

And so it has come to this, that these "blessed people," these "dear children" whose garments were still crimsoned with the blood of a man, whose only crime was Protestantism and loyalty, did receive the blessing of the Pope through our Dominion representative, the Right Reverend Father Tache, D. D.

Readers, will any of you now tell us that we were mistaken in anything we ever uttered in regard to the treacherous and treasonable character of popery. By and by we shall all find out what this Right Reverend Prelate meant by his Romish Council being "*pregnant with mighty meaning*," and which "*mighty meaning*" brought him over the stormy ocean in mid-winter. We shall also know what is meant by "*the council's glorious mission redounding to the honor and glory of the Roman faith*." Until then let us sing:—

"We Canadian Soldiers so proud of the name,
Will raise upon Fenians and Frenchmen our
fame,
We will fight to the last in Britannia's old cause,
And guard our religion, our freedom and laws,
We will fight for our country, our Queen and
her Crown,

And make all the traitors and croppies lie
down,
Derry, down, down, croppies lie down.

These rebels so brave when there are none to
oppose,
To our own Loyal Scott, they were terrible
foes,
But when we can catch these sly rogues in the
field,
A good Orange handful makes hundreds to
yield;
Let the cowards collect and they'll raise our
renown,
For as soon as we fire, the croppies lie down,
Derry down, down, croppies lie down.

Should Riel e'er attempt in great or small
bands,
His forces to marshal on Red River lands,
He'll hear the shrill notes of the drum and the
fife,
Which will make his French Mickeys all run
for their life,
And our country's applauses our triumphs
will crown,
While low will his French brother croppies lie
down,
Derry down, down, Croppies lie down. 🍀

And king William's flag will wave up so
high,
As it did oft' before on the twelfth of July,
While our brave Orange Major at the head of
his line,
Dressed in orange and purple, and scarlet so
fine,
With his Royal Arch marksmen all coming to
town,
And the band going before them, playing
"Croppies lie down,
Down, down, croppies lie down!"

INFORMATION WANTED BY THE ORANGEMEN OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

The numerous friends in N. B. of a Mr. Isaac Baird who lives in Truro, Nova Scotia, would be glad to know if he ever got that money returned to him that he said a gentleman took from him dishonestly, and which had been received by that gentleman as his own. Since

Mr. Baird's departure from N. B. they have learned that the statement was slanderous and false, and that the gentleman in question received no money but what was his own. The money that he received from Mr. Blakeney of Petitcodiac, and Mr. Estey, of Centerville, and