an end...

This view is supported by the fact that in St. John Macdonald's Orange Canadian Chaire there are several Catholics, but they are not objectionable to Orangeism because they are partisans of Britishism, hence the late phrase applied to them, "Orange Catholics."

To the Protestant view of Orangeism appeals thus: "I am the great bulwark of Protestant civilization; whether you be Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist or Congregationalist, stand by me in this struggle for civil and religious liberty."

This is the face which it presents to the non-Anglican Protestant, whose fears it works upon by ominous shakings of the head and bugaboo stories about the dangerous growth of Catholicism, and its aim to control politics on this continent.

To the Anglican it whispers—"You know me, I am true to the British Crown and Church; stand by me; build me up and I will give you the fat of this great continent, and make you its princes and masters."

The following in The Week, of Toronto, October, 1885, shows the mask it puts on for the non-Anglican Protestants: "To be a 'bulwark' in all lands, of the Protestant civilization, whatever their political institutions, wherever the English language is spoken, is the mission of Orangeism. All the signs in the political heavens portend it. Such a bulwark is none the less necessary in the United States than in Canada. Orangeism will join hands across the line in the defense of Protestantism."

In the following in the Manchester (England) Guardian, Sept. 1880, we see it with its mask partly removed: "The visit of Dean Stanley in company with Mr. Thomas Hughes, Q.C., to the United States, will be for the purpose of investigating the church question. It is said that the growth of Catholicism in the United States is creating a feeling there in favor of State and Church Union as a safeguard against Catholicism. And, as Britishism declared once in the person of its sovereign, that Church and Crown must stand or fall together, so we find in this case the agent of the church is accompanied by the agent of the Crown. It seems, according to a London newspaper, the Echo, September 14th, 1880, that above mentioned Thomas Hughes, Q.C., was coming to America with the aim of establishing a kind of Imperium in Imperio that shall remain exclusively English, that Englishmen shall show the American people what English blood and manhood can do without becoming Americanized. We soon after find in the (London) Anglo-American a statement that an organization in the United States, embracing all Englishmen and sons of Englishmen is being formed for benevolent purposes, and to influence American thought and society, and (using the same expression as above) "to establish an Imperium in Imperio."

Sir John Macdonald is regarded as the visible head of Canadian Orangeism, which is not alone represented by the 2,000 Orangemen in Canada, but is practically composed of the St. George and St. Andrew, with some other secret societies, the Anglo-American and other English, American, French and Irish Canadians, who do not believe in democratic ideas, and those Protestant democrats who are deluded with the idea that Britishism under any of its disguises is in any sense "a bulwark of civil and religious liberty." The above mentioned classes, sects and individuals constitute the Orangeism of Canada and the Conservative party of Canada.

Said a French "Catholic Orangeman," of prominence lately to a leading English Orangeman, "I am proud to belong to the Conservative party of Canada, it is the same as the Conservative party in England, and it is the supporter of the monarchy and the empire; and, speaking in a lower tone, he said, "I have lived many years in the United States and travelled much over the country, and the Democratic party in Canada, that was truly said, and that they not only "join hands across the line," but across the Atlantic, is self-evident—proved by the fact, if no other was accessible, that every Conservative paper in England and Canada joins heartily with the Democratic party in the United States whenever there is an election of importance there. This of itself is sufficient proof, if there was no other, that they "join hands across the line," but there is plenty of proof besides that, and in another article I shall attempt to discuss other proofs that they "join hands across the line" and how they betray and deceive real Democrats in the Democratic party of the United States, the majority of whom do not realize that they are the dupes of monarchists and Britishers.

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NED RUSHEEN; OR, WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT?

CHAPTER VII.—Continued. Those who do not give themselves the trouble to reflect—and there are not very many persons who do not reflect—on any subject—are entirely unaware how completely we are under the influence of education, and of early impressions. It requires a strong, vigorous exercise of the will, in after life, to free one's self from the false maxims and untrue opinions which, through mere circumstances of birth or parentage, have become almost part of our very being. There are not many persons who would admit that they are the votaries of prejudice, but, like the lady who is reported to have said "I hate prejudice, I hate the French," there are multitudes who can give no better reason for their likes and dislikes than a mere assertion of them.

If Eversard had put his opinions into words, he would have said, "I hate the Irish." If he had been asked to give a reason—a reason personal to himself, and not a more traditional prejudice, he would have found himself very much perplexed. If these prejudices did not react on others, they might be harmless; but, unhappily, men are too often governed in their actions by their prejudices, and, in the present instance, it will be seen how the opinions of an otherwise excellent and honorable man led to the most fatal consequences.

"You were saying, Colonel, that you had a suspicion, and perhaps a clue, to the outrage?" "Well, yes, Mr. O'Sullivan, there is generally a motive. In my grandfather's case—" ("For heaven's sake, get him off his grandfather," whispered O'Sullivan's next neighbor.) "Yes, but in this case," interrupted the barrister, with gentlemanly effrontery.

"In this case, sir, I believe there was a motive, and I believe I know the motive; and," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "the person."

Every one was silent now. Though Lord Elmsdale was not very popular with the county families, his death had shocked every one, and, as it might be, but there seemed no possible way of accounting for it. It was generally believed that it could not have been an accident, but he was not known to have a single enemy. He was a just landlord, though certainly not a generous one. The county was singularly exempt from agrarian outrages either on the part of landlord or tenant, for the crime has been, curiously enough, by mere force of prejudice, limited to one side. No landlord had committed an agrarian outrage on his tenant, legally or otherwise, by throwing him out of house and home to starve by the wayside, and no tenant had taken into his hand the vengeance which belongs only to God, or brought on himself or his family the curse of the murderer. But if Lord Elmsdale's death was not an agrarian outrage, what was it?

"We will not ask you to tell us the person whom you suspect, but if you will tell us the grounds of your suspicion," and he looked round, as if to include the whole party in the "we."

The Judge made a sign to the servants to retire. They dared not disobey, but they left the room with manifest reluctance. Five minutes after, the butler found the incommunicable page with his ear to the keyhole of the door. He was again boxed and kicked; but, with that wonderful faculty for enduring ill-usage, which seems inherent in the boy kind of a certain class, he was up again at the post of vantage the very moment the butler disappeared to discuss events in the housekeeper's rooms.

"My suspicions," replied the Colonel, "are, I believe, founded on fact. I had lengthened my interview with Lord Elmsdale, and he informed me there had been some difficulties with his servants, and with some of the people on the property."

"But, I presume, he did not mention any particular individual, or any particular circumstances?" "Well, not exactly; but I could quite gather who the person was, and what the circumstances were."

"You have your suspicions, in fact," said the lawyer, with an emphasis on the leading word.

A gentleman remarked that he thought it very unlikely any tenant or dependent of Lord Elmsdale would have murdered him in that way by the roadside, and suggested there was probably some mystery about the affair, which time would elucidate. But Colonel Eversard had a fixed, and, as we have said, educational creed, that every Irishman of the lower classes was an embryonic murderer, and that it only needed some slight provocation to develop his propensity into crime. He only regretted that the law, as administered in India, could not be put into execution in Ireland under present circumstances. "There, sir," he continued, "the matter would soon have been settled. I have my suspicions; I would have made them public at once, as a matter of duty. Several men would have been arrested, and two or three shot, as an example."

"Law, not justice," observed O'Sullivan; "and it is a question if it promotes the ends which it is intended to effect."

CHAPTER VIII. MORE CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. Good evening, Miss Callan. I hope I am not too late. I am anxious to employ your taste in the selection of a Christmas present for my wife. Now, what do you think she would like?"

Miss Callan looked very much gratified. The head constable was not wont to be complimentary to women-kind, or to pay complimentary visits.

"I have a sweet thing in bonnet ribbons, and there's these new shawls. I am sure nothing could be more elegant and useful for a lady like Mrs. Egan, sir."

Egan had been taking a general inspection of Miss Callan's shop. He could not see even the ghost of comforter or woollen scarf, and was considerably annoyed to find that it would probably take him very much longer time than he could well spare to extract the information he wanted from the woman, without exciting her curiosity, or giving rise to even the faintest.

He just wanted to ascertain two facts—had Miss Callan sold any comforters with a gold thread at the bottom where the fringe depended, and to whom she had sold them. Moreover, he had got the message which Lord Elmsdale had desired Barnes to send, and he was determined not to go up to the castle without bearing some information. As matters stood, he had never crossed his mind; if he had, he would simply have thought it too absurd for a second consideration.

"I think you were in Dublin last week," he observed, suggestively, as he looked over the various goods which Miss Callan exhibited. "I suppose all those are now goods; where did you buy them?"

The good little woman suspected what the constable wanted to know. She thought only

of her merchandise, and that he was anxious to present his wife with the newest fashion. "Ahh! last week, sir," she replied. "All bought in Dublin last week, sir."

Egan was by no means a violent man, but he felt it would have been a considerable relief to his feelings if he could have knocked Miss Callan down—gently, quite gently, of course. He would not have hurt her for the world.

It was getting dark, too, at the close of a snowy, winter's evening; and even if she had the comforters, in a few minutes later it would have been impossible to examine them properly.

"I think, Miss Callan, ma'am,"—he was profoundly deferential—"I think I will bring my good lady to see these things. Perhaps she will be best pleased to choose for herself."

Miss Callan looked disappointed. She expected at least a one-pound note would have found its way to her till after the constable's visit, and she had had some experience of the result when people promised to "call again."

Egan read the look. With a little early training, and a little experience of London life, he would have made a first-rate detective. In Ireland, his talents in that line were simply thrown away. There were no mysterious obloberies of plato, garrotting was mysteriously unknown, and child murder unheard of. The Irish were too far behind the age for that kind of thing.

He stood still at the counter. "The price of that shawl, Miss Callan?" "A pound, sir, to you, sir. It would be twenty-four shillings to any one else." Clearly Miss Callan was not behindhand in the art of selling her goods.

"You may say it by, ma'am, and here's the money for it. If my wife does not choose that, when she sees it, she shall have some other article of equal value. Good evening to you, Miss Callan; good evening."

The shopwoman was highly gratified, and poured forth a profusion of thanks. Egan went to the door, and just as he was turning into the street he looked back. "There, now, if I have not forgotten one of the very particular things I wanted to inquire about. Have you any scarfs or comforters—any kind of woollen affair for the throat, you know?"

"Well, sir, I had—" "Unfortunately, very," and Egan got quite warm about it. "My wife's nephew—you know my wife's nephew, Miss Callan? fine lad, but exposed to all kinds of weather; and I promised her faithfully I would get him a woollen necktie, and that I would get it for him to-morrow early in the morning. It's really very unfortunate. Would you mind looking through your stock, you might find some thing that would do?" and he looked out his gus again, to give further zeal to the search.

"I'm afraid it's no use," observed the shopwoman, after a cursory