



And Protestant Vindicator.

"I have set Watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night."

VOL. 2.

BYTOWN, (C.W.) JULY 15, 1850.

NO. 2

SONG FOR THE TIMES.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE LOYALISTS OF CANADA.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

Gallant deeds our fathers won,
 Brilliant their renown—
 Immorally they rested on
 The Bible and the Crown
 Honest, generous, staunch, and true,
 Not changed by every breath,
 But trusty as the blades they drew,
 And Loyalists fill death.
 For loyalty
 And royalty
 Shall never be put down,
 Although they sleep,
 We'll sacred keep
 The Bible and the Crown.

A bright inheritance to gain,
 Consciousness of right,
 Like fire through every vein,
 And nerved them for the fight;
 Sturdy as their native oaks,
 Like lions in the fray,
 Lustily they dealt their strokes,
 And nobly won the day.
 Their loyalty
 And royalty
 Could never be kept down,
 And tho' they sleep;
 We'll sacred keep
 The Bible and the Crown.

Patriots they lived and died,
 And left their fame to you,
 But better still than all beside,
 They've left their muskets too!
 Then manfully the coming blast,
 By treason raised, defy;
 Nail fast your colors to the mast,
 And, Britons, live or die.

Our Father's sleep,
 But still we'll keep
 Our Bible and our Crown.
 W.M. OSBORN.

St. Catharines, Oct. 20, 1849.

DETERMINED DEFENCE OF A CONVOY.

The magnanimity which is the acknowledged characteristic of the British seaman, is well illustrated in the following anecdote which we extract from 'Anapisms of Sir Philip Sidney, with Remarks by Miss Porter, author of 'Thaddeus of Warsaw.' Opposed as we are on principle to war and bloodshed, we freely admit that man must do his duty under the circumstances in which he is placed by Providence; and we therefore, give the following story as an illustration of the distinction between true courage and rash obstinacy.

It was on the 5th of September, 1708, when, as the convoy of thirty six sail of merchant vessels from the Texel, this honest seaman was met, nearly at the mouth of the Thames, by Commodore Langeron; who was at the head of six galleys, on his way to burn Harwich. The Frenchman thought the ships a desirable prize, and making all possible haste to ensure his good fortune, gave orders to have them invested by four of the galleys, while his galley, with that of the Chevalier Mauvilliers, should attack and master the frigate which protected them. The English captain having discovered the intentions of the enemy, directed the merchants to crowd sail for the Thames; and hoping to employ the galleys during this movement, he bore down upon them, as if he intended to begin the battle. An officer who was on board Langeron's vessel thus described the scene:—

'We were soon within cannon-shot, and accordingly the galley discharged her broadside. The frigate, silent as death, approached us, without firing a gun. Our commodore smiled at this; for he mistook English resolution for cowardice: 'What!' cried he, 'is the frigate weary of bearing the British flag? and does she come to strike without a blow?' The triumph was premature.

The vessels drew nearer, and were within musket-shot. The galley continued to pour in her broadside and small arms, whilst the frigate preserved the most dreadful stillness she seemed resolved to reserve all her terrors for close engagement; but in a moment as if suddenly struck with a panic, she tacked about and fled. Nothing was heard but boasting among our officers: 'We could at one blast sink an English man-of-war; and if the boward does not strike in two minutes, down he goes to the bottom!' All this time the frigate was in silence preparing the tragedy that was to ensue. Her flight was only a ruse, and done with a view to entice us to board her in the stern. Our commodore, in such an apparently favourable conjuncture, ordered the galley to board and bade the helmsman bury her beak in the frigate. The seamen and marines prepared with the cutlasses and battle-axes, to execute these commands; but dexterously avoided our beak as to wheel round and place herself directly alongside of us. Now it was that the English captain's courage was manifested. As he had foreseen what would happen, he was ready with his grapping irons, and fixed us fast to his vessel. All in the galley were now as much exposed as on a raft; and the British artillery, charged with grape-shot, opened at once upon our heads. The masts were filled with sailors who threw hand grenades among us like hail not a gun was fired that did not make dreadful havoc; and our crew, terrified at so unexpected a carnage, no longer thinking of attacking, were even unable to make defence. The officers stood motionless and pale, incapable of executing orders, which they had hardly presence of mind enough to understand; and those men who were neither killed nor wounded, lay flat on the deck to escape the bullets. The enemy perceiving our fright, to add to our dismay boarded us with a party who sword in hand followed. Our commo- the ship han eral assault made the relax the tinued he