

one, and yet the latter were victorious, and King William's army marched into Dublin to the tune of "The Protestant Boys." They tried their hands again at the battle of the Diamond, and although they were at that time to the Protestants as ten to one, yet they were vanquished, and the Protestants were enabled to return to their homes in triumph. Again and again they tried their hands in these Colonies,—in 1847 in Ottawa, C. W., and the same year in Woodstock, N. B.; in 1849, in or near St. Catharine's, Canada, and on the very same day in St. John, N. B., but with the same result, and at Limestone Ridge in 1866, and, as in every other case, they were unsuccessful, and were sent by a mere handfull of Orangemen reeling and staggering into the Niagara river.

They even now talk about assassinating some of our chiefs, *but they will hardly make the attempt*; for if they do, vengeance will follow them in high places, and the promise made the Romish Bishop and Clergy in Ottawa in 1867 will be fulfilled to the very letter. Yes, indeed, the history of the past ought to teach our Romish fellow-subjects that they had better be usefully employed than in interfering with our rights, and trying to do that which God has declared they cannot do; and which, as Protestants and Loyalists, we will never permit them to do so long as the blood of our fathers courses in our veins. And, although we never have been slow to maintain our own rights, yet Romanists might know by this time that we wish them no harm, but much good, and we are just as ready as sacredly to guard them from injustice and oppression as if they belonged to the ancient religion of St. Patrick. "But the Protestant religion and the constitution of our great Empire we will maintain even unto death."

We always believed that the

Pope's church in this country was nothing more nor less than a secret political organization, and the political sermon of the Right Rev. Dr. Connolly, just referred to, has done much to confirm us in this conviction.

In the Rt. Rev. Doctor's oration he formally attacks those whose influence he dreads the most. First he does more than leave us to infer his opinions of the British government; next, he attacks his dreaded rival, the Protestant Church of Ireland, after which the Loyal Orangemen come in for their full share of the Bishop's indignation.

By whom was Mr. McGee killed, he cries, by a Savage, a Cherokee, a Blackfoot, a Hottentot? was it by an Orangeman, English, American, Scotch, or Canadian?

May we reply to the good bishop! Then we say the deed was not committed by the Orangemen, simply because they are incapable of the dastardly act. Let our enemies or our friends, we care not which, examine the whole record of crime committed for 200 years past in the British Empire, and he will be unable to find a single case of assassination laid to the charge of an Orangeman, or even attributed to any of them. No! Orangemen are composed of the very best class of men the country can afford; men of honest renown and industrious habits. If Romanists wait until they are assaulted or assassinated by an Orangeman, they will have to wait until doomsday; for the grand characteristic of the Loyal Orange Association is *peace* on earth, and *good will* toward men, be they Roman Catholic or Protestant. The whole history of the Order prove them to be "slow to take offence, and offering none." But if our men were the very bad lot of fellows that Dr. Connolly would represent them to be, is it not surprisingly strange that there is no record