

of the case in existence. No case has yet been found where an Orangeman was brought before the Police Court for bad conduct. And yet with all these facts before him the Romish Bishop in Halifax has had the cheek to inquire, was it an Orangeman, English, Irish, Scotch or Canadian that murdered Mr. McGee? No, Dr. Connolly, it was not an Orangeman that did the cowardly and dastardly deed. By paying strict attention to the Court investigation in Ottawa, you will find that it was one trained up in your own faith that committed the base and cowardly act. Had an Orangeman been near poor McGee at the time, the ruffan never would have accomplished his fiendish purpose, and there is not an Orangeman in the world that does not deplore the death of the late distinguish-

ed. Statesman, and to a man they most heartily sympathise with the family in their bereavement. They all deprecate the deed. Can Bishop Connolly say so much for the members of his own communion?

We hardly expected an Oration of that character from this distinguished Prelate; whose sympathies are but too plainly with the dissatisfied and disaffected. He pronounced those criminals, upon whom the justice of the law has fallen, *patriots* and *martyrs*, and their cause a *holy cause*. In conclusion, we must state our convictions,—the funeral oration delivered by Dr. Connolly will do good. It will prove to the Dominion Protestants that Popery is a dangerous political institution, hateful to God and injurious to the best interest of man, for time and eternity.

CROPPIES LIE DOWN.

Oh ye Knights and Companions now here me relate,
My tale of adventure, if it be not too late,
The bright Orange colour, when I was made new,
In succession was followed by the Purple and Blue;
I travelled the desert the best that I could,
With two and two quarters across Jordan's flood,
Singing, down, down, Croppies lie down.

I forded the stream and then got my mark,
And followed six Levites that carried the Ark;
I travelled my journey unto Jericho,
And lodged near to Gilgal, where all marksmen must go,
And there I saw lights, twelve, seven, six, and three,
Which with star, sun, and moon and two sixes agree,
Then, down, down, Croppies lie down.

The twelve became three and the three became seven,
And when all united they numbered eleven:
I ascended the mountain hoping there to remain,
When I spied Israel's camps all spread out on the plain,
The Hittites in thousands marched out from the town,
But Israel's true bandsmen play'd Croppies lie down.
Down, down, Croppies lie down.

The battle commenced from left unto right,
But the Protestant Boys excelled in the fight,
Arrayed were they all in true Orange and Scarlet,
Which they had divided with Rahol, the Harlot,
The Philistine Priests like Demons did frown,
As the Israelites marched on to Croppies lie down.
Down, down, Croppies lie down.