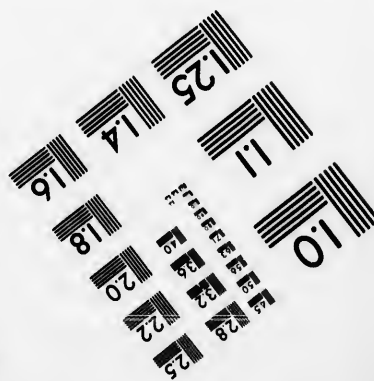
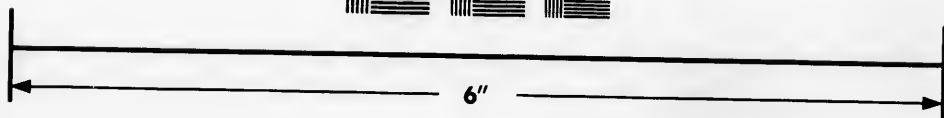
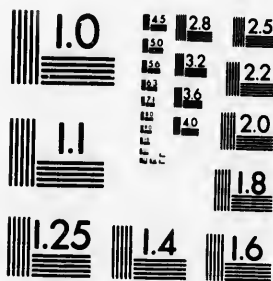


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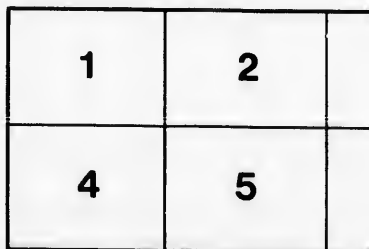
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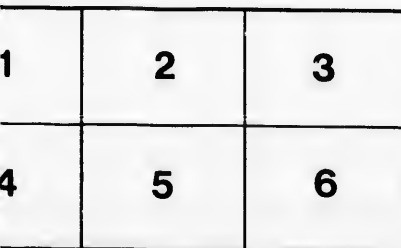
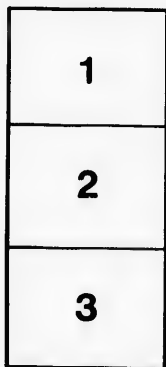
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THE
United Empire Minstrel,

A SELECTION OF THE BEST

NATIONAL, CONSTITUTIONAL AND LOYAL

ORANGE SONGS AND POEMS;

WITH A LARGE NUMBER OF

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS,

AND A

Chronological Table,

SHEWING THE PRINCIPAL INNOVATIONS AND APOSTACIES OF THE
ROMISH CHURCH—HER PERSECUTIONS OF OUR PROTESTANT
FOREFATHERS—AND THE MOST PARTICULAR EVENTS
CONNECTED WITH THE HISTORY OF THE
UNITED EMPIRE AND THE
ORANGE INSTITUTION.

BY WILLIAM SHANNON.

TORONTO:
HENRY ROWSELL.

1852.





TO
THE LOYAL ORANGEMEN,
OF THE UNITED EMPIRE,
THIS SELECTION OF SONGS AND POEMS
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
WITH THE WARMEST WISHES OF THE UNDERSIGNED THAT
IT MAY BE THE MEANS OF EXTENDING THE
PROSPERITY, HARMONY AND USEFULNESS
OF THAT RIGHT LOYAL BODY,
THE ORANGE INSTITUTION,
BY THEIR BROTHER, FOR PEACE, LAW AND ORDER,
WILLIAM SHANNON.



INTRODUCTION, AND AUTHORSHIP.

The title page of this work sufficiently explains itself. At the request of a number of the most influential Officers and Brethren of the Orange Institution, its publication has been taken in hand, and it is now presented to all those who earnestly desire to maintain the existing connexion between Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies thereunto belonging.

The publisher abstains from making any personal "Prefatory Remarks." As to himself, how far he has done his duty will be best proved by the volume itself. But, in justice to the authors from whose writings selections are made, a brief statement respecting each will, no doubt, be found interesting, by those who seek to know something of the Advocates who have so strongly urged their claims to the consideration of the truly good, great, and noble, as "The Saviours of Ireland," in 1798, 1848—and of Canada in 1837.

THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM, Rector of Magilligan, in the Diocese of Derry, departed this life in the winter of 1843-4. In his day and generation, he was Master of a subordinate Lodge, County Master for Derry, Chaplain to the G. O. L. of Ireland, and First Grand Master of the G. O. Lodge of Ulster. Besides a large volume of original "Songs and Poems," he wrote

the "History of the Siege of Londonderry;" also, "Annals of Irish Popery;" "History of Ireland, 1688—1690;" "Ireland Preserved;" and at the period of his death was engaged in publishing "Disiderata Curioso *Derriana*." His history of the Siege of Londonderry passed through six editions in Ireland; three in the United States (by Graham, of Philadelphia); and one in Canada (by Brewer, McPhail, and Co. Toronto). Most of his songs are sung in the family circle of almost every Yeoman and Orangeman in Ireland, and in the Orange Lodges of the United Empire. And, if we were indebted to him for his pathetic and beautiful "*Derry Walls' Array*" only, his memory should everlastingly be had in honour.

ROBERT YOUNG, Esq., the "FERMANAGH TRUE BLUE," is at present a resident of the "UNTAKEN CITY." His first work, the "Orange Minstrel," had a very extensive and influential circulation. His second, the "Ulster Harmonist," has twice been published. I regret that I was unable to obtain a copy of either before going to press.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, through her works, is well and widely known. For her the "Apprenticed Boys" of Derry, under James William Gregg, Esq., waved the stringent rules of their club, (which deny membership to any but true and veritable descendants of the defenders of Derry,) and presented her with the freedom of their city. A valuable exception truly! It is a remarkable fact, that, loving "Religion and Loyalty—

God and the Queen" as sincerely as she did, her death should have occurred at a season truly dear to her, viz. —the Sabbath Day, and the commemoration of that great event which secured the succession of the throne of England on the illustrious House of Brunswick. She fell asleep in Jesus on Sunday, July 12th, 1846, at Ramsgate, in Kent.

COLONEL BLACKBURN, who resides on the Bann side near Portadown, Co. Armagh, composed the thrilling Poem, entitled "Oliver's Advice," which was originally published in the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1835. The gallant Colonel is one of the oldest Orangemen in Ireland, and was a member of the Trinity College Lodge when a Scholar in T. C. D. At a subsequent period he was the principal in seizing a numerous band of Ribbon Conspirators, sitting in conclave and conspiring against the Government of the country. They attempted to swallow their treasonable documents, but he forced them from their throats, and succeeded in lodging them in a place where ample time was given to them for the most deliberate reflection !

OGLE ROBERT GOWAN, ESQ. the father of the Orange System in British North America, at present resides in Toronto. His father, Captain John Hunter Gowan, and his god-father, the Right Hon. George Ogle, M.P. distinguished themselves during the Rebellion of 1798. Mr. Gowan was for many years Secretary for the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland, and it was under his auspices the present Grand Lodge of British North

America was first formed. Besides being known as the "Father of the System" here, Mr. Gowan is also admitted to be the father of the Press in Canada. His song, the "Crimson Banner," almost every Orangeman knows. His "Annals of Orangeism," it is hoped, he will republish, as it is the best work on the subject ever got up.

MRS. HEMANS, the wife of a British Officer; SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. the Scottish Novelist; and T. B. MACAULAY, Esq. M.P., the English Historian, are too well-known to be noted here. The Poem of the latter, entitled "The Battle of the League," is a convincing proof that in France, as in the United Empire, in open, honest warfare, our Protestant forefathers have been more than a match for their Popish enemies.

WM. McCOMB, Belfast, is a respectable Bookseller. His verses on the death of Charlotte Elizabeth are worthy alike of the poet and his theme. He is known to the philanthropist as the chief spirit in getting up the beautiful building used as an institution for the deaf, dumb, and blind, at Belfast. It is one of the most attractive edifices of the northern commercial metropolis.

Of the minor writers with whom we have to do, we have little to say. Some we honour,—others we may never know. The names quoted are already "household words," of which any people might justly be proud. Let, then, those whom we have overlooked, owing to time, or place, or ignorance, sympathise with the

publisher, who claims no merit to himself, but that of endeavouring to discharge his duty. Of "*doggerel*" songs, bearing on our society, but few are given; and even those, only by reason of their antiquity and popularity, and at the request of parties whose good wishes are desired. And now in conclusion:

"*Britannia's* sons lift up your voice,
 Let all your harps with joy be strung,
 Let every hill and plain rejoice,
 And praises now employ each tongue.
 Religious freedom still shall reign,
 Through every part of your domain,
 For William gave to British laws,
 The fair impress of Freedom's cause!"

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THE UNITED EMPIRE MINSTREL.

God Save the Queen.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,

God save the Queen !

Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,

God save the Queen !

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,

And make them fall !

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On her our hopes we fix,

God save us all !

Thy choicest gifts in store,
Deign on our Queen to pour,

Long may she reign !

May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause

To sing with heart-applause,

God save the Queen !

O Lord, her Consort bless,
Grant him in happiness

With her to reign !

In virtues great and strong,
May ALBERT's name be long
The theme of Britain's song,

God save the Queen !

Oh ! whilst the nation hails
Our true-born PRINCE OF WALES,
May it be seen,

On Brunswick's royal line,
That still thy light divine

Its radiance sheds benign,

God save the Queen !

The Flaunting Flag of Liberty.

The flaunting flag of liberty,
Of Gallia's sons the boast,

Oh ! never may a Briton see

Upon the British coast.

The only flag that "*Freedom*" rears,

Her emblem on the seas,

Is the flag that's braved a thousand years,

The battle and the breeze !

To aid the trampled rights of man,

And break oppression's chain ;

The foremost in the battle's van,

It never floats in vain.

The mariner, where'er he steers,
 In every clime he sees
 The flag that 's braved a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!

If all unite, as once we did,
 To keep our flag unfurled;
 Old England still shall fearless bid
 Defiance to the world:
 But fast will flow the nation's tears,
 Should lawless hands e'er seize,
 The flag that 's braved a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!

The following verse, entitled "*Campbell's Address to the United States*," may be sung as a finale to the foregoing:

United States! your banner wears
 Two emblems: one of fame;
 Alas! the other that it bears
 Reminds us of your shame!
 The white man's liberty in types,
 Stands blazoned by your stars;
 But what 's the meaning of the stripes?
 They mean the Negroes' scars!

The Mariners of England.

Ye mariners of England!
 That guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!

Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And the ocean was their grave !
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England,
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.

Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow,
To the fame, of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

Rule Britannia.

When Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :
Rule Britannia—Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves !

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that rends the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Shall but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.

Rule, &c.

To thee belong the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine.
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles, thine.
 Rule, &c.

The Muses still, with freedom sound,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair ;
 Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, &c.

THOMSON.

The Maple Leaf.

Oh ! beauty glows in the island rose,
 The fair sweet English flower ;
 And memory wears in her emblem leaves,
 Proud legends of fame and power ;
 But the fair forest land, where our free hearths stand,
 Though her annals be rough and brief ;
 O'er her fresh wild woods, and her thousand floods,
 Rears for emblem the "Maple Leaf."

Chorus.

Then hurrah for the leaf, the Maple Leaf,
 Up Canadians, heart and hand ;
 High in Heaven's free air, waves your emblem fair,
 The pride of our forest land.

The thistle nods forth, from the hills of the north,
 O'er Scotia free and fair ;
 And hearts warm and true, and bonnets of blue,
 And prowess and faith are there.

Green Erin's dell loves the shamrock well,
 As it springs in the March-sun's smile ;
 Love, valour, wit, ever blend in it—
 Bright type of the Emerald Isle.

Chorus.

But hurrah, &c.

REV. JOHN MCCAUL, LL.D.

Hark, the Merry Bells.

(FOR THE FOURTH OF NOVEMBER.)

Hark ! the merry bells are going,
 Brethren, hail the glorious day ;
 With hand and heart, and glasses flowing,
 Drink the glorious memory.

To you, this day, a King was given,
 The chain of slavery he broke ;
 Ordained by God, and sent from heaven
 To free us from the tyrant's yoke.

Ye faithful sons, then bless the hour,
 The happy hour that gave him a birth,
 Adore the great Almighty power,
 And with thanksgiving fill the earth.

Rejoice ! rejoice by love excited,
 The Orange flag triumphant wave,
 And drink with hand and heart united,
 WILLIAM THE GREAT ! THE GOOD ! THE BRAVE !

The Army and Navy.

"Fear not, my Peggy, stormy winds,
 Nor dread the exulting foe,
 'Tis honour calls, our King commands,
 And Colin now must go.
 He goes, but soon shall come again,
 Enriched with spoils and fame;
 Nay, dry these tears, my bonny lass,
 To weep it were a shame.

Chorus.

The anchor's weigh'd,
 The crew's on board,
 Our conqu'ring flag's unfurl'd;
 And England's glory
 Still shall be
 The wonder of the world.

"Our gracious Prince, with one accord,
 We 'll join with heart and hand,
 To nerve his arm, whose gentle sway
 Protects this happy land.
 With filial love, and duty joined,
 His cause we will defend;
 For Europe finds, and owns in him,
 A Father and a Friend.

"Where'er from coast to coast we sail,
 Our praises fly before,
 And British valour is renowned
 From Ind' to Afric's shore.

We shun no toil—no danger dread—
No vain alarms we feel,
Nor prize our lives, but as they may
Promote our country's weal.

“ We 've rescued Spain—invaded France—
At Leipsic raised a flame,
Where babes unborn, as years advance,
Shall bless the British name.
Then here 's to Stewart, in court or camp,
Or wheresoe'r he roam ;
For those who fight for us abroad,
Should be revered at home.

“ From Holland, 'tis remembered yet,
Our great King William came ;
To Holland now we pay the debt,
We go with conq'ring Graeme.
Barossa's field his deeds report,
Sebastian owns his fame;
And Frenchmen, buried in Belgian forts,
Shall find him still the same.

“ Then, fear not, Peggy—from the mast
The signals wave in air,
The boatswain pipes all hands on deck,
And Colin is not there.
My bonny lass, I love thee well,
But love my honour more.”
In haste he kissed her blushing cheek—
The boat forsook the shore ;

And Peggy wiped the pearly drops
 From eyes as black as sloes ;
 " May Heaven protect my Colin's life,"
 She cried, " where'er he goes ;
 For Heaven can turn the balls aside
 When danger hovers near,
 And trusting in its guardian care,
 I 'll banish every fear."

Chorus.

" Yet gladly shall I see again,
 The conq'ring flag unfurled,
 And hail our glorious fleet returned,
 The wonder of the world."

When in War on the Ocean.

When in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe,
 Tho' with ardour for conquest our bosoms may glow,
 Let us see on their vessels old England's flag wave,
 They shall find British sailors but conquer to save.

And now their pale ensigns we view from afar,
 With three cheers they are welcomed by each British tar,
 Whilst the genius of Britain still bids us advance,
 And our guns hurl, in thunder, defiance to France.

But mark our last broadside—she sinks, down she goes!
 Quickly man all our boats, they no longer are foes ;
 To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave,
 Is worthy a Briton, who conquers to save.

The Chesapeake and Shannon.

At Boston one day, as the Chesapeake lay,
 The Captain his crew thus began on:—
 "See that ship out at sea! she our prize soon shall be;
 'Tis the tight little frigate the Shannon.
 Oh! twill be a good joke,
 To take Commodore Broke,
 And add to our navy the Shannon."

Then he made a great bluster, calling all hands to muster,
 And said, "Now, boys, stand firm to you cannon;
 Let us get under weigh, without further delay,
 And capture the insolent Shannon.
 We soon shall bear down on the Shannon.
 The Chesapeake's prize is the Shannon,
 Within two hours' space,
 We 'll return to this place,
 And bring into harbour the Shannon!

Now alongside they range, and broadsides they exchange;
 But the Yankees soon flinch from their cannon,
 When the captain and crew, without further ado,
 Are attacked sword in hand from the Shannon,
 By the tight little tars of the Shannon.
 The brave commodore of the Shannon,
 Fir'd a deadly salute,
 Just to end the dispute,
 And the Chesapeake struck to the Shannon.

Let America know the respect she should show,
To our national flag and our cannon ;
And let her take heed, that the Thames and the Tweed,
Give us tars just as brave as the Shannon,
Here's to Commodore Broke of the Shannon ;
May the olive of peace
Soon bid enmity cease,
From the Chesapeake shore to the Shannon.

National Song.

When order in the land commenced,
With Alfred's sacred laws,
Then sea-girt Britons, closely fenced,
Joined in one common cause ;
The glorious name, an Englishman,
Struck terror to the foe,
And conquering William fix'd a fame,
That shall for ages grow !
On Albion's cliffs let commerce smile,
And cheering plenty bring,
Then sweet content shall bless the isle,
And GEORGE its gracious King !
Our Henrys and our Edwards too,
Framed once a Constitution,
Which Orange William did renew
By glorious revolution.
Mild Anne, with sceptre gently swayed
Ensured her people's love ;
And when her kingdom's peace she made,
Was called to realms above !

Hence British freedom, rights and laws,
 From whence her glories spring,
 The prayer of grateful Britain draws,
 On George its gracious King.

Great George and Charlotte's happy reign,
 In union binds the land,
 And scatters blessings o'er the main
 With a benignant hand:
 The regal stock its royal fruit
 Like ivy round it clings,
 From whence its spreading branches shoot,
 A race of future Kings.

Chorus.

Thence English, Scotch, and Irishmen,
 With heart and voice shall sing,
 While Brunswick's line adorns the throne,
 God save our gracious King!

The Voice of Britain.

Away, my brave boys, haste away to the shore,
 Our foes, the vile French, boast they're straight coming
 o'er,
 To murder and plunder, and ravish and burn!
 Let them come—we'll take care they shall never return:
 For around the white cliffs, hark! the notes loudly ring,
 Brave Britons are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady,
 To fight for old England, our laws, and our Queen.

They know that united, we, sons of the waves,
Would ne'er bow to Frenchmen, nor grovel like slaves ;
So before they durst venture to touch on our strand,
They strove with sedition to poison our land.

But around the, &c.

They swore we were slaves, were all lost and undone,
That a Jacobin nostrum, as sure as a gun,
Would make us all equal, and happy and free ;
'Twas only to dance round their liberty tree.

No, no, round the cliffs, &c.

But their note is now changed, and they threaten to
pour

Their hosts on our land, to lay waste and devour ;
To drench our fair fields and our cities in gore,
Nor cease to destroy till Old England's no more.

Let them come, if they dare—hark! &c.

My sweet rosy Nan is a true British wife,
And loves her dear Dick as she loves her own life ;
Yet she ties on my knapsack, and smiles while I go
To meet the proud French, and to lay their heads low.

And chaunts round the, &c.

And Ned, my brave boy, with a true English heart,
Has entirely forsaken his plough and his cart :
His farm he has quitted to dig in a trench,
And all for the sake of a cut at the French.

While he sings all day long, let the notes, &c.

Away, then, my boys, haste away to the shore,
Our foes, the vile French, boast they're straight coming
o'er,

To murder, and plunder, and ravish, and burn,
They may come—but by ——— ! they shall never return.
For around the, &c.

— — —

We Want no Republic.

Ye brave loyal heroes who honour the Queen,
See the thistle, the rose, and the shamrock so green,
Twined firmly together despite "the Repeal."

Base traitors may preach up sedition and strife,
And demagogues cry out for "war to the knife ;"
They may try to dissever the shamrock and rose,
But remember such men are Hibernia's worst foes :
We want no Republic, we 'll have no Repeal.

Fair liberty, England has built thee a throne,
The laws of our country through Europe are known :
We want no Republic, we 'll have no Repeal !

The volatile Frenchmen may banish their King,
And the Prussians concession from Frederick may wring,
But Britain was first in the work of reform,
And freely bestowed what the French took by storm :
We want no Republic, we 'll have no Repeal !

Ever dear to our hearts, chiefest blessing of Heaven,
Is the freedom we have in the land that we live in :
We want no Republic, we 'll have no Repeal !

To gain us this freedom our ancestors bled,
 And we swear by the blood which our forefathers shed
 To fight to the last in fair liberty's cause,
 And guard our religion, our Queen, and our laws:
 We want no Republic, we'll want no Repeal!

Should France e'er attempt, or by fraud, or by guile,
 Her forces to land on our Emerald Isle,
 To form a Republic, and force the Repeal,
 We'll show to the world that we'll never be slaves,
 And the French shall possess our green fields for their
 graves.

Should the torrent of war ever burst on our land,
 For our Queen and the Union till death firm we'll stand:
 We want no Republic, we'll have no Repeal!

King William.

To William, wise, the good and great,
 Old Europe owes a mighty debt;
 Queen Bess maintained the Reformation,
 But Nassau settled its foundation.

From France's yoke and Rome's false creed,
 The Hollanders by him were freed,
 And Britain's isles by him were saved,
 From bigots cruel and depraved.

To him the Pope's weak minion owes
 A blessing which he little knows,
 Or now forgets, from terror freed,
 The privilege to change his creed:

A liberty by thousands taken,
Who fraud and error have forsaken.
O'er Thomond's fields, O'Bryan's race
Think Popery a foul disgrace.
O'Neil, once deemed the Pope's right hand,
In True Blue ranks holds high command,
O'Sheridans, in Cavan famed,
The Popish creed have long disclaimed,
Of bulls, and beads, and mass ashamed.
An hundred years ago, O'Donnell
Renounced the "BEAST" in old Tyrconnell ;
McMahon's race in fruitful Clare,
Abhor Priestcraft and Latin prayer :
Fitzgibbon on fair Limerick's plain,
The Monks and Masshouses disdain ;
The Rourks in Mayo, once renowned,
Among high Protestants are found.
Clawickard's Marquis in Galway own
No fealty, but to England's throne ;
To William's sword, as all men know,
The "Habeas Corpus" act we owe.
Our thanks to him we may express,
For all the freedom of our press ;
The lawyer, too, who now delights
In William's boon, the Bill of Rights.
Free from the bailiff, dun, and setter,
The Sabbath-day he gave the debtor ;
His deeds by Addison were sung,
And gallant Wellesley, too, when young,
His harp in William's praises strung.

Then let us cherish, wise and free,
King William's glorious memory,
And never may that man grow older,
Who flings the bumper o'er his shoulder.

— • —

Sires of William's Glorious Reign.

Genius of Erin's Emerald Isle,
In all thy ancient glory rise !
And teach thy sons at death to smile,
While this proud strain ascends the skies :
"Sires of William's glorious reign,
"Triumph in your sons again."

Awake, true sons of Erin, wake,
Attend your King and country's call,
Beneath your hands shall treason shake,
Beneath your arms shall treason fall !
"Sires of William's glorious reign,
"In their sons shall fight again."

Hark ! down the Boyne's immortal flood,
Flows this sublime triumphant sound,
Where, like yon column, firm they stood,
Till victory's self their virtues crowned :
"Sires of William's glorious reign,
"Bid their sons their right maintain,"

Hark ! how from Aughrim's blood-stained field—
 Stained with the blood that warms your heart—
 The shades of those who ne'er could yield,
 Thus prompt the patriot's awful part :
 " Sires of William's glorious reign,
 " Trust their sons to guard this plain."

And, hark ! from Derry's sacred walls,
 That spurned the tyrant at their feet,
 A guardian voice conspiring calls,
 And Derry's sons the strains repeat :
 " Sires of William's glorious reign,
 " Guard in us, these walls again."

Again shall Enniskillen pour
 Her heroes, for their rights to die ;
 Before them, as in days of yore,
 Shall traitors, tyrants, Frenchmen, fly :
 " Sires of William's glorious reign,
 " Fought not for their sons in vain."

The men of Erin catch the flame,
 The spirit of the Isle's abroad ;
 They pant to share their fathers' fame,
 Like them, in war or death unawed :
 " Sires of William's glorious reign,
 " Ne'er can call their sons in vain."

While vanquished Erin.

While vanquished Erin weeps beside
 The Boyne's triumphant river,
 The guardian spirits of its tide
 This lesson still shall give her :

In vain you speed your vengeful darts,
Though poisoned gall is on them,
For God (who shields his faithful hearts,)
Shall grant us still to shun them.

Oh! long shall Erin weep in vain,
As time so oft has taught her,
Though careless she returns again,
And hovers on that water,
And sounds with rancour'd, poisoned breath
Her shafts of defamation;
Still fraught with vengeance, hate and death,
As emblems of her station.

Each year as vanquish'd, she shall mourn,
By that immortal river,
Its faithful guardians still return,
This bitter draught to give her:
Propitious shine, ye powers of good,
And crown this day for ever;
And may the Boyne's triumphant flood
Resign its glories never.

Then proudly flow till time is o'er,
And sacred be thy water;
For freedom gilds thy favoured shore,
And dearly have we bought her;
And while her bright and glorious ray,
Shall beam on us for ever,
The hearts that she has linked this day,
No fate or time shall sever.

The Orange Lily.

And did you go to see the show, each rose and pink-a-dilly, O!

To feast your eyes, and view the prize, won by the Orange Lily, O!

Heigho, the lily, O!

The royal, loyal lily, O!

Beneath the sky

What flower can vie

With Erin's Orange Lily, O!

The Viceroy there, so *debonaire*, just like a daffadilly, O,
With Lady Clarke, blithe as a lark, approached the Orange Lily, O,

Heigho, &c.

Then starting back, he cried, good lack! some say he looked quite silly, O!

"Oh! deed of woe! must I bestow, the prize upon the lily, O!"

Heigho, &c.

Sir Charley, too, looked very blue, while laughed Horse-Master Billy, O,

To think his Ex—— a flower should vex; and that an Orange lily, O!

Heigho, &c.

A fairer flower, throughout the bower, he sought but willy, nilly, O,

With moistened eyes, he gave the prize to Erin's Orange Lily, O!

Heigho, &c.

The lowland field may roses yield, gay heaths the high-
land hilly, O ;

But high or low, no flower can show, like Erin's Orange
Lily, O !

Heigho, &c.

Let dandies fine in Bond-street shine, gay nymphs in
Piccadilly, O,

But fine or gay must yield the day to Erin's Orange
Lily, O !

Heigho, &c.

The elated muse, to hear the news, jumped like a Con-
naught filly, O,

As gossip Fame did loud proclaim, the triumph of the
lily, O !

Heigho, &c.

Then come, brave boys, and share her joys, and toast
the health of Willy, O,

Who bravely won on Boyne's red shore, the royal
Orange Lily, O !

Heigho, the lily, O !

The Royal Orange Lily, O !

Fair Freedom's flower !

May each kind power,

Protect the Orange Lily, O !

On the Death of the Rev. George Walker.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,

Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb ;

The Saviour has passed through the portals before thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side,
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansions forsaking,
 Perchance thy tired spirit in doubt lingered long ;
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy
 waking,
 And the song which thou heardst was the seraphim's
 song.

Thou art gone to the grave, 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide ;
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
 Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour has died.

BISHOP HEBER.

Enniskillen.

Hail ! Enniskillen, we explore—
 But not without emotion—
 The places which thy sires of yore,
 Defended with devotion ;
 The ground on which they fought and bled,
 Till the result was glorious ;
 On which—as if divinely led—
 Through fear, they proved victorious.

But lo ! the despot's hosts that came,
 By hope illusive flattered,
 In quest of honour, finding shame,
 Were in a moment scattered.

Keep thy progenitors in sight,
By their example learning
How valour's daring may unite
With wisdom's sage discerning.

They knew their Maker's cause was sure,
On which their own depended ;
Their rights were therefore most secure ;
When His were most defended.
Persuaded that the cause was God's
In which they were engaging,
They fearless met apparent odds,
With hell and havoc raging.

Heaven sent success ; their banners bright,
Appeared as angel pinions ;
But damp and darkness, fear and fright,
Came o'er the tyrant's minions.
Preserve these banners, for they teach,
To every tongue and nation,
An element beyond the reach
Of bigots' penetration.

Then let thy sons in solemn state,
With these unfolded o'er them—
At seasons fit commemorate
The brave who went before them.
Then, Enniskillen, persevere,
Thy principles extending ;
Night's course is waning, day is near,
And Erin's sun ascending.

The Diamond will be Trumps again.

There was a time, when 'twas no crime,
To give the grateful thought its way;—
When none need shrink, who wish to drink
To the deeds of many a glorious day.
But Popish power in evil hour,
Has o'er us flung his galling chain;
Yet bide a wee, and you shall see,
How the Diamond will be trumps again.

The night is dark, no friendly spark
Is glimmering through its cheerless gloom,
Nor moon nor star beams forth from far,
The path of danger to illumine;
Yet still the ray of kindling day
Once more will brighten hill and plain;
So bide a wee, and you shall see
How the Diamond will be trumps again.

Behold, before the billows roar,
Yon shattered bark is borne away:
The furious gale has rent each sail,
The yawning surges claim their prey:
Yet there's a power in that dread hour,
Will still the tempest, calm the main;
Then bide a wee, and you shall see
How the Diamond will be trumps again.

Thick flew the balls round "Derry walls,"
Beleaguered by the ruthless foe;
And famine pale bid stout hearts quail,
And death in every form of woe;

Yet still she clung to hope, and flung
 Defiance forth—nor hoped in vain ;
 Then bide a wee, and you shall see
 How the Diamond will be trumps again.

But, away with care and dark despair,
 Each thought of grief and suffering sore,
 We'll put to flight this festive night,
 That celebrates the days of yore ;
 The glorious day is on its way—
 The brightest in Victoria's reign—
 The day of glee to the bold and free,
 When the Diamond will be trumps again

—♦—

Anti-~~R~~epeal Song.

Ye sons of loyalty, arise,
 And fearlessly unite ;
 Delay not—see your enemies
 Collecting all their might ;
 See how the wily traitors all,
 With unremitting zeal,
 Strive to advance, both great and small,
 Rebellion or Repeal.

Then, Protestants arise, defend
 The Union strenuously,
 Remember that thereon depend
 Your lives and liberty ;
 Acting to Britain, lest you may
 Too soon be taught to feel
 The iron rod of Popish sway,
 Should they obtain: Repeal.

Let Parliament no more neglect
This treason to subdue ;
Nor will mere threatening have effect—
They must be up and do :
Let them arrest the traitors, and
With firm and loyal zeal,
Have this proclaimed throughout the land—
“ There shall be no Repeal.”
Many were to the scaffold led
For treason, not so great
As that which they now, void of dread,
Spread 'gainst the Church and State.
Shall rebels with impunity
Oppose the empire's weal ?
Shall they from punishment be free
Who agitate Repeal ?
And let the end rebellion be—
Their threatenings we disdain ;
The Legislative Union we
Shall with our lives maintain.
Ye valiant loyal Northern men,
Shall die the bond to seal ;
The well-shot guns of Ulster then
Shall thunder “ No Repeal.”
Then Protestants your country calls,
That you as brethren join ;
Remember Derry's maiden walls,
And Aughrim and the Boyne.
And let your foes remember, too,
Tho' it their blood congeal,
We now as then will subdue them :
They 'll never get Repeal.

A Place to Die.

Where BRAMHALL ruled, where GREAT GEORGE
 WALKER taught,
 Where KING presided, and where MURRAY fought;
 On classic ground, in station low or high—
 There would I wish to live, and like to die:
 There would I rest among the good and brave,
 And find at last near DERRY'S WALLS—a grave.
 GRAHAM.

While Britain's Sons their Freedom boast.

While Britain's sons their freedom boast—
 Their King, their laws, their nation—
 The yeomanry now form an host
 For mutual preservation.
 For with disgust at blood-stained France,
 Each Briton seeks a leader,
 The ploughshare shines a polished lance,
 T' repel the bold invader.

Chorus.

Then rear the standard, grasp the lance,
 Let's hail the great occasion—
 Let's wield the scourge to punish France,
 When she attempts invasion.

Ah! who so false to nature's laws,
 Would rend the strong connection,
 Between the parent and her cause,
 When she demands protection?

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GRAHAM.

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Irne's sons the summons hear,
 Inspired with worth inherent,
 And, dauntless, one and all they swear,
 To die or save their parent.

Say, can the discontented few,
 Whose only aim is plunder,
 The cause of social love subdue,
 Or rend her ties asunder ?
 May they as noxious weeds appear,
 Who choke the glebe that grows them—
 Who serpent-like are fostered here,
 Yet sting their parent bosom.

On fair Britannia's faithful breast,
 See Royal George reposing,
 While murdered Louis sinks to rest,
 French cruelty exposing.
 Go ! drink the tears that monarchs weep
 Ye regicides ! whose lust 'tis,
 In guiltless breasts your poinards deep
 T' implant, then call it justice !

Oh ! may each loyal British soul,
 Find freedom and protection ;
 By guarding one we guard the whole,
 Against this French infection.
 Our coasts well lined with walls of wood,
 Our hearts with resolution,
 In George's cause we'll shed our blood
 To King and Constitution.

Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bay nets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And our lanterns dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought on the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
And we far away on the billow. [head,

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock told the hour for retiring;
 And we heard by the distant and random gun,
 That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory!
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone.
 But we left him alone in his glory.

REV. C. WOLFE.

—◆—
You Williamites so true.

You Williamites so true, of the Orange and the Blue,
 That dwell in this country all round, round, round,
 O! may they increase, and multiply in ev'ry place,
 And join to keep Rebellion down, down, down.
 And join to keep Rebellion down.

On the 23rd of May was to have been the fatal day,
 To assassinate all friends of the crown, crown, crown,
 But our kingly yeomen brave our country then did save,
 By keeping the Rebellion down, down, down.
 By keeping the Rebellion down.

Oh! well may you remember, on the 4th of last
 November,
 The birthday of William, high in renown, nown, nown,
 What a glorious sight was seen, that day in College-
 green,
 Of them that kept Rebellion down, down, down.
 Of them that kept Rebellion down.

The *Crops* were so dismayed when our Orange was
displayed,

At our victory they were seen to frown, frown, frown,
They also stopped their ears, being much annoyed by
cheers,

And the band playing, " Croppies lie down," down,
down.

And the band playing " Croppies lie down."

So fill high your glasses to him who made the Crops to
swing,

In villages, in cities, and in town, town, town ;
Lord Camden is his name, may he shortly come again,
To keep the d—d Rebellion down, down, down.

To keep the d—d Rebellion down.

GRAHAM.

Mackenzie's Petition to Payne.

To Payne in a dungeon, as he sat on his throne,
Some traitors in Canada prepared a petition ;
That he for his friends would Republican own,
And prefer them his favourite sons of sedition.

For this was their aim

Wherever they came,

To set all in confusion—the world in a flame,
And they begged he'd instruct them how best to
convey

Peace, freedom, and comfort from Canada away.

My sons, says Tom Payne, you are welcome and well,
 'Tis a jubilee here when the world's in trouble ;
 Each demon rejoices when subjects rebel,
 But when a kingdom's o'turned our triumph is double,
 Our dungeon doth ring,
 Cui Malo we'll sing ;
 My sons, dip your hand in the blood of your King,
 Join the "CENTRAL COMMITTEE," and quickly convey
 Peace, freedom, and comfort from Canada away.

Great Sir, they replied, we approve of your plan,
 Each virtue we'll banish, each truth we'll disown ;
 With the "States" in their fury we'll join heart and
 hand,

Hurl COLBORNE from *York*, and WILLIAM dethrone.
 Their backs we shall ply
 In a transport of joy,

While "*The Guardian*" collects friends to help us
 draw nigh,

With *York's* "*Central Committee*" we'll quickly
 convey

Peace, freedom, and comfort from Canada away.

But Great Britain arose, with old Ireland to stand,
 And said to repulse them, Canadians will join ;

Whilst *William* defends fair Albion's dear land,
 The conquest in Canada, SIR JOHN, shall be thine :

Then let them draw near,
 It soon shall appear

That Britons are ever still strangers to fear ;

We'll soon trim those Radicals who strive to convey
 Peace, freedom, and comfort from Canada away.

OGLE R. GOWAN.

The Victory of the Boyne.

When William rais'd his flag on high,
Th' embattled host sent forth a cry,
That rather than they'd basely die,
They'd fight for victory.

With his intent, they marched on,
Unto the reedy banks of Boyne,
Where James awaits his valiant son,
But lost the victory.

King James took post on high Donore,
And heard the distant cannons roar,
Which thundered through the fields of war,
And crown'd the victory.

But William led his forces on,—
Was ever present in the van,
Strictly exhorting every man
To push for victory.

A cannon ball grazed William's arm,
Which caused among his men alarm,
But did his Majesty no harm,
Nor stayed the victory.

Full fifteen hundred men were lost,
The flow'r of all the Irish host;
Five hundred British were the cost
Of this famed victory.

Duke Schomberg's death o'er-balanced all,
 Who met his fate by a musket ball—
 King William mourn'd this hero's fall,
 Who died midst victory.

Let *Ryerson* lead on his men,
McKenzie and the Yankees—then,
 Canadians true,—we'll fight again
 For Boyne and victory.

OGLE R. GOWAN.

The King, God bless Him.

A goblet of Burgundy, fill, fill for me,
 Give those who prefer it Champagne ;
 But whatever the wine, it a bumper shall be,
 If I ne'er drink a bumper again !
 Now, now, when the cares of the day are thrown by,
 And all man's best feelings possess him,
 And the soul lights her beacon of truth in the eye,
 Here's a health to the King ! God bless him !

The wealthy of Rome at their banquets of old,
 When to those whom they honoured they quaff'd,
 Threw pearls of great price in their goblets of gold,
 More costly to render their draught.
 I boast not of gems, but my heart's in my glass,
 Of its love nought can e'er dispossess him ;—
 Upstanding—uncovered—round, round let it pass—
 Here's a health to the King ! God bless him !

Chorus.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
 Upstanding—uncovered—round, round let it pass—
 Here's a health to the King ! God bless him !

The Contrast.

WRITTEN UNDER WINDSOR TERRACE, FEBRUARY 17TH 1820.

I saw him last on this terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness,
Begirt with his court, and in all the crowd
Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, and the leaves were green,
Blithely the birds were singing ;
The cymbals replied to the tambourine,
And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood by the crowd beside his bier,
When not a word was spoken ;
But every eye was dim with a tear,
And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour,
To the mull'd drum's deep rolling ;
Whilst the minute gun, with its solemn roar,
Drowned the death bell's tolling.

From the time when he walked in his glory thus,
To the grave till I saw him carried,
Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
But to him a night unvaried.

We have fought the fight ; from his lofty throne
The foe of our land we have tumbled ;
And it gladdened each eye save his alone,
For whom that foe we humbled.

AY 17TH 1820.

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A daughter beloved—a Queen—a son,
 And a son's sole child have perished;
 And sad was each heart save the only one,
 By whom they were fond'est cherished.

For his eyes were sealed, and his mind was dark,
 And he sat in his age's lateness,
 Like a vision throned as a solemn mark,
 Of the frailty of human greatness.

His silver head o'er his bosom spread,
 Unmoved by life's commotion;
 Like a yearly lengthening snowdrift shed,
 O'er the calm of the frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's waters lay,
 Though the stream of time was flowing:
 When they spoke of our King, 'twas but to say—
 "That the old man's strength was going."

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
 By weakness rent asunder;
 A piece of the wreck of the *Royal George*,
 For the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at length, he is laid in the dust,
 Death's hand his slumbers breaking;
 For the coffin'd sleep of the good and just
 Is sure of a blissful waking.

His people's heart is his funeral urn;
 And should sculptured stone be denied him,
 There will his name be found, when in turn
 We lay our heads beside him.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

Frederick Duke of York and Albany.

Strike! strike, the proud banners, that flaunted in glory,
Let them droop where they triumph'd o'er mountain
and wave;

While the death bell and muffle drum tell the sad story,
Of a chieftian gone down to the sleep of the grave.

If the splendors of ancestry, honours and power,
Could avert for a period mortality's doom,
Oh! distant indeed would have been the dark hour
That opened before him the steps to the tomb.

Ye spirits of Brunswick, the fearless, the glorious,
Whose deeds left a long track of glory behind;
Who rode through the storm of the battle victorious,
And your fame with the freedom of England entwined.

Receive him, whose heart was as brave as his sire's,
Who never the plume of his ancestry stained,
When the storm of fierce war flashed around him its
fires,
And the foeman the furies of battle unchained.

Receive him, whose spirit was gentle and mild,
When the war-cloud rolled far from the carnage-spread
plain,
To whom the poor orphan has looked up and smiled,
And the tears of the widow not pleaded in vain.

and Albany.

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Though stern when believing his country in danger,
Once the strife of the field or the senate was o'er,
His bosom to every dark feeling a stranger,
Remembered the foe he encountered no more.

Though his fame for a season by error was clouded,
Yet long years of virtue his memory shall save
From malice which, while its cold victim lay shrouded,
Crawled forth as a vampire to fret on his grave.

Yet, whenever the flag of his country unfurled,
The sign of the free floating grandly along;
Unfolding the red cross in light through the world,
That never can stoop to oppression and wrong:

There, there shall the proofs of his labour be shewn,
Who when the high fame of the land was o'er,cast,
So marshall'd thy chivalry, England! that none
Was left to contend with thy glory at last.

* * * * *

Raise, raise the proud banners again in their glory,
Again let them float o'er the mountain and wave;
For his name shall live on in his country's bright story,
While its people are free and its soldiers are brave.

God bless brave Cumberland.

God bless brave CUMBERLAND!
Who made so great a stand
In William's cause,
When Wellington and Peel
Impiously did repeal
Our penal laws;

And from our regal crown,
Tore all her bulwarks down,
And prostrate to the ground
Trampled our laws.

When James usurped the throne,
Britain in chains did groan,
And slavery ;
But the ALL-seeing eye
Saw from his throne on high
Our destiny ;
And soon to our happy shore
WILLIAM triumphant bore,
Who did our Church restore
From Popery.

Then for old Erin's Isle,
That fugitive exile,
James, skulking made ;
And before Derry's wall,
Our renowned citadel,
There he displayed
A host of combined supplies,
Blackguards and French allies ;
But the Apprentice Boys
Stood undismayed.

Then came the trying hour,
When Rome's despotic power
Deluged the land ;
And our grandsires combined,
By a pass-word and sign,
To establish a plan,

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That Protestants knew to try,
 Friends from the enemy,
 And in their last agony,
 Breathed out " I AM."

Let us now with equal zeal
 Maintain our nation's weal,
 And firmly stand ;
 And our most precious lives
 Offer a sacrifice,
 While CUMBERLAND

Has raised WILLIAM 's banner high,
 And on to victory
 Shall lead us triumphantly,
 At his command !
 SHANNON.



King George the Third.

Raise we his monument ! what giant pile
 Shall honour him to far posterity ?
 His monument shall be his ocean-isle ;
 The voice of his redeeming thunders be
 His epitaph upon the silver sea.
 And million spirits from whose neck he bore
 The fetter, and made soul and body free ;
 And unborn millions, from earth's farthest shore,
 Shall bless the Christian King till the last sun is o'er.
 REV. GEORGE CROLY.

Pitt.

When the war-trumpet sounded, and hostile alarms
Called Europe to battle, and Britain to arms,
'Tis sweet to remember how firmly she stood,
An island unstained 'mid an ocean of blood.

'Tis over, and Britain's illustrious name
Is written in gold in the temple of fame ;
Whilst her trumpet's shrill note causes Europe to ring
With praise for her sons, and with prayers for her King.

But dark was the hour when she stood to oppose
All Europe in arms, and all Europe as foes ;
But she burned with a flame by a patriot lit
From the glory which shone from her guardian PITT.

Full long had Britannia her war-spear to wield,
To strike with her arm, and to guard with her shield ;
She triumph'd ! and oh ! may her sons never quit
The virtues, the firmness, the councils of Pitt.

The red cross of Britain has shone o'er the wave,
Has streamed in the field, and has lowered o'er the
grave ;
Has roused up the Briton, but daunted the Gaul,
To the one "*Glory's Robe*"—to the other his *Pall*.

Till time has expired shall Pitt's glorious name
Be joined to his hero's—to Wellington's fame ;
Nay, written by glory, they never shall die,
By the beams of the sun on the arch of the sky.

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May our commerce, our fame, and our glory increase,
 Made rich by a blessing—the blessing of peace ;
 For 'twas purchased, as gratitude's tongue must admit,
 By our Wellington's sword, through the councils of Pitt !

Pitt and Nelson.

(FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THE FIRST OF MARMION, BY SCOTT.)

To mute and to material things
 New life revolving summer brings ;
 The genial call dead nature hears,
 And in her glory re-appears.
 But oh ! my country's wintry state
 What second spring shall renovate ?
 What powerful call shall bid arise
 The buried warlike and the wise ;
 The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
 The hand that grasped the victor's steel ?
 The vernal sun new light bestows
 Even on the meanest flower that blows ;
 But vainly, vainly may he shine,
 Where glory weeps o'er NELSON'S shrine ;
 And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
 That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb !
 * * * * *
 Deep graved in every British heart,
 O, never let those names depart !
 Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
 Who victor died on Gadite wave ;

To him, as to the burning levin,
 Short, bright, resistless course was given.
 Where'er his country's foes were found,
 Was heard the fated thunder's sound ;
 Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
 Rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no more.

* * * * *

Nor mourn ye less his perished worth,
 Who bade the conqueror go forth,
 And launch'd that thunderbolt of war
 On Egyyt, Haffina, Trafalgar :
 Who, born to guide such high emprise,
 For Britain's weal was early wise ;
 Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,
 For Britain's sins an early grave.

* * * * *

Had'st thou but liv'd, though stripp'd of power,
 A watchman on the lonely tower,
 Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
 When fraud or danger were at hand ;
 By thee, as by the beacon light,
 Our pilots had kept course aright ;
 As some proud column, though alone,
 Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne.
 Now is the stately column broke,
 The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,
 The warder silent on the hill !

* * * * *

Then while on Britain's thousand plains,
 One unpolluted Church remains,

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Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
 The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
 But still upon the hallowed day,
 Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;
 While faith and civil peace are dear,
 Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
 He who preserved them, PIT, lies here !

The Church of our Fathers.

Half screen'd by its trees in the Sabbath's calm smile,
 The Church of our Fathers, how meekly it stands !
 O villagers, gaze on the old hallowed pile—
 It was dear to their hearts, it was raised by their
 hands.
 Who loves not the ground where they worshipp'd their
 God ?
 Who loves not the ground where their ashes repose ?
 Dear even the daisy that blooms on the sod,
 For dear is the dust out of which it arose !
 Then say, shall the temple our forefathers built,
 Which the storms of long ages have battered in vain,
 Be abandoned by us from supineness or guilt,
 O say, shall it fall by the rash and profane ?
 Go, perish the impious hand that would take
 One shred from its altar, one stone from its towers !
 The pure blood of martyrs have flowed for its
 sake
 And its fall—if it fall—shall be reddened with ours !

Nelson.

When Trafalgar's tremendous fight was won,
And Freedom sacrificed her favourite son ;
Britannia, throned upon the heaving sea,
Stained with her tears the pomp of victory ;
And gladly would have flung a way the fame
Her hero gained, his spirit to reclaim !

O'Connell.

As oft in life so in his last bequest,
The *Patriot* and the *Papist* stand confess'd ;
The worthless trunk reclaims its native home,
The heart is—where it ever was—at Rome.

Peel's Apostacy.

An orange had a *peel* of yore,
So bright, so smooth, so fine of pore ;
So glossy, and so wondrous firm,
That England scarce could find a term
Of penegyric strong enough
Its essence and its fame to puff.
So much admired, it needs must go,
From hand to hand, from high to low ;
Till even by Majesty 'twas graced,
And in a *Cabinet* was placed.

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But, ah ! the hot polluted air,
Of foul corruption which was there ;
And all its pent up rotten store,
Withered the Orange to its core ;
Till now the once bright *Peel* is seen
By mildew turned to foulest green !

Londonderry.

Hail sacred walls ! while circling years shall flow,
Or genial suns illumine this vale below ;
While sparkling stars diffuse their distant light,
And cheer with fainter beams the sable night—
While yon blue arch with sun or stars shall shine,
Be thine the triumph as the woe was thine ;
May all thy citizens supremely blest,
Unite the hero's with the patriot's breast,
And like their sires unrivalled in renown,
Maintain our liberties, our church, and crown.

LEONIDAS.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

PARIS, AUGUST 24TH, 1572.

St. Bartholomew's day ! we have noted the time,
So fearfully dark in the annals of crime,
When France saw her thousands who worshipp'd the
Lord,
Fall, hewn to the ground by Rome's treacherous sword ;

When her bloodhounds raged fierce to unpeople the land,
When a King on his flock turned his butchering hand ;
And the old and the young, and the timid and brave
Undistinguished were cast in one common grave.

Thou smilest proud harlot ! perchance at the thought
Which Bartholomew's day to our memory hath brought ;
And high on the throne of thy purple and pride,
The woes of our martyrs caust calmly deride.
But deep on thine head lies the guilt of that day ;
The shrieks of the dying have not passed away,
The cry of their blood hath ascended to heaven,
And a day for dread vengeance will surely be given.

Thine eye glares with hatred, thy proud lip is curled
With a smile of contempt which defies the whole
world,

But mark it, thou drunken with holiest blood !
The day of thy plagues will come in as a flood ;
The year of the Lord's purchased people draws nigh,
And the light of his coming will flash on thine eye.

We look on the blood which thy right hand hath spilt ;
We joy for our martyrs—we mourn for thy guilt ;
Though thy brow is as brass, and thy heart is as steel,
Though thou laugh'st at our words, for *thy* woes we
can feel.

The smoke of thy flames to the sky will ascend,
The shrieks of thy tortures the deep hell will rend ;
While loud hallelujahs triumphant proclaim,
God hath punished thy guilt, and avenged his great name !

M. A. STODART.

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 M. A. STODART.

The Gunpowder Plot.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 5TH, 1603.

Ye smile ! I catch those shouts of joy,
 I hail the bonfire's blaze ;
 And even love the ungainly toy*
 That tells of other days :
 I cannot look with eye of scorn,
 As the rude image round is borne ;
 I muse awhile on love and power,
 Which saved our land in darken'd hour.

Yes, dark and deadly all was done—
 The plotted train was laid ;
 And England by to-morrow's sun
 Had seen a sight of dread ;
 But He who pierces deepest night
 Darted abroad a ray of light ;
 No glory, Lord ! for man we claim—
 All glory be to thy great name.

Years passed away—a kingly hand
 Was stretched in league with Rome ;
 Oppression stalked throughout the land,
 Invading hearth and home :
 Silent and still her chain she wound
 Round England's church and English ground ;
 Men started, trembling, from repose,
 And the deep prayer to heaven arose.

* The Effigy of Guy Fawks.

The prayer was heard—a foreign fleet
On Britain's coast was moor'd !
But who was there the Prince to greet *
As Britain's future Lord ?
With silent lip, with speaking eye,
And thoughtful brow, he looked on high ;
His God was near, his cause to own,
And sent him to a bloodless throne.

Twice peril'd, and twice rescued, Lord
To thee we lift our prayer ;
The things which from our sires we've heard
Thy truth and power declare.
A spirit works—dark, restless, proud ;
Rome's thunders roll—dread, deep, not loud ;
The might displayed of old, we crave,
Our state, our church, to shield and save.

And smile not, friends, if with glad eye,
I see the village throng,
And watch the bonfire blazing high,
And list the good old song ;
I call to mind what God's right hand
Hath done for this our guilty land ;
And joy to think that he is near,
Danger to mark, and prayer to hear.

M. A. STODART.

* When the Prince of Orange, afterwards King William III. landed in England, he was for several days not joined by any one, the county of Devon having been terrified by the executions which followed after Monmouth's Rebellion.

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M. A. STODART.

King William III. landed in
 any one, the county of Devon
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The Homes of England.

The stately homes of England !
 How beautiful they stand
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land.
 The deer across the greensward bound,
 Through shade and sunny gleam,
 The swan glides past them with the sound
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !
 Around their hearths by night,
 What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet in the ruddy light !
 There woman's voice flows forth in song,
 Or childhood's tale is told,
 Or lips move tunefully along
 Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England !
 How softly on their bowers
 Is laid the holy quietness
 That breathes from Sabbath-hours !
 Solemn, yet sweet, the church bell's chime
 Floats through their woods at morn ;
 All other sounds, in that still time,
 Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England !
 By thousands on her plains,
 They are smiling o'er her silvery brooks
 And round the hamlet fanes.

Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
 Each from its nook of leaves,
 And fearless there they lowly sleep,
 As the bird beneath the eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
 Long, long in hut and hall,
 May sons of valour there be reared
 To guard each hallowed wall!
 And green for ever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God! MRS. HEMANS.

Walker's Testimonial.

Here individual prowess peerless shone,
 And courage in these modern days unknown;
 By Grecian heroes only match'd of yore,
 When Sparta's sons defied the Persian power,
 And famed Leonidas, with his small band,
 Against three millions made a gallant stand.
 MURRAY and NOBLE, ever at their post,
 Were still victorious—in themselves a host;
 And many a hero gain'd a deathless name,
 Whose deeds are blazoned in the scroll of fame,
 Vain was the steel-clad Gallic soldier's hope,
 In combat with the APPRENTICE BOYS to cope.
 As Gaza's mightiest fell before the hand
 Of Sampson,—so the Gauls before our band.
 God was to them a sword and buckler bright,
 And they went forth and conquer'd in His might.
 RAMSAY.

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RAMSAY.

The Battle of the League.

The King is come to marshal us,
 All in his armour drest,
 And he has bound a snow-white plume
 Upon his gallant crest.
 He look'd upon his people,
 A tear was in his eye ;
 He look'd upon the traitors,
 And his glance was stern and high.
 Right graciously he smiled on us,
 As roll'd from wing to wing,
 Down all our line, a deafening shout,
 " God save our Lord the King !"
 " And if my standard-bearer fall,
 As fall full well he may,
 For never saw I promise yet
 Of such a bloody fray,
 Press where ye see my bright plume shine
 Amidst the ranks of war,
 And be your Oriflamme to day
 The helmet of Navarre.

Hurrah ! the foes are coming :
 Hark to the mingled din
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum,
 And roaring culverin !
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast
 Across St. Andre's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry
 Of Guelders and Almayne.

Now by the lips of those we love,
Fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the *Orange* lilies,
Upon them with the lance!
A thousand spears are striking deep,
A thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close
Behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rush'd,
While, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed
The helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours!
Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Anmale hath cried for quarter,
The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking, like thin clouds
Before a Biscay gale;
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds,
And flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance,
And all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew's!"
Was passed from man to man:
But out spake gentle Henry,
"No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner!
But let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight,
In friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord King Henry,
The soldier of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna ;
 Ho! matrons of Lucerne,
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those
 Who never shail return.
 Ho! Philip, send for charity
 Thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass
 For thy poor spearmens' souls.
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League,
 Look that your arms be bright,
 Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve,
 Keep watch and ward to-night ;
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant,
 Our God hath raised the slave,
 And mock'd the counsel of the wise,
 And the valor of the brave.
 Then glory to His holy name,
 From whom a'l glories are ;
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord
 King Henry of Navarre !

MACAULAY.

—♦—

A Song of Deliverance.*

To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
 I will my heart prepare ;
 To all the listening world thy works,
 Thy wondrous works, declare.

* This "Song of Deliverance," being a portion of the 9th Psalm, frequently sung at the anniversary commemoration of the Relief of Derry.

Thou mad'st our haughty foes to turn
Their backs in shameful flight ;
Struck with thy presence, down they fell,
They perish'd at thy sight.

Against insulting foes advanced,
Thou didst our cause maintain ;
Our right, ascending from thy throne,
Where truth and justice reign.

Mistaken foes : your haughty threats
Are to a period come ;
Our city stands, which you design'd
To make our common tomb.

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Sion, his abode ;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

Breaking-up Song.

Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity ;
Let them that love thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity.

Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain ;
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.

Now, for my friends and brethren's sake,
Peace be in thee, I'll say ;
And for the house of God our Lord,
I'll seek thy good alway.

For the Funeral of a Brother.

The death-shade dims the brightest eye,
And o'ercasts youth with gloom ;
And full of thoughts that cannot die,
The thoughtless leave the tomb ;
For, from the silent house they hear
A voice that thrills them through—
“ In doubt, in danger, persevere !
Be this the hour to do !”

That bosom, confined, 'neath the sod,
Lives yet, in hearts that love,
In works of faith, in smiles of God,
With brother saints above !
He lives, and shall awake from sleep
When dawns eternal day ;
He lives, ye mourners cease to weep,
God wipes your tears away.

On the Anstifation of a Brother.

Welcome ! brother ! to our band !
Welcome ! brother ! heart and hand !
True, together we will stand
Or together fall !

By brave Schomberg's martyr-fame !
By great William's glorious name !
We are brethren still the same !
Brethren one and all !

Our good old English Principles.

Our good old English principles, I've heard my father
say,

Have shap'd the country's destinies in many a stormy
day.

And thus it was, he answered, when I asked what they
were:—

“Go look into your Bible, boy, you'll find them written
there.”

Now, let a man sit calmly down, his Bible on his knee,
And tell me what a country's creed, a country's code,
should be;

What this should teach, or that forbid—and here I
pledge my troth,

Our good old English principles shall comprehend them
both.

First—England's Queen is bound to swear she will
maintain the cause

Of God and true religion as the basis of her laws;
That to the humblest working man that toils within the
land

She'll meet out equal justice with a free unsparing hand.

While all the Queen can look for, from her subjects is
that they

✓ So long as she rules righteously like liegemen shall
obey.

Now if the Queen is faithful to her Coronation Oath,
I say that these are principles that must be right for
both.

Principles.

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Next—there's the Church of England, where every
Sabbath-day

The poorest man in England is free to kneel and pray ;
May hear the Bible read aloud, his Maker's praises sung,
And have salvation preached to him—in his own native
tongue.

Yet every man in England to worship God is free,
Just as his conscience urges him, however that may be :
Though high and low to act on them too oft, alas! are
loth,

Yet these again are principles that must be right for both.

Next—by the laws of England, a man is free to do,
To speak, to write, to print, whate'er is honest, just, or
true ;

May choose his occupation, may have, and hold, his
own,

Against the proudest nobleman—ay, more, against the
throne—

While all that's ask'd in turn of him, all that the law
can claim,

Is that he leaves another man as free to do the same.

Tho' wealth and honors, like the rain, but on the few
may fall,

The principles that leads to them exist alike for all.

For every wrong a man may do, for every evil deed,
Those laws have framed some punishment, or some
redress decreed ;

For all that may befall a man, age, sickness, or distress,
Those laws do all that laws can do, to make their suffer-
ings less.

Beneath them we have flourish'd, and have filled the
world with fame,
It is true that other nations have without them done the
same ;
But, one by one, the world have seen those nations
overthrown,
While we have stood triumphant, through our principles
alone.

King Solomon, the wisest man that on the earth e'er trod,
Declares that "all is vanity," except the fear of God.
As England loves the welfare of her people and her
crown,

Let her hold fast the maxim which King Solomon lays
down.

When far-fetched fine-spun theories, when diplomatic
skill,

When petty party politics, have wrought sufficient ill,
When a most vile expediency shall to the winds be
driven,

She'll know the worth of principles which have their
source in heaven.

The Men of Truth.

Stand firm together! men of truth!

Throughout the land in strength combining,
And with the "might of men" stand forth,
Our hearts and hands in love entwining.

Should Britain hold the truth supreme,
And we be called on to defend her,
Our blood shall flow with every stream,
E'er we our lovely isle surrender.

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The vassals of a foreign slave
 Have all our blood-bought rights invaded,
 Our nation sunk in thralldom's grave,
 And all its pristine glory faded !
 Burns in your breasts our fathers' pride ?
 Their voice was like a roar of thunder ;
 They toil'd and wept, and bled and died,
 And tore th' enslaving chains asunder.

Oh ! with the chains our fathers burst,
 Those tyrants now would foudly bind us ;
 But ne'er beneath the yoke that curst
 And blights our native land they'll find us !
 The despot's laws let slaves obey ;
 Of freemen's sons who could command it ?
 Or bow before the tyrant's sway—
 Oh, where 's the wretch that dare demand it ?

By Derry's walls—on Aughrim's plains !
 'Twas there the noble ranks assembled ;
 No coward heart their mem'ry stains ;
 No spirit faltered, fell, or trembled !
 When called to tread the battle-field,
 Their sons, with hearts and courage bolder—
 Oh ! 'tis their fathers' power to wield,
 Or with their fathers' bones to moulder !

The blood of martyrs fires your veins !
 In freedom's cause your sword's unsheath'd !
 To wipe away the blot that stains
 The land our father's blood bequeathed ;

To win the rights, oh, luckless hour!
 Of which perfidious Rome bereaved us;
 To break the haughty tyrant's power,
 And crush the traitors who deceived us!

Stand firm together! men of truth!
 Though weak and few may be the number:
 Gird on your loins the strength of youth,
 Not idly at your posts to slumber!
 Should Britain hold the truth supreme,
 And we be called on to defend her,
 Our blood shall flow with every stream,
 E'er we our lovely isle surrender.

—♦—

A Song for the Yeoman.

A brave and jolly yeoman, long
 Lived on the river Foyle,
 When work was throng, a simple song
 Beguiled his daily toil:
 And still the burthen of his song,
 For ever used to be,
 "My King, though all the world goes wrong,
 Shall find a friend in me."

In ninety-eight, when Erin's state
 Was bad as bad could be;
 When rebels rose, and England's foes
 Cried loud for liberty:

The yeoman then, while other men
 Shook in their shoes for fear,
 Undaunted stood and shed his blood,
 Triumphant through the year.

Oh where! oh where! while dull despair
 Was stalking through the land,
 Were all the prigs, the brainless Whigs,
 Who now assume command?
 Some quailed at home, some fought for Rome,
 And others ran away;
 While yeomen brave, the land to save,
 Fought on, and gained the day.

And as the gallant yeoman then
 Stood forward for the throne,
 With loyal men he'll stand again
 And slavery disown.
 For truth and right undaunted fight,
 While traitors bite the ground;
 To England's laws, and William's cause,
 For ever faithful found.

GRAHAM.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE

The Earl of Eldon.

Air,—“Roy's Wife.”

Oh, Protestants! lament with me
 That ELDON from your view is riven;
 He has been called to meet his God,
 And has ascended up to heaven.

Long will his loss be felt by us—
 Britannia will forget him never;
 His memory will claim a tie
 That from our cause we ne'er can sever.
 Let England shrouded be in grief,
 Since he's been summoned up to glory;
 And let his name be handed down
 In future days in learned story.

When "GEORGE" passed from this vale of tears,
 And loyal "YORK" was from us taken;
 When "CHATHAM" too, was called above,
 Brave "ELDON" still remained unshaken.
 Firm as a rock, he stood unmoved:
 The Papal cry for 'mancipation
 He strove, tho' vain, with might and main
 To save the sinking British nation.
 Oh hapless nation, to despise
 The warnings of your great instructor;
 Who long maintained your sacred cause,
 And proved himself your best conductor.

"My Lords," he said, "if ever you
 Permit a Popish agitator
 To sit in either house, or fill
 The important post of legislator,
 From that day forth the sun of Great
 Britannia sets, and sets forever.
 My Lords, beware! Be wise in time,
 Or rue it afterwards and ever."

His words proved vain, the "Bill" was pass'd,
 Forgotten was his revelation ;
 Till scarce a vestige now remains
 Of our unrivalled constitution.

A few short years have only fled
 Since this sad change came o'er the nation ;
 Sore griev'd to see his words prove true,
 And England brought to degradation.
 He lived to see his perjured foes
 From time to time in piecemeal sever
 Britannia's blood-bought glories : then
 Was valued ELDON'S "now or never."
 His duty done, he pass'd from earth,
 Unawed by courtly state or splendour,
 To where the seraphs swell their lays,
 And praise their God with hymns of wonder.

He ever was the poor man's friend ;
 " Benign, compassionate, and tender,"—
 When press'd by Popish enemies
 His word was, Derry's—"No surrender !"
 The scene has changed, and such a change
 Has passed o'er us, tho' wide awaken,
 We pause and ask—"Is't really true
 That all our rights are from us taken ?"
 Then Protestants lament with me
 That Eldon from our cause is riven ;
 He has been called to meet his God,
 And now's enthron'd with saints in heaven.

SHANNON.

The Invasion.

Whilst happy in our native land,
So great, so famed in story ;
Let's join, my friends, with heart and hand,
To raise our country's glory :
When Britain calls, her valiant sons
Will rush in crowds to aid her—
Snatch, snatch your muskets, prime your guns,
And crush the fierce invader !
While every Briton's song shall be,
" O, give us death—or victory !"
Long had this favoured isle enjoy'd
True comforts past expressing,
When France her hellish arts employed
To rob us of each blessing :
These from our hearts by force to tear,
Which long we've learned to cherish ;
Our frantic foes shall vainly dare—
We'll keep them or we'll perish :
And every day our song shall be,
" O, give us death—or victory !"
Let France in savage accents sing
Her bloody revolution ;
We prize our country, love our Queen,—
Adore our constitution ;
For these we'll every danger face,
And quit our rustic labours ;
Our ploughs to firelocks shall give place,
Our scythes be changed to sabres :
And glad in arms, our song shall be,
" O, give us death—or victory !"

Soon shall the proud invader learn,
 When bent on blood and plunder,
 That British bosoms nobly burn
 To brave their cannons' thunder ;
 Low lie those heads, whose wily arts
 Have planned the world's undoing,
 Our vengeful blades shall reach those hearts
 Which seek our country's ruin :
 And night and morn our song shall be,
 "O, give us death—or victory."

—♦—

Orange Booben.

From Holland the eagles of France are all fled,
 And the orange of Nassau replaced in their stead ;
 So we trust our good neighbours bought wisdom may learn
 Their friends and allies from their foes to discern.
 Then advance in full chorus my brave Orangemen,
 The French we did beat, and we'll beat them again.

In the Hollanders' cause we as cordially join,
 As they did in ours on the banks of the Boyne ;
 When under King William in one common league,
 We planted an orange tree fresh from the Hague.
 Then advance in full chorus, my brave Orangemen,
 May that orange tree flourish for ever : Amen.

With their blood our brave ancestors moistened its root,
 And from thence the rich flavour we taste in its fruit ;
 With ours, we will also repel each invader,
 When the law is our guide, and a Brunswick our leader.
 So advance in full chorus, my brave Orangemen,
 Our foes we did beat, and we'll beat him again.

Here under its ample and wide spreading shade,
 Our vows shall to loyalty ever be paid ;
 It is now in full growth as well as full bearing,
 The glory, the pride, and the boast of green Erin.
 So advance in full chorus, my brave Orangemen,
 Our foes we did beat, and we'll beat them again.

There it prospers without any labour or toil,
 Agrees with the clime, and unites with the soil,
 And long shall its verdure remain in full force—
 So long as King William bestrides his grey horse.
 Then advance in full chorus, my brave Orangemen,
 Our foes we did beat, and we'll beat them again.

And long shall the hero, our champion, be seen,
 Bridging that horse to adorn College-green ;
 In orange and purple superbly arrayed,
 While he smiles at his boys when they form on parade ;
 And in their full chorus so cheerful advance,
 The pride of green Erin—the terror of France.

So let those all know who against us petition,
 Their impotent malice we hold in derision ;
 No wonder that while their meek parliament sits,
 That we frighten the upstarts quite out of their wits.
 While in a full chorus we pray for success
 To the manly and spirited Derry address.

Now, to put to due shame all affected vexation,
 We report as at large in our first declaration,
 That if men will be loyal and true to the laws,
 Under one gracious King and in one noble cause,
 Till our globe is dissolved and mortality ends,
 We'll advance in full chorus and hail them as friends.

The Twelfth of July.

When William, fired with glory's cause,
Cross'd Boyne's silver flood,
He freed us from all Popish laws,
And nobly shed his blood.

For us he braved the raging sea,
'Twas in our cause he bled;
"Death, death," he cried, "or victory!"
And on his troops he led.

Then swift before his conquering arm
James and his legions flew:
Not Priest, nor Mass, nor Pope could harm
The hero of true True Blue.

He fought and conquered; glorious day!
On which he set us free;
Triumphant raise each Orange lay
And bless his memory.

Go, Fame! thy golden trumpet sound,
Let angels join the theme,
And earth and sea, and sky resound
In praise of William's name.

Yes, Fame! thy golden trumpet sound,
And all the nations fill;
From pole to pole the theme resound,
The Orange triumphs still.

King William the Third.

Wherefore is the name of WILLIAM
Such a watchword to the free ?
Why do we still prize and honour
His immortal memory ?
Not because he was a hero,
Nor a statesman, nor a King ;
But because the truth he honoured
More than every other thing.

Not because he was the leader
Of our fathers in the field,
Nor because to kingly traitors
He, more kingly, would not yield ;
But because for truth he battled,
And because for truth he bled ;
And because for truth he conquered
With the heroes he had led.

Therefore was the PRINCE OF ORANGE
Honoured and beloved by those
Who defied Rome's usurpation,
And became her mightiest foes.
Therefore was his memory " Pious,
Glorious, and Immortal," too.
Would that all Great Britain's rulers
To the truth, like him, were true.

For Faction we meet not.

For faction we meet not—leave that to the foes
Of religion and order and peace ;
But when bad men combine to disturb our repose,
When the wiles of the wicked increase ;
When in daylight unblushing Rome's minions unite
With pale Infidelity's band,
It is time for all good men to put forth their might
In defence of the laws of the land !

Arise, men of Britain ! respond to the call
Of your homes. Be your firmness revived ;
Awake ! it will prelude the demagogue's fall,—
From your slumber his strength is derived.
From cradle to crutch to extirpate our race,
Is the foeman's relentless command ;
But he rages in vain if all true men embrace
In defence of the laws of the land !

To strengthen the throne, and our rights to proclaim,
Of the three old estates of the realm ;
To encourage the loyal, the guilty restrain,
With confusion the traitor o'erwhelm ;
Be the bond of our friendship, and, oh ! may we long
Thus united for liberty stand ;
Concede,—we're defeated ! Resist,—we are strong,
In defence of the laws of our land !

No Surrender.

Fill to the brim ! now drink to him
 Of proud, immortal memory !
 Who crossed the wave—the bold—the brave—
 To make our fathers' country free !
 Sons of the free, then drink with me,
 In mem'ry of our brave defender !
 Come, fill each glass, and let it pass—
 Our toast shall still be "No Surrender."

Here are we met—we'll ne'er forget
 The day our valiant sires assembled,
 And stood in might, and fought for right,
 While tyrants crouch'd and traitors trembled !
 Then—from the heart—before we part,
 We'll give—"Our valiant, brave defender!"
 Come, fill each glass, and let it pass—
 Our toast shall still be "No Surrender !"

No Surrender.

Behold ! the crimson banners float
 O'er yonder turrets hoary !
 They tell of days of matchless note,
 And Derry's deathless glory ;
 When her brave sons undaunted stood
 Embattled to defend her,
 Indignant stemmed oppression's flood,
 And sung out "No Surrender !"

Old Derry's walls were firm and strong,
Well fenced in every quarter,
Each frowning bastion, grim, along,
With culverin and mortar ;
But Derry had a surer guard
Than all that art could lend her,
Her 'prentice hearts, the gates who barred,
And sung out "No Surrender !"

On came the foe in bigot ire,
And fierce the assault was given ;
By shot and shell, 'mid streams of fire,
Her fated roof was riven.
But baffled was the tyrant's wrath,
And vain his hopes to bend her.
For still, 'mid famine, fire, and death,
She sung out "No Surrender !"

Again, when treason maddened round,
And rebel hordes were swarming,
Were Derry's sons the foremost found,
For King and country arming :
Forth, forth they rush'd at honor's call,
From age to boyhood tender,
Again to man their virgin wall
And sing out "No Surrender !"

Long may the crimson banner wave,
A meteor, streaming airy,
Portentous of the free and brave,
Who man the walls of Derry.
And Derry's sons alike defy
Pope, traitor, or Pretender,
And peal to heaven their 'prentice cry,
Their patriot "No Surrender."

OGLE R. GOWAN. ✓

The Protestant Boys.

Tell me, my friends, why are we met here ?
 Why thus assembled, ye Protestant boys ?
 Do mirth and good liquor, good humour, good cheer,
 Call us to share of festivity's joys ?
 Oh, no ! 'tis the cause
 Of *King—Freedom—and Laws*,
 That calls loyal Protestants now to unite ;
 And *Orange and Blue*,
 Ever faithful and true,
 Our King shall support, and sedition affright.

Great spirit of William, from Heaven look down,
 And breathe in our hearts our forefathers' fire ;
 Teach us to rival their glorious renown,
 From Papists or Frenchmen ne'er to retire.
 Jacobine—Jacobite—
 Against all to unite,
 Who dare to assail our Sovereign's throne,
 For *Orange and Blue*
 Will be faithful and true,
 And Protestant loyalty ever be shewn.

In that loyalty proud, let us ever remain,
 Bound together in truth and religion's pure band ;
 Nor honor's fair cause with foul bigotry stain,
 Since in courage and justice supported we stand.
 So Heaven shall smile
 On our Emerald isle,
 And lead us to conquest again and again ;
 While Papists shall prove
 Our brotherly love ;
 We hate them as masters—we love them as men.

By the deeds of their fathers to glory inspired,
 Our Protestant heroes shall combat the foe;
 Hearts with true honor and loyalty fired,
 Intrepid, undaunted, to conquest will go.
 In Orange and Blue
 Still faithful and true,
 The soul-stirring music of glory they'll sing;
 The shades of the Boyne
 In the chorus will join,
 And the welkin re-echo with "God save the King."

— ♦ —

The Maiden City.

Where Foyle her swelling waters
 Rolls northward to the main,
 Here, Queen of Erin's daughters,
 Fair Derry fixed her reign;
 A holy temple crowned her,
 While commerce graced her street,
 A rampart wall was round her,
 The river at her feet:
 And here she sat alone, boys,
 And looking from the hill,
 Vow'd the maiden on her throne, boys,
 Would be a maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over
 In famous eighty-eight,
 A plumed and belted lover
 Came to the Ferry-gate.

She summon'd to defend her
Our sires—a beardless race—
They shouted,—No SURRENDER !
And slamm'd it in his face.
Then in a quiet tone, boys,
They told him 'twas their will,
That the maiden on her throne, boys,
Should be a maiden still.

Next—crushing all before him,
A kingly wooer came,
(The royal banner o'er him
Blushed crimson deep for shame ;)
He showed the Pope's commission,
Nor dream'd to be refused :
She pitied his condition,
But begged to stand excused.
In short the fact is known, boys,
She chased him from the hill,
For the maiden on her throne, boys,
Would be a maiden still.

On our brave sires descending,
'Twas then the tempest broke,
Their peaceful dwellings rending,
'Mid blood, and flame, and smoke.
That hallowed graveyard yonder
Swells with the slaughtered dead ;
Oh, brothers, pause and ponder,
It was for us they bled ;
And while their gift we own, boys—
The Church that tops our hill ;
Oh! the maiden on her throne, boys,
Shall be a maiden still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us,
 Nor tyrant arm affright,
 We'll look to One above us
 Who ne'er forsook the right;
 Who will may crouch, and tender
 The birthright of the free,
 But, brothers,—“ No Surrender !”
 No compromise for me !
 We want no barrier stone, boys,
 No gates to guard the hill ;
 Yet the maiden on her throne, boys,
 Shall be a maiden still.

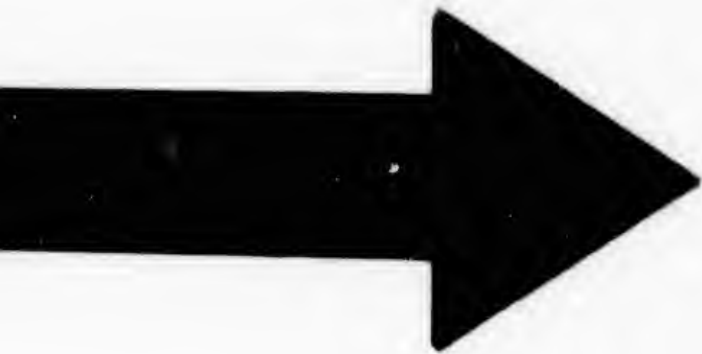
CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

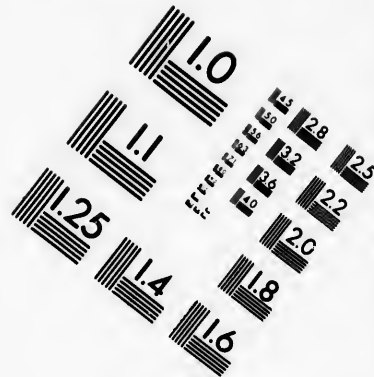
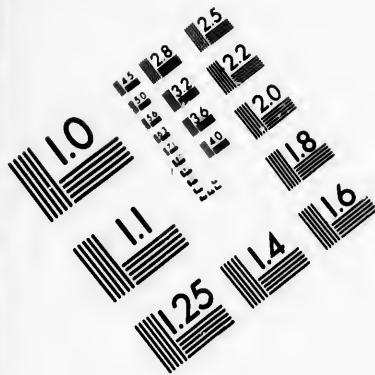
The Orangemen's Submission.

We've furled the banner that waved so long
 Its sunny folds around us ;
 We've still'd the voice of our ancient song,
 And burst the tie that bound us.
 No, no, that tie, that sacred tie,
 Cannot be loos'd or broken ;
 And thought will flash from eye to eye,
 Though ne'er a word be spoken.

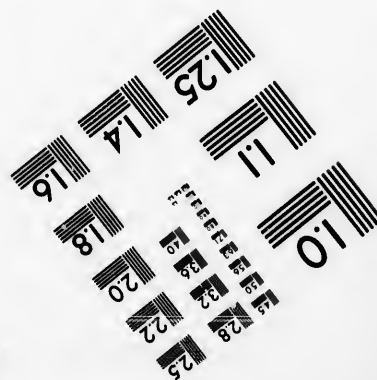
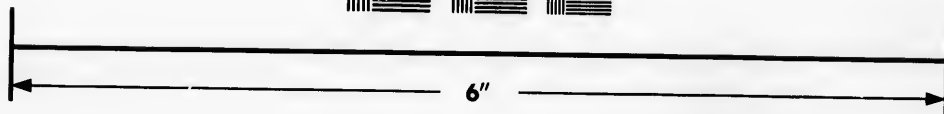
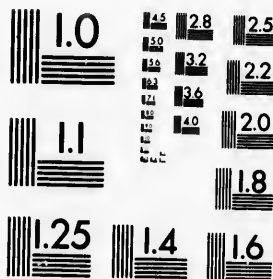
Go, raze old Derry's tell-tale wall—
 Bid Enniskillen perish ;
 Choke up the Boyne—abolish all
 That we too fondly cherish ;
 'Twill be but as the pruning knife
 Used by a skilful master,
 To concentrate the sap of life
 And fix the strong root faster.







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We love the throne—oh! deep you plann'd
 The hateful wile to prove us!
 But firm in loyal truth we stand—
 The Queen shall know and love us.
 When William came to free our isle
 From galling chains that bound her,
 Our fathers built, beneath her smile,
 This living rampart round her.

You've ta'en the outer crust away,
 But, secret strength supplying,
 A spirit shrined within the clay,
 Lives quenchless and undying,—
 A sparkle from the hallow'd flame
 Of our insulted altars,
 Pure as the source whence first it came,
 Our love nor fades nor falters.

Our love to thee, dear injured land,
 By mocking foes derided;
 Our duteous love to the royal hand,
 By traitorous craft misguided.
 Banner, and badge, and name alone,
 At our monarch's call we tender;
 The loyal truth that guards the throne
 We'll keep, and "No Surrender."

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Our Protestantism.

AN ODE USED AT THE MEETINGS OF THE UNITED STATES PROTESTANT
 ASSOCIATION.

We are a band of brothers, joined
 By ties of purest love;
 Our aim, defence of that bright truth,
 Transmitted from above.

REL.

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me,

IZABETH.

PROTESTANT

ORANGE SONGS AND POEMS.

89

Our faith, the same dear sacred one
For which our fathers fought,
And with the life's-blood of their hearts
Full many a victory bought.

The same for which the Boyne is famed,
And Derry's walls are known ;
The same for which on Pentland hills,
True Scottish blood has flown.

Our motto, " God defends the right,"
Peace, to each brother near ;
While in each link that forms the band
Grows " law and order" dear.

Our end, destruction to the power
That holds its sway in Rome,
That would, if it but had the will
Reign o'er the freeman's home.

But, trusting in the arm divine,
That rules and reigns in might,
We yet may crush the demon sway,
And stop its chilling blight :

And make the land to freedom dear,
From lake to circling sea,
Be Protestant in every part
And more than ever free.

GEORGE C. LEECH.

Oliver's Advice.

The night is gathering gloomily, the day is closing fast,
The tempest flaps her raven wings in loud and angry
blast;

The thunder-clouds are driving athwart the lurid sky,
But, "Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry."

There was a day when loyalty was hailed with honor due,
Our banner the protection waved to all the good and true;
And gallant hearts beneath its folds were linked in
honour's tie;

We put our trust in God, my boys, and kept our
powder dry.

When treason bared her bloody arm, and maddened
round the land,

For King and laws, and order fair, we drew the ready
brand;

Our gathering spell was William's name, our cry was
"Do or die."

And still we put our trust in God, and kept our powder
dry.

But now, alas! a wondrous change has come the nation
o'er,

And worth and gallant services remembered are no
more;

And crushed beneath oppression's weight, in chains of
grief we lie;

But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

REL.

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Forth starts the spawn of treason, the 'scaped of ninety-eight,

To bask in courtly favour, and seize the helm of state ;
Ev'n they whose hands are reeking yet with murder's crimson dye—

But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

They come, whose deeds incarnadined the Slaney's silver wave,

They come, who to the foreign foe the hail of welcome gave ;

He comes, the open rebel fierce—he comes, the Jesuit sly ;

But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

They come, whose councils wrapped the land in foul rebellious flame,

Their hearts unchastened by remorse, their cheeks untinged by shame ;

Be still, be still, indignant heart—be tearless, too, each eye,

And put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

The power that led his chosen by pillared cloud and flame,

Through parted sea and desert waste, that power is still the same ;

He fails not ; He, the loyal hearts that firm on him rely ;

So put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

The power that nerved the stalwart arms of GIDEON'S
chosen few,
The power that led GREAT WILLIAM, Boyne's reddening
torrent through ;
In HIS protecting aid confide, and every foe defy ;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

Already see the star of hope emits its orient blaze,
The cheering beacon of relief it glimmers through the haze ;
It tells of better days to come, it tells of succour nigh ;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

See, see along the hills of Down its rising glories spread,
But brightest beams its radiance from DONARD'S lofty head ;
CLANBRASSIL'S vales are kindling wide and "RODEN" is
the cry ;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

Then cheer ye, hearts of loyalty, nor sink in dark despair,
Our banner shall again unfurl its glories to the air ;
The storm that raves the wildest the soonest passes by ;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

For "happy homes," for "altars free," we grasp the
ready sword,
For freedom, truth, and for our God's unmutilated word ;
These, these the war-cry of our march our hope the
Lord on high ;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

COL. BLACKER.

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LACKER.

The Orange Flag on the Breeze.

SUGGESTED BY THE RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE ORANGE INSTITUTION.

The Orange flag is reared again,
Too long in darkness hath it lain :
Yes! see, upon the breeze once more
'Tis waving as it waved of yore ;
Firm to their trust its followers stand,
The remnant of a gallant band ;
Unawed by mandates, frowns, and power,
They've kept it through the trying hour !

The Orange flag again is reared ;
Too long its light had disappeared.
Who fights for Israel ? Prince and Peer
Beneath our banner muster here :
And prayers are now to heaven ascending
From faithful Christians knelt and bending ;
And power is smiling on our deed—
Then forward ! join the cause with speed.

See that you be both firm and true,
Resolved your duty still to do :
See and uphold your system's might,
Knowing that "*God defends the right.*"
On let the Orange flag be driven
Triumphant by the winds of heaven,
Till east and west, till north and south behold
Our Orange, purple, scarlet, blue and gold !

SHANNON.

Truth and Liberty.

Behold sedition's florid light,
 That erst for midnight murders shone—
 Brethren awake, arise, unite,
 To guard your homes, your church, your throne.
 Let "No Surrender" be your cry,
 Your motto "Truth and Liberty."

Together stand—together fall—
 Together bend the knee in prayer,
 That He who guides and governs all
 Your country may from ruin spare ;
 But if she call on us to die,
 We die for "Truth and Liberty."

Eventful times are stealing on,
 And cast their threatening shadows round ;
 Arouse, true hearts—your armour don—
 Be ready for the conflict found—
 While o'er the tumult swells the cry,
 "Our dwellings ! Truth and Liberty."

Sons, whose Sires with William bled.

Sons, whose sires with William bled,
 Offspring of the mighty dead,
 When the Popish tyrants fled,
 And this fair land left free :

Yield not now to Popish guile,
 Trust them least when most they smile,
 Shun the crafty fowler's toil,
 And keep your liberty ;

Loud and high their clamours rise
 Of *pretended* miseries ;
 The Papist creed is only lies,
 Which none but fools believe.

All the generous lion can,
 That belongs of right to man,
 Britain puts within their span,
 And they ingrate receive.

Now they whine, as "bondsmen" poor ;
 Now they boast their millions o'er,
 And forth the Popish rent they pour—
 For pike and murder given.

Firm, ye sons of Britain, firm,
 Shrink not from the gathering storm,
 Let it come in any forin,
 Our battle word is—Heaven.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

The Ladies of Derry.

No gen'rous toil declining,
 The fair ones of Derry came,
 Arousing and refining,
 In bold hearts the patriot flame.
 The soldier sternly pacing
 Yon rampart, well their magic knew ;
 His eye and thought embracing
 Their homes, shrining souls so true.

But deeper darkness gathers,
 And wilder raves the storm of death ;
 Oh, then our gallant fathers,
 Could tell more of woman's faith.
 Their grasp the banners rending,
 That martial prize had won in vain ;
 But gentler hands defending,
 Secured them within the fane.

Still reign such influence o'er us,
 Confirming the good begun,
 Till like our sires before us,
 We hallow each trophy won.
 While pious, pure, and tender,
 Our lovely dames around us smile,
 We'll make our "No Surrender"
 Their safeguard through Erin's Isle.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

— — —

To the Memory of Charlotte Elizabeth.

Bring flowers, lovely flowers,
 The freshest, the fairest ;
 On mountain and moorland,
 Go search for the rarest ;
 From mossy bank and lea,
 Gather them plenteously ;
 Strew them profusely, their fragrance to shed,
 Where CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH sleeps with the dead !

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LIZABETH.

Elizabeth.

l,
n the dead !

She loved them when living ;
 How joyful the hours
 She spent when entwining
 Her chapters on flowers.
 She loved them when dying,
 Though dimly desiring
 The tint of their beauty, the scent of their breath,
 Reminded of *Sharon* and hallowed her death.

Now shall the happy mute
 Gladly rejoice,
 To hear her with seraphim
 Lifting her voice.
 There shall her opened ear,
 With ransomed sinners hear,
 Myriads of angels uniting to raise,
 To the Lamb that was slain, loud anthems of praise.

Charlotte Elizabeth,
 To Erin endeared ;
 Gifted of womankind,
 Loved and revered :
 Long as the harp shall sound,
 Long shall thy name be found,
 Deeply engraven on history's chart,
 The "*cushlamachree*" of the warm Irish heart.

Dear did our island harp,
 Joy to thee prove ;
 Sent thee in friendship,
 Accepted in love.
 Now no sweet voice to sing,
 No hand to touch the string ;
 Mute hangs the harp that thy genius awoke,
 The spell of the lovely enchantress is broke.

The hills and the valleys
 Of Erin's green isle,
 Oft cheer'd thy dark hours
 With sunshine and smile ;
 There first thy bosom wrought
 With high and holy thought,
 There on thy smitten heart shone from above,
 The light, and the life, and the spirit of love.

Long time a stricken deer,
 Following the flock ;
 A wounded dove, hidden
 In cleft of the rock ;
 In all thy sorrows here,
 Faith, hope, and love were near :
 To Tabor when smitten, thou loved'st to repair,
 And found it was good, for thy Saviour was there.

City of Eighty-eight !
 Keep of the brave !
 Wave thy proud relic flag
 Over her grave.
 Toll thy cathedral bell,
 With sad and solemn knell,
 Mourn, Derry mourn, for the woman who told,
 The deeds of thy Protestant fathers of old.

W. McCOMB.

— — —
Men of England.

Men of England, who inherit
 Rights that cost your sires some blood !
 Men whose unregenerate spirit
 Has been proved on land and flood !

By the foes ye've fought uncounted,
 By the glorious deeds ye've done,
 Trophies captured,—breaches mounted,—
 Navies conquered,—kingdoms won.

Yet, remember, England gathers
 Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
 If the patriotism of fathers
 Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
 Where no public virtues bloom?
 What avail, in bands of slavery,
 Trophied temples, ark and tomb?

We're the sons of sires that baffled
 Crowned and mitred tyranny;
 They defied the field and scaffold
 For their birthright—so will we.

Recollection of the Past.

While joy and gladness make our Ulster ring,
 And smiling faces hail the honored day;
 Be mine to grasp the minstrel's sacred string,
 And strike vibrations to my solemn lay.
 Thousands shall hear, nor hear the sound in vain,
 But in the theme with grateful accents join,
 To celebrate the fall of James's reign,
 King William's glorious conquest of the Boyne!

Shall we forget that memorable fight,
 With all the Revolution's scenes of blood?
 Shall we return to darkness, and the light
 Put out, for which our martyr'd fathers stood?
 No! in our ears their dying groans still ring,
 Our mothers' woes; their children's shrieks, and o'er
 Their burning homes, upsent to Israel's King,
 Their last confession dying in the gore.

Lo! at the Boyne meet the contending foes;
 Great William leads the van, devoid of fear;
 Soon with the stream the crimson current flows,
 And horse and foot in conflict fierce appear.
 Dauntless and firm, the Orange "FEW" advance,
 Ascend the bank, and onward charge amain;
 King James in panic flies: the sons of France
 Retreat, pursued; and Nassau rules the plain!

Next—on the field of Aughrim do they meet
 In awful order. 'Mid the cannons' roar
 Th' unequal fight begins; soon all's complete—
 Those run; these win the day, and all is o'er!
 Thus did the "God of battles" shield the few
 Who chose the better part, and loved his word;
 And kept them unpolluted, brave and true,
 And peace and freedom to our land restored!

Ye Protestants, who love so well the throne,
 (And loyal are,) whilst others cry it down;
 Go to your God in prayer, and there disown
 All that would tarnish virtue and renown.
 Commemorate with heart and will the day [laws;
 Which brought your freedom and your chartered
 Nor ever let their memory decay,
 Who risk'd their lives to save your holy cause.

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Think then, oh think, how myrmidons of Rome,
 Seek for ascendancy o'er this fair isle ;
 But shall the sons of freedom slaves become,
 And yield to bigots and Repealers vile ?
 No! for the truth unbending, still as steel
 Together band, and let your zeal be known :
 Then soon you'll triumph (for your nation's weal,
 And from the wiles of traitors shield the throne.
 SHANNON.

Fill the Sparkling Goblet.

Fill the sparkling goblet high,
 George's cause inspires us,
 Wheel the circling bowl around,
 William's mem'ry fires us.

Chorus.

Live and love, the proverb says,
 Life is but a feather ;
 Sworn to love while life remains,
 We're Orangemen all together.

The mystic tie that binds our hearts,
 No ages can dissever ;
 The ray divine that lights our souls
 Shall beam in us for ever.

Chorus.—Live and love, &c.

George and William's royal names,
 With glory still we crown them ;
 And care and strife, like Pharaoh's host,
 In a true red sea we drown them.

Chorus.—Live and love, &c.

And do our Irish Protestants.

And do our Irish Protestants
Forget their former spirit ?
And do they not their fathers' zeal
And loyalty inherit ?
Oh, yes ! to guard Victoria's throne
That loyal spirit rises,
And all the haughty threats of Rome
And Popery despises.

Our Orange banner, waved on high,
Appais the band of treason ;
In dauntless courage firm we stand—
In honour, truth, and reason !
No canting knaves our loyal hearts
Shall from our Queen dissever ;
And though they once thought to *get up*,
We'll keep them down for ever.

At *Orange* William's god-like name,
Let Rome and Popery tremble ;
For summon'd by the magic sound,
Do Protestants assemble ;
And by that glorious Orange swear,
In steadfast resolution,
With heart and hand still to defend
Our happy constitution.

Then, brothers, come, the chorus join—
For each to each is brother ;
One Revolution to defend,
We will oppose another.

And do our Irish Protestants
 Forget their former spirit?
 And do they not their fathers zeal
 And loyalty inherit!

Irish Protestants' Appeal to England.

Protestants, awake, assemble,
 Or for ever fallen lie!
 Is it not a time to tremble
 When the fatal blow is nigh?
 When the foe's unhallowed finger,
 Rests on God's eternal word,
 Shall his faithful servants linger,
 Will they then desert their Lord?
 Shame to this most favoured nation,
 Shame and sorrow be their meed!
 If the ark of her salvation
 Be abandoned in her need?
 Brightly on the page of story
 Deeds of other days may shine,
 But the sun of England's glory
 Will 'mid scorn and woe decline.
 Sworn to keep the faith of Jesus,
 Can we perjured traitors prove?
 Lo! from under heaven he sees us,
 With a look of anxious love.
 Oh! with such a look to chide us,
 Such a quenchless love to cheer,
 With our martyr'd sires to guide us,
 Can we bow to sloth or fear?

Hark ! your sister Ireland, weeping,
 Calls to you across the wave—
 “ Christian brothers ! are you sleeping ?
 I am wounded—come and save !
 Think, if ye refuse assistance—
 Who will pity or deplore,
 Should the light that gilds existence
 Sink ere long on England’s shore ?”

Yes ! ye come !—the spell is broken !
 ’Tis the summons of the Lord !
 Protestants the vow have spoken,
 Hear it, earth ! and heaven record !
 Like our fathers we may perish
 On the glorious battle field,
 But what they could die to cherish,
 We will never live to yield !

—◆—

The Boyne Water.

July the first, in Oldbridge town,
 There was a grievous battle,
 Where many a man lay on the ground
 By the cannons that did rattle :
 King James he pitched his tents between
 The lines, for to retire ;
 But King William threw his bomb balls in
 And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged, they vowed revenge
 Upon King William’s forces ;
 And often cried vehemently,
 That they would stop their courses.

A bullet from the Irish came,
Which grazed King William's arm ;
They thought his majesty was slain,—
Yet it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg then in friendly care,
His King would often caution,
To shun the spot where bullets hot,
Retain'd their rapid motion ;
But William said, " He don't deserve
The name of Faith's Defender,
That would not venture life and limb
To make a foe surrender."

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy descended ;
But few of our brave men were lost
So stoutly we defended :
The horse were the first that marched o'er,
The foot soon followed after ;
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
By venturing over the water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
King William then accosted
His warlike men for to march on,
And he would be the foremost ;
" Brave boys," he said, " be not dismayed,
For the losing of one commander,
For God will be our King this day,
And I'll be the general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give our enemies battle ;
Our cannon, to our foes' great cost,
Like thunder-claps did rattle :

In majestic mien our Prince rode o'er,
His men soon followed after,—
Then blows and shouts put foes to route
The day we crossed the water.

Then said King William to his men,
After the French departed,
“I'm glad, indeed, that none of ye
Seemed to be faint-hearted ;
So sheath your swords and rest awhile,
In time we'll follow after.”
These words he uttered with a smile
The day he crossed the water.

The cunning French near to Duleek
Had taken up their quarters,
And fenced themselves on every side,
Awaiting for new orders ;
But in the dead time of the night,
They set the fields on fire ;
And long before the morning light
To Dublin did retire.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reason to be thankful
That they were not to bondage brought,
They being but a handful :
First to the Tholsel they were brought,
And tried at the Millmount after ;
But brave King William set them free,
By venturing over the water.

Come, let us all with heart and voice
Applaud our lives' defender ;
Who at the Boyne his valour shew'd,
And made his foes surrender.

To God above the praise we'll give,
Both now and ever after ;
And bless the glorious mem'ry
Of William that crossed the water.

The Shutting of the Gates of Derry.

Full many a long wild winter's night,
And sultry summer's day,
Are past and gone since James took flight
From Derry walls away ;
Cold are the hands that closed that gate
Against the wily foe ;
But here, to time's remotest date,
Their spirit still shall glow.
So here's a health to all good men,
Now fearless friends are few,
But when we close our gates again,
We'll then be all true blue.

Lord Antrim's men came down the glen,
With drums and trumpets gay ;
Our 'prentice boys just heard the noise,
And then prepared for play :
While some opposed, the gates they closed,
And joining hand in hand,
Before the wall resolved to fall,
Or for their freedom stand.
When honor calls to Derry walls
The noble and the brave,
Oh ! he that in the battle falls
Must find a hero's grave.

Then came the hot and doubtful fray,
With many a mortal wound ;
While thousands in wild war's array
Stood marshalled all around.
Each hill and plain was strewed with slain,
The Foyle ran red with blood ;
But all was vain the town to gain,
While William's standard stood.
Renowned are those who faced their foes
As men and heroes should ;
And let the slave steal to his grave,
Who fears to shed his blood.

The matchless deeds of those who here
Defied the tyrant's frown,
On history's bright rolls appear
Emblazoned in renown :
Here deathless Walker's faithful word
Sent hosts against the foe ;
And gallant Murray's bloody sword,
The Gallic chief laid low.
We honor those heroic dead,
Their glorious memory ;
May we, who stand here in their stead,
As wise and valiant be.

Oh ! sure a heart of stone would melt,
The scenes once here to see ;
And witness all our fathers felt,
To make their country free.
They saw the lovely matron's cheek
With want and terror pale ;
They heard the child's expiring shriek
Float on the passing gale !

Yet here they stood 'mid fire and blood,
 As battle raged around ;
 Resolved to die, till victory
 Their purple standard crowned.

The sacred rights these heroes gained
 In many a hard-fought day,
 Shall they by us be still maintained,
 Or basely cast away ?
 Shall rebels vile rule o'er our isle,
 And call it all their own ?

Oh, surely no ! the faithless foe
 Must bend before the throne.

Then here's a health to all good men,
 To all good men and true ;
 And when we close our gates again,
 We'll then be all true blue.

GRAHAM.

Rise, Sons of William.

Rise, sons of William, rise,
 'Tis Nassau hails you from the skies ;
 Why close your slumbering eyes
 While treason stalks around ?

Hark ! I hear
 Accents clear,
 Bursting on my ravished ear ;
 "To arms away !"

Methinks they say,
 While drums and trumpets sound.

Rise, sons of William, rise,
 'Tis Nassau hails you from the skies :
 Why close your slumbering eyes
 While treason stalks around ?

See! from his crimson bed,
 Encircled with the mighty dead,
 Boyne heaves his azure head,
 And gazing, turns around;

Ah, me! he cries,
 What glories rise,
 And crowd upon mine aching eyes.

Lo! weapons gleam,—
 See! banners stream,
 While drums and trumpets sound.

Rise, &c.

Strike Erin, strike thy lyre,
 Catch, oh! catch the gen'rous fire;
 'Tis a William's deeds inspire;
 Oh! sweep the trembling strings.

Hark! a shout!

No rabble rout:

The Orange boys are rushing out;

Fermanagh cheers,

Old Derry hears,

And echoes back to Boyne.

Rise, &c.

Hail! Nassau's mighty shade,
 From Heaven, oh! deign to lend thine aid;
 Oh! be it never said
 Thy sons degen'rate were.

Happy we,

Great and free,

If we do but follow thee;

If thy fame

Our souls inflame,

To equal thee in war.

Rise, &c.

Come ! fill the bumpers round ;
 Ye roofs ! the joyous note rebound ;
 Winds ! bear to Heaven the sound ;
 God save great George our King !
 Him befriend,
 Him defend
 From open foe, from treacherous friend ;
 And ever may
 Glad Erin's lay
 A Brunswick's praises sing.
 Come ! fill the bumpers round ;
 Ye roofs ! the joyous notes rebound ;
 Winds ! bear to Heaven the sound—
 God save great George our King.

The Relief of Derry.

The gloomy hour of trial's o'er,
 No longer cannons rattle, O ;
 The tyrant's flag is seen no more,
 And James has lost the battle, O.
 And here are we, renowned and free,
 By maiden walls surrounded, O ;
 While all the knaves who'd make us slaves,
 Are baffled and confounded, O.
 The Dartmouth spreads her snow-white sail,
 Her purple pendant flying, O ;
 While we the gallant Browning hail,
 Who saved us all from dying, O.
 Like Noah's dove sent from above,
 While foes would start and grieve us, O ;
 Through floods and flame an angel came,
 To comfort and relieve us, O.

Oh! when the vessel struck the boom,
 She pitched, and reeled, and stranded, O;
 With shouts the foe denounced our doom,
 And open gates demanded, O:
 And shrill and high arose the cry,
 Of anguish, grief, and pity, O;
 While black with care and deep despair,
 We mourned our falling city, O.

But Heaven, her guide, with one broadside,
 The laden bark rebounded, O;
 A favouring gale soon filled the sail,
 While hills and vales resounded, O.
 The joy-bells ring, "Long live our King,"
 Adieu to grief and sadness, O;
 To heaven we raise the voice of praise,
 In heartfelt joy and gladness, O.

GRAHAM.

The Protestant Drum.

Let the fifth of November ne'er be forgot,
 When Heaven espoused the Protestant cause;
 Gustavus Adolphus, the Gunpowder Plot,
 And Frederick's victory over Souboise.
 Praised, praised, Heaven be praised!
 That we have seen the day that is come,
 To shake the foundations
 Of three potent nations,
 That quake at the sound of a Protestant drum.

Great Frederick was roused to make his defence,
 While Europe, in secret, his ruin designed ;
 Hungary, Russia, Germany, France,
 Swore Protestants all should be sacrificed.
 Danger, danger, imminent danger !
 Threaten to ruin the best of mankind ;
 Drums sounded to battle
 Where cannon did rattle,
 And Protestant boys advanced to the line.
 The legion advanced with banner displayed,
 Wing, rear, and van for many a mile ;
 The Prussians, of numbers who ne'er were afraid,
 Stood, cock'd ready, in rank and file.
 At the word of command, to see them fall on,
 O Heavens ! was ever such fire and smoke ;
 With blows upon helmets,
 That cracked them like walnuts,
 The North pole echoed at every stroke.
 When Louis of France he heard his troops run,
 He attempted to speak—but found he was dumb,
 He made signs for champaign to quicken his vein,
 And then he cried with loosened tongue,
 Wonder ! wonder ! nothing but wonder
 Could have forced my Irish brigade,
 Or make my *gens des arms*
 To shrink at alarms,
 Or show their backsides to these Prussian blades.
 When Mary of Hungary heard of the news,
 Her legions were beaten and dare not be seen,
 Her girdle gave way before she could say,
 Get me some drops to temper this spleen.

Vapours, vapours, hysteric vapours !
Swelled her body as big as a ton ;
 To ease suffocating
 With belching and blowing,
Her voice it did roar like Great Frederick's drum.
News came to the Pope that the Germans were broke,
 Just as he was sitting down to his tea ;
He let fall cup and saucer, which cost a piaster,
 And cried, my dear cardinals, what shall I say ?
 Go to St. Peter, or send him a letter,
And tell him, if ever he loved me to run ;
 And if he don't come soon,
 To send good St. Dunstan
To beat out the head of this Frederick's drum.
These Protestants, sure, are in league with the devil,
 Or whence should all those victories come ?
The prayers of the mass are falling apace,
 And Heaven itself contending with Rome ;
 Water ! water ! more holy water !
To sprinkle my Catholics every one ;
 And get us more crosses
 To make up our losses,
And relics to match the Protestant drum.
You have been all told of a general array,
 To be summoned by sound of a trumpet, to come
With terrible tone from Babel to Rome ;
 'Twill strike you with terror like Frederick's drum.
 Awake ! awake ! see the day break
When the prayers of the Pope cannot save Rome ;
 You'd better reform,
 For fear of a storm,
Or dread what still follows the Protestant drum.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Britons, from your slumbers wake,
 Throne and altar are at stake ;
 Cast, oh ! cast, for honor's sake,
 Delusion's cup away :
 Bid the red cross wave on high—
 Boldly peal for banner cry,—
 " God, our Queen, and Loyalty."
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

By your fathers' honored name—
 By your love of deathless fame—
 By your dread of branded shame,
 Join the bright array ;
 Burst the spell by faction bound,
 Britain's peace and safety sound ;
 Bear, ye winds, the mighty sound
 That speaks its ended sway.

Woe to traitors, lasting woe !
 See they shrink as true hearts glow—
 Faster melts not mountain snow
 Before the blaze of day.
 Bid the sounding welkin ring—
 Choir in angels while we sing,
 Shield our Queen, oh, God our King,
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

Walker's Pillar.

The patriot deserves the meed
Of honor and renown,
And to the hero is decreed
The blooming laurel crown ;
Tho' both may suffer, bleed, and die,
To save a falling state ;
They flourish in the memory
Of all the good and great.

Chorus.

The sculptor's toil, the painter's oil,
The bard's immortal page,
The honored name will still proclaim
To each revolving age.

And just it is, that when for all
A few resolve to stand,
That, whether they survive or fall,
Their praise should fill the land ;
The deeds of those at Troy who fell
Are fresh in fame to-day,
And Pompey's pillar still can tell
How once his sword bore sway.

Their Marlborough, the Britons hold
In recollection dear ;
Heroic Wallace, famed of old,
Still claims a Scottish tear ;
The chief who fell on Falkirk's plain,
Call'd " Wallace's right hand ;"
And those at Flodden battle slain,
In honor high still stand.

But none of those by Homer sung,
 Who live on Livy's page,
 Or e'er made theme for minstrel's tongue,
 The glory of their age,
 Can higher stand on rolls of fame,
 All honoured and renowned,
 Than stands GEORGE WALKER'S noble name,
 With lasting laurels crowned.

Here MURRAY bold, and BAKER true,
 And MITCHELBURN so brave,
 Beneath the standard of "True Blue,"
 Repell'd the bigot slave.
 Here CAIRNS, great in camp and court,
 With SCHOMBERG'S valiant son,
 Maintained in fight this "MAIDEN FORT,"
 And martial trophies won.

Then on that spot, where bullets hot
 Flew quick to make us free,
 A pillar high shall seek the sky,
 To guard their memory ;
 The sons of those who foiled their foes
 In bloody battle here,
 Now raise this pile to grace our isle,
 And future ages cheer. GRAHAM.

The Battle of the Diamond.

The battle of the Diamond !
 Round, loyal, let it pass !
 We'll drink it with a glowing soul,
 And from a ruby glass !

Full let the rich red wine pour forth
Its fountain and its flood,
In token that the loyal won
That battle with their blood.

The battle of the Diamond !

Far let the watchword fly !
When craven Papist rebels crouch'd
Upon the earth to die !

Slain by devoted men and true,
Who fought with heart and blade,
And strengthened in their ambush vile,
By swords they had betrayed.

The battle of the Diamond !

We'll toast it well and wide,—
Shamed rebels ! let it rouse alike
Their passion and their pride !
And if the coward host again
Fling back the traitor's door,
We'll meet them and we'll battle them,
And vanquish as before.

The battle of the Diamond !

A triumph song we sing ;
We care not how the rebels roar,
Nor how the welkin ring ;
The shout of Protestants shall swell,
Voice-borne from shore to shore ;
And it shall be in Ireland
A toast for evermore !

The battle of the Diamond !

A triumph song we sing ;
Hurrah ! we fought it for our faith !
We won it for our King !

Our King ! whom Papist fools denied,
To follow Priest and Pope ;
But fallen, we left them without life,
And living without hope !
The battle of the Diamond !
Again fill full the bowl ;
And as more generous spirits rise,
Let traitors shrink in soul !
Theirs was the net the cowards cast,
The prize too was their own,
Slaughter from good and gallant men
Who battled for the throne !
The battle of the Diamond !
And would they stay the toast ?
We dare them with their Moloch power,
And with their millioned host !
Lo ! at the shadow of a soul
The robbers quail beneath !
The battle of the Diamond !
We drink it in their teeth !
The battle of the Diamond !
Again, and yet again,
We waft it on the wings of wind,
We won it on the plain !
And memory is the sacred shrine
Where those high deeds we hoard ;
And what we gathered in the field
We cherish at the board.
The battle of the Diamond !
Ho ! rebels quake and start !
We fought it sound of loyalty,
We drink it sound of heart.

Let puny rebels fill with spite,
 Spite's measure o'er and o'er,
 Still shall it be in Ireland
 A toast for evermore.

The battle of the Diamond !
 Round, loyal, let it pass ;
 We'll drink it with a glowing soul,
 And from a ruby glass !
 Full let the rich red wine pour forth
 Its fountain and its flood,
 In token that the loyal won
 That battle with their blood.

Mitchell and Meagher and all.

Make ready, each true Orange brother,
 To fight for the Protestant cause,
 In loyalty stand by each other,
 Support both the Queen and the laws.
 Tho' times appear somewhat alarming—
 Tho' battle and murder draw near—
 Tho' rebels are everywhere arming,
 An Orange heart never knows fear.

Chorus.

Rifles and pikes and all,
 Pikes and rifles and all ;
 We'll drive them straight into the deep,
 Their rifles and pikes and all.

In Ulster we're quiet and steady,
 Though traitors and rebels may rave ;
 The Orangemen always are ready
 In Ulster, the land of the brave.

We dread not the merciless foemen—
Let Irish and Frenchmen combine ;
We'll show them our brave Orange yeomen
Can act as their fathers "lang syne."

Irish and French and all,
French and Irish and all ;
We're ready to fight and to conquer
The Irish and French and all.

The cowardly "Confederation,"
Who blusters so much about "war"
And Erin, a "glorious free nation,"

Can't show for their country a scar ;
Invincible heroes on paper,
A pen, all the steel they can wield,

Their "physical force" is a vapour,
They dare not appear in the field.

Mitchell and Meagher and all,
Meagher and Mitchell and all ;
We dread not the pikes and the rifles
Of Mitchell and Meagher and all.

Armagh men are ready for action,
And Monaghan's second to none ;
Fermanagh dreads no Popish faction—
The pride of the north is Tyrone.

Old Derry was still the defender
Of Protestant principles true ;
Her sons boldly cried "No Surrender,"
And hoisted the Orange and Blue.

Country and Queen and all,
Queen and country and all ;
In Ulster we're ready to die for
Our country and Queen and all.

The Revolution.

March on, brave boys, make good your ground,
 Let all your sprightly trumpets sound
 To arms, and we will confound

Those foes to the Revolution.

Great Mars, the monarch of the field,
 In shining pomp, with sword and shield,
 Shall lead us on, and make them yield

To the glorious Revolution.

Our rattling guns, like peals of thunder,
 Shall fill the air with fear and wonder
 And keep the Pope and Devil under,

And support the Constitution.

May Britain's sons the battle try,
 To make these tim'rous bugbears fly ;
 Then let each loyal subject cry,

" Success to the Revolution."

Croppies, lie down.

We soldiers of Erin, so proud of the name,
 We'll raise upon rebels and Frenchmen our fame ;
 We'll fight to the last in the honest old cause,
 And guard our religion, our freedom, and laws :
 We'll fight for our country, our Queen, and her crown,
 And make all the traitors and croppies lie down.

The rebels so bold, when they've none to oppose,
 To houses and haystacks are terrible foes ;

They murder poor parsons and likewise their wives,
 At the sight of a soldier they run for their lives :
 Whenever we march over country and town,
 In ditches and cellars the croppies lie down.

United in blood to their country's disgrace,
 They secretly shoot those they dare not to face ;
 But whenever we catch the sly rogues in the field,
 A handful of soldiers makes hundreds to yield :
 The cowards collect but to raise our renown,
 For as soon as we fire the croppies lie down.

While thus in this war so unmanly they wage,
 On women, dear women, they turn their damn'd rage ;
 We'll fly,
 They'll fly,
 On love in a soldier's heart,
 But bless the brave troops that made croppies lie down.

Should France e'er attempt, by fraud or by guile,
 Her forces to land on old Erin's green isle,
 We'll show that they ne'er can make free soldiers slaves,
 They shall only possess our green fields for their graves :
 Our country's applauses our triumphs will crown,
 Whilst with their French brothers the croppies lie down.

When wars and when dangers again shall be o'er,
 And peace with her blessings revisit our shore ;
 When arms we relinquish, no longer to roam,
 With pride will our families welcome us home ;
 We'll drink in full bumpers, past troubles to drown,
 A health to the lads that made croppies lie down.

When Pharoah resigned.

When Pharoah reigned on Egypt's throne,
 And Israel in their chains did groan,
 The great I AM to Moses gave command
 To lead them to the Promised Land!
 And all the proud Egyptian host
 Pursuing, in the sea were lost.

So, when oppressed by Papal power,
 With death and plunder every hour,
 The brave King William, Prince of Orange-men,
 Restored us to our rights again.

Hail! mighty William! conqueror of the Boyne,
 Our voices in thy praise we join.

Our constitution we'll maintain
 'Gainst ev'ry foe on land or sea;
 With loyal hearts both firm and true,
 We'll never stain the Orange and Blue;
 We love our King, our country and its laws—
 For ever live the Orange Boys!

Papish Tyranny.

When James, assuming right from God,
 Enslav'd this free-born nation,
 His sceptre' was an iron rod—
 His reign a visitation;
 High churchmen cried "Obey, obey,
 Let none resist a crown'd head;
 He who gainsays what tyrants say,
 Is a rebellious Roundhead."

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Chorus.

Then let us sing, while echoes ring,
The glorious Revolution ;
Your voices raise to William's praise,
Who sav'd the Constitution.

The Bible was no longer read,
But tales of sinners sainted ;
The gods adored were gods of bread,
And sign-posts carved and painted :
The priests and monks with cowls and copes,
Arrived here without number ;
With racks and daggers blessed by Popes,
And loads of holy lumber.

Our trade abroad, our wealth at home,
And all things worth desiring,
Were sacrificed to France and Rome,
While Britons lay expiring ;
The monarch, a church-ridden ass,
Did just what priests suggested,
And trotted day by day to mass,
The slave of slaves, detested.

By cruel Popish politics
Were Protestants affrighted,
And to convert us--heretics—
New Smithfield fires were lighted :
But hope soon sprung out of despair,
As Providence commanded ;
Our fears were all dispersed in air
When noble William landed.

Our CHURCH AND STATE shook off the yoke,
 And lawless power was banished ;
 The snares of priestcraft too were broke,
 And superstition vanished :
 The tyrant with his blackguards fled,
 By flight their guilt confessing ;
 To beg of France their daily bread,
 Of Rome a worthless blessing.

From all who dare to tyrannize
 May Heaven still defend us ;
 And should another James arise,
 Another William send us :
 May Kings like him for ever reign,
 With highest worth distinguish'd ;
 But those who would our annals stain,
 May they be quite extinguish'd.

— ◆ —

The Fourth of November.

Come, let us all be gay,
 Welcome in this happy day,
 Strike up each Orange lay,
 In merry chorus join ;
 We ne'er know
 Grief or woe,
 Praise to him who made us so ;
 Our cause is good—
 For it he stood,
 And bravely fought at Boyne.
Chorus.—Come let us, &c.

We all should bless the morn,
 William on this day was born,
 Who cares for Papist scorn?
 No Orangeman, I'll swear!

 Guilt's their lot,
 Let them plot,
 But they 'll shun our Orange shot;
 From such fun
 The traitors run
 Like cowards in despair.

Chorus.—Come &c.

Let us with hearts and hands,
 Join in friendship's strictest bands;
 Priests wield their magic wands,
 In spite of Heaven's law.

 Let them frown
 On each clown
 Who their murders dare disown;
 Here at will,
 Our glasses fill,
 And toast the great Nassau!

Chorus.—Come &c.

—♦—

On the Massacre of the Protestants.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
 E'en them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
 Forget not; in thy book record their groans,

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Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who having learn'd thy way
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe. MILTON.

— — —
Success to the Orange wherever it goes.

Let the name of Great William be ever held dear,
 By each loyal subject throughout the whole land,
 For from heaven he looks down on his children met here,
 And smiles with delight on this Protestant band :

Who with hearts firm and bold,
 Like their fathers of old,
 Rally round his bright standard, in spite of our foes ;
 And who will, until death,

Put a stop on our breath,
 Sing—"Success to the Orange wherever it goes !"

Although certain persons, well known in this isle,
 Have vainly endeavoured on us for to frown,
 Yet, at their weak efforts we safely may smile,—
 It's not in their power to put Orangemen down.

With aid from on high,
 Their threats we defy,
 And our cause it will flourish in spite of our foes ;
 Then who will, until death,
 Put a stop to our breath,

Here's—"Success to the Orange wherever it goes !"

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Though bigoted wretches, who judge by themselves,
Have asserted "that we are for murder enrolled,"
'Tis their own sable hearts first gave birth to the thought,
As we see by their plots which each day does unfold.
But truth, like a star
Which shines from afar,
To a candid observer convincingly shows
That 'gainst rebels alone
Our vengeance is shown ;
So—" Success to the Orange wherever it goes !"

Now a full flowing glass to Lord Farnham we'll pass,
The yeoman's brave father, their country's firm prop ;
To Enniskillen so bold, to his praise be it told,
He'd ne'er hang a yeoman for shooting a Crop.
To the King fill it high,
Let our song reach the sky,
And no more may rebellion disturb his repose ;
Here's our stout wooden walls,
Which no danger appals,
And—" Success to the Orange wherever it goes !"

FOR THE COMMEMORATION OF THE

Shutting of the Gates of Derry.

Ye men of Derry, stout and bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honor's mould,
Oh, think to day on days of old,
And Britain's Constitution ;

On this great day in William's year,
The 'prentice boys assembled here,
Hand in hand, gave one grand cheer,
For the glorious Revolution!

Lord Antrim's troops compell'd to wait,
Stood panic-struck before our gate,
Until we forced them to retreat,
In rapid evolution ;
All Europe heard the joyful sound,
In vain the Pope's proud vassals frowned,
William and Mary soon were crowned,
And stopped the persecution.

And when again with opening spring,
Back they came and brought their King,
We made our bells for William ring,
With Spartan resolution ;
Though they fought us three to one,
Still they shrunk as we pressed on,
Soon their coward King was gone,
Afraid of execution.

So, as like days again come round,
Here we stand on classic ground,
Ever true to England sound,
And our glorious Constitution ;
Proud our crimson flag shall fly,
Waving in the azure sky,
Here we conquer or we die,
In the cause of the Revolution.

GRAHAM.

Ye brave Sons of Britain.

Ye brave sons of Britain, whose glory hath long
 Supplied to the poet proud themes for his song,
 Whose deeds have for ages astonished the world,
 When your standard you've hoisted, or sails have unfurled ;

France raging with shame,
 At your conquering fame,

Now threatens your country with slaughter and flame ;
 But let them come on, boys, on sea or on shore,
 We'll work them again as we've worked them before.

Now flushed with the blood of the slaves they have slain,
 These foes we still beat swear they'll try us again ;
 But the more they provoke us the more they will see
 'Tis in vain to forge chains for a nation that's free.

All their rafts and their floats,
 And their flat-bottomed boats,

Shall not cram their French poison down English-
 men's throats.

So let them come on, boys, on sea or on shore,
 We'll work them again as we've worked them before.

They hope by their falsehoods, their tricks, and alarms,
 To split us in factions and weaken our arms ;
 For they know British hearts, while united and true,
 No danger can frighten—no force can subdue ;

Let them try every tool,
 Every traitor and fool,

But England, old England, no Frenchman shall rule ;
 So let them come on, boys, on sea or on shore,
 We'll work them again as we've worked them before.

How these savage invaders to man have behaved,
 We see by the countries they've robb'd and enslaved ;
 Where, masking their curse with blest liberty's name,
 They've starved them, and bound them in chains and
 in shame ;

Then their traps they may set,
 We're aware of their net,

And in England, my hearties, no gudgeous they'll get ;
 So, let them come on, boys, on sea or on shore,
 We'll work them again as we've worked them before.

Ever true to our Queen, constitution and laws,
 Ever just to ourselves, ever staunch to our cause ;
 This land of our blessings, long guarded with care,
 No force shall invade, boys, no craft shall ensnare ;

United we'll stand,

Firm in heart, firm in hand,

And those we don't sink, we do over at land ;
 So let them come on, boys, on sea or on shore.
 We'll work them again as we've worked them before.

— — —
Stand round, my brave Boys.

Stand round, my brave boys,
 With heart and with voice,
 And all in full chorus agree ;
 We'll fight for our Queen,
 And as loyally sing,
 And let the world know we'll be free.

Chorus.

The rebels shall fly,
 As with shouts we draw nigh,
 And echo shall victory ring ;

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Then, safe from alarms
We'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it—" Long live the Queen,"
" Long live the Queen"—
And chorus it—" Long live the Queen."

With hearts firm and stout
We'll repel the mad rout,
And follow fair liberty's call ;
We'll rush on the foe,
And deal death in each blow,
Till conquest and honor crown all.
The rebels, &c.

Then commerce once more
Shall bring wealth to our shore,
And plenty and peace bless the isle ;
The peasant shall quaff
Off his bowl with a laugh,
And reap the sweet fruits of his toil.
The rebels, &c.

Kind love shall repay
The fatigues of the day,
And melt us to softer alarms ;
Coy Phillis shall burn
At her soldier's return,
And bless the brave youth in her arms.
The rebels, &c.

Come, cheer up, my Lads.

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
 For true Orange hearts are still strangers to fear;
 Our bosoms with honor and loyalty glow,
 And fearless we'll march to encounter the foe.

Chorus.

Still may our flag be with lustre unfurled,
 Let's always be ready,
 Steady, boys steady,
 And true to ourselves, we'll defy all the world.

The Queen and the state, and the laws of the land,
 The good constitution our forefathers planned;
 To maintain them we all with our voice should agree,
 For while they protect us old Ireland is free.

The hand of oppression we never need fear;
 Our laws are the same for the peasant and peer;
 Our house is our castle, our fireside and throne,
 And each man in the country is sure of his own.

Republican frenzy her standard may rear,
 And disloyalty seek to pollute our free air,
 But our swords we'll ne'er sheath till our Emerald Isle,
 From treason redeemed, shall triumphantly smile.

Then drink to the Queen, to the state, and the laws,
 With one voice, with one heart, we support the good
 cause;

May the wretch who'd refuse such a toast never prove
 The comforts of friendship—the raptures of love.

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Ye Sons of the Wise.

Ye sons of the wise, let your spirits now arise,
 And scorn the smiles of temptation ;
 Be faithful and true to the Orange and the Blue,
 They will bring you through all tribulation.
 Remember the guide that divided the tide
 For Israel's happy protection ;
 And over their foes made the billows to close,
 Because they had no true direction.

In this present year, pale death it did appear,
 To all who would not be united ;
 But down came the plan they had built on the sand,
 And we live to see them all sore affrighted.
 More cruel by far than the "forty-one" war,
 Was the scheme of this vile Revolution ;
 But we soon made our foes, by virtue of blows,
 Submit to our good Constitution.

Our good British laws, they still merit applause,
 Since blood purchased the Reformation ;
 Our church did not shine till that fortunate time
 That William was King of the nation.
 That happy reprieve did thousands relieve,
 Who stood for the Protestant glory ;
 The Orange displayed soon made James afraid,
 And routed each Jacobite Tory.

Dear brethren, you know, 'tis a long time ago
 Since the Orange was first propagated ;
 And those who stood true, be they ever so few,
 You'll find they were never defeated.

So now let us fight for the cause that is right ;
 What rebel will dare to oppose us ?
 We show in the name of the Protestant fame,
 And we care not a farthing who knows it.
 Our secrets of old we will not unfold
 To people not duly instructed ;
 Our good Orange cause, formed of holy laws,
 By prophets of old were conducted ;
 And seems to succeed in the time of our need—
 Our members are daily increasing ;
 The "up" is pulled down, and the Queen wears the
 crown,
 And the croppies, like hares, are a-chasing.
 That brotherly love, may never remove,
 From the fellowship we have contracted ;
 And wisdom may be in each committee,
 A witness to what is transacted.
 Let each Orangeman take a full glass in hand,
 And drink to the heart that won't waver ;
 Victoria on the throne is a good Queen we own,
 But the memory of William forever.

—♦—

O'Connell in Purgatory.

Have you not heard, the Scripture saith,
 How some departing from the faith
 Receive their doctrines from beneath,
 Forbidding for to marry ?
 Now, this is Rome, the mystic whore,
 Who keeps the keys of Heaven's door,
 And trades in dead men's soul's demure,
 By Popish Purgatory.

Doctor Miley, he has said,
 When Dan, the Irish King, was dead,
 Angels were waiting at his head
 His soul to Heaven to carry :
 Maynooth and Rome they formed a plan,
 And robbed the angels of old Dan,—
 The Kerry Boy, we understand,
 They've got in Purgatory.

Despatches from the Pope have come
 To all the Priests of mystic Rome,
 To change or alter Daniel's doom,
 His soul from thence to carry ;
 Commanding them to celebrate
 High Mass throughout the church, of late
 His soul from thence to extricate
 Out of this Purgatory.

You Papists, gather up your pence—
 You know he's waiting in suspense—
 Your *Liberator* bring from hence,
 No longer let him tarry !
 Your Dan, that pleaded for Repeal,
 Is bearing now Peg Tantrim's flail ;
 Pay up, ye sons of Granuaile,
 Your King's in Purgatory !

The heretics, they cannot tell
 About this gulf 'twixt heaven and hell,
 Where Dives did for water yell,
 And none to him would carry ;

But Rome has made it more complete ;
 They've holy oil to grease their feet,
 And holy water, if it's meet,
 For Dan in Purgatory.

Think on your King, and for him pray,—
 He agitated night and day,—
 Like Balaam's ass, aloud did bray,
 'Gainst Aughrim, Boyne, and Derry.
 On walls of clay, of bricks, and stones,
 He pictured death's heads and cross bones ;
 Ye *Faugh-a-ballagh's*, how he groans,
 He's heard from Purgatory.

To Bernard he bequeathed his soul,
 His body to the Irish mould,
 His heart to Rome—that was the whole :—
 His head a wig did carry.
 He's looking now to every part
 Where he gave body, soul, or heart ;
 O, bring your cash, and then you'll start
 The *old fox* from Purgatory.

O, hard's his fate, if he must stay
 Like other beggarmen, I say,
 For gratis prayers on All Saints day,
 O, let that never carry ;
 Sell scapulars, crosses, cords and beads,
 And all green sashes and cockades !
 All Irishmen—do lend your aid
 For Dan in Purgatory !

They say they've power to bind or loose
 In heaven or hell, just as they choose ;
 The Papists that would dare refuse

To pay her sanctuary,
 They'll curse with candle, book, and bell,—
 These poor blind dupes deserve it well,
 Who'd let Peg Tantrim's flail, pell-mell
 Thrash Dan in Purgatory.

Now Stowell, Gray, and Hugh McNeill
 May churches build 'gainst Granuaile,
 While Rome's the head, Maynooth's the tail—
 Their projects will not carry.

'Twas braying, boasting, blustering Dan,
 When travelling to the *holy* (?) land,
 That lost the trick his merits scanned,—
 He's now in Purgatory.

Here's books and bags for my son John ;
 In agitation he'll go on,
 And chase the Saxons every one
 From Tara Hill to Derry :

He'll drive all heretics abroad—
 They have no right to the holy sod—
 They would not eat the *wafers* God,
 Or believe in Purgatory.

Before my song comes to a close,
 Here's a flowing health to those
 Undaunted boys who faced their foes—

THE 'PRENTICE BOYS OF DERRY !

Let all true brethren with me join
 To sing of Aughrim and the Boyne,
 Where we received the *pass* and *sign*
 To walk over Purgatory.

The Orange Triumph.

Behold, my brothers, fates decree
The Orange shall triumphant be;
Kind Providence doth interpose,
And aids to crush our rebel foes.

Chorus.

Then let each loyal heart unite,
And every worthy soul invite;
While Berresford shall be our theme,
Who keeps alive the glorious flame.

For no deception here you see,
Faithful and true we'll ever be;
Dire massacre is not our care—
The dastard foe we often spare.

Let it be told our baneful foes,
The Orange only mercy knows;
Dark vile assassins stab by night,—
When roused in open day, we fight.

We murder not the cherub child,
Nor yet the gentle female mild;
For we are men, and so shall know
The traitor and the rebel foe.

The Black Man's Dream.

One night I thought a vision brought
Me to a spacious plain;
Where on its centre stood a mount,
Whose top I wished to gain:

Orange, blue, and purple too,
Were given me to wear ;
And for to see the mystery,
They did me thus prepare :—

My guide a pack placed on my back,
With pillars of an arch ;
A staff and scrip placed in my hand,
And thus I on did march :
Through desert lands I travelled o'er,
The narrow path I trod,
Till something did obstruct my path
In the form of a toad.

So then I saw what did me awe,
Though wandering in a dream—
A flaming bush, though unconsumed,
Before me did remain ;
And as I stood out of the wood,
I heard a heavenly sound,
Which bade me cast my shoes away,
For it was holy ground.

Two men I saw, with weapons keen,
Which did me sore annoy ;
Unto a pyramid I ran,
That standing was hard by :
And as I climbed the rugged way,
A hand I there did see,
Which laid the lofty mountains
In the scale of equity.

Blue, gold, and black about my neck,
 This apparition placed ;
 Into a chariot I was put,
 When we drove off in haste :
 Twelve dazzling lights of beauty bright
 Were brought to guide my way,
 And as we drove through cypress shades
 One of them did decay.

Near to a mount I saw a fount
 Of living water flow ;
 I being dry, they did reply,
 To drink you there may go :
 The mystic cup I then took up,
 And drank a health to all
 That were born free, and kept their knee
 From bowing unto Baal.

Arch Marksman.

All ye Arch Marksmen, attend to this great plan,
 Jehovah first formed it and gave it unto man,
 To improve our great system it was the design ;
 Ye true sons of William, your courage now join ;
 The ancients in view of our grand mystery would smile ;
 And bless the great genius of our Emerald Isle.
 When first I was raised to that noble degree,
 A Royal Arch Marksman appeared unto me,
 Saying, my dearest brother, you shall soon join the throng :
 I followed my fancy as they led me along
 Through paths that were crooked, and bramble being
 there,—
 I was suddenly stopped by a lurking old tar.

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What profane cometh here, and what is his name,
Where is he going, or what does he mean ?
From your outworks I'm coming, your lines inward to
view :

Step on, my dear brother, your password is true.
Then, slowly I entered, so great was the throng,
And so strongly was I guarded as they led me along.

Subterraneous the path, and most dismal the cell,
Advancing a few paces, then I suddenly fell ;
But being stout-hearted I rallied again,
Resolved, like the ancients, to cross Jordan's stream ;
Transported with joy a light I did perceive,
Where I spied fair Aurora, as she sprung from the grave.

Twelve dazzling bright lights shone around this great
throng,

Supported by pillars that were stout and strong,
By wisdom first formed to keep all things sure ;
My master oft told me the workmen were pure ;
The sculpture was gothic, which the ancients approve,
And each stone was cemented and jointed with love.

Long may we all honor the true Marks that we bear,—
Through William's glorious memory our souls rest in care ;
To unite our great sovereign, her laws, and her crown,
By this may each Marksman still gain high renown ;
For James was defeated, and King William did approve
To unite every brother with a godly-like love.

The Marksman.

Come, all my worthy brethren
That travel the globe around,
Come, list awhile, till I relate
How our Order it was found :
Many's the weary step we travell'd
The wilderness around,
Till we found out the royal mark
That led to the holy ground.

From Egypt's plains we marched,
Bound to the promised land ;
Full forty years we travell'd,—
Moses had the command.
With rod of God he cleared the way,
The seas did back rebound,
And stood in heaps till we passed o'er,
But Pharaoh's host was drown'd.

Now we're all safe pass'd over,
Pray let us rest awhile ;
And here give thanks unto our God,
Who saved us from exile ;
And also from a watery grave,
Where our enemies doth lie ;
We'll all kneel down and praise our God,
Then march to Mount Sinai.

'Twas travelling thro' the wilderness,
Some of them mourn'd for bread ;
And more for water cried aloud,—
There was none to be had :

So the Lord, to quench their thirsty souls,
From a rock made waters flow ;
And every morning they were fed
With manna white as snow.

'Twas then, while at Mount Horeb,
The rock did Moses smite :
And trav'ling for Mount Sinai,
Slew the proud Amorite ;
So when we came to Sinai's Mount,
We forty days abode ;
Then to find out the royal mark
March'd for the plains of Moab.

Twelve brethren now were chosen
To view the promised land ;
Who, like the dove, returned,
With fruit all in their hand.
To see the fruit Canaan produced,
Their hearts with joy did glow ;
Then to find out the royal mark
We march'd for Mount Nebo.

Here Moses to the Mount was call'd,
His last farewell to take ;
Remember now the covenant
You to the Lord did make :—
'Twas to pull down all idol gods,
Those carved, both great and small ;
And all such vain idolatry,
And worshippers of Baal.

Then Joshua called his brethren,
 And unto them did say :
 The streams of Jordan I'll divide,
 Like Moses the Red Sea ;
 The secret I will first unfold,
 Let none but Marksmen know ;
 So the Pass went round, and the Mark was found
 That will guide to Jericho.
 Now to conclude my Marksman's song,
 Let us thankful be and pray ;
 And keep in memory Jordan's plains,
 As likewise the Red Sea :
 Take Great Jehovah for your guide,
 Your enemies he'll subdue ;
 And remember what a mighty host
 Three hundred overthrew.

The Purple Marksman.

Come, all my worthy brethren, in concord, all around,
 That's joined in our social bands, our enemies to con-
 found ;
 And I'll tell you of a secret, as yet you do not know,
 So if you wish to see the light another step you'll go :
 Another step you'll go,
 Another step you'll go ;
 So if you wish to see the light another step you'll go.
 I, hearing of a secret, and wishing for to see,
 Enquired of my brother if admitted I could be ?
 And he said, my dearest brother, you very soon shall know,
 If you answer me one question before that you do go :
 Before that you do go,
 Before that you do go ;
 If you answer me one question before that you do go.

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Were you in darkness, or crossed Jordan's streams?
Or can you relate to me what the Ark it contains?
I answered him right meekly, for that I could do so;
Then he gave to me a pass-word, to try if I could know:
 To try if I could know,
 To try if I could know,
Then he gave to me a password, to try if I could know:

The pass-word being rehearsed, its cause he did define,
Then said he would announce to his brethren in a sign;
The pass-word being rehearsed, and all was just and right,
Straightway he then prepared me to see that brilliant light:
 To see that brilliant light,
 To see that brilliant light;
Straightway he then prepared me to see that brilliant light.

He took me by the hand and led me to a door,
Where none could admitted be but those that were pure;
Three gentle knocks he gave, and I bended on my knee,
And the answer was, that no profanes admitted there

should be:

Admitted there should be,

Admitted there should be;

And the answer was that no profanes admitted there
should be.

"He's no profane, I'll answer for it," my conductor here
replied,

"But a true and worthy Israelite—I have him safely tried;
He has cross'd Jordan's streams, and likewise Moab's plain,
And is willing yet to travel, all our secrets to gain:

All our secrets to gain,

All our secrets to gain;

And is willing yet to travel all our secrets to gain."

A door then being opened, I was admitted in,
 On rugged roads mysterious, my travels did begin ;
 With my pack upon my back, my staff was in my hand,
 I travelled through the wilderness all o'er the desert lands :

All over desert lands,

All over desert lands ;

And I travelled through the wilderness all o'er the
 desert lands.

When I came to Mount Horeb, I could not here but blush,
 With terror great I gazed upon the burning bush !
 Moses was the cry, and he answered, here am I,
 Saying, cast the shoes from off your feet before that you
 draw nigh :

Before that you draw nigh,

Before that you draw nigh ;

Saying, cast the shoes from off your feet before that you
 draw nigh.

Now when they asked of me, what I held in my right
 hand,

I said it was a rod that the Lord he did command ;
 Which when cast upon the ground, a serpent it became,
 I was almost affrighted for to take it up again :

For to take it up again,

For to take it up again ;

I was almost affrighted for to take it up again.

And as they asked of me from whence I had came,
 I answered and said it was from Midian's plain ;
 From the Plain of Midian, what were you doing there ?
 I was feeding Jethro's flocks, which was all my care :

Which was all my care,

Which was all my care ;

I was feeding Jethro's flocks, which was all my care.

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And where are you going? he soft to me did say :
Unto the land of Egypt, I'm now upon my way ;
Pray what is your mission, or what will you do there ?
To free all my brethren that now in bondage are :

That now in bondage are.

That now in bondage are,

To free all my brethren that now in bondage are.

They brought me to a mount, where I had to ascend,
In search of our secrets, being led there by a friend ;
When I attained my object, unto the top did climb,
There I got the secret words that are so divine :

That are so divine,

That are so divine ;

There I got the secret words that are so divine.

They were all standing round me, when I bended on
my knee, [me ;

And what I stood in need of was demanded straight of
I said it was the light that I wish'd for most to see,
And they said, my dearest brother, we will give it unto
thee.

We will give it unto thee,

We will give it unto thee,

And they said, my dearest brother, we will give it unto
thee.

Great light appear'd around me, no darkness there had
been ;

And I gaz'd with great amazement on all that I had seen ;
So they filled me up a bumper, pledged in the mystic pot,
And they toasted to their brother, and the secrets he
had got :

And the secrets he had got,

And the secrets he had got,

And they toasted to their brother, and the secrets he had got.

Now we have travelled over this mysterious foreign land,
 And may our new-born brother firm in the faith long stand;
 And may the purple order by Marksmen be revered,
 And when we prove the Orange true, with them it shall
 be shared :

With them it shall be shared,

With them it shall be shared ;

And when we prove the Orange true, with them it shall
 be shared.

New Protestant Boys.

You true sons of Britain, attend to my lay,
 Who strictly adhere to the Protestant crown ;

The blind zeal of Croppies us never dismay,
 We 'll join with Victoria to hurl them down.

Thunder, thunder,

Protestant thunder,

We 'll shiver their pikes in every town ;

The sons of sedition,

We 'll drive to perdition,

And always support our Queen and her crown.

The French guillotine to destruction we 'll drive ;

Let Gallic inventions ne'er touch on our shore ;

Atheistical tenets shall never survive,

To crowd the religion of God we adore.

To arms ! To arms !

Brothers, to arms ;

Join hand in hand to keep rebels down :

May Orange forever

Cement us together,

In support of our Queen, Constitution and Crown.

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Crown.

May our army and navy ever succeed,
 And vanquish and keep our enemies low;
 The gallows and gibbet with Croppies we'll feed,
 And swing the "*United Men*" up in a row.
 Mercy, mercy,
 God of mercy,
 Assist us forever to keep those rogues down.
 And knit us together,
 Forever and ever,
 In support of the Queen, Constitution and Crown.

The King of the Emerald Island.

Come all ye geese of Peter's flock,
 Who worship idols, stone and stock,
 Your purses now you must unlock,
 For the King of the Emerald Island!
 Because his mother had a *dhrame*,
 Saint Patrick's wife, Saint Shela, came
 And said, *hould* up, my sturdy dame!
 You shall produce a man of fame;
 Like a scorpion armed in mail,
 Or a glow-worm of the vale,
 The sting of the viper will be in the tail
 Of the King of the Emerald Island.

Chorus.

Lying, swaggering, bullying Dan,
 You 're the lad to lay the plan,
 To pin the pence of the ragged man,
 The King of the Emerald Island.

Mighty things he'll bring to pass,
Break church and state like bottle-glass,
And turn all heretics to mass,

This King of the Emerald Island.

Patres and *Avies* by the score,
These heretics will shortly roar,
And *thump* *their craws* till they are sore,
And *holy* water on them pour ;
Then prostrate on their knees they'll fall,
And worship saints in the chapel hall,
And thus be made good Christians all,
By the King of the Emerald Island.

Chorus.—Lying, swaggering, &c.

Full four thousands priests and more,
A tribute from their altars roar ;
The begging box is at the door,

For the King of the Emerald Island.

Down with your dust, or we'll curse you well,
By book, by candle, and by bell,
And send yon packing off pell mell,
To a place one wouldn't like to tell :
Oh ! sure you'll never die in peace,
For we'll withhold the holy grace,
Unless the rhino down you place,

For the King of the Emerald Island !

Chorus.—Lying, swaggering, &c.

Scores of boys, true lads of wax,
With oaken cudgels and sturdy backs,
Stand to gather in the tax,

For the King of the Emerald Island.

Pounds a-piece for suits of clothes,
 Half a crown from men with shoes,
 Shillings from all naked toes,
 Sixpences from breach-less beaus ;
 Beggarmen put down your bags,
 Come, until your rotten rags
 Can't produce a copper meg,
 For the King of the Emerald Island.

Chorus.

BEGGARMAN SOLUS.

" Arrah, father Pat, don't you now see,
 " I'm up to my neck in poverty ?
 " He never did any good for me,
 " This King of the Emerald Island.
 " With *could* and hunger I'm almost dead,
 " My cash, *barrin* this *ould* rap, is fled,
 " My children's crying out for bread,
 " And I hav'nt a *pratey* to put in their head."

PRIEST.

" Down with your dust, and none of your groans,
 " Or we'll mark your house with death's head
 and cross bones,
 " And rattle your ribs with sticks and stones,
 " For the King of the Emerald Island."

Chorus.

Full forty thousand pounds a year,
 This sturdy mendicant doth clear,
 With many a curse and many a tear,
 For the King of the Emerald Island.

And thus he fills his money bags,
 From destitution and from rags,
 And thus their lonely copper megs,
 From fellow-beggarmen he drags :
 Then let each pious candidate,
 Who hopes in heaven to have a seat,
 Put down his money on the plate,
 For the King of the Emerald Island.

Chorus.

ROBERT YOUNG.

—◆—

A Vindication of No Surrender.

You sons of Nassau, list to me—
 Ye “guardian angels” of the nation ;
 Nor shed a tear of sympathy
 O’er the condemned association.
 Where *Dan’s* harangues collected gangs,
 The holy rent in cash to tender ;
 Without this plan the “*Beggarman*”
 To the Orangemen must soon surrender.

The Boyne and Aughrim have to boast
 How William’s sons came off victorious ;
 At Lisnaskea the “*Pats*” gave way—
 At Newtownbutler fled before us :
 On Derry’s wall we marshall’d all,
 When “*Roaring Meg*,” with voice like thunder,
 Did rend the skies, while the “*Prentice Boys*”
 Responding, cried out, “*No Surrender !*”

The Church of Rome's eternal doom
Is clearly proved from Revelations ;
For the scarlet whore with crimes impure,
Reigns Queen of all abominations.
Her vile Pope Paul, once licensed all
The public brothels in his nation ;
Then who dealt by were instantly
Condemn'd by a excommunication.

Our faith, 'tis true, does differ wide
From Popery's cursed innovations ;
Through Jesu's blood we're sanctified,—
Shed for the healing of the nations.
No saints nor angels we invoke,
Nor dread the flames of Purgatory ;
Nor pay obedience to the Pope,
Nor homage to the Virgin Mary.

When brave Mauritius martyr'd fell,
A sacrifice to Rome's ambition ;
The Emperor Phocus, strange to tell,
Placed Boniface to fill his station.
Since that vile deed, Rome has decreed—
“ All who refuse her adoration,
They at the stake shall expiate,”
To her eternal execration.

Matured in blood that church since stood,
Impeached with crimes in swift progression ;
No tongue can tell what thousands fell
By the accursed Inquisition.
Piedmont's vales tell horrid tales
How racks and gibbets rent asunder ;
The Protestants, when in the flames,
Expiring cried out, “ No Surrender !”

St. Peter he has lost the keys,
 As in the third of Revelations :
 And Christ admits whoe'er he please,
 To Rome's eternal condemnation.
 He holds the keys of death and hell,
 Where the Prophet who deceived the nations
 And the Popes of Rome, together shall
 Have everlasting habitations.

Then Romanists, peruse this song,
 And every sim'lar publication ;
 Nor urge again, in Jesuit vein,
 Your vile and wicked fabrications.
 And as July is drawing nigh,
 The Orangemen in all their splendour
 Will keep their day—parade—and play
 “ The Protestant Boys” and “ No Surrender !”
 SHANNON.

The Battle of Glenoe.

It was on the thirteenth of July, in the year of twenty-
 nine,
 Two thousand Popish Ribbonmen together did combine
 To murder the Coole Orangemen as they would home-
 ward go :
 These Ribbonmen asssembled at the Chapel of Glenoe.
 From six o'clock that morning, till it was eight at night,
 They waited there like beasts of prey to vanquish us in
 fight :
 O'Niell, a young Goliah, came foaming down the hill,
 And swore he would not sleep that night, till Orange
 blood he'd spill.

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SHANNON.

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Our Orangemen, not fearing them, although they were
but few,

Advanced down towards the bridge, and soon did them
subdue:

When they smelt Orange powder, they quickly did
retreat,

But Richey caught an Orange pill, which caused him
for to wait.

Beside him there were forty-six laid dead upon the plain,
And sixty-five were wounded, far too tedious for to name ;
There were none of our Orangemen among the slain but
two,

Brave Williamson and Bartley, who fought at Waterloo.

This victory of our Orangemen I cannot half relate,—
Oh ! think how fourteen of us two thousand Papists beat !
They ran like hunted foxes ; you'd laugh to see the chase—
Some wanting legs, some arms, and some part of the face.

Yes ! every night and morning those Ribbonmen may
pray

That the Orangemen of Killyman were not there on
that day ;

Had they stopp'd in Coalisland till the Orangemen came in,
They'd have sent them down to Purgatory to purge
them of their sin.

Oh ! there was noble Hanna, a hero of renown,
That marched off courageously that day from Stewartstown ;

He said, " Come on, my Orange Boys, their numbers
we defy ;

We'll beat them as King William did on the first day
of July."

Our Orange Boys, advancing then towards the Chapel-green,

In less than twenty minutes no Ribbonman was seen ;
We took two stand of arms, some pikes and pitchforks
too ;

Our victory was equal to that gained at Waterloo.

And for those fourteen Britons, their names should be
enrolled,

And sent to Dublin Castle in letters gilt with gold ;
Who for their King and country that day did spend their
veins,

Before they'd yield to Popery or Dan O'Connell's schemes.

So now let every Orangeman take a full glass in hand,
And drink to William's memory, who formed the true
plan,

And freed us all from Popery on the first day of July,—
Record that day, my Orange Boys, until the day you die.

The Defeat of Lawless.

Ye Orangemen, I hope you'll lend

An ear to these few lines I write :

Your voices all, join to extol,

The praise of every Williamite.

Though rude's my theme, do not disdain

The rustic bard's poetic lay ;

Nor deign the muse to disabuse

With base surreptitious plagiary.

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When treason raised her gorgon head,
And stalked gigantic o'er the land,
In myriads rose our hostile foes,
Excited by their leader Dan.
The war-whoop's knell rang through Clonmell,
Where thirteen thousand dressed in green
Did issue forth, while o'er the north
They thought to vent their bloody spleen.

Then Lawless Jack, with crest erect,
Deputed by the Popish clan,
To Ulster went, to lift the rent,
And organize the Ribbonmen.
To bear his train Louth's ruddy dames,
With cabbage stalks did volunteer,
From Derry's wall to drive them all
Who'd dare to stop their bold career.

To Cullin, fair, they did repair,
Upon the sacred Sabbath morn ;
Though Ferrard's Lord, the deed abhor'd,
The Popish Chapel took by storm.
This triumph gained, Jack then proclaimed,
As farther north he'd wend his way,
His clans would rise and soon surprise
The Orange Boys of Ballybay.

Our Orangemen, like brothers then,
In martial ranks appeared that day,
Determined all to stand or fall,
By the Pope-hating Samuel Gray.

Our heroes brave, resolved to save
Our nation from the Papal yoke ;
And Church and State to extricate
From the impending fatal stroke.

Then to our aid, a small brigade
Of Lancers from Bclturbet came ;
And from Armagh, a valiant staff,
Commanded by brave Thornton ;
Who cautioned Jack to turn back,
For as he passed through Ballybay,
Ten thousand armed, of the alarmed,
Had ta'en the field with Samuel Gray !

Then Jack declared, " he'd often heard
Of that great person Dauntless Gray ;
But never dreamed that he sustained
Such influence in Ballybay."
Then to their heels they took the fields,
Jack galloped off to their surprise ;
While Orange cheers rung in their ears,
And " No Surrender," rent the skies.

Now in the end, I'd recommend,
Throughout the province round and round ;
An effigy of Samuel Gray
Be posted up in every town.
When the curs'd race would see his face
You'd hear them thus distracted say ;—
Curs'd be our lot, we'll all be shot,
For yonder's Sam from Ballybay.

SHANNON.

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SHANNON.

Orange Sentiments.

Come brethren, fill your glasses high,
 In concord let us join,
 And drink the glorious memory
 Of him who crossed the Boyne.
 William ! thy name is ever dear,—
 Of thee we'll ever sing ;
 Thy praises we will still revere—
 Our father and our King !

Chorus.

Then, brethren, fill your glasses high,
 In concord let us join ;
 And drink the glorious memory,
 Of him who crossed the Boyne.

For one great cause we will unite—
 For that just cause we'll die ;
 Bound to defend our country's right,
 Our King and liberty ;
 Our constitution and our laws,
 Our blest religion too ;
 All, all unite in this great cause,—
 Our standard is " True Blue."

If Irish, French, or haughty Dons,
 Against our King doth rise ;
 We'll show them that great William's sons
 Their hellish power despise.
 For William's spirit we retain,
 By Heaven's divine command ;
 And, bound by one great sacred chain,
 We'll triumph o'er the land.

Walker's Pillar.

Shall freedom's awful voice no more
Ascend in minstrelsy sublime?
Shall Derry's secret band of yore
Still slumber in the dust of time?
Here chieftains fell in manhood's prime;
But heaven regards their destiny,
And spreads from hence through every clime,
The vestal flame of liberty.

Of rosy hues of Foyle's breast,
On Windmill-hill the noon-day sun,
On Pennyburn the breezes west
Have play'd since faith and freedom won!
But from the deeds that here were done
Historic glory fades away;
Here every field is Marathon,
And every pass Thermopylae!

When royal treason doom'd our fall,
The powers of darkness onward drove,
Disease and famine scaled our wall,
And floods of horror closed above.
Then freedom, like a banished dove—
Bereft of home—bereft of rest—
Sought refuge in a city's love,
And found an ark—the freeman's breast!

Rise, WALKER! father of the free!
Undaunted soldier, saint and sage!
Thy Bible and thy sword shall be
Our beacon lights from age to age.

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The 'Prentice Boys our hearts engage,
And Murray still in mem'ry warm,
Who gleamed amid the battle's rage,
A bolt of vengeance in the storm.

Around this pile, from year to year,
Shall grateful sires their homage pay,
And pledge the youthful hero here
To liberty and truth, for aye.
Inspired by deeds of glory's day,
A phalanx firm shall still be known,
With heart and hand like those away,
To guard the altar and the throne.

ROBERT YOUNG.

To Fermanagh.

Prize thou the Bible anchor, sure
In every storm to save thee;
The rich bequest of precepts pure
Which thy Redeemer left thee.
Though memory recall the past,
Be it repeated never;
Thy country's future lot be cast
In happiness forever!

May peace and plenty bless the land,
While Erne enamoured dallies
Around thy flood-girt palace, and
Among thy verdant vallies.

Be sacred freedom valued more
 Than is the blood which courses
 Within thy heart, and fill its core
 With life-sustaining forces.

Fermanagh, thus thy deathless fame
 Shall deck thy country's story,
 And thine for ever be a name
 Synonymous with glory !
 July the twelfth shall hear a voice,
 If possible, yet stronger ;
 On freedom's birthday still rejoice,
 Till time shall be no longer.

— — —

New "God Save the Queen."

God save our noble Queen,
 Long live our sovereign Queen,
 God save the Queen :
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the Queen.

Here, while to thee we bond,
 Lord, let thy grace descend
 On silver wing ;
 Let our glad hearts express
 Our grateful happiness,
 Grant we may long possess
 Our noble Queen.

Father of light ! to thee,
Giver of victory,

Praises we sing :

Our Queen's mild sway we own ;
May thy past favours shown,
Still guard the sacred throne
Of our good Queen.

O ! God of comfort, deign
To hear the humble strain

Which we now sing ;

Kneeling before thy throne,
Let us thy favour own,
Which thou hast already shown
On our lov'd Queen.

May Heav'n her life defend,
And make her race extend

Wide as her fame ;

Thy choicest blessings shed
On her anointed head,
And make her foes to dread
Her potent name !

Firm and united, here,
May each revolving year

Peace to us bring !

Sweet concord evermore
Bless Britain's happy shore,
Let her free sons encore,
" God save the Queen."

The Soul that once in Popish cause.

The soul that once in Popish cause
 Our blood in torrents shed,
 Again the sword to smite us draws,
 But will we shrink with dread?
 No, never!—for our faith and King,
 O'er Popery's dark grave;
 The song of triumph we will sing,
 The flag of triumph wave.

Can Protestants look tamely on,
 And see their faith reviled;
 Is honor from their standard gone,
 And are they, too, defiled?
 No!—faithful to the sacred trust
 Of which we are the guard;
 No Jesuit craft or priestly lust
 Religion shall retard.

Though Den's vile doctrines be upheld,
 Rebellion still to nurse;
 The cause of truth shall not be quelled,
 Albe't the priests may curse.
 Pure is our creed—our faith sincere,
 And bigot ire is vain;
 With heaven to aid, nor priests we fear,
 Nor fiend of Darrynane.

The light of Scrip'ture spreads abroad,
 Reaction's voice is heard—
 By craven Rome we're not o'erawed,
 Nor dread its murderous crowd.

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Then let our Orange banner wave,
Our souls be firm and true ;
Who finds in God's own cause a grave,
Shall find salvation too.



Character of King William the Third,*
OF GLORIOUS MEMORY.

He was, but is no more—
The head, hand, and heart of the confederacy !
The asserter of liberty !
The deliverer of nations !
The supporter of the empire !
The bulwark of Holland and Flanders !
The preserver of Britain !
The reducer of Ireland ! and
The terror of France !

His thoughts were wise and sacred ;
His words were few and faithful ;
His actions many and heroic ;
His government without tyranny ;
His justice without rigour ; and
His religion without superstition.

He was
Great, without pride ;
Valiant, without violence ;
Victorious, without triumph ;
Active, without weariness ;
Cautious, without fear ;
and
Meritorious without recompense.

* Born Nov. 4th, 1650 ; died March 8th, 1702 ; reigned 13 years 23 days.

King, Queen, or Potentate, I never saw
 So just, wise, honest, valiant, as Nassau ;
 He was !—but words are wanting to say what :
 Say all that 's great and good, and he was that.

The Bible and Crown.

Awake to the combat, stout hearts to the strife—
 Each blow that we deal is for freedom and life ;
 The vulture of bigotry screams on the blast—
 The foeman his leaguer around us has cast ;
 And loud is his menace, and dark is his frown,
 As in vengeance he glares on the Bible and Crown.

No phantom illusive allures to the fight—
 No vision that flashes and fades on the sight—
 That fleets like the vapour of morning away,
 A moment deceptively gilt by its ray ;
 No selfish ambition, the bubble renown,
 But the soul-stirring cause of the Bible and Crown.

Oh ! yes, 'tis a cause every bosom to fill
 With the holiest ardour of chivalry's thrill—
 Because to ennoble the meanest, whose brand
 Gleams gallantly drawn for the weal of the land ;
 In brotherhood linking—the prince and the clown—
 As they boldly rush on for the Bible and Crown.

Each minor dissention be lost at the call,
 Absorbed in the peril impending o'er all ;
 Let the Presbyter strike by the Prelatist's side,
 And stem in strong union fell Popery's tide,
 Whose billows, unsparing, both quickly would drown ;
 Strike, PROTESTANTS all, for the Bible and Crown.

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Oh ! deem not the demon will pause in his ire,
 Of Luther or Calvin the signs to enquire ;
 Enough, ye the fetters of errors have burst ;
 Alike ye have dared, and alike are accurs'd ;
 He heeds not the squabble of surplice and gown—
 Woe, woe is your doom, with the Bible and Crown.

By the halo of glory, undying in fame,
 That gilds with its lustre your forefathers' name—
 By all that to freemen and loyal is dear,
 Come, for hearths and for altars, and loud be the cheer ;
 That, waking the echoes in country and town—
 On, on, gallant hearts, for the Bible and Crown.

Awake to the contest, and proudly and brave,
 Let your banners of freedom and loyalty wave ;
 And keen be the blade, and unerring the blow,
 And firm be your tread on the neck of the foe,
 As tumbles the Dagon of Popery down
 Before the bless'd look of the Bible and Crown.

We ne'er will relinquish the Orange and Blue.

To Nassau's lov'd shade, in elysium of late,
 Some sons of Ierne were heard to complain—
 Now virtue is driven from her favourite seat,
 And loyalty groans on the blood-sprinkled plain ;
 While Jacobins cry, " All power we defy,
 For laws we will trample, and kings we deny ;
 Nor will we this conduct cease to pursue,
 Until we extirpate the Orange and Blue."

Great William, aroused from blissful repose,
 To his air-formed truncheon indignantly flies ;
 A look of defiance around him he throws,
 And thus, in loud accents, the hero replies :—
 “ To arms then away, your prowess display,
 What the fathers have bled for, the sons can't betray ;
 Remember their honor's entrusted to you,
 Nor dare to relinquish the Orange and Blue.

“ When Ireland once bled under Jacobite laws,
 And freedom in tears sued to me for protection,
 A band of true Britons enroll'd in her cause,
 Pass'd to your shores, brought her foes to subjection.
 At the Boyne they fled, at Aughrim they bled ;
 Then freedom in extacy lifted her head,
 And smiled to behold how the Jacobite crew
 Due homage had paid to the Orange and Blue.

“ And now shall those traitors in martial array,
 Audacious unfurl their banners of green ?
 Shall virtue, shall loyalty sink in dismay,
 And freedom's own Orange no longer be seen ?
 To arms then, for shame, and rescue your fame,
 I call you my champions, henceforth bear my name ;
 And tell those vile miscreants their deeds they shall rue,
 When humbled once more by the Orange and Blue.”

The order was given, what soul could withstand ?
 All true-hearted fellows with ardour obey !
 The first was Nassau's, and joined heart and hand,
 An host of staunch Orangemen stand in array.

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 our obey !
 heart and hand,
 and in array.

Hark ! already they cry, in accents of joy :
 "The green we shall vanquish or gloriously die ;
 And prove to all traitors we're loyal and true,
 To our Queen and our colours, the Orange and Blue."

No Repeal.

Ye branches of our Orange tree,
 First planted at the Boyne,
 Oh ! will you sell your blood-bought rights,
 And with Repealers join ?
 And league yourselves with rebels vile,
 And stigmatise your name ;
 And union form with harlot Rome,
 Your country's curse and shame,

Chorus.

Ye branches of our Orange tree,
 Oh ! may you never fail
 To rally round old England's flag,
 And cry out, "No Repeal."

Oh ! will you seize the rebel pike,
 And hoist the rebel rag ;
 And will you stain your yet fair fame—
 Disgrace your Orange flag ?
 Will you the "bull frog's" legions swell—
 Will you O'Brien join—
 Will you, to pull down England's throne,
 With England's foes combine !
 Ye branches, &c.

No! by the mem'ries of the past—
 By Smithfield's lurid fires—
 By Ridley's spirit—Cranmer's shade—
 By all that hope inspires :
 By Slaney's waters, crimson'd red,
 When high the black flag waved,
 And hell-engendered Popery
 Doomed no one should be saved.
 Ye branches, &c.

By all on earth we hold most dear,
 By hopes of heaven above ;
 By freedom—laws—our Orange cause,
 And by the faith we love,—
 We swear we'll never faithless prove
 Should danger's hour draw nigh ;
 We'll stand beside old England's flag—
 We'll conquer or we'll die.
 Ye branches, &c.

The clouds of doubt and jealousy
 Long since have passed away—
 Of Protestants, but few are found
 In treason's vile array.
 The sons of Knox and Calvin bold,
 With Luther's sons agree,
 To rally round the sacred ground
 Where grows the Orange tree.
 Ye branches, &c.

And there, beside that noble tree,
 Shall float, as o'er the seas,
 " The flag that braved a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze."

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And Orange William's true-born sons
 Will crush the rebel tail;
 Then, Protestants of Erin, cry,
 Hurrah! for No Repeal!
 Ye branches, &c.

The Genius of Orange.

The genius of Orange long smouldering lay
 'Mongst honest fellows, on banks of the Bann;
 Who early foresaw that naught they could say
 Would alter the base Republican plan:
 While Papist slaves,
 By priests and knaves,
 Were taught 'twas a crime to let heretics live;
 When murder and slaughter
 Were preached from the altar,
 'Twas time for the "Delzos"* defence to contrive.

Each neighbour consulted his Protestant friend
 How best to oppose this priest-ridden crew;
 On their own plan 'twas agreed in the end
 That Union alone the business would do;
 Union, union,
 Happy union,
 Your King and your country from traitors defend,
 Let no perjured savage
 Our dear country ravage,
 Though the Irish Directory give the command.

* Delzos—a nickname given by the Papists to the Orangemen.

The shade of great Nassau, pleas'd with their zeal,
 Inspired John Claudius the plan to support;
 Straight to the Loyalists he doth appeal,
 Who to his standard in legions resort;
 Legions, legions,
 Orange legions,
 Attend the glad summons by day or by night;
 The black capes and croppies,
 And all such false rappies,
 At the sight of the Orange run off in a fright.

Let's now, my brave boys, the jolly cup fill
 To that protector of the Orange cause,
 John Claudius Beresford—fill as you will,
 He ever defended your Protestant laws;
 Traitor for pay,
 No man can say,
 Was ever attached to the Beresford name;
 From field or the senate
 He ne'er hid a minute—
 Would to all false patriots we could say the same.

Our Country's Saviour.

Oh! had I old Timotheus' lyre,
 So much renowned in story;
 Or burned for me Apollo's fire,
 I'd sing of William's glory:
 From shore to shore his praise should ring,
 No loyal heart could waver,
 But throbbing beat, while loud he'd sing,
 Our laws' and country's saviour.

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July the first in ninety's year,
 Just as the mountain's summit
 The sun had lightly tinged with gold,
 His hardy troops he summoned.
 The bold attack he meant to make
 The morning seemed to favour;
 'Twas Heaven's decree that he should be
 Our laws' and country's saviour.

A ball came flying to the spot;
 'Twas aimed for brave King William:
 The fools! they might have spared their shot,
 No balls of theirs could harm him:
 For a guardian angel near him stood
 To shield him with his favor,
 Preserved him for the public good—
 Our laws' and country's saviour.

He boldly cross'd Boyne's silver flood,
 While thundering guns did rattle;
 The wondering world in silence stood,
 Astonished at the battle.
 "Come on," says he, "be not dismayed,
 From Heaven we'll meet with favour;
 I'll strive to earn the glorious name,
 Our laws' and country's saviour."

The contest firmly was maintained
 By an unequal number;
 The fields were covered o'er with slain,—
 Our cannons loud did thunder.

Which side would gain no one could say,
 The victory seemed to waver ;
 But William's courage won the day,
 Our laws' and country's saviour.

Now fill your glasses, fill them high,
 To Queen and Constitution ;
 And low may every scoundrel lie
 Who'd wish for revolution :
 And humbly from high Heaven we'll beg
 This great—this lasting favour :—
 That William's cause may never fail,—
 Our laws' and country's saviour.

—♦—
The Emerald Isle.

Go! jabber to rebels and crops, do you see,
 About danger and fear and the French ;
 Neither danger nor fear, while we're loyal and free,
 Can ever make Orangemen flinch :
 For rebels we'll beat, and the French we defy,
 With their rafts and their nonsense and noise ;
 While William of Nassau, in glory on high,
 Keeps watch for the Protestant Boys.

I heard little Paddy palaver one day
 About freedom and rights and reform ;
 Don't you know how he'd jaw,—that he'd say and
 In hopes just to kick up a storm ? [unsay,
 But he could not to Protestants' loyalty prove
 That treason was faithful and true,
 Since William of Nassau in glory above
 Has emblazoned the Orange and Blue.

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I said to the crops, when they found themselves strong,
And the rascally French were at hand,
Our fathers beat yours and their French-ified throng,
From the face of this very same land ;
Don't you know at the Boyne how they ran from the
How they fled from the Orange and Blue ; [fight,
When William of Nassau appeared in their sight,
Encircled by Protestants true ?

And now that they're down can they hope to succeed,
When Orangemen stand in array,
For their King and their country determined to bleed,
The republicans shrink with dismay.
Oh ! no, 'tis too late :—all their plots we defy,
At their foolish attempts we may smile ;
Since William of Nassau in glory on high
Keeps watch o'er the Emerald Isle.

— — —
Oh, weep for the hour.

AN IRISH MELODY, BY AN APPRENTICE BOY OF DERRY.

Oh ! weep for the hour, when the iron hand of power
Was laid upon our grand association, O ;
When Goulbourn's vile bill broke us up against our will,
Preventing our dictating to the nation, O ;

We were organised men, who like tigers in a den,
Were panting to break out with indignation, O ;
To lay the country waste (void of human kind and beast),
And thus achieve our full emancipation, O.

With our bishops at our head, and our lawyers deeply
read,

The Church and State heretic deemed as lumber, O ;
To collect the "*holy rent*," were our pious clergy sent,
Full five-and-twenty hundred in number, O,

To their people, too, they read, like a vesper for the dead
An ambiguous and sulky exhortation, O ;

To remain in quiet state, in proportion to the hate
That they bear the glorious Reformation, O.

Scattered over Erin's Isle, they could threaten or beguile
And excite the mobs by methods rough or plastic, O ;
For the sake of mother church, to leave landlords in the
No drum so loud as drum ecclesiastic, O. [lurch.

What could noble Wellesley do, with his regulars so few,
But two-and-twenty thousand altogether, O ;
His infantry and horse, and constabulary force,
Compared to us, would weigh but as a feather, O.

For our numbers we would fix to be more than millions
six,

Not a greybeard or an infant in the number, O ;
Not a woman or a boy, to be reckoned as alloy :
We would beard the British Lion in his slumber, O.

Not an army from the north would presume to venture
forth,

The metropolis would bend to our opinion, O ;
Enniskillen we'd subdue, and the Derrymen so blue,
Should bend their knee to orthodox dominion, O.

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But, alas! the vision's gone, our commanders are undone,
And the only comfort left them is a danger, O ;
For if not purloined or spent, our twelve thousand pounds
of rent

May be confiscated by the Saxon stranger, O.

—◆—
Derry.

This was the place, whose martial sons alone
Supported freedom and the British throne ;
Adored the parent stem from whence it grew,
Bled to support its rights—and conquered too.

—◆—
No Surrender.

You Orangemen of each degree,
Unite and join, be firm and steady,
With heart and hand, like William's band,
And at your post be always ready.
To conquer those who are your foes,
And imitate those youths so tender,
Who shed their blood our rights to gain,
And raised the cry of "No Surrender."

Remember sixteen eighty-eight,
When the immortal William landed
On England's isle, our rights to gain,
And Popish James he countermanded.
He raised the Orangé banner high,
Surrounded by our rights' defenders ;
And with his chosen gallant band,
He made the Popish host surrender.

Then England's sons proclaimed him King,
As Israel's sons they once did David ;
When he so bold with sling and stone,
Goliath slew and Israel saved.
So William, like that youth so bold,
To idol gods was ne'er a bender ;
But, like him, with the sword of truth,
He made the Popish fiends surrender.

July the first day of old style,
The year sixteen hundred and ninety,
He cross'd the Boyne's impetuous stream,
According to the Lord's appointment,
To free our Irish Protestants
From Popish knaves and vile pretenders,
And with his chosen little band,
Of one to ten, made them surrender.

You Protestants, both high and low ;
Unite, join in confederation ;
Like William's band to make a stand
Unto a man throughout the nation ;
Like "dads" of old, who, as we're told,
With courage bold beat the Pretender,
And rid their land of rebel bands,
And raised the cry of "No Surrender."

Remember Aughrim, Vinegar-hill,
As well as Boyne and Enniskillen ;
And likewise those who closed the gates
Of Derry brave against the millions
Of Popish slaves and bigot knaves,
Who shed the blood of youths so tender ;
Around the walls of Derry still
The 'Prentice Boys cried "No Surrender."

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Now to conclude, and make an end
To these few lines which I have written,
Fill up your glass, round let it pass
In memory of those true Britons
Who shed their blood our rights to gain
The deeds of old may we remember,
And, like those heroes, raise the cry
Of "die," before that we surrender.

JOHN WILSON, D. C. M. Toronto.

The Original Lilliburlero.

Ho ! brother Teague, didst hear the decree—

Lilliburlero bullen a la—

Dat we shall have a new deputy ?

Lilliburlero bullen a la.

Chorus.

Lero, lero, lilliburlero lero, lero, bullen a la,

Lero, lero, lilliburlero lero, lero, bullen a la.

Ho, by St. Tyburn ! it is the Talbote—

Lilliburlero bullen a la ;

And we will cut de Englishman's trote,

Lilliburlero bullen a la.

Dough, bý my shoul ! the English do prate,

Lilliburlero bullen a la ;

De laws on dere side, and Christ knows what :

Lilliburlero bullen a la.

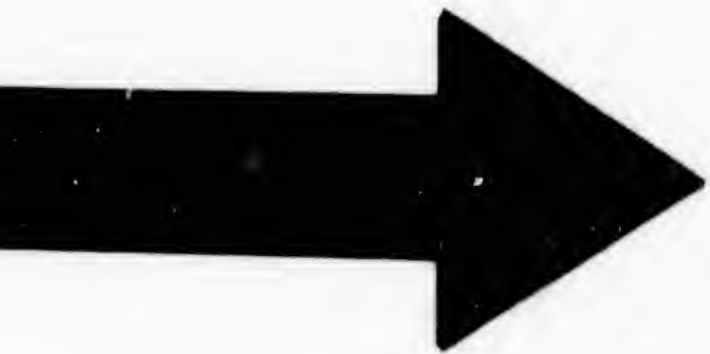
But if de dispense do come from the Pope,

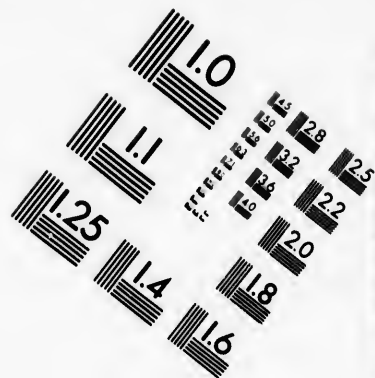
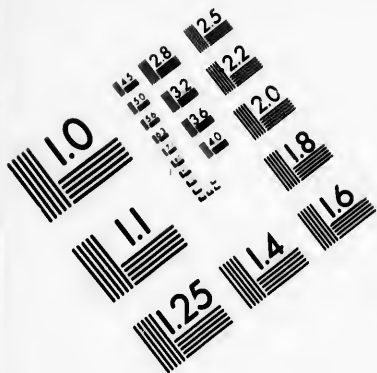
Lilliburlero bullen a la—

We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope,

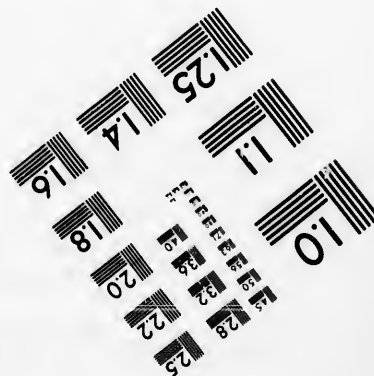
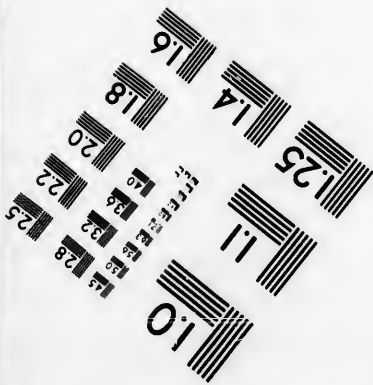
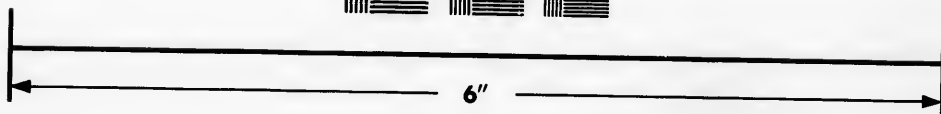
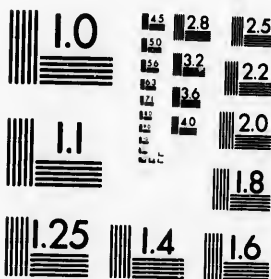
Lilliburlero bullen a la ;







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For de good Talbote is made a lord,
Lilliburlero bullen a la—

And with brave lads is coming abroad ;
Lilliburlero bullen a la.

Who all in France have taken a sware—
Lilliburlero bullen a la ;

Dat dey will have no Protestant heir,
Lilliburlero bullen a la.

Arrah, why but does he stay behind ?
Lilliburlero bullen a la ;

Oh ! by my shoul ! its a Protestant wind,
Lilliburlero bullen a la.

But see de Tyrconnell is gone ashore,
Lilliburlero bullen a la ;
And we shall have commissions galore,
Lilliburlero bullen a la.

And he that will not go to the mass,
Lilliburlero bullen a la ;
Shall be turned out and look like an ass,
Lilliburlero bullen a la.

Now, now the heretics all go down ;
Lilliburlero bullen a la ;
By de Pope and St. Patrick ! de nation's our own,
Lilliburlero bullen a la.

Dare was an ould prophecy found in a bog,
Lilliburlero bullen a la,
That—" Ireland should be ruled by an ass and a
Lilliburlero bullen a la. [hog."]

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And now dis prophecy is come to pass,
Lilliburlero bullen a la ;
For Talbot's de hog and James is de ass,
Lilliburlero bullen a la.

The Men of Skinner's Alley.

When tyranny's detested power
Had leagued with superstition,
And bigot James, in evil hour,
Began his luckless mission—
Still here survived the sacred flame,
Here freedom's sons did rally,
And consecrate to deathless fame
The men of Skinner's Alley.

When William came to set them free
From famine, fire, and water,
And the first dawn of liberty
Had blushed on the Boyne water,
Then they did fill to glorious Will ;
At such a toast who'd dally ?
While liberty and loyalty
Exist in Skinner's Alley.

And here, through each revolving year,
The sacred flame was cherished ;
Though lost in faction's fearful fray,
It once had nearly perished.
Until our fathers' spirits rose,—
While knaves stood shilly shally,
Then did we sing " God save the King,"
We men of Skinner's Alley.

And oft may we repeat that toast,
 By festive draughts elated ;
 While loyalty, our proudest boast,
 On every heart is seated.
 For ne'er can we forget the King,
 Round whom all virtues rally ;
 And our own William's name shall ring
 Each night in Skinner's Alley.

—◆—

The Orange Tree.

When William came to England, the King of it to be,
 He brought a plant along with him, called the old Orange
 tree ;
 He planted it in London, most glorious for to see,
 It spread forth its branches and defeated Popery.

Chorus.

Come, let us join in chorus and drink a toast all round
 To the memory of King William and the day that he
 was crowned ;
 Come, let us join with heart and hand, and evermore
 agree,
 Because we are the branches of this old Orange tree.

When William came to Ireland, the Protestants to join,
 He brought this tree along with him, and set it at the
 Boyne ;
 He crossed the Boyne courageously and beat them one
 to three,
 Proud Pharaoh's sons affrighted ran to see the Orange
 tree.

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'Twas in the year '98 Priest Murphy gave command
 To cut down the branches from off this holy land ;
 To cut down the branches, the roots would soon decay,
 Because they were not willing to join idolatry.

Now the winter it is past, and the summer's drawing
 near,
 Our Orange trees are budding in the spring-time of the
 year ;
 Our Orange trees are budding, and their roots are all
 alive,
 And for every branch they cut off, we have engrafted
 five.

The Six Prefests.

Six Priests dined together one Friday in Lent,
 To raise a rebellion it was their intent,
 With their long black cloaks and vestments so white.
 One swore by the Pope, others swore by the devil,
 Another roared out in terms more uncivil ;
 The fourth shouted out, by the powers of man,
 To raise a rebellion I'll do all I can,
 With my long black cloak and vestments so white.

The fifth he roared out, as he carv'd up some mutton,
 " O Lord ! how I'd like to be heretics gutting,
 With my long fork and great carving knife.
 " Bravo !" said the sixth, " I second your motion ;"
 Then those six holy sons of wine took their portion ;
 They all with one voice did truly agree
 That in Protestant blood they would wade to the knee,
 With their long black cloaks and vestments so white.

They toasted Lord Edward, and gave him three cheers,
They filled up three bumpers to traitors and Shears,
With their long black gowns and vestments so white ;
When a clap from each one made the house for to ring,
It's " God save the Pope, and down with the King ;"
The chairman cried out, as 'tis getting so late,
I'd better sit down and settle the state,
With our long black cloaks and vestments so white.

Then one of those priests to another did say,
If we chance to be taken we'll see Botany Bay,
With our long black cloaks and vestments so white ;
So take my advice, and kill all you can,
Spare not a woman, a child, or a man ;
For Heaven you'll get for doing such deeds,
And clearing the country of ruinous weeds,
With our long black cloaks and vestments so white.

The chairman arose, who was father McBride,
I have a plan in my pocket this town to divide,
With my long black cloak and vestments so white :
Here is Stephen's-green, I will give it to thee,
But as for the Castle it's for you and me ;
And as for the rest, you may all have the College,—
Then our holy religion will spread and get knowledge,
With our long black cloaks and vestments so white.

But in the arrangement there was a demur,
For just at this moment in stepped Major Sirr,
With his long sword and pistols so bright ;
O, it's then how they looked, and oh ! how they stared,
Had be been old Nick they could not be more scared :
The Major, well knowing they were desperate foes,
Instead of the Castle gave them the Provos !
With long black cloaks and vestments so white.

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The Battle of the Baltic.

Of Nelson and the north

Sing the glorious day's renown,

When to battle fierce came forth

All the might of Denmark's crown,

And her arms along the deep proudly shone :

By each gun the lighted brand,

In a bold determined hand,

And the prince of all the land

Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,

Lay their bulwarks on the brine,

While the sign of battle flew

O'er the lofty British line,

It was ten of April morn by the chime :

As they drifted on their path,

There was silence deep as death,

And the boldest held their breath,

For a time.

But the might of England flush'd

To anticipate the scene ;

And her van the fleetest rush'd

O'er the 'deadly space between.

“Hearts of Oak !” our captain cried,—when each gun,

From its adamant lips,

Spread a death-shade round the ships,

Like the hurricane eclipse

Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !

And the havoc did not slack,

Till a feeble cheer the Dane

To our cheering sent us back :

Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—

Then ceased—and all is wail,

As they strike the shattered sail,

Or in conflagration pale,

Light the gloom.

Now joy, old England, raise,

For the tidings of thy might ;

By the festal cities' blaze,

While the wine cup shines in light.

And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,

Let us think of them that sleep,

Full many a fathom deep,

By thy wild and stormy steep,

Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride,

Once so faithful and so true,

On the deck of Fame that died

With the gallant good Riou—

Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !

While the billow mournful rolls,

And the mermaid's song condoles,

Singing glory to the souls

Of the brave.

CAMPBELL.

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CAMPBELL.

Who dares to speak of Ninety-eight.

Who dares to speak of "Ninety-eight?"

Who blushes at the name?

Who dreads to meet the patriot's fate?

Who hangs his head with shame?

The abject slave,

Or rebel knave,

May treat his country thus;

But true men,

Like you men,

Will cast their lot with us.

When here they raised the banner red,

And loyal hearts seemed few,

Who foremost to the conflict sped?

The Orange and the Blue:

At duty's call

They one and all,

From lake, and ridge, and bush

Came,—true men,

Like you men,

And cast their lot with us.

Our sires may boast of "Ninety-eight,"

We boast of "Thirty-seven,"

From Gallows Hill, in daylight bright,

The rebel foe were driven;

They dare not wait

A soldier's fate,

But, craven-hearted, flew,

From true men,

Like you men,

The Orange and the Blue.

May Romish slaves be slaves no more,
 And Gallia's sons enjoy
 True liberty, past struggles o'er,
 Our peace without alloy :
 Old feuds forgot,
 One common lot,
 In our adopted land,
 And true men,
 Like you men,
 E'er fill our gallant band.

The Bible on our banner bright,
 Its impress on our brow,
 Its spirit as our sword for fight—
 We fear not foe, I trow.

 Should strangers dare
 To venture here,
 Their "stars and stripes" disown ;
 For true men,
 Like you men,
 The altar and the throne !

A MEMBER OF 387.

The Battle of Salamanca.

Loud roar'd the British thunder !
 Near Salamanca's towers ;
 French ranks were cut asunder,
 By Britain's daring pow'rs ;
 The fields were bathed in blood,
 For Spain and England's good :
 On that day thousands lay
 On the field of battle, O !

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MBER OF 387.

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ORANGE SONGS AND POEMS.

191

As the day was near retiring,
The conflict fierce began ;
Tremendous was the firing,
Which through the battle ran ;
The bayonets decide—
(The British soldier's pride !)
Th' awful sight, in the night,
On the field of battle, O !

And ere returning morrow
Had beamed on distant hills,
The foe, impress'd with horror,
Resigned the bloody fields
To victory's glorious son,
Immortal Wellington ;
Who remained, and obtained
The honor of the battle, O !

Where Doro's waves meander,
They urg'd their wayward course,
In speed to Penaranda,
Pursued by British force.
From plains with carnage spread,
Inglorious Marmont fled,
Wounded sore, in the roar,
On the field of battle, O !

Long shall this deed of glory
Re-echo to the skies,
And Wellington, in story,
Shall live till nature dies.
For valor he shall stand,
The Nelson of the land ;
And be blest—long caress'd
For Salamanca's battle, O !

Royal Black Song.

One night as I lay on my bed I fell into a dream,
 Through rugged ways I had to pass—to a sheepfold I
 came ; [spy,
 Nigh to a brook, with scrip and crook, a youth I there did
 I ask'd his name, he did exclaim, I am a shepherd boy—
 I am a shepherd boy—I am a shepherd boy,
 I ask'd his name, he did exclaim, I am a shepherd boy.

The sheepfold on a pleasant plain near to a camp it lay,
 The lovely lambs, all round their dams, did skip and
 sport and play ;
 The fields were green, all things I seen, they yielded me
 much joy,
 But nothing there I could compare with the young shep-
 herd boy. *Repeat.*

He got his pack plac'd on his back, a long staff in his
 hand, [mand ;
 And says this day I must obey my father's strict com-
 I ask'd him where he was bound for—he made me this
 reply :—
 To that camp there I must repair, although a shep-
 herd boy. *Repeat.*

My brethren they are in the camp, a-fighting for their
 King,
 These presents here, their hearts to cheer, I unto them
 must bring. [reply :
 I ask'd him how he could get there? he made me this
 A mark, said he, is left you see, to guide the shepherd
 boy. *Repeat.*

a dream,
 o a sheepfold I
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 outh I there did
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 herd boy,
 a shepherd boy.

o a camp it lay,
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Repeat.

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Repeat.

ghting for their

r, I unto them
 [reply :
 made me this
 e the shepherd
Repeat.

Then when he went into the camp I saw a curious sight,
 Both armies there they did prepare for to renew the
 fight ;

A man six cubits and a span his brethren did defy ;
 None in that place that man could face but the young
 shepherd boy.

Repeat.

The King, he says, " this Philistine, that fills the camp
 with awe ;

Whoever doth this monster kill shall be my son-in-law !"
 " Then I will go and lay him low," the youth he did
 reply.

" Go," and said he, " Lord be with thee, my valiant
 shepherd boy."

Repeat.

Out of a brook five stones he took, and put them in
 his scrip,

And o'er the plains, undaunted he, right manfully did
 trip ;

At the first blow, he laid him low—cut off his head forby ;
 He dropt his sling—they made a King of the young shep-
 herd boy.

Repeat.

Now to conclude and make an end to this my simple
 dream,

No man but he that's born free shall ever know the
 same :

Fill up your glass, round let it pass, for I am getting dry,
 And toast with me the memory of the young shepherd
 boy.

Repeat.

WM. JOHNSTON, Glasgow.

The Chosen Few.

You Orangemen all round the globe, praise God, who
did you send

The mighty William of Nassau, your rights for to defend ;
Who confounded every Popish plot, and with vengeance
did pursue

[few :

That wicked band, throughout the land, all for his chosen

Chorus.

All for his chosen few—all for his chosen few ;

That wicked band throughout the land, all for his chosen
few.

When Popery in all its dread, arrayed against us was,
Designed and deemed by hell's intent our brethren to
ensnare ;

But when King William did appear their schemes he
overthrew,

And with bloody fight, put them to flight, all with his
chosen few.

Chorus.

'Twas at the Boyne we plainly saw, as the hero rode
along,

He viewed their lines, and cried, brave boys, we must
fight them three to one ;

So follow me, my Britons bold ; their numbers we'll
pursue,

And with bloody fight put them to flight, all with our
chosen few.

Chorus.

At the hero's words, each Briton bold, like lions fought
their way,

And William's cry was, " Britons die, or else redeem
the day ;"

praise God, who
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Chorus.

e lions fought

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'Twas then we gave three loud huzzas—the word was
 to pursue ;

But the rebels' cry was, "run or die, for here's the
 chosen few."

Chorus.

At the hero's words, each Briton bold, like lions fought
 along, [the van :

And plunged into the rapid Boyne ; brave William led
 The glory of each Briton's soul is always to pursue,

And immortal fame we gain'd that day for William's
 chosen few.

Chorus.

As we then are the chosen few, brave boys, do not
 despair,

Though our enemies rage around us, we're God's
 peculiar care ; [crew,

Fear not the Pope, nor e'en the deil, nor all his wicked

But George's laws we will maintain with William's
 chosen few.

Chorus.

Let numbers be e'er so great or few, depend not in a
 throng ; [strong ;

The race is never with the swift, nor battle with the

Beware of all those Carmelites, their vows they wil'
 break through ;

Be this our plan, admit not one into our chosen few.

Chorus.

Fill now your glasses to the brim, and merrily toast around,

That loyalty, love, and harmony amongst us may abound ;

To God above the praise we'll give, to whom all praise
 is due,

And drink to William's memory, and all his chosen few.

Chorus.

The Battle of the Nile.

Arise, arise, Britannia's sons arise,
 And join in the shouts of the patriot throng ;
 Arise, arise, Britannia's sons arise,
 And let the heavens echo with your song.
 The genius of Albion, victory proclaiming,
 Flies through the world our rights and deeds maintaining ;
 While the battle of the Nile will be foremost on the file,
 And Nelson's, gallant Nelson's name recorded will be.

Chorus.

Then huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, boys,
 Mars guards for us what freedom did by charter gain ;
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
 Britannia still, Britannia rules the main.

The proud sons of France, with insulting haughty scorn,
 Have too long oppressed our neighbouring dependencies ;
 And vainly did hope that their conquests should be borne,
 With harmony, triumphant o'er the waves. [der,
 But Nelson soon taught them with peals of British thun-
 To the flag of Royal George 'twas their duty to surrender ;
 While the battle of the Nile shall be foremost on the file,
 And Nelson's, gallant Nelson's name recorded shall be.
 Then huzza, &c.

The councils above and deities of war
 Have determined to give to valor true renown ;
 And soon on the brow of each loyal British tar
 Was planted that splendid royal crown.

The loud trump of fame through heaven and earth was
 sounding, [ing ;
 With Howe, Jarvis, Duncan, and Nelson's name resound-
 While the battle of the Nile shall be foremost on the file,
 And Nelson's, gallant Nelson's name recorded shall be.
 Then huzza, &c.

Arouse, arouse, Britannia's sons arouse,
 And meet your protectors with open arms returning ;
 And view the spoils by blood that they have bought,
 For the glory of this happy, happy isle.
 While a British seaman's name hereafter shall be penn'd,
 A terror to his foe and an honor to his friend ;
 While at the battle of the Nile our children shall smile,
 And ages yet unborn share the glories of the day.
 Then huzza, &c.

Remembrances.

Awake, my muse, from youthful dream,
 Let by-gone days inspire a theme,
 Oh ! strike a note ('mid cheering gleam)
 For Britain's Constitution :
 No longer slumber in the hour
 When dark'ning clouds around us lower,
 Portending Rome's approaching power,
 With former persecution.

Bartholomew's, with mournful gloom,
 Points forward to the day of doom,
 Presaging wrath to heathen Rome,
 And all on her depending.

Old forty-one tells tales of blood,
 How Roe O'Neill, the brutal, stood,
 While round him flowed a purple flood—
 His base heart still unbending.

Hark! from old Derry's maiden wall
 The 'Prentice Boys defiance bawl,
 And "Roaring Meg" predicts the fall—
 Of James, and the Pretender.

Then Enniskillen, and the Boyne,
 With Aughrim, all in concert join,
 Refusing James's brazen coin,
 And shouting "No Surrender."

Next, ninety-eight doth plainly show,
 What every Protestant should know,
 That Rome shall ever be a foe
 To England's crown and altar;
 For why? it is her maxim still,
 All heretics 'tis right to kill;
 She wants the power,—but has the will
 To treat us to a halter.

Then if required for Britain's wear,
 With blood we will the compact seal,
 And swear, we never shall Repeal
 To Priest or Papist render:
 Should foreign foe come o'er the wave,
 To succour Erin's braggart knave,
 For each vile slave we'll have a grave;
 Then brothers, "No Surrender!"

SHANNON.

The Straw Humbug.

Hail ! Erin, most delightful land
 For strife and superstition ;
 Where Satan seems to govern
 And disseminate sedition.
 Where truth and reason strive in vain
 Dark ignorance to banish ;
 Where terror holds her midnight reign,
 And causes peace to vanish.

Chorus.

Tow, row, row, fal lal laddy,
 Daddly, bow, wow, wow.

Of rows and murders almost sick,
 Old Satan discontented,
 Of late a most surprising trick,
 For change of scene, invented.
 Sure none but he, or J. K. L.,*
 Who does this Isle enlighten,
 Could propagate so strange a spell
 The cholera to frighten.

But to my tale—the other night,
 Throughout the Irish nation,
 The Papists by their hurried flight,
 Soon caused an odd sensation ;
 For each made haste with straw in hand,
 Some “*votheen*” to alarm,
 And stay the plague that wastes the land
 By this all-potent charm.

J. K. L.—Doctor Doyle.

Here men and women, old and young,
As if by instinct guided,
With strings of beads around them hung,
And straw in haste provided,
Road, vale, and mountain scampered o'er,
In breathless trepidation ;
To reach their nearest neighbour's door
And at it make their station.

They burn'd their straws with pious care,
And on their knee-bones bended ;
And to the virgin Queen their prayer
Most fervently ascended :—
That she from Roman Catholics
Would have the plague arrested ;
But with it scourge the heretics,
Who long the isle infested.

But some of them who miss'd the mark,
Destroy'd the incantation ;
For as they hurried in the dark
To make their straw oblation,
Round doors of Protestants they knelt,
And for them supplicated ;
Which caused the holy spell to melt,
Like dews by sunbeams heated.

Yet, wrapped in mystery profound,
The humbug has arrived ;
Some Jesuit, for craft renown'd,
Must have the plot contrived,
To try how soon he could convey
The cry of devastation ;
Rouse, Catholics ! the Saxons slay,
And bravely free the nation.

ROBERT YOUNG.

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RT YOUNG.

Cardinal Wiseman.

We are Protestants true, and we Popery defy;
 We will never allow it our faith to destroy;
 For 'tis written in our hearts in letters blood-red—
 Remember at Smithfield our forefathers bled.

Chorus.

For Popery is shocking, boys,
 Red hats and stockings, boys;
 We will never let Popery rule o'er our land.

We fear no superstition,—the Pope with his chain,—
 We've been too long Scot free to be shackled again;
 Up, up every heart, with courage true blue,
 And down with old Wiseman and all of his crew.

If the Pope or his bull should to England arrive,
 We'd soon let him see there's more Cromwells alive;
 We would let loose our bull-dogs, and cut him in twain,
 And play him a tune, called "Crossing the Boyne!"

Up, up every man, and take the alarm,
 Or they'll serve you as once at Scullabogue barn,
 Where four or five hundred they burned alive,—
 We'll make them do penance if e'er they arrive.

There are four hundred Priests in Ireland, I'm told,
 Mutt'ring Latin to gods of brass, iron and gold;
 They may go to St. Peter to give them a lift,
 For we'll soon send our bull-dogs to set them adrift.

The virgin Rimini was blinking her eyes,
 And of her the Pope told a great many lies;

Up, up with the Church, and down with the Pope,
We'll never be govern'd by clock-work, I hope.

This Wiseman has tried every scheme that he knows,
But we'll make him beg pardon for touching the rose ;
We'll soon make him see that we'll have no concession,
Our wives and our children shan't go to confession.

The Orange and Blue shall fly in our town,
We'll stand to a man to put Popery down ;
They must smell of our powder, and taste of our ball,
And before we turn Papists, we'll die one and all.

Now come, ring your church bells and make a loud noise,
And chime—"NO SURRENDER!" "THE PROTESTANT
BOYS!"

The twelve Popish Bishops must shake every bone,—
With WISEMAN we'll send them all packing to Rome.

Then, hurrah for the Church! for its faith it is true!
Three cheers for the Orange, and three for the Blue!
Three groans for red stockings, and three for the Pope!
And may Wiseman and Company die by the rope.

N.B.—It will easily be seen that the Editor gives this a place solely because it was one of the most powerful auxiliaries to the late riots at Stockport, England.

A Pretty Maid.

A pretty maid (a Protestant) was to a Papist wed,
A member of the English Church she had been born
and bred ; [ne'er comply
It solely grieved her husband's heart that she would
To join the Popish Church of Rome, and heresy deny.

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ist wed,
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eresy deny.

He went unto the Romish Priest, to tell him his sad tale :
" My wife's an unbeliever, sir ; try if you can prevail ;
You say you can work miracles, she says it is absurd ;
Convince her and convert her, and I will you reward."

The Priest went with the gentleman, and thought to gain
a prize,

He said, " I will convert your wife, and open both her
eyes ;"

And when they came unto the house, the gentleman
then cries,

" The Priest has come to dine with us." " He's wel-
come," she replies.

The dinner being over, the Priest he then began
To explain unto the lady the sinful state of man ;
The kindness of our Saviour no Christian will deny,
Who gave himself a sacrifice and for our sins did die.

" I will return to-morrow—prepare some bread and wine ;
I will dispense the sacrament to satisfy your mind :"—
" I'll bake the cake," the lady says ; " you may," replied
he,

" And when this miracle you've seen, convinc'd I'm sure
you'll be."

The Priest then came accordingly,—the elements did
bless ;

The lady ask'd, " Sir, is it changed ?" his reverence
answered " Yes! [blood,—

" It's chang'd from real bread and wine, to real flesh and
You may depend upon it, it is the very God."

Then having bless'd the bread and wine, to eat they
did prepare ;

The lady said unto the Priest, "I'll have you now take
care,

For one half ounce of arsenic I have mix'd in the cake,
But as you have its nature chang'd, it can no diff'rence
make."

The Priest then stood confounded, and look'd as pale as
death,

The bread and wine fell from his hands, and he did
gasp for breath,—

"Bring me my horse," his reverence said, "this is a
cursed place:"

"Begone, begone!" the dame replies, "and never show
your face."

Her husband look'd confused, and not one word did say:
At length he spoke—"My dear," says he, "the Priest
has run away ;

Such mum'ry and such nonsense no Christian can
endure :

I'll go with you and will renounce the Babylonian
whore."

Adley

ON THE GRAND PROCESSION IN TORONTO CITY, JULY 12TH, 1852.

(Air,—"*Auld Langsyne*.")

Blest shade of that immortal King
Who nobly cross'd Boyne's flood,
Teach me his praises loud to sing
Who for us shed his blood.

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JULY 12TH, 1852.

d,

May every year new glory give
To those of William's line ;
And may his sons for ever live,
To meet their sire divine.

Chorus.

But here's to those who each July
Their brethren do join,
To celebrate the glorious day
King William cross'd the Boyne.

The Orangemen from far and near,
In July fifty-two,
By Toronto men invited were—
One thousand good and true ;
That in their city all should meet,
About the hour of noon,
And then proceed, from street to street,
Throughout that loyal town.

Chorus.

Then here's to those who each July
Their brethren do join,
To celebrate the glorious day
King William cross'd the Boyne.

(AIR,—"*Croppies, lie down.*")

With transports of joy they respond to the call,
Oh ! tell me their numbers—I can't count them all ;
But from Hamilton, Whitby, and Brantford they came,
One thousand brave men, in William's great name ;
And next came those heroes who gained their renown
In making at Slabtown the Croppies lie down.

Derry down, &c.

(AIR,—“*The Girl I left behind me.*”)

At twelve o'clock th' eleventh night,
 Twelve cannon shots were fired,
 To usher in that morn so bright—
 By all so much desired ;
 Joyful we greet the morning ray
 Which Heaven did distend us,
 Portentous of the heavenly day
 She was about to send us.

When day had put to flight the night,
 And noon was fast approaching,
 The Orange boys, with banners bright,
 Into our town were marching :
 In every place and every street
 The Orange flags were flying,
 And every band we there did meet
 Had Orange music playing.

(AIR,—“*The British Grenadiers.*”)

My friends, I pray you hasten,
 Each Lodge already moves ;
 Let each take up his station
 At the place of rendezvous.
 For some are there before us,
 Now free from every care ;
 Let's raise our colours o'er us
 And show them friends are near.

(AIR,—“*There's na guid luck.*”)

On high the Orange banner flew, and loudly beat the
 drum,
 And as each lodge its station knew, thrice loudly pealed
 our gun :

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Upon six large and milk-white steeds, six marshals
 knightly rode—
 Such steeds as that King William rode the day he cross'd
 Boyne's flood.

Our district masters took the front, the county followed
 next;
 And then came those of the grand lodge, in silken
 scarlet dress'd:
 In martial order all being formed, at one we left the
 ground,
 To cheer our hearts we played that march, we call
 "Croppies, lie down."

(AIR,—"*Lysnegade*.")

Each lodge one stand of colours had, and some had
 even two,
 And every man new ribbons wore of purple and of
 blue;
 With marching bands of warriors the plains were
 covered o'er,
 The earth groaned deep beneath their feet, and loudly
 roared the shore.

Repeat in chorus.—With marching bands.

As onward marched our Orangemen, a glorious sight
 was seen—
 Windows decked on either side in every hue but green;
 Ninety stands of banners bright high dazzled in the
 sun,
 And everywhere from van to rear was heard the Orange
 drum.

(AIR,—“*Lilliburlero*.”)

From street to street we marched away, all dress'd in
orange and purple gay,
Two thousand and ten were the number of men who
joined in procession on that happy day ;
But women and children linked to the brethren, far and
near came to see them in town,
Who alone, if permitted, were more than sufficient to
put every rebel and Ribbonman down.

Awake ! awake !

You Protestant Boys,

In the cause of your forefathers conquer or die ;

In memory of William,

We yearly assemble,

And join in procession each twelfth of July.

Repeat in chorus.—Awake ! awake !

In order and beauty and marshall'd array, we moved in
procession to the cricket ground,
As our drummers did beat and our fifers did play, re-
freshments in plenty we joyfully found ;
When luncheon was ended and all were delighted, our
Grand Chaplain Meyerhoffer feelingly said,—
To God we must pray and on him depend, and he will
for ever and ever befriend.

May the Orange boys last

Till ages are past ;

May the Royal Arch Purple and Blue men combine ;

May this watchword of mine

For ever be thine—

“**KING WILLIAM!** who conquered his foes at the
Boyne.”

Repeat.—May the Orange boys last, &c.

J. B. DAVIS, Virgin Lodge, Toronto.

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 Lodge, Toronto.

The Glorious Memory.

Orangemen ! we tribute owe,
 Which we'll pay while blood shall flow,
 Hearts in concord now echo

In joyous harmony :
 Sing of William, just and true,
 To whom our sacred rights are due,
 And ne'er forget, ye chosen few,

His Glorious Memory !

Greet the days of happy yore—
 Laud that era evermore

Which wasted Nassau to our shore,
 To banish slavery :
 Boundless thanks his deeds transcend,

Those in honor we'll defend,
 And cowards hoot who dare suspend

The Glorious Memory !

Sires, who fell in battle brave,
 Could you speak from the silent grave,
 View your sons, how they enslave

Their ancient pedigree—

You'd cry, revere the blood once shed,
 Support the cause for which we bled,
 O, ne'er concede till life is bled,

The Glorious Memory !

Sanguine strife may swell and rage,—
 Traitors fierce may warfare wage,
 Yet we'll hand to latest age

This crest in blazonry ;

Loyal, ever be your boast,—
 Mid the din of rebel host,

Undaunted give the charter toast—

The Glorious Memory !

Admiral Nelson.

Now listen, my hearers, awhile, if you please,
 And a comical story I'll tell soon,
 Of a tight little fellow well known on the seas,
 And his name it was Admiral Nelson.
 I'm sure you've all heard of his fame,
 How he fought like a devil wherever he came.

Spoken.—And maybe the Dutch, Spaniards, and
 French don't? Well then, they won't
 Have plenty of cause to remember the name
 Of my tight little Admiral Nelson.

His arm having lost at the fam'd Teneriffe,
 Never mind, says he, I shall get well soon;
 I shall catch them one day, as you see lads; and if
 They escape me, blame Admiral Nelson.
 To doubt what I promise were mighty absurd,
 For I left them my hand as a pledge of my word.

Spoken.—And so he did: arm and all, as good
 security; for you know the old proverb says
 That a bird in hand is worth two in the bush;
 So success to brave Admiral Nelson.

At length (to conclude) it would make the dead smile,
 Just to hear what Horatio befel soon;
 The French took a trip to the banks of the Nile,
 To make work for brave Admiral Nelson;
 And there he fell in with them close to the land,
 And he stuck to their skirts, as you may understand.

Spoken.—And in truth his Satanic Majesty him-
 self would have laughed
 To see how he lathered the French with one hand,—
 O, the world for brave Admiral Nelson.

ON.

If you please,
 On,
 On the seas,
 Nelson.
 Name,
 Ever he came.
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 Admiral Nelson.

THE

Church of England not a New Church.

The Popish Priest is at the door,
 His lamb-like voice we hear ;
 But we half detect the lion's roar,
 Though we will not stoop to fear.

There's a spirit in old England
 That cannot crouch to Rome ;
 Our fathers liv'd the brave and free,
 In their own, their island home.

The truths which ancient Britons knew
 Unto our hearts are known ;
 And we may not bend at the Popish Mass,
 Nor kneel to gods of stone.

Our Church is not a new-sprung Church ;
 It flourished in the land
 Before the slaves of Papal Rome
 Polluted England's strand.

We're of no sect ; our hearts are knit
 With Jesus Christ the Lord :
 And we will not change our ancient faith,
 Apostate ! at thy word !

Our faith is truth—the truth of God ;
 It blazes high and bright :
 We'll stand to it as our fathers stood,
 And may God defend the right.

M. A. STODDART.

Marschllaise for the Romans.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Arise! brave Romans, freedom calls you!

Now is the time to strike the blow!

Let not anathemas appal you—

Strike home, and lay the Pontiff low.

Who is this Priest would give salvation

To sinners with a single nod?

Who is this Priest, that says damnation

Hangs on his lips—is he a God?

To arms—Romans, to arms—

This demigod depose:

With sword and brand we'll take a stand

Against our subtle foes.

We asked him for a constitution:

He called us heretics and knaves—

But now our cry is retribution—

Romans no longer will be slaves.

We'll worship God, our common father—

He, who in glory ever reigns;

But, oh! as Christians, we would rather

Bow down to him without our chains.

To arms—Romans, to arms—

This demigod depose;

With sword and brand we'll take a stand

Against our subtle foes.

We want no Papal absolution—

There's only one who can absolve;

'Tis he can cleanse from all pollution—

To serve our God we now resolve.

Romans.

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live.

But this poor reptile's vain pretences
Of free salvation, we despise ;
He cannot pardon our offences,
Though he may try to blind our eyes.

To arms—Romans, to arms—
This demigod depose ;
With sword and brand we'll make a stand
Against our subtle foes.

Why should we not possess a nation !
We are not Jews—nor will we be
Afraid of excommunication—
Like Rome of old, we will be free.
Long we have bowed to superstition,
But now we'll bow to God alone ;
And by his help, the Inquisition
We'll level with the Papal Throne.

To arms—Romans, to arms—
This demigod depose ;
With sword and brand we'll make a stand
Against our subtle foes.

King Street, Toronto.

T. P.

—◆—

The Queen of Merry England.

O ! the Queen of merry England,
Who so loved as she ?
A gallant band may she command,
In all her kingdoms three ;

And there the smile of beauty,
 Still shines upon the free,
 O! the Queen of merry England,
 What Queen so blest as she?
 O! the Queen, &c.

O! the Queen of merry England,
 The rose upon its stem
 Shall twine with Erin's shamrock
 Around her diadem;
 While the thistle of Scotland
 Shall ne'er forgotten be;
 O! the Queen of merry England,
 What Queen so blest as she?
 O! the Queen, &c.

O! the Queen of merry England,
 When sounds the battle drum,
 With hearts of fire and swords of flame,
 A thousand warriors come,
 To drive from land our foemen,
 Or sweep them from the sea;
 O! the Queen of merry England,
 What Queen so blest as she?
 O! the Queen, &c.

To the Queen of merry England
 Our wine cups let us raise,
 And let the foremost toast be given
 Unto Victoria's praise;
 Hurrah! hurrah! the toast is,
 Victoria! three times three;
 Long may she live, the pride of the world,
 Victoria, fair and free!
 O! the Queen, &c.

Britannia's Revenge.

Britannia, musing o'er the deed
 By her brave sons achieved,
 In battle where the valiant bleed
 And death stalks forth unheeded ;
 Within her cave the goddess sat,
 And viewed the foaming ocean,
 Whose surges high began to beat
 In furious commotion !
 When lo ! a Triton from afar,
 Came floating in a watery car,
 " Haste !" he cried, " Britannia, rise,
 Succour bring, or Nelson dies !"
 Roused at the name of her fav'rite, she flew
 To the scene where the hero expos'd to her view,
 Alas ! was no more !

Frantic with grief, her locks she tore,
 And thro' the fleet engaging,
 The direful tale to all she bore,
 Amidst the battle raging :
 " Revenge, revenge !" aloud she cried,
 " To stimulate your fury,
 See yonder deck, how richly dy'd !
 'Tis Nelson's blood conjures ye ;
 By his dear manes, his parting breath,
 I charge you to avenge his death ;
 Let the British thunder go,
 Hurl destruction on the foe ;
 Let not his fall without something so great
 Be recorded to mark the lamentable fate
 Of an hero so great."

She ceas'd : and now great Nelson's name
From ship to ship resounded,
While France and Spain, enwrapp'd in flame,
Astonish'd and confounded,
Feebly oppose the vengeful ire,
In British hearts excited—
In vain to glory they aspire—
His death must be requited !
Unequal to the conflict's heat,
Though great numbers fill their fleet,
See, they strike ! vengeance sweep,
Rushing down th' unfathomed deep,
Sinks the confed'rates of proud France and Spain,
While the genius of Albion exulting claim
Victory ! Victory !

England's Wooden Walls.

What should fire a Briton's heart
When his land's in danger !
Courage and his patriot-strength—
To repel each stranger !

Should the foe insult our flag,
What shall cause his wonder ?
England's conquering wooden walls,
And their deep-mouth'd thunder.

Thus shall England ever prove
Great in warlike story,
And her Britons ever shine
In the page of glory !

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Heart and hand will e'er unite,
Fearless what befalls them ;
Ever ready, day or night,
When their country calls them !

The Death of Nelson.*Recitative.*

O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd,
Britannia mourn'd her hero, now at rest,
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
Whose leaves are water'd by a nation's tears.

Song.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay,
We saw the Frenchmen lay,
Each heart was bounding then ;
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men.
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home or beauty ;
Along the line this signal ran,
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar
Along the affrighted shore
Our Nelson led the way,
His ship the Victory nam'd,
Long be that victory fam'd !
For vict'ry crown'd the day.

But dearly was that conquest bought;
Too well the gallant hero fought,
For England, home, and beauty;
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

At last the fatal wound,
Which spread dismay around,
The hero's breast received;
"Heav'n fights upon our side,
The day's our own," he cried;
Now long enough I've lived.
In honour's cause my life was past,
In honour's cause I fall at last,
For England, home, and beauty!"
Thus ending life as he began,
England confess'd that every man
That day had done his duty.

◆

Heading of the Lead.

For England when with fav'ring gale
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
And, scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd;
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"By the deep—nine!"

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And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view;
 An abbey-tow'r, an harbour-fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true;
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 "By the mark—seven!"

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof.
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 Quarter less—five!"

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh:
 We shorten sail—she feels the tide—
 "Stand clear the cable," is the cry—
 The anchor's gone; we safely ride,
 The watch is set, and through the night,
 We hear the seamen with delight,
 Proclaim—"All's well!"

The British Grenadiers.

Upon the plains of Flanders,
 Our fathers long ago,
 They fought like Alexanders
 Beneath old Marlborough;

And still in fields of conquest,
Our valour bright has shone,
With Wolfe and Abercrombie,
And Moore and Wellington.

Our plumes were waved in combats,
That ne'er shall be forgot,
Where many a mighty squadron
Reeled backwards from our shot.
In charges from the bayonet,
We lead our bold compeers;
But Frenchmen like to stay not
For British grenadiers.

Once bravely at Vimiera
They hoped to play their parts,
And sing fal lira, lira,
To cheer their drooping hearts.
But English, Scotch and Paddy whacks,
We gave three hearty cheers,
And the French soon turned their backs
To the British grenadiers.

At St. Sebastiano's,
And Badajos's town,
Though raging like volcanoes
The shell and shot came down,
With courage never wincing,
We scale the ramparts high,
And waved the British ensign
In glorious victory.

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And what could Bonaparte,
With all his curassiers,
In battle do, at Waterloo,
With British grenadiers ?
Then ever sweet the drum shall beat
That march unto our ears,
Whose martial roll awakes the soul
Of British grenadiers.



England the Home of the World.

Hail to thee ! England, blest Isle of the ocean,
Thy proud deeds awaken the fondest emotion ;
Whose name shall for ever live famous in story,
The watch-word of freedom, the birth-place of glory ;
Thy sons they are brave and true to their duty,
Thy daughters are fair, lovely emblems of beauty :
The joys that surround, but in England are found,
In England the home of the world—
Couch'd is her Lion, Britannia reposes,
Encircled by laurels, amid her bright roses—
Her warriors at rest and her banners all furl'd.
Hail to thee England, &c.

Ye who inveigh 'gainst the land of the stranger,
Who would by disunion its blessings endanger,
Go seek foreign climes for a country so glorious
As England, old England, for ever victorious :
Her light was the beacon that guided to freedom,
When nations oppress'd call'd on England to aid them,

Her clarion she blew, stood steadfast and true,
 And spread her shield over the world.—
 Long may her navy, triumphantly sailing,
 And army, still conquer with courage unailing,
 Their thunder for ever 'gainst tyrants be hurl'd.
 Hail to thee England, &c.

Harry Bluff.

When a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his home,
 And his dear native land, o'er the ocean to roam :
 Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
 And was true British oak, boys, when older he grew.
 Though his body was weak, and his hands they were
 soft,
 When the signal was given, he the first went aloft,
 And the veterans all cried, he'll one day lead the van ;
 For though rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man,
 And the heart of a true British sailor.

When in manhood promoted, and burning for fame,
 Still in peace and in war Harry Bluff was the same ;
 So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
 The myrtle and laurel entwine o'er his grave.
 For his country he fell, when by victory crowned,
 The flag shot away, fell in tatters around ;
 The foe thought he'd struck—but he sung out avast !
 And the colours of England he nailed to the mast.
 Then he died like a true British sailor.

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Yo Brave Ho.

My name, d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've seen a little
service,

Where mighty billows roll and the loud tempests blow ;
I have sail'd with valiant Howe, I've sail'd with noble
Jervis,

And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out yo heave ho !
Yet more shall ye be knowing,

I was cockswain to Boscawen,

And even with brave Hawke I've nobly faced the foe.
Then put round the grog,

So we've that and our prog,

We'll laugh in care's face, and sing yo heave ho.

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was snivelling seen on the beach below,
I'd like to catch my eyes snivelling too, d'ye see to
thank her,

But I brought my sorrows up with a yo heave ho ;

For sailors though they have their jokes,

They love and feel like other folks,

Their duty to neglect must not come for to go ;

So I seiz'd the capstan bar,

Like a true honest tar,

And in spite of tears and sighs sung yo heave ho.

But the worst on't was that time when the little ones
were sickly,

And if they'd live or die, the doctor did not know ;

The word was giv'n to weigh so sudden and so quickly,

I thought my heart would break as I sung yo heave ho.

For Poll's so like her mother ;
 And as for Jack, her brother,
 The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe ;
 But in Providence I trust,
 What must be, must,
 So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out yo heave ho.

And now at last, laid up in a decentish condition,
 For I've only lost an eye and got a timber toe ;
 But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission,
 Nor again the anchor weigh with a yo heave ho.
 So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs,
 For my boy shall revenge my wrongs,
 And my girl shall breed young sailors nobly for to face
 the foe,
 Then to country and king,
 Fate no danger can bring,
 While the tars of old England sing out yo heave ho.

The Spanish Armada.

In May fifteen hundred and eighty and eight,
 Cries Philip, "The English I'll humble ;
 I've taken it into my Majesty's pate,
 And their lion, O, down he shall tumble !
 They, lords of the sea !"—then his sceptre he shook—
 "I'll prove it an arrant bravado.
 By Neptune ! I'll sweep 'em all into a nook,
 With the invincible Spanish Armada !"

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This fleet then sail'd out, and the winds they did blow,
 Their guns made a terrible clatter ;
 Our noble Queen Bess, 'cause she wanted to know,
 Quill'd her ruff, and cried, "Pray, what's the matter?"
 "They say, my good Queen," replied Howard so stout,
 "The Spaniard has drawn his toledo ;
 Cock sure that he'll thump us, and kick us about,
 With th' invincible Spanish Armada."

The Lord Mayor of London, a very wise man,
 What to do in this case vastly wonder'd ;
 Says the Queen, "Send me fifty good ships, if you can."
 Says my Lord, "Ma'am, I'll send in a hundred."
 Our fire-ships they soon struck their cannons all dumb,
 For the Dons ran to *ave* and *credo*.
 Great Medina roars out, "Sure the devil is come
 For th' invincible Spanish Armada."

On Effingham's squadron, though all in a breast,
 Like open-mouth curs they came howling ;
 His sugar-plums finding they could not digest,
 Away home they ran yelping and howling.
 Whene'er Britain's foes shall, with envy agog,
 In our Channel make such a bravado—
 Huzza, my brave boys ! we're still able to nog
 An invincible Spanish Armada !

JOHN O'KEEFFE.

Parody on "I'm Afloat."

Come arouse, my brave comrades, let what will betide,
 Our lodge room's our home and our system's our pride ;
 Up, up with our colours, that Papists may see
 We are loyal and brave, and we'll die or be free ;

We fear not vile priestcraft, we heed not its laws—
 We've our Master to guide us, to fight for our cause,
 And never as cowards or slaves will we kneel,
 While we've powder and ball and a good blade of steel !
 Then arouse, my brave comrades, let what may betide—
 Our lodge room's our home and our system's our pride !
 Up, up with our colours, that Papists may see
 We are loyal and brave, and we'll die or be free.

We are loyal, &c.

Tho' the loud voice of time-serving dupes may be heard,
 What matter, our flag waves aloft like a bird ;
 What to us is the threat of this place-hunting train,
 We have conquered before and we'll conquer again ;
 The shafts of these despots around us may fall—
 They may threaten, they may boast, but they cannot appal.
 With JEHOVAH above us and union below,
 Thro' the host of Pharaoh right onward we'll go.
 Then hurrah ! my brave comrades, our foes lie asleep,
 In memory of William fill high and drink deep ;
 Let your banners float proudly o'er land and o'er sea—
 We've conquered ! we've won ! now we're loyal and
 free.

We've conquered, &c.

A fine true-hearted Protestant.

AIR,—“ *A fine Old English Gentleman.* ”

I'll sing you an Orange song, made by strange old
 pate, [hate,
 Who, loving Papists in his heart, their doctrines vile did
 Of a fine true-hearted Protestant, faithful to Church and
 state, [EIGHT ;
 And our grand Constitution prized, of SIXTEEN EIGHTY.
 Like a fine true-hearted Protestant, one of
 the olden time.

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 ight for our cause,
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His heart and purse had ready been, to aid the good old
 cause,
 And his brave right hand drew the sword, in aid of
 King and laws ;
 When duty urged him into strife, he did not dare to
 pause,
 But taught to save all that he lov'd from Rome's de-
 vouring jaws ;
 Like a fine true-hearted Protestant, one of
 the olden time.

And when each year the sun shone out upon that hal-
 lowed day
 When William drove the tyrant James from Boyne's
 famed banks away—
 Yes, on each first day of July, he'd head the grand
 array
 Of those who bless'd their fathers' God for crushing
 Popish sway ;
 Like a fine true-hearted Protestant, one of
 the olden time.

And there were dangers in his path, yet felt he honest
 pride
 In their illustrious names and deeds, who in truth's
 cause have died ;
 And trusting only in his God, his bright sword by his
 side,
 Abroad, at home, in peace or strife, Rome's legions he
 defied ;
 Like a fine true-hearted Protestant, one of
 the olden time.

And now, in these degenerate days, when clouds are
 dark o'erhead,
 And there is little left to prize save memories of the
 dead ;
 When all the rights they won for us our foes have got
 instead,
 We must regain them all once more, even though our
 blood be shed ;

Like those fine true-hearted Protestants,
 men of the olden time.

—♦—
Chorus.

Be thou like the first apostles,
 Be thou like heroic Paul,
 If a free thought seeks expression,
 Speak it boldly ! Speak it all !
 Face thine enemies—accusers ;
 Scorn the prison, rack, and rod ;
 And if thou hast truth to utter,
 Speak—and leave the rest to God !

—♦—
The Glorious First of August.

Let Fame's loud trumpet now proclaim
 The glorious first of August ;
 Let time record great Nelson's name,
 And the glorious first of August !
 Let all loyal hearts with rapture smile,
 And toast the hero of the Nile,
 On his brows more wreaths of victory pile,
 Great as the first of August.

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Great Britain's navy now shall sway,
 And the world record her glory ;
 We'll hail her mistress of the sea,
 In each gallant naval story :
 Listening ages hereafter shall smile
 When record tells the glorious style
 In which the hero of the Nile
 Beat the French on the first of August.

The French may now, with doleful hearts,
 Their Bonaparte remember ;
 As he from Egypt's coast departs,
 On floats of rafts and timber :
 His troops must now stay there awhile,
 And organise the crocodile,
 Whilst brave Lord Nelson of the Nile
 Celebrates the first of August.

Let each loyal heart with me rejoice,
 And to Nelson fill a bumper ;
 Our British Admirals are the boys
 That make all nations wonder :
 We'll drink their healths, and give three cheers,
 And may they always beat Monsieurs,
 And our country each succeeding year
 Add laurels to the first of August.

With such a matchless hero who need fear
 Those gasconading Frenchmen,
 We'll drive to the d—l the Don and Monsieur,
 On their floating rafts of timber :
 Our yeomen so brave would march many a mile
 To back, if they could, the Lord of the Nile ;
 At their enemies they'd laugh as well as smile,
 With Nelson on the first of August.

The Pope's Dream.

I put out my light and stepped into bed
As Saint Peter's great clock struck twelve;
I soon fell asleep when I laid down my head—
Oh! terrible thought, such a weight of cold lead
Press'd hard on my chest: I thought I was dead,

And downward I fell,
With a hideous yell,
Amidst horrid gloom—
It look'd like a tomb;
And there on a stone,
Grim Death with a bone,

Appeared in the form of a man.

"Ah, ah! have I got you?" said he, with a frown;
"Thou wicked and subtle old Pope.
Come hither to me, thou contemptible clown,
And tell me for what thou hast gained thy renown:"
But ere I could reach him, a fiend knocked me down:

And then came a grin
From the angel of sin,
As on to my chest
He heavily prest,
And blew his cold breath,
The essence of death,

Which froze up my blood in a trice.

I shiver'd and turned as black as a coal,
As he sucked at my heart like a leech,
When to my relief the bell gave a toll,
And out crawled a worm with a light from his hole;
"Slimy," said Death, "take care of this soul,

For I must attend
On Wiseman his friend,
And drag him below,
Midst darkness and woe,
And crack all his bones,
In spite of his groans,
For the Cardinal's doom is just seal'd."

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Then upwards he went with a desperate spring,
 Which shook the whole earth to its base ;
 And far in the distance the flap of his wing
 Sent through the dark caverns a terrible ring,
 While ten thousand fiends cried, " Ah, he will bring
 Another poor soul,
 Through Purgatory's hole,
 To be torn by our claws
 For our hungry maws,
 And his spirit shall dwell
 On the confines of hell
 For a thousand and fifty years."

I looked for Slimy, and to my surprise
 He was quickly changing his shape :—
 His body was swelled to a marvellous size,
 And when he stepped forth, with a large pair of eyes,
 I knew him to be the father of lies :

The terrible beast
 Was dressed like a priest ;
 I had long been his friend—
 All things have an end ;
 What could I expect ?
 My hair stood erect,
 And I shook like an aspen leaf.

When Slimy came forth he curled up his tail,
 And made me a very low bow ;
 He told me he knew all mortals were frail,
 But if I attempted to weep or to wail
 He would send me off to Purgatory's jail ;
 Then he opened a book,
 With a treacherous look,
 And wrote down my name,
 With the ink in a flame,
 Which threw out a light
 Through the shades of the night,
 And made the dark caverns look blue.

"Pray, Mr. Devil," said I, "let me go,
Ere I die in a terrible fright:"
"Thou die," said the Devil, "thou wilt not die; no,
Thou art destined to live in regions of woe
For ever and ever, so get thee below."

Then he fixed in my jaw
The tip of his claw,
And through the foul air
I was hurled in despair;
I cannot now tell
The distance I fell—

It was two or three miles, I am sure.

While writhing, and weeping, and groaning with pain,
The gates of Perdition I saw;
I shrieked out for mercy, but shrieked out in vain—
Through sulphur and fire and thunder and rain
Three devils came bearing a pond'rous chain,

And fixed round my waist,
In a desperate haste,
A large iron ring,
Which closed with a spring;
Then cried, "Mr. Pope,
For thee there's no hope,

Come away, come away to the Shades."

The escutcheon over the gates of Hell
Appeared like the triple crown,
It filled me with horror—the fiend rang the bell,
And out of the gates came a sulphurous smell,
And then I was dragged, with a terrible yell,

Through many a maze,
And many a blaze,
'Midst burning lakes,
And fiery snakes,
And smoking hills,
And boiling rills.

To the shades of Purgatory.

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Through heaps of dry bones, which had rotted for years,
 I was dragged, and the horrible dust
 Flew into my eyes, my mouth and my ears,
 Which completely dried up my fountain of tears;
 And, to add to my woe, my anguish and fears,
 From under the bones
 Came horrible groans;
 The fiends heard the sound,
 And skipped round and round;
 And the iron ring,
 With its tightning spring,
 Sunk into my soul as they danced.

Ere the dance was done from out of the east
 Proserpine, the infernal Queen,
 Came forth in a flame, on a terrible beast;
 She had promised to join the carnivorous feast
 Which King Pluto gave, where many a priest
 Was baked and boiled,
 And some were oiled,
 And others fried,
 And some were dried,
 And not a few
 Made Pluto's stew,
 A dish that he very well liked.

When the Queen had passed, her fiery train
 Was joined by the devils three;
 And I, like a kite, at the end of the chain,
 Was dragged by the demon, nor did I complain,
 Though the flames of Hell were consuming my brain,
 And large fire flies
 Were stinging my eyes,
 And scorpions too
 Of every hue,
 With venomous stings,
 And prickly wings,
 Were sucking my blood on the way.

Like a comet, through the sultry air,
To King Pluto's palace we flew;
'Neath the porch near the gate a large grisly bear
Was crouching in anger to spring from his lair,
And Proserpino's vassals cried, " Pius, beware,
The scent of the feast
Makes the ravenous beast
Impatient to spring
At Pope, Priest or King :
Keep far from his chain,
Else you will be slain,
And thrown down the bottomless pit."

Then like a vile dog I was forced to crawl
Away from the terrible beast,
And then in a niche on a hook in the wall
I was hung by my chain, to await the call
Of the judges of Hell; 'twas enough to appal
The devil himself
And every elf
Of his hellish train ;
But they mocked my pain
And knotted my hair,
And then made me swear
To renounce the triple crown.

When King Pluto heard that I, like a dog,
Was chained to a hook in the wall,
He sent a vile imp in the form of a frog,
Who rode in great haste on the back of a hog ;
The infernal reptile I wished in a bog :
He told me the King
Had sent him to bring
The Pope, to make sport
To amuse his court,
And then on the hog,
Behind the vile frog,
I was hurried away to the feast.

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It was scarcely a minute ere the swine
 Flew into the banqueting room ;
 " Ah, ah ! " Pluto cried, " are you come to dine
 With the judges of Hell and Queen Proserpine ?
 Fly, blue devils, fly ; haste, haste with some wine
 To yon trembling thing :
 Quick ! quick ! " cried the King,
 " And take off his chain,
 And then soothe his pain,
 And bring him a seat,
 And give him some meat—
 The Pope has found grace in my sight."

Twelve fiery snakes, at a glance from the King,
 Soon coiled themselves into a chair ;
 While one coiled a seat in the form of a ring,
 Two others formed elbows—each darted a sting ;
 The back, too, was formed by a large slimy thing,
 And every leg
 And every peg
 Of the horrible chair
 Was made, I declare,
 Of reptiles of Hell ;
 And the sulphurous smell
 Which came from their throats made me faint.

I quickly revived, and the dreadful fright
 I had long been in pass'd away ;
 And when the blue devils, each bearing a light
 On the tip of his tail, with a flame so bright,
 Came dancing around, the comical sight
 Made me laugh right out,
 Like a drunken lout ;
 Then Queen Proserpine
 Told Pluto the wine
 Made Pius the priest
 Enliven the feast ;
 She was glad that I felt at home !

When the feast was done, great Pluto, the king,
Called on Rhadamanthus for a song:
I felt quite alarmed when I heard him sing;
His loud thundering voice made the palace ring,
Which the caverns below kept echoing;
 And grim Pluto scowled,
 And the devil howled,
 And the lofty mien
 Of the infernal Queen
 For a moment fell,
 While the host of Hell,
Gave a dreadful shriek as he sung:—

“Spirits of the burning mountain,
Spirits of the midnight air,
Spirits of the boiling fountain,
Spirits listen, then despair:
 Bells are ringing,
 Saints are singing,
And truth triumphs on the earth;
 Fiends are flying,
 Priests are dying.
While we thus appear in mirth.

“Pluto, thy great power is waning—
Italy will soon be free;
Mortals, paradise regaining,
Will obtain a victory:
 Bells are ringing,
 Saints are singing,
And truth triumphs on the earth;
 Fiends are flying,
 Priests are dying,
While we thus appear in mirth.

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“Rome will soon cast off the harlot,
And the creatures in her train ;
Those who walk arrayed in scarlet,
Leading souls to endless pain :
 Bells are ringing,
 Saints are singing,
And truth triumphs on the earth ;
 Fiends are flying,
 Priests are dying,
While we thus appear in mirth.

“Mortals have become enlightened,
Pope and devil they defy ;
Neither earth nor Hell have frightened
Those who pant for liberty :
 Bells are ringing,
 Saints are singing,
And truth triumphs on the earth ;
 Fiends are flying,
 Priests are dying,
While we thus appear in mirth.

“Devils, hark! a soul is falling
From the world where mortals dwell ;
List! it is the harlot calling—
She is driven back to Hell :
 Bells are ringing,
 Saints are singing,
And truth triumphs on the earth ;
 Fiends are flying,
 Priests are dying,
While we thus appear in mirth.”

What followed this song I cannot now tell,
Nor do I at all wish to know ;

Just let it suffice, 'midst the noise the great bell
Of Saint Peter's clock gave a stroke, and it fell
On my troubled ear, which broke the vile spell ;

And out of the bed,
With a throbbing head,
I jumped in a fright,
And called for a light :
The cardinals came—
Then, 'midst fear and shame,
I related my horrible dream.

T. P., Toronto.

No Purgatory.

When Pope Pius from earth did stray,
And upwards seek'd his aerial way,
To find what's fam'd in Romish story,
That cleansing place call'd *Purgatory* :
A place, the prophets ne'er could view ;
A place, that Christ ne'er named or knew ;
A place, as false and whimsical
As the famed island of Brazil ;
As, driven by storm to St. Lucee,
Some hopeless bird is forced to flee ;
Tired on the wing, he hoves about,
Some friendly asylum to find out ;
He hoves in vain—the deep appears,
And all around is wreck'd with fears ;
Ten thousand fears distract his soul,
To think he cannot find the goal ;
He stamps and rages at his sad doom,
And damns his lying Church of Rome !
At last he spies Heaven's shining gate,
And rapp'd, presumptuous in his heart ;

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He louder rapp'd—and louder still,
 Till St. Peter came,—“Pray what's your will?”
 His Holiness:—“From earth I came;
 The Pope, has been my common name,
 And in our church, each learn'd professor
 Calls me Christ's vicar, and your successor:
 And, what to heretics seem'd odd,
 I called myself Almighty God!”
 Quoth Peter—“Vain are all thy hopes,
 This gate has ne'er admitted Popes;
 And what may seem much stranger still,
 It will not now, and never will?”
 “Well,” quoth the Pope, “since this is so,
 One thing of you I fain would know,—
 Did KING WILLIAM lithe” come,
 Great Prince of Orange, foe to Rome;
 Who with his heretics did join,
 And slew my Papists at the Boyne?”
 Quoth Peter,—“William's in this place:
 Pray would you wish to see his face?”
 “No,” cried the Pope, “If William's there,
 By all that's holy, here I swear,
 Hell I'll prefer and Satan's clan
 To Heav'n and such an Orangeman;
 Or, if I had my book and bell,
 I'd ring him out of Heaven to Hell!”
 St. Peter shut the gate, and left
 The Pope of every hope bereft:
 So now enraged, most strange to tell,
 He sought out the gloomy gate of Hell.
 He knock'd there: a young fiend came,
 And told him “to send in his name.”
 Says he, “tell Lucifer, the Pope
 Depends on him, his latest hope;
 Since Heav'n is shut, he means to dwell
 And share with him his seat in Hell.”

Up came the Devil, amazed with fear,
And said, "No Pope shall enter here!
He that on earth did eat his God,
And feasted on his flesh and blood,
I shan't admit him, on my peril,
Lest he in Hell should eat the Devil!"

The Song of Miriam.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumph'd—his people are free!
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting!—The Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free!

Praise to the conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword;
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free?

Thos. Moore

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TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

THE QUEEN! God bless her!

His Royal Highness Prince Albert, Albert Prince of Wales, and every member of the Royal Family.

The glorious, pious, and immortal Memory of the great and good King William III. Prince of Orange and Nassau, who saved us from Popish tyranny and arbitrary power. May his services never be forgotten nor his principles be betrayed.

The inseparable connexion of Church and State.

The Army and Navy! May they ever be successful in overthrowing the enemies of our country.

The Memory of the brave Duke Schomberg, who lost his life fighting for liberty, during the memorable passage of the Boyne Water.

The Memory of the Reverend George Walker, the fearless and intrepid defender of Derry, who was ever foremost in the ranks of danger, with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, shouting "No Surrender!"

The Memory of the Thirteen gallant Apprentice Boys of Derry who slammed to the gates of their city in the face of the tyrant James.

The Memory of Sir David McKinley, who shewed King William the ford of the Boyne.

The Memory of Lord Nelson, the hero of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar.

The Memory of King George III. in whose reign the United Empire became the wonder of the world.

Long live the memory of his Royal Highness the Duke of York and Albany; the soldier's friend—the illustrious supporter of Protestant ascendancy in Church and State throughout the dominions of Great Britain.

The Memory of Ernest, King of Hanover, Ex-Grand Master of the Orange Institution.

The healths of the Right Hon. the Earl of Enniskillen, and the Orangemen of Great Britain and Ireland.

The Memory of the Right Hon. John Scott, Earl of Eldon; one of the brightest ornaments of the British Senate. Had his warnings been attended to, we should not now have to mourn the loss of the chief bulwarks of the Protestant cause.

The Memory of the Hon. and Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees, Bart.

The memory of that distinguished Poet and Historian, the Rev. John Graham.

"A leader, fearless at his post he stood,
Nor e'er to vile expediency would yield;
And from the slander of the rebel brood
His pen was found your safe protecting shield."

The health of George Benjamin, Esq., G. M., and the Orangemen of British North America.

The health of our Ex G. M. the father of the system in Canada, Ogle R. Gowan, Esq.

The health of the Right Hon. the Earl of Roden, the unwavering champion of true religion and Orange principles.

The health of Colonel Sir William Verner, Bart., M.P., whose family have been identified with the Orange Institution from its formation.

The health of Colonel Blaeker, and may all true Britons follow out his advice—"To put their trust in God, but mind and keep their powder dry."

The exports of Canada!—May Lord E—n be the first.

That the Romish Beads may never overcome the Bible.

The healths of James William Gregg, Esq., and the Apprentice Boys of Derry.

The land we live in. May it always be governed by a Protestant Monarch.

A sudden downfall to bigotry.

Our absent brethren.

Our visiting brethren.

The Constitution, the whole Constitution, and nothing but the Constitution.

May the Orange and Purple ever be triumphant.

The strength of Samson, the spirit of Joshua, and the wisdom of Solomon to all true Orangemen.

To all honest Orangemen round the globe, whether in weal or woe, in prosperity or adversity, at home or abroad.

Britons in unity, and unity in Britons.

May British virtue shine when every other light is out.

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May the pleasures of Britons be as pure as their breezes, and
 their virtues firm as their oaks.

May we, as Christians, be zealous without uncharitableness—
 as subjects, loyal without servility—and as citizens, free
 without faction.

Britain's sheet anchor, her tars, and the wooden walls of Old
 England.

May civil and religious liberty always go hand in hand.

The Queen, and may true Britons never be without her likeness
 in their pockets.

Holiness to our pastors, honesty to our magistrates, and
 humanity to our rulers.

The immortal memory of Lord Nelson, and may every British
 Admiral follow his example.

Brunswick's glory, and may it last until the end of time.

The Glorious Revolution which placed William on the Throne
 —and should another James attempt to deprive us of our
 rights, may another William be sent us.

TOAST AND ANECDOTE.—Shortly after the Protestant Revolution,
 the Ambassadors of France, Spain, and England being at
 dinner one day together, the French Ambassador proposed
 as a toast—"To the Sun, his master, Louis (XIV.) le
 grand." The Spanish Ambassador drank to his master,
 the King of Spain, as the Moon. The English Ambassador,
 the Earl of Stair, then drank to his master "King William
 III. as Joshua, the son of Nun, who commanded both Sun
 and Moon to stand still, until his people had avenged them-
 selves upon their enemies."



CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

After Christ.

110. The sign of the cross first used.
 117. Altars instituted by Sixtus First.
 154. Hygenus, Bishop of Rome, first takes the title of Pope.
 157. Penance first inflicted as a punishment. A sect called Abstincts arose who abstained from wine, flesh and marriage.
 250. Purgatory invented.
 357. Pope Liberius was an Arian.
 364. Marriage in Lent forbidden.
 432. St. Patrick preached the Gospel in Ireland.
 450. Extreme Unction comes into practice.
 511. Purgatory introduced.
 588. Offerings first instituted by Pope Pelagius II.
 606. Phocas, a murderer, Emperor of Constantinople, assists Boniface the Third to procure the title of Universal Bishop or Pope: hence the rise of Antichrist.
 634. The first Romish Altar erected in Britain.
 666. The Apocalyptic number. Pope Vitalian orders prayers to be said in the Latin tongue.
 708. The custom of kissing the Pope's toe introduced.
 712. The worship of Images introduced.
 727. Tax called Peter-pence imposed to support a college at Rome.
 752. Pope Zacharias begins to dispose of kingdoms. Charles the Great kisses the steps of the Altar as he goes up to the Pope.
 770. Monasteries dissolved in the east by Constantine.
 817. College of Cardinals founded by Pope Paschal.
 820. Claude, Bishop of Turin, propagates the truth in opposition to Popery. Multitudes about Savoy and Piedmont embrace and adhere to it.
 821. Pope Leo is murdered, and Michael II. succeeds.
 840. Transubstantiation introduced.
 891. Pope Formosus is guilty of perjury.
 896. Pope Stephen VII. is guilty of every vice, and dies by the rope.
 956. Pope John XII. was found guilty of blasphemy, perjury, sacrilege, adultery, incest and murder.

After Christ.

968. Baptism and Consecration of Bells introduced.
975. Pope Boniface VII. is deposed and banished for his crimes.
1015. Marriage of priests forbidden.
1033. Benedict IX. created at the age of twelve years, spends his days in debauchery, rapine and murder, and sold the See of Rome for £1500 to Gregory VI.
1041. The first sermon preached at the Coronation of Edward the Confessor.
1044. Three Popes call themselves Popes of Rome—viz., Sylvester, Gregory and Benedict.
1054. Leo IX. the first Pope that kept up any army.
1075. The Pope compels Henry IV., Emperor of Germany, to walk barefooted in the depth of winter, and to stand three days at his gate to implore pardon.
1132. Concubines allowed to the Priests.
1160. The Waldenses in Savoy, Piedmont and the South of France oppose Popery, on which account upwards of a million of them are afterwards murdered by the Papists.
1172. Henry II. King of England, having received a BULL to that effect from the Pope, takes possession of Ireland, which from that period has been governed by a Viceroy.
1182. Pope Alexander III. compels the Kings of England and France to hold the stirrups of his saddle when he mounted his horse.
1201. Prostration at the Elevation of the Host first required.
1204. The Inquisition begun.
1250. First appearance of Augustin Friars in England.
1253. The Dominicans receive full power over the Inquisition.
1294. Boniface VIII. denied the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Immortality of the Soul. He entered the Popedom like a Fox, reigned like a Lion, and died like a Dog!
1297. Crusade against the Albigenses.
1308. The *holy* See translated to Avignon, where it remained sixty-eight years, and until restored to Rome by Gregory XI.
1314. The Cardinals set fire to the conclave and burn it. They then separate, and for two years the Papal chair is vacant.
1334. The first Consecrated Altar by Pope Sylvester.
1364. The Triple Crown, or Tiara, first worn by Pope Urban V.
1369. Wickliffe first began the Reformation.
1370. Wickliffe becomes famous for his firm and decided opposition to Popery. John Huss and Jerome of Prague and their followers commence their opposition to Popery, are terribly persecuted, and at last put to death.

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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

247

After Christ.

1415. The Battle of Agincourt between the French and British, gained by Henry V. 10,000 French killed, and 14,000 taken prisoners, the English only losing 40! In the French army there were four times as many men as in the English.
1462. The first book printed, which was the Vulgate Bible.
1492. Pope Alexander VI. died of poison, which he had prepared for others, and drank by mistake.
1517. Luther began the Reformation.
1520. Henry VIII. entitled "*Defender of the Faith*" for his writings in support of Popery.
1525. Gustavus Vasa establishes the Reformed religion in Sweden.
1529. Luther and his illustrious adherents, at the Diet of Spire, make their celebrated Protest against Popery: hence the term PROTESTANT!
1534. The Reformation takes place in England. Canada is settled.
1536. The Pope excommunicates Henry VIII.
1539. The first authorized edition of the Bible published.
1553. October 1—Mary of bloody memory was crowned.
1554. February 12—Lady Jane Grey beheaded.
1556. Archbishop Craumer, Bishops Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, &c. with about three hundred other clergy and lay Protestants, are put to death by fire, and numbers perished in prison. Establishment of the order of Jesuits by Ignatius Loyola.
1558. Queen Mary dies of a dropsy. Queen Elizabeth succeeds her, and Protestantism is established.
1559. The Romanists rebel against Elizabeth.
1567. About 600,000 Protestants deserted their homes in the Netherlands and fled to other countries, owing to the terrible cruelty of the Duke of Alva, who boasted that besides those slain in battle he cut off 18,000 by the hand of the public executioner.
1572. August 24—Massacre of St. Bartholomew's, Paris. Upwards of 10,000 Protestants, with Admiral Coligny, &c. were inhumanly and cruelly butchered at the instance of the Pope. From the Palace of the Luxembourg the King (Charles IX.) amused himself by firing upon his Protestant subjects. The *Seine* was literally red with blood. A messenger was sent to Fome with the news. The Pope ordered the cannons to fire from the Castle of St. Angelo, the bells of the churches to ring, made the messenger a rich present, and bonfires, processions, &c. took place.

After Christ.

1588. To reclaim England to Popery an immense naval armament, consisting of 130 ships and 50,000 men, was fitted out in Spain, with the intention of invading England. The Pope came down to the sea shore to behold it, and baptised it the "Invincible Armada." Sir Francis Drake met it in the English Channel and defeated it. However, to God only be the praise, for the very elements of heaven fought against the invaders. On Michaelmas day, in this year, Queen Elizabeth being at dinner, and having a cup of wine before her, proposed as a toast, "Destruction to the Spanish Armada!" Soon after a messenger arrived with the news of the total defeat of that proud fleet.
1591. The University of Dublin (T. C. D.) founded.
1598. The Edict of Nantz gained by the Protestants.
1605. November 5—The Gunpowder Plot discovered. This was a scheme of the Jesuits to blow up King James I., his Queen, the Royal Family and both houses of Parliament.
1610. King Henry IV. is murdered at Paris by Ravallac, a Jesuit.
1618. The Emperor of Germany commences a war of extermination against the Protestants of Bohemia and of the Palatines of the Rhine.
1628. The Thirty-nine Articles of Religion published.
1641. Sir Phelim Roe O'Neill and his brutal followers rise in rebellion and massacre about 300,000 Protestants in Ireland.
1648. The treaty of Westphalia confirms liberty to the Palatine Protestants.
1649. Oliver Cromwell subdues the Irish rebels.
1677. Prince William of Orange and Nassau married to the Princess Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, (afterwards James II.)
1685. The Edict of Nantz infamously revoked by Louis XIV. and the Protestants cruelly persecuted. 50,000 fly to England. These introduce the arts, sciences, &c. with such effect as to make England the workshop of the world.
- Charles II. dies, and his brother, the Duke of York, succeeds as James II. and as a Protestant.
- In a week after his coronation King James goes openly to Mass.
1687. He receives the Pope's Nuncio.
1688. Formation of secret societies in favour of the Prince of Orange. Messengers are sent to the Hague stating the

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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

After Christ.

- 1688. extremes to which Protestants were put, and asking the Prince of Orange to become their deliverer.
- November 3—The fleet of the Prince of Orange in three squadrons passes the straits of Dover.
- November 4—Birthday of the Prince of Orange. His fleet arrives at Torbay, the colours at the masts being orange and blue. King James, reviewing his troops, is suddenly attacked with a violent bleeding at his nose. The Stuart Arms, in a window of Westminster Hall, fall at the feet of King James, and are dashed to pieces.
- November 5—The Prince of Orange lands in England.
- December 2—James abdicates the throne.
- December 7—The thirteen Apprentice Boys of the City of Derry close their gates against Lord Antrim's Redshanks and King James's Blackguards.

For particulars of the great Siege see "Derriana," by the Rev. John Graham, which can be had of T. McClear, Yonge-street, Toronto, and most other Protestant Booksellers.

- December 12—Flight of James II.
- December 15—The Protestants of the north-east of Ulster form a Protestant Association for mutual protection and in self-defence.
- December 18—The Enniskilleners address the men of Derry.
The East India Company is chartered.
- 1689. February 16—King William and Queen Mary proclaimed.
- March 22—James lands at Kinsale with an army.
- April 11—King William and Queen Mary crowned.
- April 18—James arrives before Derry.
- July 13—James issues an order prohibiting Protestants to leave their native parish.
- July 31.—One of the greatest victories achieved over the enemy during the revolution was obtained this day (not far from Newtownbutler) by two thousand Enniskilleners, under Colonels Lloyd, Tiffin, Wolsely and Berry. The enemy, consisting of six thousand men, were entirely routed! Two thousand were killed, five hundred were drowned in Lough Erne, and their general, with a great many other officers, non-commissioned officers, and four hundred privates were taken prisoners! The Enniskilleners also captured seven pieces of cannon, fourteen barrels of powder, a great quantity of cannon and musket balls, all their drums, and every stand of colours they possessed! The loss on the side of the Enniskilleners was only two officers and twenty privates. The password of the Enniskilleners was—"NO POPERY!"

After Christ.

1679. August 1—Derry relieved by a fleet under General Kirk.
September 13—James forbids Protestants to assemble together in any place of worship.

September 23—Lutterel, Viceroy under James, breaks open the Protestant churches of Dublin, enters the cemeteries, and exhumes the dead bodies of the Protestants.

General Mackey defeats James's army under Viscount Dundee (John Graham of Claverhouse), at the battle of Killycrankie.

1690. Early in this year Duke Schomberg lands near Hollywood, below Belfast, with an effective army for the assistance of the Protestants of Ireland. In drawing his heavy cannon over the Long Bridge at Belfast one of the arches gave way; he immediately proceeded south, but had only got as far as the River Boyne when he came in sight of King James's army, which had taken up its position on the south bank of that river.

June 14—King William III. lands near Carrickfergus.

June 18—James issues a proclamation forbidding more than three Protestants meeting together, under pain of death.

June 30—King William arrives at the Boyne, informs Duke Schomberg that "he came not to Ireland to let the grass grow under his feet," that he will attack the enemy on the morrow: reviews his troops by torch-light.

July 1—Was fought the ever-memorable Battle of the Boyne. Two kings in person contended for the throne of England, and here it was to be decided. On the south of the River Boyne lay the combined armies of Louis and James, consisting of the flower of French chivalry and nearly all the Popish bigots of England, Scotland and Ireland, headed by James Stuart in person. On the north of the river lay the troops of Duke Schomberg, with the Derry regiment raised by the Rev. George Walker and that raised in Fermanagh, then known and existing to the present day as the Enniskillen Dragoons, all commanded by King William III.

In the memorable passage of the Boyne Duke Schomberg and the Rev. George Walker lost their lives. The troops once over, King William courted the battle and won it.

July 6—King William makes his triumphal entry into Dublin.

In this year three Protestant Associations were formed—one in Dublin, known as the "Aldermen of Skinner's Alley;" one in Derry, that of the "Apprentice Boys;" and one in Enniskillen, called the "Boyne Society."

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251

After Christ.

1691. Sunday, July 12—Was fought the final battle of the Revolution, on the field of Aughrim. Protestants, 18,000; Papists, 25,000. The Papists had the advantages of sun, wind and ground. Nevertheless, our Protestant heroes once more gained the day in spite of all opposition. 7000 Papists were killed: the Protestants lost only 600.
1692. Early in this year was signed the Capitulation of Limerick, which finished the war in Ireland.
1693. The Bank of England chartered by King William.
1694. Queen Mary dies, aged 33, and William reigns alone.
1700. James II. dies at St. Germain's, in France.
1701. Society for the Propagation of the Gospel incorporated. Oath of Allegiance required. Succession in the line of Hanover established by law.
1702. King William dies, aged 50, and is succeeded by his sister-in-law, Anne of Denmark, (daughter of James II.)
1704. Gibraltar taken by the British. Battle of Blenheim, won by the Duke of Marlborough. 27,000 French killed, 13,000 prisoners taken. British loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, only 13,000.
1706. Union between England and Scotland.
1708. The Pretender attempts to invade Britain.
1709. Seven thousand families of poor Protestants were driven by the French from their habitations on the Rhine, and came to England. 500 families went under British protection to Ireland, and the rest were sent to America.
1714. Death of Queen Anne and accession of King George I. Here again Protestantism prevailed, as in the latter end of Anne's reign an attempt was about to be made to overthrow the Protestant religion and restore Popery and the Pretender.
1715. The Earl of Mar and the Highland clans turn out in rebellion in favor of the Pretender, Charles Stuart. The battles of Sheriff Muir and Preston settled the question, and the rebels were dispersed.
1745. A Protestant Association, similar to the Orange Society, is formed in England. The "Young Pretender," Charles Edward Stuart, makes a descent upon Scotland. Battle of Preston-pans fought, in which the celebrated Colonel Gardiner loses his life. Battle of Falkirk. Last and decisive battle fought on Culloden Moor, which settled the Stuart claims at once and for ever.
1756. One hundred and forty-six Englishmen are shut up in the "Black Hole of Calcutta," in the East Indies, of whom one-hundred and twenty-three were found dead next morning.

After Christ.

1759. General Wolfe is killed at Quebec, but gains the victory over the French for England.
1760. King George III. ascends the throne.
1773. The Jesuits expelled from the Pope's dominions.
1776. Three Protestant Defensive Associations formed, called severally the "Boyne," "True Blue" and "Union" Societies.
1777. Two other Protestant Associations formed, entitled the "Culloden" and "Enniskillen" Societies.
1778. The "Aughrim" Society formed.—Death of the great Lord Chatham, who is interred at the public expense in Westminster Abbey, in consequence of a vote of parliament.
1780. The Inquisition abolished in the Duke of Modena's dominions.—The torture abolished in France.
- The Protestant Association (headed by the Duke of Gordon), to the number of 50,000, go up to the House of Commons with their petition for the repeal of an act passed in favor of the Papists.
1781. The "Independent" Society and the "Muskerry True Blues" formed.
1782. Admiral Rodney obtains a signal victory over the French fleet.—The Royal George is sunk at Spithead.
1788. At the centenary celebration of the Relief of Derry, Dr. McDonnell, the Romish Bishop, walked in procession with the Apprentice Boys and other citizens to the Protestant Cathedral, and sat quietly in a pew during the proceedings. He wore on his breast a cross composed of orange ribbons. Indeed, up to that period, the Papists vied with their Protestant fellow-citizens in keeping up these joyful celebrations.
1794. Lord Howe's victory over the French fleet.
1795. The battle of the Diamond fought, and immediately afterwards the ORANGE Institution is fully organized, September 21.
1796. The first general Grand Lodge Meeting is held at Portadown, July 12.—Sir Ralph Abercrombie takes St. Lucia.—A Dutch fleet, consisting of nine ships, surrender to Admiral Elphinstone.—The French attempt to land in Bantry Bay, but are frustrated by the elements of heaven.
1797. The second general meeting of the Orange Institution is held at Portadown, July 12, Wm. Blacker, G. M., Thos. Verner, Esq., and David Verner, Esq., County G. M's., presiding.—Sir John Jervais gains a famous victory over the Spanish fleet.—Admiral Duncan defeats the Dutch fleet, and captures nine ships of the line.

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1798. A rebellion breaks out in Ireland. Thirty thousand Orangemen offer their services to Lord Camden, the Viceroy. Battles are fought at Arklov, Naas, Hacketstown, Baltinglass, Tara Hill, New Ross, Kilconnel Hill, Gore's Bridge, Antrim, Ballinahinch, &c. The Papists massacre the Protestants, sparing neither age nor sex, at Wexford and Vinegar Hill; they also collect about three hundred women and children, put them in a barn at Scullabogue, and burn them to ashes.—The French land at Killa, County Mayo, to assist the rebels, but afterwards surrender.—During the insurrection the Orangemen and Yeomanry performed signal services for the country, for which they are thanked by the military commanders, and on several subsequent periods by both Houses of Parliament.—The victory of the Nile achieved by Lord Nelson.—Sir J. B. Warren gains a victory over the French fleet off the coast of Ireland.
1800. Melita or Malta taken by the British.
1801. Thos. Verner, Esq., retires from the office of G. M. of the Orange Institution, and is succeeded by the Right Hon. Geo. Ogle, M.P., godfather of Ogle R. Gowan, Esq.—Union between Great Britain and Ireland carried.—Victory over the French in Egypt.—Death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie.—Lord Nelson and Sir Hyde Parker destroy the French fleet at Copenhagen.—Conquest of Egypt completed by General Hutchinson.
1802. So effective was the Orange Society at this time that the government were enabled to withdraw the military force from the country, and to trust the loyal Orange yeomanry with its security and safety.
1803. The invasion of England threatened by the French.—An insurrection breaks out in Dublin at the instance of Robert Emmet, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, &c.—Lord Kilwarden is murdered.—As usual, the rebels are beaten and their leaders treated according to their deserts.
1805. Battle of Trafalgar and death of Lord Nelson. Funeral of Lord Nelson and grand procession to St. Paul's.—Death of William Pitt.
1807. The Orange Institution has 1300 Lodges in operation.—System extended to England.—G. L. formed in Manchester.
1809. July 1.—Colonel Anorial, Brigade Major, having refused to inspect the yeomanry of Bandon, because each wore an Orange lily in his cap, the entire corps, numbering six hundred, laid down their arms!—Battle of Corunna,

After Christ.

1800. in Spain, and death of General Sir John Moore.—
Battle of Talavera and repulse of the French.
1812. Battles of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Barossa, &c. &c.—The Americans are defeated in Upper Canada.—Death of General Brock.
1813. The American ship Chesapeake is taken by the British ship Shannon in fifteen minutes.—Lord Wellington gains a brilliant victory at Vittoria, taking 151 cannon, 415 ammunition waggons, all the baggage and provisions, and 5000 prisoners.
1814. Sir Robert Peel sustains the Orange cause in Parliament.—Marshal Beresford enters Bordeaux.—Napoleon abdicates the crown of France.—Louis XVIII. enters Paris.—The Pope is forced to flee.—Washington city is captured by the British.
1815. Battle of Waterloo.—Final defeat of Napoleon.—The thanks of Parliament are voted to the Duke of Wellington.—Buonaparte abdicates the crown, and is banished to St. Helena.—Peace proclaimed.
1820. The Orange system revised and improved. General Archdall, M.P., Grand Master; Sir Abraham Bradley King, D. G. M.—Death of his most excellent Majesty King George III. aged 81, after a reign of fifty-nine years and three months.—Accession of George IV.
1821. The Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin, with the Grand Officers of the Orange Society, go over to London in state and present the loyal address voted by the Grand Lodge of Ireland to his Majesty.—His Royal Highness Frederick Duke of York is appointed Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Great Britain; the Right Hon. Lord Kenyon is appointed Deputy Grand Master.—Grand Officers for Ireland:—The Right Hon. the Earl O'Neill, K.S.P., &c. &c., Grand Master; and Colonel Blacker, Deputy Grand Master.
1823. The Hon. George Robert Dawson defends the Orange institution in Parliament.
1824. The "New System" introduced into the Orange Institution.—Processions discountenanced by the Grand Lodge.
1825. Dissolution of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland.—The Catholic Association suppressed.—Organization of the "Benevolent Loyal Orange Institution," (which existed until 1829), the Duke of Gordon, Grand Patron; the Earl of Aldborough, Grand Master; the Hon. and Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees, Bart., Deputy Grand Patron; Lord Mountmorris, Deputy Grand Master; and Ogle R. Gowan, Esq., Grand Secretary.

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1827. His Royal Highness Frederick Duke of York and Albany departed this life.
1828. Formation of the Brunswick Clubs.—Battle of Navarino.—Sir Edward Codrington achieves a brilliant victory over the Turks.
1829. Prince Ernest Augustus Duke of Cumberland appointed Grand Master, and the Earl of Enniskillen Deputy Grand Master, of the Grand Orange Lodge.—The Popish Emancipation Bill receives the Royal assent.
1830. January 1—In the Court House of Brockville, Upper Canada, was first formed the Grand Orange Lodge of British North America, Ogle R. Gowan, Esq., elected Grand Master, which office he holds until June 1846.—Capture of Algiers.—Death of George IV. and accession of William IV.
1832. At a meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of England, his Royal Highness Prince Ernest Augustus Duke of Cumberland, Grand Master, in the chair, the election of Ogle R. Gowan, Esq., as Grand Master of British North America, was confirmed. On this occasion all the acts of Mr. Gowan, in connection with the Orange Institution, were pronounced valid and in strict accordance with the principles of the Orange Institution. In 1835 the foregoing was sworn to before the Orange Committee of the House of Commons.—Passing of the Reform Bill.—In this year Pope Gregory XVI. caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. A copy of it is at present in possession of a gentleman in the city of Derry. This fact is mentioned to prove that Popery is the same now as in 1572.
1836. The Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland is dissolved at the request of Ernest, King of Hanover, Grand Master.
1837. The rebellion breaks out in Canada.—An action takes place at St. Charles between a party of soldiers under Col. Wetherall, and a large party of rebels; about 300 rebels are killed, and their leaders escape to the United States.—The rebels collect on Yonge-street, under Wm. Lyon McKenzie, but are dispersed by the loyalists of Toronto.—McKenzie flies to the United States.—The Orangemen and loyalists of Canada during this winter left their families and their homes, and turned out to support the government. To them chiefly is Great Britain indebted for her possession of this colony at the present moment.—The American steamer Caroline is taken possession of at Navy Island by a few Canadians, is set on fire, sent over the Falls of Niagara, and dashed to pieces.

After Christ.

1838. Rebellion in Lower Canada.—Rebels defeated.—Death of King William IV. and coronation of Queen Victoria.—Great battle at Prescott in Upper Canada. The Americans, under General Von Shoultz, entirely defeated, with the loss of 50 killed, 16 wounded, and 167 taken prisoner. The loyalists lost 2 officers and 11 rank and file killed, and 4 officers (Lieut. Col. Ogle R. Gowan being one of the four) and 63 rank and file wounded. Shortly after this decisive engagement a "General Order" was promulgated by his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor and Major General Commanding (Sir George Arthur), conferring upon the Ninth Provisional Battalion, under Lieut. Col. Gowan, the title of the *Queen's Royal Borderers*, in acknowledgment of its gallant conduct on that occasion; and also, "the Major General's warmest thanks to Lieut. Col. Gowan, confident that the gallant example he had shewn would be followed with equal loyalty and spirit by the militia of the province."
1840. Brock's Monument destroyed by an American.—Marriage of Queen Victoria to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, of Saxe Cobourg and Gotha.
1841. The Canadas united.—Alexander McLeod arrested in the State of New York for having been concerned in the burning of the *Caroline*, is imprisoned at Lockport, removed afterwards to New York, his trial takes place at Utica, and a verdict returned of not guilty.
1844. Organization of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ulster.—The Anti-Procession Act (Canada) comes into operation.
1845. Organization of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland.—Repeal of the Party Procession Act (Ireland) which had been in force for fifteen years, though only enacted for five.
1846. Election of George Benjamin, Esq., to be Grand Master of the Grand Orange Lodge of British North America.—From the formation of the Grand Lodge in 1830—viz., sixteen years—the chair had been filled by Mr. Gowan.
1847. Death of O'Connell.—Tom Steele, the repeal mountebank, attempts to commit suicide, by throwing himself into the Thames. In consequence of his fall he dies in a few hours.
1848. Mitchell, Meagher, Martin and Smith O'Brien are arrested for sedition and treason, and are all transported.—The Orange Institute recognised by the Viceroy of Ireland as a loyal body.
1849. Flight of Pope Pius from Rome.—Monster processions

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1849. over all Ireland on the 12th July. At a place called Dolly's Brae, County Down, a murderous attack was made on the military and the Orangemen by a lawless hoard of Papists; but, as in most other cases, they were beaten off the ground.—The Protestant Association of the United States instituted; William Shannon, Grand Master.—Burning of the Parliament House in Montreal.—Lord Elgin is not allowed to land at Brockville, and, on arriving at Toronto, is welcomed by a rotten egg reception; twelve persons are apprehended, of whom three only are victimised.—July 12.—The affair at Slabtown takes place. Twenty-three Orangemen, while at dinner, were attacked by a mob of about four hundred Papists. The Orangemen sallied out, wounded several "Mickey's," and chased the entire mob from the scene of action. In 1852 the Orangemen of Toronto presented each of the Slabtown brethren with a silver medal, elegantly executed, as a mark of the esteem in which they were held, for their gallantry and good conduct.
1850. First public parade of the Protestant Association in the United States, pronounced by the local papers to have been the most splendid display of the season. During the passing of the procession through the streets of Pittsburgh, there was hardly room for a person to pass.—Extension of the society over five States of the Union.—Papal aggression in England.—Second appearance of the United States Protestant Association. At the funeral of President Taylor, the Association turned out in full regalia, at least 350 strong. William Shannon, Grand Master, is complimented by the chief marshal on the fine appearance of the men under him, and, as an infant association, it is assigned the post of honor next to the military.
1851. Repeal of the (Canada) Party Processions Act.—The Grand Orange Lodge of British North America, at its annual meeting, voted the sum of £100 as a gift to their Grand Master, George Benjamin, Esq.—The Orangemen of Toronto are invited to be present at the turning of the first sod of the Northern Railroad by Lady Elgin. The Firemen, St. George's, St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's, the Masonic and the Odd Fellows' Societies, the Sons of Temperance, and the Loyal Orange Institution, all turned out in strong numbers and in bright array at the request of the Directors, to honor the occasion. Unpopular as Lord Elgin certainly was with the friends of law and order, no outward mark of disgust was evinced towards

^{After Christ.}

1851. him, though, when some person proposed three cheers for him, not a single loyalist took off his hat or otherwise responded to the call. The cheer was a miserable failure. It was a proud triumph for the Orangemen!— Meeting of the Anti-Clergy Reserve Association in the St. Lawrence Hall. Counter resolutions were put and carried by the conservatives, the chairman moved from the chair, and the radicals voted down.—Another meeting of the same clique, called by the Mayor, and under authority of an Act of Parliament, no man with firearms to approach within two miles of the place of meeting for twenty-four hours, under a penalty. The conservatives meet in the Lower Market Square openly; permission is given for any person to address the meeting, everything is done in good order, and the meeting breaks up after singing God Save the Queen and Rule Britannia. The members retired from the place of meeting cheering, but having heard a good deal about the hole-and-corner meeting of the radicals, whose deliberations were conducted within closed doors, the crowd gathered towards the front of the St. Lawrence Hall, the cheering continued, and the radicals, frightened almost out of their wits, made affidavit that they were afraid of bodily injury, and so forth, and so an express was sent off to the fort for a detachment of the 71st Highland Light Infantry. Meantime there was some confusion about the doors, a billet of wood, thrown from one of the windows, was replied to by a shower of stones, the gas was turned off, several lights demolished, his Worship the Mayor was severely cut with a stone on the head, and one of the police had the skirts torn off his coat. Soon afterwards the military came down King Street in double quick time, the radicals then took courage, and crawled forth from concealment. The opposition however kept to the ground until even the military left, and made King Street resound with hearty cheers and as hearty groans. Thus ended the matter. Subsequently a reward was offered for information as to the person who struck his Worship the Mayor, but it was never claimed. This decision on the part of the conservatives settled the radicals for the nonce.—The Provincial Parliament is removed from Toronto to Quebec. At the prorogation the Governor General, Lord Elgin, was escorted by a guard of honor from the 71st Highland Light Infantry, the militia of the vicinity, and the pensioners under Major Tulloch, yet, with all this

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1851. protection, his Excellency looked doubtfully around him, on this side and on that, just as if he were not exactly certain but that * * * * *. Some friends of the Governor (by the way, a York shilling would treat the whole of them) endeavoured to raise a cheer, but did not succeed, and save one drunken fellow, who exclaimed "there ye's go, and the devil go wid ye's," there were few remarks on the subject.—Death of his Majesty King Ernest Augustus of Hanover, Ex-Grand Master of the Orange Institution.
1852. The largest Orange procession ever seen in Canada took place in Toronto, July 12. At least 10,000 Orangemen were on the ground appointed for the rendezvous. The procession was two miles in length, and occupied three-quarters of an hour passing any given point. On the Cricket ground refreshments were served gratis to the visiting brethren, after which the entire multitude was addressed by the Rev. Chaplain Brother Meyerhoffer, also by Ogle R. Gowan, Esq., Richard Dempsey, Esq., Jr. D. G. M., and Brother Balfour, of Brantford. During the day the greatest order prevailed. No offences were given, no quarrelling, no drunkenness, and all retired to their respective homes even earlier than usual. Next day there was not a single case before the Police Magistrate. Much credit is due to the Orangemen for their good conduct, to their officers for their zeal in keeping everything all right, and to the Mayor, the chief of police, and the men under him, for their services in keeping back the crowds who thronged the way, and otherwise acting for the preservation of the peace.
- Next day a telegraphic despatch was received that the Papists had assembled at Hamilton, and would certainly attack the Orangemen of that place on their return by the *City of Hamilton* steamer. Accordingly, as the visitors were few in number, some thirty of the citizens of Toronto volunteered to see them safe home. During the trip upwards proper arrangements were made for the expected affray. In order to give no offence to any one the flags were taken off the poles and put away, and orders were issued to use the greatest forbearance, and on no account to fire until endurance could not further be borne. On landing, the Orangemen who had no weapons were placed in the centre, with the armed men in the front, rear and on either side. As was expected, about four hundred semi-savages awaited their landing,

After Christ.

1852. prepared with stones, &c. to do their best. Several showers of these missiles were thrown at the Orangemen. The city authorities have borne witness that the good conduct and forbearance of the Orangemen were exemplary. An attack was also made on a Protestant drum, in defending which a Protestant named Campbell was stabbed with a large bowie-knife, which was described by the witnesses on the trial as a "*most formidable weapon*," marked "*Arkansas Tooth-pick*." In retaliation, about six shots were fired, four or five persons were wounded, one died almost immediately, one other was mortally wounded, and the others will carry their marks to the grave. The entire mob, as usual, was routed. The writer of this is a man of peace. He wishes to live on terms of amity and friendship with all mankind, but, in the words of Sir R. Peel, he would state, that "I can have no sympathy with cut-throats, traitors and murderers." Conciliation has proved ineffectual to cure the "*Mickeys*" of their vile and wicked practices, and if they will court death, why, even let them have it, and may the Lord have mercy on their blood-thirsty souls!

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THE POPES OF ROME.

BY LOUIS MARIE DE CORMENIN.

The History of the Popes runs through a series of ages,
 during which the Bishops of Rome, whose mission was to
 announce to men a divine religion, have forgotten it in their
 pride of power; have outraged the morality of Christ, and
 become the scourge of the human race.

Here is seen a frightful picture of monstrous debaucheries,
 bloody wars, memorable schisms and revolutions. Its recital
 embraces the long succession of Pontiff's celebrated for their
 crimes, or illustrious for their exploits.

The wisdom of ages has caused blind fanaticism to disappear;
 reason and tolerance have replaced the religious passions which
 drove men to the most horrible extremes, and caused them to
 resemble tigers, gorged with blood, rather than human beings.

The pride of Popes, and their insatiable ambition, found in
 absolute monarchs powerful and frequently docile auxiliaries,
 in imposing upon the people their execrable wishes, in over-
 whelming the weak, in aggrandizing their estates, and at length
 in reaching so great a height of audacity, that they called them-
 selves the representatives of God upon earth, and arrogated the
 right of giving away kingdoms, deposing princes, and dividing
 the world.

The shades of ignorance then obscured the mind; the people,
 stupified in a frightful slavery, rent each other like wild beasts,
 in order to please their tyrants, and subserve their ill-regulated
 passions. Ages of misfortune, massacres, incendiarism and
 famine!

Abusing the credulity of the people, kings destroyed empires
 in their senseless way, and made a desert alike of the city and
 the country.

The Popes, more loose and savage than the tyrants of ancient
 Rome and Byzantium, seated upon the pontifical chair, crowned

with a triple diadem of pride, hypocrisy and fanaticism—surrounded by assassins, poisoners, and courtiers—surrendered themselves to all kinds of debauchery, and insulted the public misfortunes.

But the darkness is dissipated; murder, assassination, misery, and devastation, have given place to truth—eternal truth, which the policy and the cruelty of kings had buried under the rubbish of empires!

History—great and magnificent lesson! it wanders through the past when the pitiless barbarity of priests, aided by the ignorance of men, overwhelmed the world; when the inhabitants of the country, naked and ragged, caused horror in the brigands themselves, who found nothing left to pillage but dead bodies. It recalls the epochs of disaster, confusion and solitude, when the smallest farm houses among English, French and Romans, were armed against the wretches in the pay of kings and nobles, who were greedily for their prey; all were bent on pillaging the labourer and massacring the people; and, astonishing and horrible to relate, the very animals, accustomed to the sound of the tocsin, a signal of the arrival of the soldiery, ran without guides to their hiding places.

Nations will learn to judge of emperors and kings, inflexible and inexorable despots, who drove on millions of men to cruel wars, in order to sustain the most unjust pretensions, augment the number of their slaves, increase their wealth, satisfy the unbridled luxury of their courtiers, satiate the avidity of their mistresses, or perhaps occupy the unquiet and restless spirit of a king devoured with *ennui*.

The people will learn great truths from history: they will learn by what bold impiety, what sacrilegious deeds, popes and kings have been the causes of the greatest misfortunes to Europe, during two thousand years of tyranny and fanaticism.

During the reign of Tiberius appeared a man, the son of Mary, called Christ. The nations were plunged in ignorance; the law of Moses was obscured by human traditions; the morals of the Israelites, and of those of other people, were in a like degree of corruption. This man, all extraordinary, all divine, did not content himself with mourning over the human race. He preached, he dogmatized, he taught a code of severe morality, opposed to the corrupt maxims of the age.

His disciples, chosen from among the people, taught, as they had learned from their divine Master, sage precepts, a holy and rigid morality, a mysterious doctrine, and incomprehensible dogmas. The disciples of Christ did not employ force to cause men to receive their precepts; on the contrary, they were persecuted in all ways, and their preaching, aided by their example, made the most rapid progress.

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They persecuted the man of God. They pursued him with a fury equal to the zeal with which he bore witness against vice; and he terminated his divine mission by an infamous punishment.

The first Christians were distinguished by the names of brethren,—holy, faithful; they were humble, obscure, and poor, working with their own hands for their subsistence. They spread themselves secretly in peace; some went to Rome, mixed up among the Jews, to whom the Romans permitted the exercise of their worship in the synagogue.

It was towards the year 60 of our era, that the Christians commenced separating themselves from the Jewish communion. They separated themselves on account of the violent quarrels among the synagogues scattered through Rome, Greece, Egypt and Asia; they were accused of atheism by their Jewish brethren, and excommunicated three times on the Sabbath day.

Many churches were formed, and the separation became complete between the Jews and Christians. The Romans had an equal contempt for both. This people, the most tolerant on the earth, permitted their extravagance so long as they did not interfere with the order of things established by law; but when these obscure sectarians became persecutors—when they spat upon the images of the gods—when they overthrew their statues, then the prefect of Rome gave them up to the axe of the victors.

In the first age the apostles and their successors concealed themselves in the catacombs of Rome, wandering about in villages and caverns. The popes had not yet an episcopal throne; they did not step upon the heads of kings; they did not overthrow empires.

The alms of the Neophytes rendered the place of bishops in the great cities very lucrative; their credit extended itself, because of their wealth; their insolence and audacity increased in a like proportion, and their formidable power raised itself by a deception of the people.

When the churches received a form, they recognised five orders; the superintendents of souls, the bishops; the elders of the society, who were the priests; the servants or deacons; the initiated or believers, who partook of the love feasts; the catechumens, who were awaiting baptism: all these dressed like the rest of mankind, nor were they constrained to preserve celibacy.

Becoming more numerous, they raised themselves up against the Roman empire, and forced the magistrates to act with severity against a sect which troubled the public order. They did not punish the Jews, who were separated from the Christians, and who shut themselves up in their synagogues; they permitted to them the exercise of their religion, as that of all other worshipers.

But the Christians, declaring themselves enemies of all other religions, and especially of that of the empire, were many times punished by its laws. From this crowd of martyrs have the priests of Rome filled their legends. Historians affirm that few Christians perished as martyrs; no one was persecuted for his religious belief, but for acts forbidden by all laws.

Councils even were tolerated; they recount five in the first century, six in the second, and thirty in the third. The emperors beheld with contempt, sometimes with indignation, the progress of this new religion, which was elevating its worship on the ruin of the gods of the empire.

Diocletian, who passes for a persecutor, was, during more than eighteen years, the avowed protector of the Christians; they occupied important places about his person; he even married a Christian, and permitted them in Nicomedia, his residence, to build a superb church opposite to his palace. Galerius convinced Diocletian that this sect, which he had protected, was intoxicated with fanaticism and fury.

The emperor published an edict for the destruction of the church in Nicomedia; a fanatic tore it to pieces. Information was laid and proof found of a wide-spread conspiracy, which extended itself from one end of the kingdom to the other. Antioch, Jerusalem, Caesarea and Alexandria, were filled with these intolerant innovators. The hearth of this fire was in Italy, Rome, Africa and Asia Minor. More than two hundred thousand of the conspirators were condemned to death.

We arrive at the epoch when Constantine placed Christianity upon the throne. From thence we see Christians, animated by a furious zeal, persecuting without pity, fanning the most extravagant quarrels, and constraining pagans, by fire and sword, to embrace Christianity.

Constantius Chlorus had a Christian concubine, the mother of Constantine, and known as Saint Helena. Caesar Constantius Chlorus died at York in England, at a time when the children, whom he had by the daughter of Maximilian Hercules, his legitimate wife, could make no pretensions to the empire. Constantine, the son of his concubine, was chosen emperor by six thousand German, Gallician, and British soldiers. This election, made by the soldiery, without the consent of the senate and Roman people, was ratified by his victory over Maxentius, chosen emperor at Rome—and Constantine mounted a throne soiled with murders.

An execrable parricide, he put to death the two Licinii, the husband and son of his sister; he did not even spare his own children, and the empress Fausta, the wife of this monster, was strangled by his orders in a bath. He then consulted the pontiffs of the empire to know what sacrifices he should offer to

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the gods in order to make expiation for his crime. The sacrific-
ing priests refused his offerings, and he was repulsed with
horror by the high priest, who exclaimed, "Far from hence be
parricides, whom the gods never pardon." After this a priest
promised him pardon for his crimes, if he should become puri-
fied in the water of baptism,—and the emperor became a
Christian.

He then left Rome, and founded his new capital of Constan-
tinople. During his reign the ministers of the Christian religion
commenced showing their ambition, which had been concealed
during three centuries. Assured of impunity, they cast the
wife of Maxentius into the Oronites, murdered his relatives,
massacred the magistrates in Egypt and Palestine, drew from
their retreat the widow and daughter of Diocletian, and threw
them into the sea.

Constantine assembles the council of Nice, exiles Arius,
recalls him, banishes Athanasius, and dies in the arms of Euse-
bius, the chief of the Arians, having been baptized on the bed
of death, in order to escape the punishment of hell.

Constans, the son and successor of Constantine, imitates all
his barbarity; like him, he assembles councils, which proscribe
and anathematise. Athanasius sustains his party in Europe
and Asia by combined skill and force; the Arians overwhelm
him. Exiles, prisons, tumults, and assassinations, signalise
the termination of the abominable life of Constans.

Jovien and Valentinian guarantee entire liberty of conscience.
The two parties exercise against each other hatred and merci-
less rage.

Theodosius declares for the council of Nice. The empress
Justine, who reigned in Illyria and Africa, as the tutress of
the young Valentinian, proscribes him.

The Goths, Vandals, Burgundians, and Franks, hurl them-
selves upon the provinces of the empire; they find the opinions
of Arius established in them, and the conquerors embrace the
religion of the conquered.

The pope Anastasius calms, by his justice and his toleration,
the religious quarrels which separate the churches of the East
and West; but the hatred of the priests soon terminated, by
crime, a life which had been glorious for religion, and dear to
humanity.

Mahomet appeared in the seventh century. A skilful im-
postor, he founds a new religion, and the greatest empire of the
world. Banished from Mecca, he re-assembled his disciples,
establishes the foundation of his theogony, and marches to the
most surprising conquests.

The Christians were divided by gross heresies. The Persians
made a terrible war on the empire of the east, and pursued

Jews and Catholics with an implacable hatred. All was confusion in church and state.

The bishops had not yet arrogated to themselves temporal jurisdiction; but the weakness of the empire of the west gave rise to this scandalous usurpation, which has covered Europe with butcheries, disasters, and ruin.

Pepin, king of France, allies himself in succession with popes Zachary and Stephen. In order to cloak from the eyes of the people his usurpation of the crown of France, and the murder of his brother, he surrenders to the Holy See the domains in Romagna, taken from the Lombards.

Stephen the Third, an hypocritical priest, does not delay to signalize his new power, by the excess of the most frightful ambition.

Under Stephen the Sixth, fury is at its height. The clergy are divided into factions, and the pope is chosen in the midst of the carnage. The pontiff, after his victory, put out the eyes, and tore out the tongue, of Constantine the Second, his predecessor.

Charlemagne invades Lombardy; deprives his nephews of their inheritance; despoils his brother-in-law to punish him for having undertaken their defence, carries him to Lyons in chains, and condemns him to terminate his days in prison. Then Leo the Third placed a crown of gold upon his head, and a mantle of purple upon his shoulders. But the descendants of Charlemagne could not preserve at Rome the influence this usurper had acquired, by granting to the popes the land he had taken away from the Lombards.

Paschal the First, by a criminal boldness, put out the eyes and cut off the heads, in the patriarchal palace of the Lateran, of Theodorus, a high officer of the Roman church, and of Leo his son-in-law, because he had remained faithful to Lothaire. On the death of this pope the people endeavoured to prevent his burial, and wished to drag his dead body through the streets of Rome.

Eugenius, his successor, occupies himself in transporting from the sepulchres of Italy putrefied bones, the frightful vestiges of human nature. He sent them into France, Germany and England, and sold them to Christian Europe.

Leo the Tenth has the impudence to assure the bishops of immunity for the most frightful crimes.

After the death of Leo, a woman mounts the chair of St. Peter, celebrating mass, creating bishops, and giving her feet to be kissed by princes and people. The popess Joan becomes enciente by a cardinal, and dies in the pangs of child-birth, in the midst of a religious ceremony.

In the ninth century the Greek and Latin churches separate.

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Religious differences cause five centuries of murders, carnage, and frightful wars; and twenty-five bloody schisms in the west soil the chair of Rome.

The Arabs and Turks overwhelm the Greek and African churches, and elevate the Mahomedan religion upon the ruins of Christianity.

The Roman church maintains itself, amid troubles, discords and ruin. During this epoch of anarchy, the bishops and abbots in Germany become princes, and the popes obtain absolute power in Rome.

Stephen the Seventh, driven on by a pitiless rage, orders the sepulchre of Formosus to be despoiled, causes them to take out from it the dead body, and horrible to relate, has it brought into the synod assembled to degrade him. Then this frightful body, covered with the pontifical habits, is interrogated in the midst of scandalous and infuriate clamour. "Why hast thou, being bishop of Portus, usurped, through ambition, the universal see of Rome?" Then the pope, pushed on by execrable barbarity, orders his three fingers and head to be cut off, and his dead body to be cast into the Tiber.

Sergius invades the pontifical chair. He leads publicly a life, soiled with debaucheries, with the famous courtesan Marozia. Their son becomes pope, under the name of John the Twelfth, and surpasses them by his monstrous crimes. Cardinals and bishops accused him of incest with his mother—of violating the holy virgins—of adultery, homicide, profanity and blasphemy.

Gregory the Fifth cuts off the feet, hands, tongue and ears of John and Crescentius, and makes them walk, thus mutilated, through the streets of Rome.

Benedict the Ninth is raised to the Holy See at twelve years of age, by the intrigues and gold of the Count of Tuscanella. He immediately surrenders himself to excess of depravity, and most shameless debaucheries. The Romans, worn out by his outrages, drive him from Rome, and name another pope, Sylvester the Third. Benedict, by the assistance of his relatives, seats himself anew in the Holy See; but perceiving himself to be an object of universal execration, and fearing a terrible fall, he, by an infamous simony, sells the Holy See, and consecrates a third pope, John the Twentieth. He then retires into the palace of his father, in order to surrender himself to the most infamous pleasures.

After having made this odious traffic, the desire of ruling re-enters his soul, and places him a third time in this dishonoured chair. Alone, against the Romans, who held him in horror—alone, against the two other popes, producing a triple schism—he proposes to his adversaries to divide between them the revenues of the church.

These three anti-popes, by a shameful traffic, divide into three parts the patrimony of the poor, and boldly rule; the one at St. Peter's, the other at St. Mary Majeura, and the third at the Palace of the Lateran; an infamous triumvirate.

A bold, avaricious and dissolute priest purchases from the three popes their infamous titles to the papacy, and succeeds them under the name of Gregory the Sixth.

Hildebrand, the monk of Cluny, the poisoner of the popes, the most deceitful of priests, usurps the pontifical see, under the name of Gregory the Seventh. He launches his anathemas against kings; excites public wars; fills Germany and Italy with disorder, carnage and murder. He excommunicates the emperor of Germany; takes from him the title of king; frees his people from the oath of obedience; excites princes against him, and at last reduces him to such a state of misfortune, that the force of his mind is shattered. At length—extreme of pride and degradation—the king sought the pope “in the depth of winter, fasting, with naked feet and in his shirt, having a pair of scissors and a hair-brush in his hand.”

Adrian, the son of an English friar, causes the emperor Barbarossa to hold the stirrup of his palfrey; and in order to add barbarity to his triumph, demands that the famous Arnold of Brescia should be delivered up to him to be burned alive, because he had preached against the luxury of priests, and the abominations of pontiffs.

Alexander pushes still further than his predecessors his outrages against kings. The emperor Frederick, in order to free his son Otho, who was a prisoner in the hands of the Romans, supplicates the popo to absolve him from excommunication. The inflexible Alexander demands that the emperor should come in person to ask his pardon, in the presence of the assembled people, without his robes or his crown, having the rod of a beadle in his hand, and that he should prostrate his face to the earth. When he was extended on the ground at the entrance of the church, Alexander put his foot on his neck and trampled on him, exclaiming, “Thou shalt tread upon the serpent and the cockatrice, and shalt crush the lion and the dragon.”

Celestin the Third affords a frightful example of insatiable avarice. Alexander had trampled under his feet Frederick Barbarossa, who demanded the liberation of his son. This new pope, for money, crowned the emperor Henry the Fourth, an execrable monster, who renewed the impious sacrilege of Stephen the Seventh, by exhuming the dead body of Tancred, that his head should be cut off by the public executioner. He put out the eyes of William, the young son of Tancred, after having made him an eunuch. He condemned the Count Jourdan to an horrible punishment, having caused him to be affixed to a

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Innocent the Third preached the crusades against the infidel, and increased his treasury from the riches of the people. This crafty, sacrilegious pope, established the monstrous tribunal of the inquisition. Then he preached a crusade against the Albigenses, and despoiled the estates of Raymond the Sixth, count of Toulouse. He sent forth St. Dominick, with power to persecute with fire, sword, and unheard-of torments, the unfortunate Waldenses. The crusaders stormed the city of Beziers. The frightful Dominick Christ in one hand and a torch in the other, creates the carnage, and sixty thousand dead bodies were buried under the ruins of that city, which was reduced to ashes. Toulouse, Carcassonne, Alby, Castlenaudary, Narbonne, Arles, Marseilles, Aix, Avignon, were devastated by the armics of the pope.

Gregory the Ninth, in order to maintain his ambitious projects and the unbridled luxury of his court, levies imposts on France, England and Germany. He excommunicates kings, frees people from their allegiance, and is driven from Rome by his subjects. Raymond the Seventh, though a Catholic, but the son of a heretic, is pursued by him and despoiled of his estates. The pope sends a legate into France, to sustain this abominable war in Languedoc and Provence. Raymond defends himself gallantly: and the people, tired of the insatiable avarice of Gregory the Ninth, refuse to pay the imposts, and force the pope to conclude a peace.

The pontiff, arrested in his progress, condemns Raymond to pay ten thousand marks of silver to his legate, two thousand to the abbey of Citeaux, a thousand to that of Grand Ligne, and three hundred to that of Belle Pouche, all for the remission of his sins, as the treaty signed at the door of the cathedral of Paris witnesses.

Innocent the Fourth, in the midst of his crimes performed a generous action, which reconciles humanity to him. He undertakes the defence of the Jews of Germany, whom the princes and priests persecuted, in order to enrich themselves with their spoils. In that barbarous age, a false zeal for religion served as a pretext for the most revolting injustice. They invented calumnies against the Jews, accused them of eating the heart of a new-born infant at the passover supper; and when they found the body of a dead man, they put them to torture, and condemned them to perish by the most frightful torments.

Urban the Fourth signs a shameless treaty with St. Louis and Charles of Anjou, to enrich themselves with the kingdom of Naples, and divide the estates of the young Conradin. The pope overcomes the scruples of the king of France, and causes

the duke of Anjou to swear that he will abandon to the Holy See the domains to which he laid pretensions, and pay eight thousand ounces of gold every year.

Clement the Fourth continues the policy of his predecessor. The young Conradin returns to his estates, and fights a decisive battle, and is made prisoner, together with Frederick of Austria. After a rigorous captivity, Charles of Anjou, by the order of the pope, condemns them to perish by the hand of the executioner. The young duke of Austria was the first executed. Conradin seized the head of his friend, and received the mortal blow holding it in his embrace.

Martin the Fourth mounts the chair of St. Peter, and makes a sacrilegious agreement with Charles of Anjou; the one a political tyrant, the crafty usurper of Sicily, the other the consecrated of Rome. Their cruelties excite general indignation. A vast conspiracy is formed; John of Procida, a Sicilian gentleman, is the soul of it. He engages Michael Paleogorus to join it; goes to Spain to obtain the aid of Arragon, and hastens through the cities of Sicily to excite their minds to vengeance.

On the third day of Easter, 1282, at the hour of vespers, is the signal for the carnage given. At the sound of the bell, a cry of death resounds through the cities of Sicily. The French are massacred in the churches, in the public places, and in private houses: everywhere is murder and vengeance. Ten thousand dead bodies are the trophies of the Sicilian vespers.

Boniface the Eighth becomes pope, after having assassinated his predecessor. He outrages the people, defies kings, pursues with hatred the Ghibelins, the partizans of the emperor of Germany, invents the jubilee to draw the wealth of the nations into his treasury, and excites so profound a hatred against himself, that the states assembled at Paris, by order of Philip the Handsome, to judge the pope. The archbishop of Narbonne accuses him of being a simoniac, an assassin, and an usurer; of not believing in the eucharist nor the immortality of the soul; of employing force to cause the secrets of the confessional to be revealed; of living in concubinage with his two nieces, and having children by them; and, last of all, of having employed the riches acquired by the sale of indulgences to pay the Saracens to invade the country.

Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna are charged to carry to the pope the order to appear at Lyons to be judged by a general council. They arrive, at the head of three hundred horsemen, at the city of Anagni, the residence of Boniface. Meeting with resistance, they force an entrance into the palace, and present to the pope the accusations against him. Boniface, transported with fury, charges Nogaret with injuring him, and curses the king of France and his descendants to the fourth generation. Then

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Clement the Fifth and Philip the Handsome accuse the templars of enormous crimes, and condemn them to the most frightful punishments, in order to enrich themselves with their immense wealth. By the order of the king, the grand master of the Templars, accompanied by his knights, is conducted to punishment, to be burned alive in the presence of cardinals and priests, who cruelly contemplate these bloody stakes.

After having divided with the king the spoils of the Templars, Clement the Fifth established his court at Avignon, and publicly abandoned himself to the most depraved debauchery, with his nephew and the daughter of Count de Foix. He preached a new crusade against the Turks, sold indulgences, and, joining ridicule to infamy, gave to each crusader the right of delivering four souls from purgatory; and the people have been scourged for eighteen hundred years under the pitiless rod of these criminal popes.

John the Twenty-second seized the tiara, seated himself on the pontifical throne, and said "I am pope." In order to strengthen this usurpation, he launched his anathemas against the emperor of Germany and the king of France, persecuted sectarians, burned heretics, freed people from their allegiance, armed princes, inundated kingdoms with his monks, preached new crusades, sold benefices, and drew into his treasury twenty-five millions of florins, collected from all parts of the Christian world.

Benedict the Twelfth stops the depredations, arrests the impostors which his predecessor had levied upon the people, practises a severe morality, reforms the morals of the clergy, and dies in the midst of his apostolical labours.

Clement the Sixth buys from the celebrated Joanna of Naples the country of Avignon, promising therefor three hundred thousand florins of gold, which he never paid, and declares her innocent of the murder of Andreas, her husband, whom she had caused to be assassinated.

Under Urban the Sixth commenced the great schism which divided the west; two popes were elevated to the pontifical chair.

Urban the Sixth ruled at Rome; Clement the Seventh, the anti-pope, at Avignon. During a period of fifty years the two popes and their successors excited cruel wars, and excommunicated each other. Italy, Naples, Hungary, and Spain, espoused the cause of Urban; France sustained Clement the Seventh. Everywhere brigandage and cruelty abounds, produced by the order of Clement, or the fanaticism of Urban.

The unfortunate and guilty Joanna sent forty thousand ducats

to the pope, in order to strengthen her cause. By way of thanks Urban caused her to be strangled at the foot of the altar. The pontiff had induced Charles de Duras, the adopted son and heir of Joanna to commit this horrid parricide.

The prince having refused to divide with the pope the spoils of Joanna, the fury of Urban was turned against six cardinals, whom he supposed to form the party of Charles. They were thrown, laden with chains, into offensive dungeons; their eyes were put out, the nails of their feet and hands wrenched off, their teeth broken, their flesh pierced with rods of heated iron, and at length their bodies frightfully mutilated, were tied up in sacks, whilst still alive, and thrown into the sea.

Clement the Seventh held his seat at Avignon, and levied enormous imposts on the church of France, in order to enrich the cardinals and satisfy the unbridled luxury of his court. His conduct was not at all inferior to that of his competitor in violence, deceit and crime.

The two popes desolated Europe with their armies and those of their partisans; fury had blotted out the sentiments of humanity; everywhere were treason, poisoning, massacre. An endeavour was made to remedy the public calamities, but the popes opposed all propositions which could restore peace to the church.

The schism continued under their successors: the cardinals not being able to overcome the obstinacy of the two popes, cited Benedict the Thirteenth and Gregory the Twelfth to appear before a general council convened at Pisa: and, when they refused to do so, the patriarch of Alexandria, assisted by those of Antioch and Jerusalem, pronounced, with a loud voice in the church, whose doors were opened, and in the presence of the assembled multitude, the definite sentence of deposition against them.

Alexander the Fifth endeavoured to strengthen the union of the church, to reform the morals of the clergy, to give the sacred charges to virtuous men, and died of a poisoned clyster, administered by the orders of the Cardinal Balthazar Cossa. This base assassin assembled the conclave, and seizing the pontifical mantle, placed it upon his shoulders, exclaiming, "I am the pope."

The affrighted cardinals confirmed the election of John the Twenty-third; but the deposed popes, Benedict the Thirteenth and Gregory the Twelfth, revived their pretensions to the See of Rome; an horrible war, excited by anathemas, fills Prussia and Italy with blood. The empire has three emperors, as the church has three popes, or rather the church and the empire have no heads.

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of Pope John the Twenty-third. The bishops and cardinals accuse him of murders, incest, poisoning and sodomy; of having seduced and carried on a sacrilegious intercourse with three hundred religious women; of having violated three sisters; and of having confined a whole family, in order to abuse the mother, son and father.

Martin the Fifth burned alive John Huss and Jerome of Prague, the leaders of a new sect, which preached against the disorders of the priests and the ambition of the pontiffs, and led men back to sentiments of humanity. He then organises a crusade against Bohemia; but the inhabitants of this wild country, exalted by generous principles of liberty, contend with courage against fanaticism. Ambassadors were sent to Prague, with proposals for peace, and the Bohemians reply, "that a free people have no need of a king."

The legates of the pope and the emperor command in person the armies sent against the Bohemians, to prevent their communing in the two kinds, bread and wine. Frightful madness! For a subject so trifling Germany is given up to the horrors of a civil war; but the cause of the people is triumphant. The troops of the emperor are defeated in many engagements, and the army of the legates is cut to pieces.

Eugenius the Fourth mounts the Holy See; he confirms as legate in Germany Julian Caesar, in order to exercise cruel persecutions against the Hussites. During his reign an important act transpires; a struggle takes place between the powers of the church; the council of Basle endeavours to bring under subjection the power of the popes, and the pope declares that his see is beyond the reach of councils. The fathers make a terrible decree, declare Eugenius the Fourth a profanator, incorrigible, and a scandal to the church, and depose him from the papacy.

Felix the Fifth is nominated as pope, and Eugenius becomes the anti-pope. The councils of Florence and Basle excommunicate each. Depositions, violence, cruelty succeed. Vitteleschi, archbishop of Florence, is assassinated by the orders of Eugenius; divided kingdoms take the part of one or the other, and a schism is renewed which lasts until the death of Eugenius the Fourth.

During the pontificate of Nicholas the Fifth, took place the celebrated capture of Constantinople by the Turks; the pontiff, solicited by the Grecian ambassadors to grant them succours of men and money, harshly refused, and we must attribute the loss of this powerful city to the perfidy of the Roman court, which sacrificed the rampart of Christianity, and basely betrayed a people whom they should have succoured.

The merits and the piety of Calixtus the Third elevate him to the pontifical throne, which he honours by his genius.

Sextus the Fourth employs all his care and solicitude in increasing his wealth. He augments the imposts, invents new charges, and sells them at auction to satisfy the avarice of Peter Rière, of Savana, and his brother Jerome, whom he had created cardinals, and who ministered to his horrid pleasures.

This shameless pope established at Rome a brothel, the courtizans of which paid him half a golden Julius weekly. This revenue amounted to twenty thousand ducats a-year. An execrable act committed by him is alone sufficient to render his memory for ever odious. The family of the cardinal of Saint Lucia having presented to him a petition, that he (the cardinal) should be permitted to commit sodomy during the three warmest months of the year, he wrote at the bottom of the petition "Let it be as desired."

He then formed a conspiracy against Laurent and Julien de Medicis, sends Raphael Riere to Florence, and during a solemn mass, and whilst the cardinal was elevating the host, the conspirators stabbed Julien de Medicis. Laurent courageously defends himself, and although wounded, gains the sacristy. The people precipitate themselves upon the conspirators, disarm them, and hang them from the windows of the church, as well as Salviato, archbishop of Pisa, in his sacerdotal robes.

Innocent the Eighth succeeds Sextus. His election cost him more than all the treasures of the Holy See; the resources were exhausted, by the genius of the pope. He appointed fifty-two venders of bulls, whom he charged to squeeze the people, and joined to them twenty-six secretaries, who each lodged with him two thousand five hundred marks of gold. His private life was defiled by the vilest scandals. Educated at the court of king Alphonso, of Sicily, he had contracted the frightful vice of sodomy. His remarkable beauty had procured him admission into the family of Phillip, cardinal of Bologna, as the minister of his monstrous pleasures. On the death of his protector he became the minion of Paul the Second, and of Sextus, who elevated him to the cardinalship.

The grand master of Rhodes delivered to Pope Innocent the young prince Zizimus, to protect him from the pursuit of his brother Bajazet. The sultan of Egypt sends ambassadors to offer to the pope four thousand ducats and the city of Jerusalem in exchange for prince Zizimus, whom he wishes to place at the head of his troops, in order to march against Constantinople, and engages to restore that city to the Christians; but the Sultan Bajazet bid higher, and the pontiff retained Zizimus a prisoner in his states.

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We enter now upon the reign of a pope, who, by the admission of all historians, is the most dreadful of all men who have afflicted the world. A depravity hitherto unknown, an insatiable cupidity, an unbridled ambition, a cruelty more than barbarous—such were the horrid qualities of Roderick Borgia, chosen pope by the title of Alexander the Sixth. His passions were so unbridled that, having become enamoured of a widow who had two daughters, he became content with the mother, he bent the daughters also to his desires; he caused one of them to be placed in a convent, and continued his incest with the most beautiful, whom they call Rosa Vanozza.

She bore him five children, one of whom was the famous Caesar Borgia, who would have surpassed the crimes of his father, if the devil himself could have equalled them.

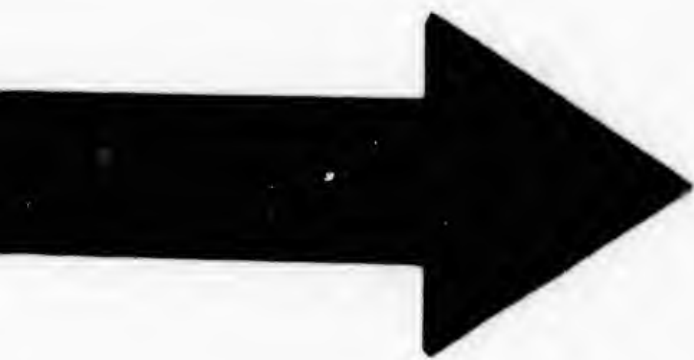
During the pontificate of Innocent, assassins and bandits had so increased in number, that the cardinals, before entering the conclave, fortified their dwellings with musketry, and pointed cannon along the streets. Rome was become a public market, where all holy charges were for sale; Roderick Borgia publicly bought the suffrages of twenty-two cardinals, and was proclaimed pope.

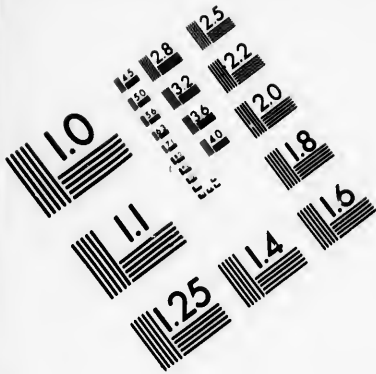
Armed with the sacerdotal power, his execrable vices daily increased; he delivered himself up to the most monstrous incest, and horrible to relate, the two brothers, Francis and Caesar, mingled their infamous pleasures with their father in the embraces of their sister Lucretia.

The immoderate ambition of the pope knew no bounds; all laws, human and divine, were trampled under foot. He forms alliances and breaks them; he preaches crusades, levies imposts in Christian kingdoms, inundates Europe with his legions of monks, enriches himself with the wealth they carry to him, and calls Bajazet into Italy to oppose the king of France. Later, his policy causes him to seek the aid of Charles; and, protected by the French, he undertakes the ruin of the petty sovereigns of Romagna. He puts some to death by the dagger, others by poison; fills all minds with dread, and prepares for Caesar Borgia the absolute dominion of Italy.

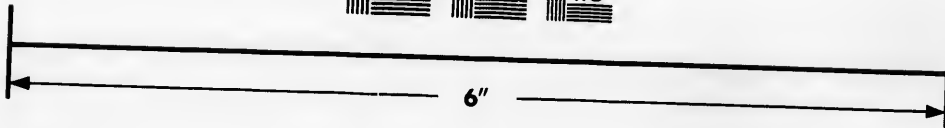
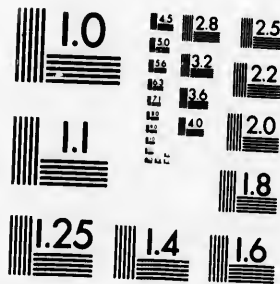
His insatiable avarice invented the most sacrilegious means of enriching itself; he sold the sacred charges, the altars, even Christ himself, and then took them back again to sell a second time. He nominated the cardinal of Modena as distributor of his graces and dispensations; in the name of this minister of iniquity he sold honours, dignities, marriages, divorces; and as the simony of the cardinal did not bring in sums sufficiently large to sustain the extravagance of the family of Alexander, he administered to him the fatal poison of the Borgias, to obtain for himself the immense riches which he had amassed.







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He made promotions to cardinalships, receiving payment therefor; then declaring the Holy See the heir of the property of prelates, he poisoned them in order to enrich himself of their spoils. All these crimes still did not afford him sufficient money, and he published that the Turks were about to wage war against Christianity, and under the veil of religion he extorted sums so enormous that they surpass belief. At last Alexander the Sixth, soiled with murders, debaucheries and incests, having invited to sup two cardinals, whose heirs he wished to become, took the poison destined for them, and rendered up his execrable soul to the devil.

The people, tired of the insupportable yoke of the bishops of Rome, and ruined by the insatiable avidity of the priests, commenced waking from the lethargic sleep into which they had been plunged. Luther, a monk of the order of the Augustines, sallies from his retreat, rises against Leo the Tenth and the indulgences, draws people and rulers to the new doctrine, strengthens it with all the power of his genius, and snatches from the tyranny of the popes the half of Europe.

Clement the Seventh, by his perfidy, excites the wrath of the emperor, Charles the Fifth. Rome is delivered up to pillage during two entire months; houses are sacked, females violated. The army of the Catholic king committed more atrocities than pagan tyrants had invented against the Christians during three hundred years. The unfortunate Romans were suspended by the feet, burned, beaten with leather straps in order to compel them to pay ransoms; in fine, they were exposed to the most frightful punishments, in order to expiate the crimes of their pontiff.

Catholics and Protestants cover Germany with embarrassments, murders and ruin.

The mass is judicially abolished at Strasburg.

Paul the Third had obtained a cardinal's hat by surrendering Julius Farnese to the monster Alexander the Sixth; became pope—he poisoned his mother, in order to enrich himself as her heir, and joining a double incest to a second parricide, he put to death one of his sisters through jealousy of her other lovers, and poisoned Bosa Sforza, the husband of his daughter Constance, whom he had corrupted.

He launches anathemas against the unfortunate Lutherans. His nephews became the executioners of his cruelties, and they boasted publicly of having caused rivers of blood to flow, in which their horses could swim. During their butcheries the pope was plunged in his monstrous debaucheries with his daughter Constance.

During his reign Ignatius Loyola founds the order of the Jesuits.

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Calvin, sublime spirit, causes his powerful voice to be heard, and continues the progress of the religious reformation.

Julius the Third fulminates his anathemas against the Lutherans, and puts them to death in the most cruel manner. Joining depravity to cruelty, he elevates to the cardinalate a young lad employed about his palace in the double capacity of keeper of the monkeys and minion to the pope.

Paul the Fourth excites the fury of the king of France against the Protestants, forms an execrable league for their destruction, and fills all Europe with his ravages. At his death the Roman people, freed from his frightful yoke, force the dungeons of the inquisition, set fire to the prisons, knock down the statue of the pope, break off the head and right hand, drag them during three days through the streets of Rome, and cast them into the Tiber.

Pius the Fourth terminates the Council of Trent, and this great event does not produce any sensation among the people. This pontiff, desirous of arresting the downfall of the Holy See, excites the fanaticism of Charles the Ninth and Philip of Spain, and these two princes meet at Bayonne to devise means to exterminate the Calvinists.

The beginning of the pontificate of Gregory the Thirteenth was signalized by the most horrible of all crimes, the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, an execrable plot, brought about by the counsils of Spain and the suggestions of Pius the Fourth. Persecutions, butcheries, and wars had increased astonishingly the number of Calvinists; Catherine de Medicis, that cruel and infamous Jezebel, not being able to exterminate them by force, had recourse to perfidy. Charles the Ninth, accustomed to cruelty, and furiously violent, adopted the criminal desires of his mother, and a general massacre of the Protestants was decreed.

At midnight, on the eve of Saint Bartholomew, the clock of the palace gives the signal; the tocsin is rung at St. Germain's, and at its doleful sound soldiers surround the dwellings of the Protestants, and kill in their beds children and old men. They seize the females, and after having violated them, open their wombs and draw out half formed children, tear out their hearts, and with savage ferocity rend them with their teeth and devour them.

A thing almost incredible, so horrible is the action, occurred; this Charles the Ninth—this king to be execrated of all ages, armed with an arquebus, fired from one of the windows of the Louvre upon the unfortunates who saved themselves by swimming the river. One window still remains, an imperishable monument of the barbarity of kings. Gregory the Thirteenth addressed his felicitations to Charles on the remarkable success of the enterprise.

On the death of the pope, the cardinal of Montalto entered the conclave, old, broken down, and supported upon a crutch. The ambition of the cardinals concentrated their suffrages upon this old man, who appeared so nigh to death. They summed up the votes, and scarcely had half of them voted, when, without waiting for the conclusion, Montalto cast his crutch into the middle of the hall, drew himself up to his full height, and thundered forth the *Te Deum* with a voice so loud and clear, that the vault of the chapel resounded with it.

He becomes pope under the name of Sextus the Fifth. Hypocritical and inflexible, he allies himself secretly with Queen Elizabeth, and launches anathemas against her kingdom; he then excommunicates the king of Navarre and the prince of Conde, in order to revive in France the forms of fanaticism.

Clement the Seventh renews the proud scenes of his predecessors; he wishes to compel Henry the Fourth to come to him in person, with naked feet, in order to undergo a proper discipline, and to learn that he held his crown as the gift from the pope. But ambassadors were received in his stead, and this humiliating ceremony took place in the church of St. Peter's, at Rome, in the presence of the people.

Gregory the Fifteenth excites Louis the Thirteenth to persecute the Protestants. He renews the war in Bohemia, and not being able to corrupt the people of Geneva, orders the duke of Savoy to destroy them.

Under Urban the Eighth, the celebrated Galileo, that old man who had passed seventy years in the study of the secrets of nature, is brought before the inquisition, condemned, cast into prison, and forced to retract this great truth, "that the earth moves round the sun."

Clement the Ninth, of a lofty soul and prodigious knowledge, encourages the arts, recompenses savans, and surrounds the pontifical throne with all the lustre of the age. He diminishes the imposts, employs his treasures in succouring the Venetians and the Isle of Candia against the infidels; he suppresses the religious orders which pressed heavily on the people, and who, under the guise of piety, abandoned themselves to idleness and debauchery.

By his eloquence and moderation he appeased the interminable quarrels of the Jansenists and Mollenists, and arrested the ill-regulated ambition of Louis the Fourteenth, who was desolating Europe by his destructive wars. The intrigues of the Jesuits gave up to the Turks the Isle of Candia; this generous pope, struck to the heart by the treason of these unworthy priests, launches an anathema upon them, and dies after a reign of three years. The Holy See has never been occupied

Cardinal of Montalto entered supported upon a crutch. He presented their suffrages upon to death. They summoned them voted, when, without Montalto cast his crutch into the air to his full height, and his voice so loud and clear, was heard with it.

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of scenes of his predecessor the Fourth to come to order to undergo a proper crown as the gift from heaven in his stead, and in the church of St. Peter the people.

Gregory the Thirteenth to persevere in Bohemia, and not to quarrel, orders the duke of

Gregory Galileo, that old the study of the secrets of nature, condemned, cast the great truth, "that the

prodigious knowledge, and surrounds the age. He diminishes the power of the Venetians; he suppresses the influence of the people, and leads themselves to idleness

Gregory the interminable, and arrested the Fourteenth, who was the cause of wars. The intrigues of Candia; this generation of these unworthy men, and dies after a reign never been occupied

by a more virtuous man than Clement the Ninth; his memory should be dear to Christianity, and the mind reposes in contemplating it from the long catalogue of crimes which the history of the popes offers to us.

Under Innocent the Eleventh, the persecutions against the Lutherans and the Calvinists recommence; churches are demolished, cities destroyed, eighteen thousand Frenchmen are put to death, and the Protestants driven from the kingdom.

Innocent the Eleventh, as Gregory the Thirteenth had done on the occasion of St. Bartholomew, addresses his congratulations to the king of France, and commands public rejoicings to be made in his honour at Rome.

The reign of Clement the Eleventh is agitated by religious quarrels. The Jesuits in China are accused of offering there the same worship to Confucius as to Jesus Christ. The pope sends the cardinal Journon to Pekin, charged to reform this culpable idolatry. This virtuous prelate dies a victim to his zeal, in the midst of the cruel persecutions which the Jesuits excite against him.

This terrible congregation, encouraged by the pope, extends its odious power over kingdoms, and inspires terror among all people.

Clement the Eleventh publishes the famous bull *Unigenitus*, which excites general indignation, and continues religious quarrels up to his death.

Benedict the Thirteenth wishes to renew the scandal occasioned by this bill of disorder; but philosophy now commences to make progress, and his pretensions, which at other times would have caused torrents of blood to flow, only excited contempt.

The moderation of Benedict the Fourteenth repairs the evils occasioned by his predecessors. He terminates the religious quarrels, repulses the Jesuits, moderates the bull *Unigenitus*, and puts an end to the troubles which were afflicting France. This pope, one of the luminaries of the church, carries into the chair of the pontiffs a spirit of toleration, which extends a salutary influence everywhere. The religion of Christ is no longer imposed on the world by persecution and fanaticism. Benedict exhibits, in the high functions of the priesthood, an enlightened mind, great maturity of judgment, a profound wisdom which no passions trouble, a perfect disinterestedness, and an extreme love of justice.

He reforms the morals of the clergy, suppresses orders of monks who were odious to all, employs his treasures in founding hospitals, establishing public schools, and rewarding magnificently the arts. He calls upon all to profit by the advantages of science, and to come forth from the shades of ignorance.

Clement the Thirteenth imitates neither the virtues nor the moderation of his predecessor; he openly protects the Jesuits, launches forth anathemas, and prepares the ruin of the Holy See.

The excesses of the Jesuits had tired out the people, their crimes and their ambition affrighted kings, universal hatred demands their expulsion; they are driven from France. They are banished from the states of the king of Spain in Europe, Asia and America: driven from the two Sicilies, Parma and Malta. The order is exterminated in almost all the countries which had been the theatre of its power, in the Phillipines, Peru, Mexico, Paraguay and Brazil.

France bestows upon the pope Avignon and the county of Venaissin, as an appurtenance to his crown. The king of Naples, on the other hand, seized upon the cities of Benevento and Ponte Carvo.

The famous bull in *Cæna Domini*, a monument of madness and pride, which the pope yearly fulminated from Rome since the time of Paul the Third, is proscribed. The pontifical darkness commences to be dissipated; princes and people no longer prostrate themselves at the feet of the servant of servants of God.

Clement the Thirteenth sees the colossal power of Rome falling to pieces, and dies of chagrin in not being able to retard its fall.

Clement the Fourteenth causes philosophy to mount the seat of the popes. For a short period he retains the pontifical power of the Holy See; his character and moderation restoring to him the power which the absurd fanaticism of his predecessors had alienated.

Portugal broke with the See of Rome, and wished to have a patriarch of her own. The courts of France, Spain and Naples were indignant at the ridiculous excommunication of the duke of Parma, by the Holy See. Venice reformed, without the assent of the pope, the religious communities which impoverished the nation.

Poland wishes to diminish the authority of the Holy See. Even Rome permits its indignation to shine forth, and appears to have forgotten that she had been mistress of the world. Clement, by skilful policy, and consummate wisdom and prudence, arrests this movement; but the priests, the enemies of toleration, did not pardon the pontiff, and he died of poison.

Then liberty, that rock of reason, imparted its sublime light to all minds; men commenced to break the dark chains of superstition. An universal disquiet manifested itself in the masses, a happy presage of moral revolutions.

Pius the Sixth wishes to seize upon the wonderful power of the pontiffs of Rome, and pursues the execrable policy of his predecessors.

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The emperor of Austria, Joseph the Second, stops the increase of convents, which threatened to overrun his kingdom, suppresses bishoprics, forms seminaries, and protects his states against the rule of the Holy See.

The grand duke of Tuscany prepares the same reforms; dissolves the convents, abolishes the authority of the nuncios, and prohibits the priests from appealing to Rome for judgment.

At Naples, a philosophical minister takes from the avarice of the pope indulgences, the collection of benefices, his nomination to vacancies. He refuses the tribute of a hackney, richly caparisoned, shod with silver, and carrying a purse of six thousand duckets—a disgraceful tribute, which the nation paid to the pontiff.

The sovereign approves the policy of his minister, prohibits the introduction of bulls into his states, orders the bishops to give up the dispensations they had purchased at Rome, takes away from the pope the power of nominating bishops for the Two Sicilies, and drives the internuncio from his kingdom.

The French Revolution is at hand. The States General, at Versailles, ordain reforms in the clergy, abolish the monastic vows, and proclaim liberty of conscience.

The pope excites bloody troubles in Avignon, in order to re-attach it to the Holy See. His pretensions are repulsed by the National Assembly, which solemnly pronounces the union of this city to France.

Italy is conquered by the French armies. Pius the Sixth, a coward and a hypocrite, begs for the alliance of the republic. But the justice of a great nation is inflexible. The assassination of general Dupont demands great reparation. The pontiff is carried from Rome, conducted to the fortress of Valence, and terminates his debased career by cowardice and perfidy.

The conclave assembles at Venice. After an hundred and four days of intrigue, the Benedictine Chiaramonti was chosen pope, under the name of Pius the Seventh.

The pontiff forms an alliance with the republic, and signs the famous concordat.

A new era commences for France; the republic gives place to the empire, and Napoleon mounts the throne. The pope is forced to go to Paris, in order to consecrate the emperor, and augment the magnificence of this imposing ceremony. The weakness of character of Pius the Seventh, delivers him up defenceless to the plots which the hatred of the clergy contrive with the enemies of the emperor. Napoleon, indignant at the machinations directed against his power by the counsellors of the pope, made a decree, which changes the government of Rome, declares the reunion of the estates of the church to the empire, and the sovereign pontiffs deprived of temporal authority.

The ancient boldness of the clergy has survived revolutions; Pius the Seventh essays the thunders of the Vatican. The bull of excommunication is affixed during the night in the streets of Rome; it calls the people to revolt, excites them to carnage, and designates the French for public vengeance. But Rome, delivered from the sacerdotal yoke, is deaf to the appeal of fanaticism.

Wars succeed in Europe, kingdoms are conquered, old governments overthrown, and Napoleon at length falls beneath the blows of the kings whom he has crowned. His catastrophe changes the destinies of nations, and restores to the pope the inheritance of St. Peter.

Pius the Seventh makes a triumphant *entrée* into Rome, and at length dies, surrounded by cardinals, in the pomp and magnificence of power.

Since then, two popes have occupied the chair of St. Peter, but their silent passage marks no place in the history of nations.

The French Revolution of 1848 again inspires the Romans with a desire for liberty. Austria seizes on some of the Roman cities—the people demand the expulsion of the invader—the Pope refuses their request—the Romans assemble and decree that the Popes shall be deprived of their temporal authority—the Pope flies from his kingdom in the disguise of a footman—enters Naples, and is welcomed by the king, who had just caused about 5,000 of his subjects (including all ages and sexes) to be butchered by his soldiers. The king kneels at the feet of Pius, who blesses him and styles him “The most righteous king in Europe!” Austria leagued with France, then governed by Louis Napoleon, undertakes to reinstate the Pope. Ancona and Bologna are besieged by the Austrians, and the people slaughtered. Rome itself is besieged by the French, who are often repulsed. But the city having at length fallen into their hands, the patriots are massacred, their property confiscated, and the most holy pope reinstated by the French and Austrian bayonets.

The proud pontiffs, who launched anathemas on kingdoms, gave or took away empires, extended over the people the yoke of fanaticism and terror, now, protected by Austria, protected by the oppressors of the people, basely seek the protection of kings, in order to trample upon the Romans, and maintain upon their head the pontifical tiara.

People of Italy, arise from your lethargic slumber—contemplate the capitol—recall the remembrance of ancient Rome and her glorious destiny! Let but your legions arise, and the shades of the great will march at their head to conquer in the name of liberty.

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INDEX.

	PAGE.
A fine, true-hearted Protestant.....	227
Army and Navy, The	18
A place to die	38
And do our Irish Protestants.....	102
Anti-Repeal Song.....	36
Appeal to England, Irish Protestants'	103
Arch Marksman.....	142
A pretty Maid.....	202
Admiral Nelson.....	210
Battle of the Nile.....	196
Battle of the Baltio.....	187
Battle of Salamanca.....	190
Battle of the Boyne.....	104
Battle of the League, The	63
Battle of the Diamond.....	117
British Grenadiers, The	219
Battle of Glencoe.....	156
Breaking up Song.....	66
Brave Sons of Britain, Ye	131
Bible and Crown, The.....	168
Black Man's Dream, The.....	140
Burial of Sir John Moore, The	40
Britannia's Revenge.....	215
Cardinal Wiseman.....	201
Commemoration of the Shutting of the Gates of Derry.....	129
Character of King William III.....	167
Croppies, Lie Down.....	122
Church of our Fathers, The	55
Chesapeake and the Shannon, The.....	21
Come, cheer up, my lads.....	134
Contrast, The.....	46
Chosen Few, The.....	194
Chronology, &c.	245
Church of England, The.....	211

	PAGE.
Derry	179
Diamond will be trumps again, The.....	35
Defeat of Lawless at Ballybay	158
Dedication	iii
England the Home of the World.....	221
England's Wooden Walls.....	216
Enniskillen.....	33
Emerald Isle, The	176
Fermanagh, To.....	163
Fourth of November	126
For faction we meet not.....	81
Fill the sparkling goblet.....	101
Funeral of a Brother, For the.....	67
Flaunting Flag of Liberty, Tho.....	12
Flag of the U. S., Address to	13
God save the Queen	11
God save the Queen (new version).....	146
God bless brave Cumberland.....	49
Gunpowder Plot, The.....	59
Genius of Orange, The.....	173
Harry Bluff.....	222
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!	115
Homes of England, The	61
Hark, the Merry Bells.....	11
Heaving of the Lead.....	218
Initiation of a Brother, For the	67
Invasion, The	76
King William.....	26
King William III.	80
King George III.	51
King, God bless him, The.....	45
King of the Emerald Island	151
Londonderry.....	57
Ladies of Derry, The.....	95
Lilliburlero	181
Massacre of the Protestants.....	127
Massacre of St. Bartholomew, The	57
Memory of the Duke of York, To the.....	48
Memory of the Earl of Eldon, To the.....	73

	PAGE.
.....	179
.....	35
.....	158
.....	iii
.....	221
.....	216
.....	33
.....	176
.....	163
.....	126
.....	81
.....	101
.....	67
.....	12
.....	13
.....	11
.....	146
.....	49
.....	59
.....	173
.....	222
.....	115
.....	61
.....	11
.....	218
.....	67
.....	76
.....	26
.....	80
.....	51
.....	45
.....	151
.....	57
.....	95
.....	181
.....	127
.....	57
.....	48
.....	73

	PAGE.
Memory of Charlotte Elizabeth, To the	96
Maiden City, The	85
Mitchell, and Meagher, and all.....	120
Men of Skinner's Alley	183
Men of England	98
Men of Truth.....	70
Mariners of England, The	13
Maple Leaf, The	16
Marksman, The.....	143
Marseillaise for the Romans	212
Mackenzie's Petition to Payne.....	42
Medley	204
No Repeal.....	171
No Surrender	82
No Surrender (by O. R. Gowan).....	82
No Surrender (by John Wilson).....	179
No Surrender, A Vindication of.....	154
Nelson.....	56
National Song	22
Nelson, The Death of	217
No Purgatory	238
Orange Tree, The.....	184
Orangemen's Submission, The.....	87
Orange Triumph	140
Orange Flag on the breeze, The.....	93
Orange Booven.....	77
Orange Lily	31
Orange Sentiments.....	161
Our Country's Saviour.....	174
Our Protestantism	88
Oliver's Advice.....	90
O'Connell.....	56
O'Connell in Purgatory	136
Our good old English principles	68
Oh! weep for the hour.....	177
Parody on I'm Afloat.....	225
Protestant Boys, The	84
Protestant Boys, The (new version).....	160
Protestant Drum, The.....	112
Popish Tyranny	124
Pitt	52
Pitt and Nelson.....	53
Peel's Apostacy.....	56
Purple Marksman, The.....	146

	PAGE.
Popes of Rome, The History of the.....	261
Pope's Dream, The	230
Preface	v
Queen of Merry England, The	213
Rise, Sons of William.....	109
Relief of Derry	111
Revolution, The.....	122
Rule Britannia.....	15
Recollections of the past	99
Royal Black Song.....	192
Remembrances.....	197
Round.....	228
Spanish Armada.....	224
Shutting of the Gates of Derry.....	107
Sons of the Wise, Ye	135
Sons whose sires with William bled.....	94
Sires of William's glorious reign.....	28
Song of Deliverance, A.....	65
Song for the Yeomen, A.....	72
Song of Miriam.....	240
Stand round, my brave boys.....	132
Success to the Orange wherever it goes.....	128
Six priests went to dine.....	185
Truth and Liberty.....	94
Twelfth of July, The.....	79
The Straw Humbug	199
The Soul that once in Popish cause.....	166
Toasts and Sentiments.....	241
The Glorious Memory.....	209
The Glorious First of August.....	228
Voice of Britain	23
Victory of the Boyne.....	44
Walker's Pillar.....	162
Walker's Pillar (Graham's).....	116
Walker's Testimonial.....	62
Walker, On the death of	32
When Pharaoh reigned	124
When in war on the ocean.....	20
While vanquished Erin	29
We want no Republic	25
We ne'er will relinquish the Orange and Blue.....	169

MINSTREL.

	PAGE.
.....	261
.....	280
.....	v
.....	213
.....	109
.....	111
.....	122
.....	15
.....	99
.....	192
.....	197
.....	228
.....	224
.....	107
.....	135
.....	94
.....	28
.....	65
.....	72
.....	240
.....	132
.....	128
.....	185
.....	94
.....	79
.....	199
.....	166
.....	241
.....	209
.....	228
.....	23
.....	44
.....	162
.....	116
.....	62
.....	32
.....	124
.....	20
.....	29
.....	25
.....	169

INDEX.

	PAGE.
While Britain's sons their freedom boast	38
Who dares to speak of '98?	189
Ye Williamites so true	41
Ye Brave Sons of Britain	131
Yo, heave ho!	223

ERRATA.

- Page vi, line 13 from top—for "*Array*" read "*Away*."
" line 7 from bottom—for "*Apprenticed*" read "*Apprentice*."
Page 13, line 6 from bottom—for "*They mean the Negroes' scars,*" read "*your Negroes'.*"
" 19, line 14 from bottom—for "*To Holland now we pay the debt,*" read "*to pay the debt.*"
" 27, line 13 from bottom—for "*Clawickard's*" read "*Clanricard's.*"
" 33, line 6 from top—for "*Perchance thy tired spirit*" read "*tried spirit.*"
" 54, line 10 from top—for "*Haffina*" read "*Haffnia.*"
" 58, line 4 from top—for "*Undistinguished were cast in,*" read "*cast into.*"

ATA.

'Array' read 'Away.'

'Apprenticed' read 'Appren-

-for 'They mean the Negroes'
groes'.

for 'To Holland now we pay the
debt.'

for 'Clawickard's' read 'Clan-

'Perchance thy tired spirit'

'Haffina' read 'Haffnia.'

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