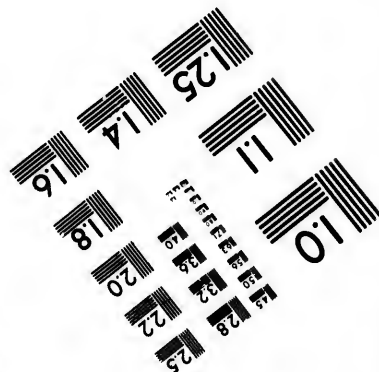
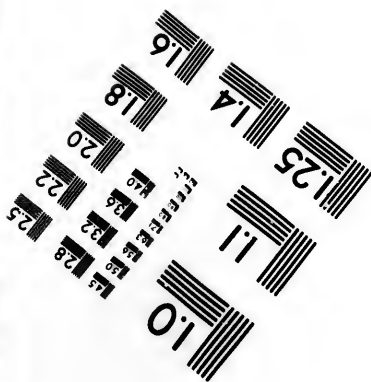
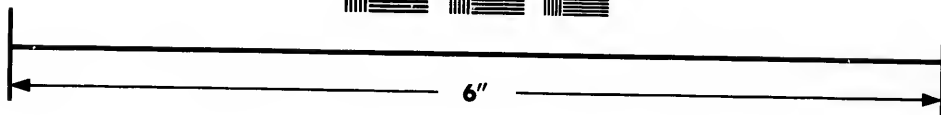
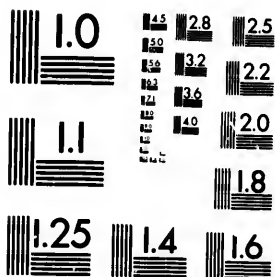


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

10  
16  
18  
20  
22  
25  
28  
32

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

10  
16  
18  
20  
22  
25  
28  
32

**© 1983**

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

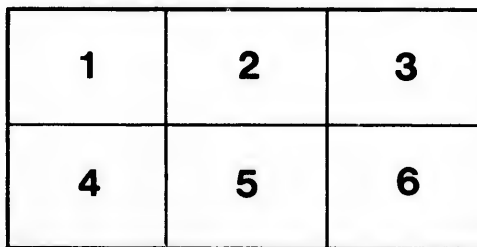
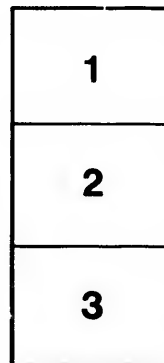
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

ire  
détails  
es du  
modifier  
er une  
filmage

es

errata  
l to  
t  
e pelure,  
on à

F

P

E

**RHYMES**  
**FOR THE TIMES :**  
**ORIGINAL POEMS**  
ON  
**POPERY, SLAVERY,**  
AND  
**INTEMPERANCE,**  
**BY A PROTESTANT.**

---

“ Be thou like the first Apostles,  
“ Be thou like heroic Paul,  
“ If a free thought seek 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 !!”

---

**MONTREAL :**

---

1857.

71491

✓

## CONTENTS.

---

Saint Bartholomew's Day in Canada.....	5
The Death of Robert Corrigan.....	12
A Song for True Orangemen.....	34
Kansas, &c.....	37
A Visit to Montreal.....	44
The Farce at Hoboken.....	49
Transubstantiation <i>versus</i> Common Sense.....	56
Bedini's Visit to America.....	60
Father McDonald and the Scottish Youth.....	64
Appeal to the Freemen of America.....	67
The Runaway Slave.....	74
Letter to F. A. Ross, D.D.....	78
The Drunken Bear.....	84
Father Bonnie's Address, &c.....	88
Peter and Paul..*.....	89
A Will Case.....	94
We will publish the Bible.....	97
Father B. and Barbara Forman.....	100
Thoughts on Death, &c.....	104
The Death of the Maine Law in Canada... ..	108
The Murderess .....	110
Address to France.....	112
Address to the Queen.....	114
Another song for true Orangemen.....	116
Conclusion .....	120



## ERRATA.

Page 46, line 3, for *hasc ombined* read *has com-  
bined*.

Page 48, line 10, for *exceeds* read *exceed*.

“ 53, “ 3, for *dcscry* read *descry*.

“ 54, “ 15, for *In* read *And in*.

“ 61, “ 8, for *downfall and* read *terrible*.

“ 64, “ 13, for *father's* read *fathers'*.

“ 68, “ 19, for *believers* read *believers'*.

“ 89, “ 16, for *is* read *was*.

“ 91, “ 17, for *a* read *an*.

“ 92, “ 22, for *this* read *th'*.

“ 101, “ 15, for *Schools* read *Schools*.

“ 106, “ 12, for *fete* read *fate*.

“ 107, “ 1, for *work* read *finished work*.

## P R E F A C E .

---

A preface is chiefly designed to disclose  
What is written in rhyme or embodied in prose.  
If the reader imagines that mine will be terse,  
Disappointment may find it entangled in verse,  
For this Introduction to "*Rhymes for the Times*"  
Is only to say that they treat of the crimes  
Which Rome and Slave-holders delight to uphold :  
But though this much be written, the half is not told.

First then is the *Massacre at Montreal* ;  
The next a relation of *Corrigan's fall* ;  
A specimen *Song for true Orangemen* next ;  
Then follows a long one with *Kansas* the text ;  
And then comes a *Visit* I paid Montreal ;  
The *Farce at Hoboken*, St Quietus and all.  
Then follows the essence of Romish deceit  
How a priest blessed a wafer he fear-ed to eat.  
*Bedini* is quite an ironical thing ;  
And *Father McDonald* is next on the ring :  
Then comes an appeal to the *sons of the Brave*,  
Preceding the *tale of the runaway Slave* :  
Then comes my *Reply* to the *Great Doctor Ross*,  
Who is either deranged or amazingly cross.  
Then follows the tale of the *great drunken Bear* :—  
All drunkards and tipplers should read it with care.  
The next, *Father Bonnie's address to his friends* ;  
On "feathers and tar" his religion depends.

Then follows a sketch of the *life of Saint Paul* ;  
The horrible *will case* is shocking to all.  
We will publish *the Bible*, the rule of our faith ;  
Then, *poor little Barbara* beaten to death.  
A few other rhymes of a similar power,  
May serve to beguile an unoccupied hour.  
The author no cause of apology knows,  
For giving the world his opinion of those  
Who seek to enfetters the body and mind,  
'Neath covert pretensions of blessing mankind  
The next is another *True Orangeman's Song* :  
The conclusion, I trust, is not any too long.  
If Pio should deign an infalliable look,  
He'll find at THE END that the whole is a book.

THE AUTHOR.

# RHYMES

FOR

**THE TIMES, &c.**

---

## **SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY IN CANADA.**

A Dialogue between a Stranger and a Citizen of Montreal in reference to the Massacre of the 9th June, 1853.

STRANGER.

Hail! Citizen. Why weepest thou?  
Thy cause of grief declare.  
The city seems in trouble now,  
There's mourning everywhere.

CITIZEN.

Art thou but a stranger, and yet hast not heard  
Our source of affliction and sorrow?  
Then know that we mourn for relations laid low,  
In a moment of ire, by a merciless foe,  
While we the survivors were destin'd to know  
Disconsolate grief on the morrow.

STRANGER.

Pray tell me then did foemen dare

Disturb your quiet repose ?

And did the military guards

Repel the country's foes ?

Or did some den of infamy

Pour forth its lawless hordes

Of those who rob and kill, and live

By what their guilt affords ?

CITIZEN.

Ah ! stranger it was not the carnage of war ;

No foes were assembled in battle ;

Nor was it the fruit of the plunderer's trade,

For Rome has enacted another crusade

'Gainst freedom of speech ; and the dying and dead

Fell thick in the midst of the rattle.

STRANGER.

Methinks I read the sequel now :

If ROME has been the foe

I wonder not that you can tell

A tale of bitter woe.

CITIZEN.

The day had been fine, and the morning was bright,

With pleasure's illusions before us ;

We thought not of sorrow, but ah! ere that night  
Had veiled the bright prospects of earth from our  
sight,  
Like a dream of the past disappeared our delight,  
When death and destruction swept o'er us.

STRANGER.

Speak Citizen, for I would know  
What motives could induce  
Th' adherents of the Holy (?) See  
Such horror to produce.

CITIZEN.

Yes; since thou desirest, I cannot deny  
So kind a request from a stranger,  
Then know that a preacher, Gavazzi his name,  
Who once was a priest, but had come to proclaim  
The errors he left in that system of shame,  
And we heard him, but dreamt not of danger.

STRANGER.

And was there danger? why so slow?  
Take thy recital brief;  
My sympathies awake to know  
If none could give relief.

CITIZEN.

I said that the lecturer came to proclaim  
The errors of Romish delusion :  
But he scarce had commenc-ed, when Ribbonmen  
arm'd,  
From hut and from hovel, in multitudes swarm'd  
And assaulted the place, when the hearers, alarmed,  
Began to disperse in confusion.

STRANGER.

And was that all ? for I had thought  
It was some sad affray—  
That some were killed—but now I hope  
They all got safe away.

CITIZEN.

Alas ! courteous stranger, they gain-ed the street,  
But found not the means of retiring ;  
For there were arranged, in phalanx complete,  
The troops that were placed to cut off their retreat.  
And some *noted* persons were heard to repeat  
The words that directed the firing.

STRANGER.

But what ! and did they really fire  
Upon the passing crowd ?  
Who ever heard of such a thing  
In British lands allowed !

## CITIZEN.

Oh yes, and their muskets were loaded with ball,  
The shrieks of the dying were awful ;  
In that sorrowful moment, the youth and the sire,  
Successively fell, and were left to expire,  
By the fiendish assassins controlling the fire,  
While *Popery* rendered it lawful.

## STRANGER.

Ah ! citizen, what dreadful things  
Are done in modern times !  
And what a vile religion that  
Which tolerates such crimes !

## CITIZEN.

But the trial that followed that notable day  
Should inspire all true freemen with terror.  
The men were arrested, but stood undismayed :  
The things that were done and the words that  
were said,  
Too plainly evinc'd that they were not afraid,  
And the whole was considered an error.

## STRANGER.

But tell me how could justice fail ?  
Am I to understand  
That no one is condemn'd to death  
For *murder*, in this land ?



CITIZEN.

Oh yes, noble stranger.—But do you not know  
That Rome has her Judges and Juries ?  
The former invested with power to the full,  
The latter selected and train'd in her school,  
And Justice is baffled according to rule,  
While all that is *Popish*, secure is.

STRANGER.

Oh sir, it makes me sad to think  
That persecuting Rome  
Is gaining strength in Canada,  
While dying out at home.

CITIZEN.

Oh yes : and indeed it must ever be so,  
Wherever the Rulers befriend them :  
And do you not know that when Brownson came  
here,  
The Catholics thronged unmolested to hear,  
The Priest and the people were strangers to fear,  
With Infantry placed to defend them.

STRANGER.

But that must be an evil creed,  
Which conquers by the sword,

As Papists and Mahometans  
Have done with one accord.

CITIZEN.

These statements are bold, but undoubtedly true,  
I challenge the Pope to refute us,  
For the withering blight of his power is discerned  
Wherever the good of his church is concerned,  
And Pio may yet give the laurels they earn'd,  
To those who are eager to shoot us.

STRANGER.

But shall not this apostate Church  
Account for such events ?  
Does not the word of God declare  
Her drunk with blood of saints ?

CITIZEN.

Yes stranger, it does ; and it also foretells  
The day of the Lord's indignation,  
When Rome and her tyranny shall disappear.  
The mother of harlots, her downfall is near,  
And those who exult in her cruelties here  
Shall share in her great tribulation.

## HISTORY OF THE AWFUL DEATH OF ROBERT CORRIGAN,

Farmer in St. Sylvester, Canada East; who was attacked by his Roman Catholic neighbors on the 17th day of October, 1855, and died two days after, with particulars of the Trial of the parties indicted.

Mortals attend my song, while I relate  
The thrilling story of a poor man's fate,  
Whose death, accomplished by a lawless band,  
Has rung through every cottage in the land ;  
Whose blood still calls for vengeance on the head  
Of those who wrought his death. His blood was  
shed

In noonday blaze of light, on public ground,  
And *Robert Corrigan*—that name shall sound  
In other lands than this, wherever Friar  
Or Priest, or Pope, or Bishop may conspire  
By open murder, or by fouler tricks,  
To slaughter and extirpate heretics.

'Th' October Sun was shining bright and clear,  
And Nature seem'd to show no signs of fear ;  
In beauteous order, pil'd around the sky,  
The snow-white clouds bespoke no tempest nigh :

The Autumn winds blew softly through the trees ;  
The withered leaves fell fluttering on the breeze ;  
In rich effusion plenty flowed around ;  
The Saint Sylvester hills had just been crowned  
With harvests rich. The pious were prepared  
To own with gratitude the gifts they shared,  
And bless high Heaven. "The memory of their  
hearts"

Arose to Him who every good imparts,  
Indulgent on the sons of Adam's race,  
Unworthy of the least of all his grace.

But ah, we said no tempest hovered nigh,—  
So far indeed as time-bedimm-ed eye  
Could read the page of future human life,  
No omen dire appeared of war or strife.  
But mortal vision lacks prophetic power  
T' unroll the burden of one future hour.  
How oft a day of joy is changed to grief,  
And nought but trust in God can give relief.  
Unconscious of impending danger near,  
As if insured of long existence here,  
Man clings to life with a tenacious hold,  
But death arrests him and his blood runs cold :  
Then yawns the opening grave in all its gloom,  
And Man, proud man, descends into the tomb.

His prospects blasted, his ambition gone,  
His joys and sorrows with his hour-glass run;  
His pomp, his energy, his vigor o'er,  
His glory faded, and himself no more.

How various are the ways in which our race  
Is "made to mourn;" description fails to trace  
The numerous diseases, pains and woes,  
Which are endured in dissolution's throes,  
When all the maladies for which we sigh  
Are as diversified as those who die.  
Some pine away upon their beds of ease,  
The victims sure, of treacherous disease.  
Some die of want, by famine overpowered,  
In deserts some, by savage beasts devoured;  
The rolling seas conceal a mighty host,  
The drowned inhabitants of Navies lost.  
And cruel War, that scourge of fated man,  
Destroyed its millions since the world began;  
And war is raging still; in carnage dire  
Contending armies muster to expire.  
Transform-ed to a mass of shapeless gore,  
Dissolving columns waste away before  
Destructive engines of infernal shape,  
Bomb-shells exploding, and the mowing grape.

The vast *Lancaster*, with its fiery bolt,  
Or those dread implements prepared by Colt,  
The blazing Sabre, and the whistling Ball,  
And bloody Bayonet, make their thousands fall.

But though the instruments of war appear,  
By far too numerous to mention here ;  
Yet there's another weapon highly prized,  
By wild Hibernians uncivilized ;  
But only used by those whose every hope  
And whole ambition centre in the Pope,  
Who know no monarch but the " Man of Sin,"  
And by their bloody actions seek to win  
His favor, which he graciously extends  
In sin-indulgences to all his friends.  
And if the sword has pierced thro' many a heart,  
The stout *Shillelah* too has had its part  
In deeds of darkness, done in bloody style,  
By those who are the dregs of Erin's isle.  
The Cannibal, to human feeling lost,  
Accounts him greatest who has slaughtered most.  
The savage Heathen, in his battle fields,  
Ferocious and fierce, his war-club wields.  
The Indian grasps his bow and scalping-knife,  
And scarce is known to save a victim's life.

Barbarians kill without the least remorse,  
And savage tribes are to be feared of course.  
But if the *Black* in human gore delights,  
He has his parallels among the *Whites*.  
A class of men I never wish to meet,  
Whose weapons, the shillelah and deceit.  
It is with some of those I have to deal,  
While thus describing what is known too well.  
But oh! what pen is gifted to portray  
The awful murder in the blaze of day!  
The Cruelty! the Death! Oh, how we shrink  
From such a scene! It makes us sad to think  
How man's base "inhumanity to man"  
Has scourged our race since human woes began.  
Who has not heard of Cain, he that first,  
Was for a brother's murder branded, curst.  
If infamy has marked him for his crime,  
He has his equals in the roll of time.  
But though the life destroyer may evade  
The light of day, and seek the deepest shade,  
Yet 'tis a truth, without a tinge of doubt,  
That secret murder must, and will be out.  
The conscience-smitten wretch enjoys no rest,  
His life a burden, to himself a pest.  
A murderer! Oh epithet of shame!  
Humanity recoils at such a name,

And He that rescued Noah from the flood  
Ordained that he who sheds a brother's blood  
Himself must die : " by man his blood be shed,"  
The curse of God upon his guilty head.  
But what a Hell-born system that which shields  
A deed so cruel in the open fields,  
And leaves its perpetrators, all and each,  
To wield anew their clubs of birch and beech.  
The Church which guards them as her bosom  
friends

And best adapted to promote her ends,—  
For are they not prepared as heretofore  
To re-imbue their hands in human gore?—  
The Saint Sylvester hills and fields may flow  
Again with blood, and echo mortal woe.  
To that dark Parish what a boon is given,  
A vile fraternity, which numbers seven.  
The ancient Fratricide was doomed to roam,  
But modern murderers remain at home.

Go tell the residents of future peace :  
Will they not say : 'Thou vain deluder, cease.  
What peace can we enjoy who dwell beside  
The men who beat our neighbor till he died ?  
Will they not say : We live in constant fear,  
And only stay because our farms are here.



Do we not see a lonely mother's grief?  
The orphans too, demand our kind relief.  
In them are centred her maternal hopes,  
And for her little ones she daily copes  
With all the toils with which this world is rife,  
And leads in solitude a widow's life.  
O stranger, hast thou heard her tale of woe?  
Or, being unacquainted, wouldst thou know  
How dreadful was the hour when slaughter'd fell  
The Husband and the Father? Many tell  
The melancholy narrative with tears,  
To be remembered through the lapse of years.  
'Twas on the day we held our Annual Fair:  
With light and gladsome hearts we hastened there;  
Calm was the twilight, and the Morning Sun  
In all his splendor rose, his race to run;  
But scarcely had the source of heat and light  
Attained the glory of meridian height,  
Than pent-up wrath, and malice long concealed  
Out-burst in fury upon Machell's field.

The busy multitude that thronged the place  
Beheld at once *Rome's* triumph and disgrace,—  
Beheld a man clubb'd, butcher'd like a dog,  
And kick'd and roll'd about as if a log,

For lo ! A moral hurricane has burst,  
And even here the earth with blood is curst ;  
For Robert Corrigan as we shall see  
With heart undaunted, and with spirit free,  
Of frame athletic, and of powerful mind,  
Where strict fidelity and truth combined  
With moral principle, and honest pride,  
With other two was chosen, to decide  
The Prizes to be given then and there,  
And so he entered on his work with care.

Meanwhile a band of wicked, Popish knaves,—  
Sworn Ribbonmen, as well as Satan's slaves,—  
Behind a barn in solemn conclave met,  
Premeditating murder, and to set  
At bold defiance laws of God and man,  
Resolved that they would murder Corrigan.

This Corrigan was once a Romanist as they,\*  
But led to see the error of his way,  
Renounced allegiance to the Church of Rome,  
Became a Protestant :—for this, his doom  
Is violent death, for are not Papists taught  
That murder is a deed with virtue fraught

---

\* See Pamphlet published by R. Middleton, Esq.,  
Quebec.

When to defend their Church they vent their wrath,  
And only Protestants are put to death?

So when this bloody conclave had agreed  
Upon a champion who should do the deed,  
The blow once given they should all unite,  
Complete the murder, and enjoy the sight.  
The whole disbanding came with one fell sweep  
On Robert Corrigan, while judging sheep.  
The chosen wretch who his associates led,  
Approached his victim, struck him on the head.  
The man was stunn'd; he reeled around and fell.  
His comrades swore their leader did it well,  
They clos'd around, regardless of his cries;  
With clubs they beat him when he tried to rise;  
They leaped upon his body, kicked his sides,  
With horrid oaths "We'll kill him out," they cried,  
Exulting over him, the mob rushed in  
To share the murder and complete the sin.  
Like fiends from Erebus with fiery breath,  
And mouths wide gaping for the work of death,  
And furies glancing from each rolling eye,  
They did their work, and left the man to die.  
Then came another wretch, with hoary head,  
To wield his club before the man was dead,

Upon the heretic his rage to vent ;  
Should not this man be canonized a saint ?  
Shall not some priest attest the holy act,  
And send the Pope a notice of the fact ?

A woman \* when she saw he would be slain,  
Cried " Murder ! Oh ! my God !" but cried in vain.  
True, there was one whose heart was touched  
with grief,

Who sought to rescue, and to give relief.  
But single-handed what could *Stockin* do  
Against the force of such a lawless crew ?  
So his humanity was forced to yield,  
And bruised and wounded he forsook the field.  
Long live the mem'ry of the one who sought  
To save a man from death, as well he ought,  
And in philanthropy so nobly shown,  
To save a life, had nearly lost his own.

Then came a few kind friends who linger'd there,  
And rais'd the dying man with tender care ;  
They led him gently to a cottage nigh,  
And on a couch they laid him down to die.

---

\* Mrs. Woodward.

They dressed his wounds, they bathed his fevered  
head.

Like good Samaritans, his dying bed  
They soothed, and sought to mitigate his pain,  
By watching day and night ; but all was vain ;  
His wounds were mortal, and he said he knew  
Himself that death would speedily ensue.  
And so it was : two days of anguish past,  
In dreadful agony he breath'd his last.  
But ere he died, his fervent prayer arose  
To Heaven's great monarch, in behalf of those  
Whose guilty hands were in his blood imbued,  
For their forgiveness he humbly sued.

Here ends the story of this poor man's wrongs  
But solemn mockery the scene prolongs ;  
Our Rulers offer a reward of course :  
A grand display of military force  
Is made. The Parish where the deed was done  
Is for a time by sycophants o'erun.—  
A puerile host, they nothing did : they feared  
To make arrests, although the men appeared  
From day to day each one upon his farm,  
Securely trusting no one would alarm :  
And even if they should, they would depend  
On co-religionists, who would defend

red

Their brethren to the last, defying laws  
Divine as well as human, for the cause  
Of Papal Rome, to show the world at large  
How Pontiff-serving men their friends discharged.

Some months elapsed : at last the savage crew,  
Advised by priestly menials what to do,  
Came forth to Justice, being well assured  
Complete impunity would be procured,  
Jurors and Judges would be all their friends,  
And base their verdict upon selfish ends.  
Comrades should swear, and Advocates should  
plead ;

Despite all evidence they should be freed,  
And sent triumphant over all the land  
As was old Cain but without his brand,  
To show to Protestants of every clime,  
Their slaughter is a virtue, not a crime.

Next came the Trial, an outrageous hoax,—  
A well selected jury in the box,  
Disbanded once, empaneled all anew,  
The choice of Rome, to shield the wicked crew,  
The O's and Mac's were represented there,  
And well instructed for the vile affair,

Their minds submissive to their father Priest,  
Received no evidence but what they wished,  
Against the clearest testimony given  
Did they not lie before the God of Heaven?  
And long before the evidence was through  
Express their sentiments and verdict too?  
Two learned worthies overruled the joke  
To wink at murder, and at sin to mock,  
To charge the jury what to do and say,  
And guide their consciences in every way.  
But men like these, unworthy of my lay,  
Shall be rewarded at a future day,  
When God's eternal wrath and power shall be  
Revealed on those who set the guilty free.

And next in order learned Lawyers stood,  
To call good evil, and call evil good ;  
To baffle evidence by lying art.  
*Sheep-face* and *All-wit* nobly played their part,  
While by their side another priestly tool  
Ignored the truth, and proved himself a fool,  
Expended wit, his talents, and his time,  
In palliation of an awful crime.  
The wild, half-witted O, was active there,  
A certain Doctor too must have his share

Of praise ; if praise is due to one who bends  
To any influence, for private ends

O powerful Rome ! thy helping hand extend,  
Whene'er these gentlemen (?) may yet depend  
Upon thy suffrages ; when they aspire  
To seats in Parliament, let Priest and Friar  
Proclaim their virtues, all their gifts display,  
And get them thus returned without delay.  
Such men as they will never fail to vote  
For all that will thine interests promote.  
But *Brown* and *Cameron*, and all that clan,  
Oppose and preach against them all you can ;  
For they are Protestants, and will of course  
Contend for equal rights without remorse.  
Like faithful watchmen from their prospect towers  
They raise their voice against aggressive powers,  
Exposing monkish meadivants, who ask  
Incorporation Bills, for every mask  
Which avaricious Prelates can invent,  
To cloak the endowment of each Popish saint.  
Such men are rare, but yet a few are found,  
Who never shrink on Legislative ground.  
Unlike the poor confession-fettered souls,—  
The captive minds which Charbonnel controls,



Such men are righteous, honest, true and just,  
They never can or will betray a trust.  
Ye free electors, when ye make your choice,  
Sustain such upright men with heart and voice.  
But *Office-seekers* should be all sent home,  
Whose aim is to enrich themselves and Rome.  
True to the Vatican, and naught beside,  
A Prelate's smile, their glory and their pride,  
His frown, their death, destruction, and dismay,  
If they survive at all, 'tis to obey.  
Rome's venial sinners are not first expelled,  
But priestly absolution is withheld  
Till, with a burden of unpardoned sin,  
The most inveterate come crouching in :  
Or if they still resist, as some will do,  
Then Purgatory blazes in their view :  
And those who wield the ever-potent *keys*  
Extort obedience when and where they please.  
But should a *Drummond* vote for common schools  
Or *Cauchons* overlook their Missal rules,  
The keen-eyed Bishop lets his thunders fall,  
And excommunicates them one and all.  
Too many deem a Bishop half divine,  
And sacrifice all conscience at his shrine ;  
Or if, by careful training, perfect grown,  
Some never have a conscience of their own,

Most servile abjects they beneath the skies,  
A Bishop's wants bring tears into their eyes,  
And be it stated to their lasting shame,  
That many such are Protestants in name.  
But there are some, our noblest men they are,  
True as a magnet to the polar star,  
Unflinching, bold, courageous, they withstand  
The Horseleech cry of many a vulture band.  
The Bishops when they finish their design  
May send the Pope of Rome their names and mine.

But to proceed ; the prisoners were convened  
Before the Bar, the witnesses subpoenaed,  
The lawyers quibbled, and the Judges played ;  
Successive witnesses came undismayed,  
They told the simple tale, unawed, unmoved,  
Each one confirming what the other proved.  
The artless narrative, declared on oath,  
In brief distinctness, bore the marks of truth,  
And was in fact so uniform throughout,  
No honest mind could entertain a doubt  
That Corrigan had been a murdered man.  
Yet in the face of all, the verdict ran  
" NOT GUILTY," no, not guilty, how could *one*  
Be chargeable with what they *all* had done ?

The man is dead, but killed by whom, and how ?  
This, this, and only this, the question now,  
For though he vanquished fell by brutal force  
Each one but partly wrought his death of course ;  
And so must all with innocence be crowned  
Unless the real murderer be found !

Thus spoke and taught those learned men at large ;  
Such doctrine is embodied in the charge  
Unto the jury given ; the lawyers smiled,  
The Judges winked, the jury was beguiled :  
The culprits understood the matter well ;  
And from the thronging mob arose the yell  
“ Not guilty ; no, not guilty ; bear them out ”—  
And at the door they raised a general shout,  
Then spake a mad, loquacious M. P. P. :—  
“ Ye victors, now be generous, be free.”

And rushing from the steps, the mob completes  
The tragedy, escorting through the streets  
Their worthy friends. The citizens, alarmed,  
Beheld the mob with flags and banners armed.  
The savage crew were eloquent in praise  
Of those who led their brethren through the maze.  
The Judges, Jury, Advocates, from them  
Received applause, and doubtless the esteem

Of such ferocious men is worth at least,  
And equal to the blessing of a priest ;  
And should be courted in all legal ways  
To lay the basis of historic praise :  
For Papal Rome has always highly prized  
Such services, and oft has canonized  
The merest scoundrels, men of blood and vice,  
But for the present time this must suffice.

And now ye *Ribbonmen*, one word to you,  
All ye who are the Pope's adherents true ;  
Whenever ye in earnestness intend  
To slay a Protestant, or stab a friend,  
Let more than one in solemn league unite,  
Then prosecute your project in day-light.  
Go, stab and kill conjointly, without fear,  
For Rome has found a way to set you clear.  
Her lawyers and her learn-ed men express  
That one is one, but more is something less ;  
And with this theory she now defends  
The foulest deeds of her united friends.

The tragic scene is over, but we feel  
A sympathy for wounds we cannot heal,  
And see in Popery's increasing power  
The dark foreboding of an evil hour ;

For all her priests anticipate the day  
When the whole earth shall be their easy prey ;  
And it is sadly painful to behold  
Our Legislators lavish out their gold  
In thoughtless liberality, on those  
The worst of men, of liberty the foes,  
Whose only aim is to enslave the free,  
Implacable as fallen man can be.

The vassals of the Pope would banish thought,  
And fetter intellect ; the doctrines taught  
By papal Rome encourage evil deeds,  
At which the heart of every Freeman bleeds ;  
This statement is correct beyond dispute,  
A fact which few will venture to refute,  
For every one that knows the truth believes  
That Rome's a den of murderers and thieves,  
Who spare no cruelty of fire and sword  
To slay the poor disciples of the Lord,  
Unchanged and unrelenting, Rome is still  
The same to persecute, the same to kill,  
As in the days of bloody *Ferdinand*  
When foul Inquisitors controlled the land ;  
When superstition held unbounded sway  
And Thirty-thousand victims fell a prey.

But many demi-popish writers say  
That Rome is not so cruel in our day,  
That she has felt the influence of the times,  
And long deplored her bigotry and crimes ;  
That she would all her former bulls retract,  
And even sign the Toleration Act.  
All this is moonshine : Rome is still the same,  
The same in spirit, as unchanged in name.

Behold the tiger chained within his cage !  
He seems so gentle, and forbears to rage ;  
But loose his bonds, the doors be opened wide,  
The savage creature slays on every side.  
Untamed, and now unchained, he hastes to kill,  
And thus develops all the tiger still.  
Just so the church of Rome her rage restrains,  
For well she knows the limits of her chains,  
But could she all her former powers regain,  
How quickly would her fires be lit again,  
Her guilty hands in martyrs' blood imbued  
And *Saint Bartholomeus* each day renewed :  
Her sombre Priests would overrun the land,  
Like spectered gnomes from some infernal band.  
Against our Institutions, Commerce, Trade,  
They would enact a horrible crusade,

Confiscate lands, their owners immolate,  
And hourly deeds of horror perpetrate.  
Our schools and colleges would then be turned  
To dens of infamy, our teachers burned,  
The ministers of God would have to flee,  
Our Bibles would be burned as well as we,  
And Literature, Learning, Science, Art,  
Before the moral midnight would depart  
And ignorant intolerance begin,  
To curse the earth with bigotry and sin.

But in conclusion, might we not suggest  
That public sentiment should be exprest  
By placing o'er the martyr's humble tomb,  
A monument, descriptive of his doom,  
To show to generations yet to come,  
Our just abhorrence of the Church of Rome :  
Nor do we think it would be much amiss  
To make th' inscription similar to this :—

R eader, whoe'er thou art that passeth here,  
O pause and drop a sympathetic tear  
B eneath the sod which by thy foot is crushed,  
E ntombed there rests a fellow-creature's dust,  
R eminding thee that life is fleeting fast ;  
T hat there's " a time to die," but none to waste.

Couldst thou desire to hear his tale of grief,  
O list a moment to the story brief,  
Robust and strong as most of men could be,  
Removed from fear of sudden death was he :  
In evil hour came those to Rome allied,  
Gave him the wounds of which he shortly died,  
And here he moulders in the silent tomb—  
Now go in peace, and be aware of ROME.



## A SONG FOR TRUE ORANGEMEN.

Tune—"Boyne Water."

While here from time to time we meet,  
We recognize each other,  
And in fraternity complete,  
Let brother cling to brother.

Our aim is not to rise to fame,  
Nor soar to lofty stations,  
Nor to perpetuate our name  
To future generations.

We meet, but not to foster pride,  
Nor envious ambition;  
And so let every man abide  
Content with his condition.

We glory in our Country's cause,  
Maintaining our allegiance,  
And giving to all righteous laws  
Our true and prompt obedience.

And so against aggressive powers,  
We shall be found protesting,  
And Popery shall find that ours  
Is union everlasting.

We fear no Bishop, Pope or Priest,  
Nor do their Bulls alarm us,  
Let gratitude pervade each breast,  
That here they cannot harm us.

And knowing what they did in France  
Before the Revolution,  
How they revoked the law of Nantes,  
With cruel persecution.

And also what they sought to do  
In Ireland's day of slaughter,  
When God led brave King William through  
Who nobly crossed Boyne Water.

On these and many other acts,  
Too numerous to mention,  
But which are undisputed facts,  
We base our apprehension.

So we unitedly repel  
Their insolent assailing,  
And in the Lodges where we dwell  
Are peace and love prevailing.

And Roman Catholics shall see  
That we will not annoy them,  
But we have rights as well as they,  
And therefore shall enjoy them.

And let them also bear in mind,  
That we avoid offences,  
But he a stubborn foe may find  
Who first the war commences.

For we are brave, but never fight,  
Except to save a brother ;  
But since our cause is good and right,  
We will defend each other.

**KANSAS: PEACE WITH ENGLAND: WAR WITH  
POPERY.**

LET us, the sons of Liberty,  
Whose standard is the Eagle,  
Our freedom claim, in more than name,  
Let Congress not inveigle.

Why should the country be alarmed  
By all that Franklin Pierce is?  
We Northern men the day shall win,  
Although the South so fierce is.

Let wild Missourians go on,  
And burn from lake to ocean,  
Intestine war will but prepare  
The Union for explosion.

Foreseeing this, the President,  
And those with him consulting,  
Are grieved to find Old England kind,  
In spite of their insulting.

For they have gone in search of war,  
Provoking other nations,  
But great John Bull is not a fool,  
He exercises patience.

And so the South must stand alone,  
Upon its vile position,  
Or sink to death, beneath the breath  
Of Northern Abolition.

For Slavery, that curse of man,  
Is blowing up the Senate ;  
And woe to those, our freedom's foes,  
Who shall be found within it.

Alas for Pierce! Alas for Brooks!  
Alas for Caleb Cushing!  
Alas for all who slaves enthrall!  
*En-mass* to ruin rushing.

The strenuous efforts being made  
To introduce to Kansas  
The negro's toil against free soil,  
The more their guilt enhances.

But we have even in the North  
Our cotton politicians;  
But such may yet enjoy the fate  
Of Pharaoh's old magicians.

And all good Freemen shall abide  
Victorious survivors,  
When all the knaves who own the slaves  
Go down with their connivers.

For we're determined to be free,  
In spite of all coercion;  
The South shall know that we shall show  
The prowess of exertion.

Why should New England States be made  
A field for negro trappers?  
If slaves escape in any shape,  
Are we to be kidnappers?

If we obey the Law of God,  
And give them food and raiment?  
If we extend a helping hand  
Without reward or payment?

No, verily, the South may rage,  
And use intimidation,  
And make us laws; but we will cause  
Their instant revocation.

But if our Southern senators  
Determine upon fighting,  
Then welcome war, with fire and tar—  
The last they much delight in.

For we would rather lose our lives  
Than prove ourselves inhuman ;  
Much sooner fight for freemen's rights,  
Than capture man or woman.

For Northern men are not prepared  
Their consciences to stifle,  
Though Pierce's band go hand in hand,  
And Tories burn and rifle.

'Tis time that Southern men should have  
A moral reformation :  
For though they boast of freedom most,  
They hate Emancipation.

But soon the curse of slavery  
Shall come to desolation :  
And then shall we indeed be free  
In more than appellation.

## PART II.

But if we must have foreign war  
To keep the Union steady,  
Then let us cope against the Pope,  
His troops are here already.

Now let the North and South unite  
Against the Priests' aggression ;  
But give them all the rights that fall  
To every man's possession.

But since their aim is to promote  
Allegiance to a stranger,  
Let no one think that we will shrink  
When FREEDOM is in danger.

And so we would remind John Hughes,  
His Priests and their connections,  
That they may preach, but must not teach  
Rebellion at Elections.

For Rome has all along put forth  
Her efforts bold and daring,  
Her Bishops eye some era nigh  
For which they are preparing.



For it is said that they have hid  
    Beneath each towering steeple,  
Sufficient stand of arms on hand  
    To arm the priest-led people.

And therefore it shall be our part  
    To keep them in subjection ;  
These noble States are ours, and we  
    Allow no insurrection.

For they would fain recall the days  
    Of bygone persecutions,  
That they might wage destructive rage  
    Against our Institutions.

But chief against our Common Schools  
    They show their indignation ;  
And if they could we know what would  
    Be done to Education.

For they would have us on a par  
    With Rome and its environs ;  
Without a school but prisons full,  
    And multitudes in irons.

Not only would the Bishops toll  
The knell of erudition,  
But furthermore they would restore  
The Holy (?) Inquisition :

That their Inquisitors might check  
The freedom of opinion ;  
That all might die who would deny  
The right of their dominion.

For cruelty and Rome must be  
Infallibly united ;  
In all the realms she overwhelms  
Prosperity is blighted.

So let us Freemen have at heart  
The Union's preservation ;  
From mitred Priest or Romish Beast  
And Popish immigration.

And may this land be ever free  
From war and all invasions ;  
And *Nothing Know* of slave or foe  
In future generations.

## A VISIT TO MONTREAL.

ONCE in my youthful days, I chanced to pay  
A passing visit to a crowded town ;  
A Royal Mountain stood in bold array,  
And gave the city its impending frown.

The dwellings, generally neat and clean,  
Displayed a due regard to taste and health,  
And rows of merchants' shops that stood between,  
Revealed the source of its increasing wealth.

But strangers never fail to mark the street,  
Where Banks and Offices uprear their towers ;  
The pavement well arranged beneath my feet,  
I gazed at all attractive points for hours.

But passing westward from the noble square,  
The " Witness Office " rose before my gaze,  
And then I thought of him who labors there,  
To testify against all wicked ways.

A " witness " for the truth, he stands alone,  
His *Messengers* throughout the country wide  
He sends. The good he's doing, and has done,  
Shall live when he has laid his pen aside.

The other *Witness* may indulge his wrath,  
Vituperation, Insolence and Gal ;  
But like the man that came of old from Gath,  
This great Goliath of the Priests must fall.

For sin and error shall not always reign ;  
Soon shall the long predicted era come,  
When truth and love shall universal gain  
Entire ascendancy o'er fallen Rome.

But to proceed ; the great Cathedral caught  
My eyes, as with inviting doors it stood ;  
And full resolved to see the Faithful (!) taught,  
I entered there in solemn, sober mood.

Nor did I enter there alone, a band,  
Yea more, a multitude was pouring in,  
And each in holy water dipped a hand.  
And looked as grave as if it cleansed from sin.

Then passing up the spacious aisle, I gazed  
In silent wonder at the dazzling sight.  
I could not see the use of such a blaze  
But soon I learned they called it holy light.

I always thought that tapers were designed  
T' illuminate the gloomy hours of night,  
But Rome with other follies has combined  
Th' absurdity of *adding* to daylight.

“Thou shalt not bow to idol gods the knee,”  
Spake the Eternal, while his thunders roared.  
Is this an idol temple? Can it be  
That idols are in Christian lands adored?

Such were the thoughts that rushed upon my mind,  
While in the so called Christian house of prayer.  
How did my inward spirit grieve to find  
Idolatry in pristine glory there.

For round about the lofty walls appeared  
An host of images and painted saints,  
And whether God was worshipped or revered,  
The Virgin was adored at all events.

A gilded crucifix upon the Altar stood  
And seemed designed to aid devotion's tide;  
The worshippers in humble attitude  
Adored the Cross, instead of Him who died.

O vile apostacy! when forms and rights,  
Are made to take the place of holy love,  
And it is thought that sordid gold incites  
Devotion's flame to rise to heaven above.

Such thoughts were interrupted by a bell  
Which rung, and accurately tolled the time ;  
Then came a priestly menial to tell  
Us all to kneel, for standing was a crime.

I cast a glance around a seat to find,  
And shuddered at the thought of such a sin,  
And with companions of a kindred mind,  
I found a vacant pew and sat therein.

For we were Protestants and could not kneel ;  
For who would bow before an idol shrine ?  
We knew, we felt, and trust shall ever feel  
That God alone our Maker is divine.

Perhaps they thought us heretics, and were  
With pious zeal resolved to set us right,  
But God's true worshippers can never dare  
With the idolatries of Rome unite.

Next came the Preacher with his shaven crown,  
He seemed as if prepared to teach by charms :  
Was he a Spanish Monk or Maynooth clown ?  
Or was he nurtured in old Pio's arms ?

That he was foreign any one could tell,  
His tone, his accent, banished every doubt,  
But he performed his evolutions well,  
And taught his flock by turning round about.

Five simple words, when understood by all,  
By far exceed ten thousand undefined.  
So thought the great, the wise apostle Paul ;  
Apostate Rome has otherwise designed.

For where the powers of Anti-Christ prevail,  
They keep the Bible from the laboring class,  
But they delight to make the million quail  
Before the nonsense of a Latin Mass.

We mused a moment on the various ways  
In which the nations have been long deceived,  
The mummeries which Papal Rome displays,  
And left the place, unedified and grieved.

## THE FARCE AT HOBOKEN:

Kirwan disturbs the bones of St. Quietus.

YE pious Roman Catholics,  
Approach with awe ; behold, adore :  
While Bishop Baily will produce  
His new discovered relic store ;  
And bless the day of Holy light,  
That brings St Quietus' bones to sight.

'Tis Sabbath morn ; a balmy breeze  
Sweeps gently o'er Hoboken's plains,  
But on the day of sacred rest,  
The air is rent with martial strains ;  
For lo ! a Romish farce is wrought,  
And God's commandment set at nought.

The incidental facts are these ;—  
The simple narrative is brief,—  
A Romish chapel is in debt,  
And to the Priests a source of grief.  
But their ingenious minds are set  
On plans to liquidate the debt.

The Newark Bishop comes along,  
Chief actor in the great event,  
And in a brilliant casket bears  
The precious *relics* of a saint.  
The masses hasten to the gaze,  
And each his quarter-dollar pays.



Alas that millions should be led,  
The willing dupes of priestly guile,  
To desecrate the day of God,  
His so-called temple to defile  
With dead men's bones, and rites untold—  
And all for gain in paltry gold.

Behold the puny set of bones  
In grand procession borne along ;  
Inaugurated midst the pomp  
Of Holy (?) mass, and solemn song ;  
And then in mystic order laid  
Among the ranks of holy dead.

But who was he ? inquirers ask :  
Let all such impious thoughts be hushed,  
Enough to hear the Bishop say  
It is his genuine, sacred dust.  
And though he cannot tell you where  
He lived or died, his bones are there.

But when the Bishop's end is gained,  
And cash is poured into the box,  
He'll smile to find how well he played  
His part in the successful hoax ;  
Then blush to think how low he stooped,  
To have his flock completely duped.

And when the solemn farce is o'er,  
St. Quietus shall in silence lie,  
To grace some consecrated niche,  
No more to meet the public eye,  
Unless recalled in future days  
To rule a fête, or "make a raise."

But should occasion yet require,  
Another saint shall soon be found,  
To swell the pile of holy things, (?)  
And gather devotees around.  
The tomb resources ever meet  
The fresh demands of every cheat.

For all the Catacombs are full  
Of bones of each convenient size,  
And when Tradition finds a name,  
The Pope and Priest will canonize,  
And curse the heretic that dares  
Reject the new-made saint of theirs.

But should his home resources fail,  
Let Bishop Baily quell his fears;  
Exhaustless Rome will yet supply  
The skeletons of by-gone years;  
For Pio in his stock on hand,  
Will find a saint for each demand.

But though he is infallible,  
 The old decrepit man forgets,  
 And in his eagerness to please,  
 He often labels double sets.\*  
 But then of course the holy ones  
 Were all possessed of double bones.

But Kirwan and his faithless crew,  
 Who dare such fallacy expose,  
 The Bishops doubtless will denounce  
 As Pio's most malignant foes ;  
 But though the Pope himself should curse,  
 Shall Kirwan be one whit the worse ?

The powers of Anti-Christ may frown,  
 Anathemas, and curses roar,  
 But Rome shall shortly be destroyed,  
 And men shall be deceived no more.  
 Then Truth and Righteousness shall reign  
 O'er Superstition's wide domain.

---

\* A SLIGHT MISTAKE—MIRACLE OF MULTIPLICATION —  
 In return for the splendid present sent by the Queen of Spain to the Pope, his holiness sent her the skeleton of St. Felix the Martyr. The value of the gift has, however, been somewhat diminished since it has been discovered that Spain has already *two veritable skeletons of the same saint!*—*Extract from Canada Evangelist.*

Hoboken ! may thy nights be clear,  
 And Newark ! luminous thy toms,  
 That the deceiver may descry  
 The bony treasures he exhumes ;  
 That he may see to ply his spade  
 At his resuscitating trade.

But should some learned bishop say  
 That they are sent direct from heaven,  
 Or brought by angel bands from Rome,  
 Implicit credit must be given ;  
 And woe to him who disobeys,  
 Or doubts the truth of what he says.

Who would scorn the meanest wretch,  
 Who should attempt the same deceit ;  
 And why should mitred charletans  
 Exult in success so complete ;  
 And with renewed tricks, secure  
 The scanty earnings of the poor ?\*

---

\* Father Chiniquy, well known in Canada, has accused his Bishop of "iniquity" and "tyranny." has compared him to "Judas Iscariot" and "the impious Ahab." and his fellow priests to "dogs," and declares him more expert in the art of *nocturnal money*, than in his clerical duties. "Yet Father Chiniquy has taught his people to see God in the Pope, the Pope in the Bishop and priest ; and therefore according to his own principles, he is opposing God." This is nearly equal to one Pope's excommunicating another.

Ye Freemen wake to common sense,  
Assert your liberty ; be free :  
And with united hearts renounce  
The high demands of Popery.  
Now let Americans unite,  
To bless the world with Bible light.

The Pope and Priest may rule and reign,  
A few more days or years at most,  
Till in the day of righteous wrath,  
The mystery of sin be lost.  
When God to desolation brings  
The merchandise of holy things.

Go read the Revelations, ye  
Who doubt the guilt of Papal Rome ;  
*And* In that sacred volume see  
The prophecies of wrath to come,  
When Babylon the Great shall fall,  
And shall be found no more at all.

The Anti-christian Beast may rage,  
And to his inmost cell retire ;  
But Power Divine shall fetch him thence,  
To judge him in his righteous ire ;  
For though he seems to tarry long,  
God shall avenge his peoples' wrong.

Then shall the truths of Holy Writ  
Be known. and read from shore to shore,  
And earth rejoice in freedom's light,  
When Priests and Relics are no more ;  
Then truth, and love, and Gospel light  
Shall chase the gloom of Papal night.

**TRANSUBSTANTIATION VERSUS COMMON  
SENSE---A TALE.**

A lady liv'd—no matter where,  
    Provided that my tale be true,  
Of nob'e lineage, young and fair,  
    A Protestant, and wealthy too :  
Betrothed to one whose every hope  
Of heaven was center d in the Pope.  
An earnest Lutheran was she,  
A rigid Romanist was he.

At length he brought the parish Priest,  
    Who sought to have her views reform'd ;  
But she recanted not the least,  
    For she was very well inform'd ;  
And though the Priest from day to day  
Was teaching her the better (?) way,  
Yet common sense with her prevail'd,  
And all his elocution fail'd.

The lady was no easy prey,  
    Rejecting all the arts employed,  
She loved the good old Bible way,  
    At which the Priest was much annoyed ;  
At length the wily friar thought  
To have his victim fairly caught,  
For he should wield with high command  
His Transubstantiating hand.

The lad : gave assent, but said  
With all benign and due respect,  
That she herself would find the bread :—  
Of course the Priest could not object,  
But ere with mutual consent,  
The lady to her baking went,  
They fixed the time, the day, the hour,  
When he was to exert his power.

They met around the holy (?) feast,  
The elements were all arranged,  
“ We bless the bread,” rejoined the Priest,  
“ And it is all divinely changed.”  
“ And is it really so ? ” inquired  
The sceptic lady ; who desired  
To see the miracle take place,  
Before she finished Rome’s disgrace.

“ O yes, it is indeed,” he said,  
“ Be it distinctly understood  
This wafer is no longer bread,  
But Jesus Christ, His Body, Blood,\*

---

\* “ And it has always been the faith of the true Church that immediately on the consecration the true body and the true blood of our Lord Jesus Christ are, together



Divinity and Soul complete,  
*Hic corpus meum*, take and eat,  
For Jesus when he blessed the bread,  
'This is my body,' plainly said."

The lady answered undismayed,  
The more convinc'd of the deceit ;  
"If it be truth that you have said,  
"You need not hesitate to eat ;  
"But for my part I'm much afraid  
"To taste the wafer I have made :  
"For after all your latin prayer,  
"There's deadly poison lurking there."

Th' intended husband quickly saw  
How Transubstantiation failed ;  
The whole assembly, struck with awe,  
Eyed the Confessor while he quailed  
Beneath that righteous woman's eye,  
As pale as if about to die ;  
But in the midst of all pretence  
He gave the sway to *common sense*.

---

with his soul and his divine nature, present under the form of the bread and wine."—Council of Trent, sixth article.

For he himself did not believe  
The "lying wonders" that he taught,  
And in his efforts to deceive  
Was ever mortal better caught ?  
From sudden death the Popish elf  
Had wit enough to save himself,  
But in a foul deceiver's name  
He found his infamy and shame.

Ye Roman Catholics attend  
The gracious and the heavenly call,  
And trust in Christ, the sinner's friend,  
Who freely gave himself for all :  
The Mass for Sin can not atone,  
But Jesus Christ, and He alone,  
The only Sacrifice for Sin,  
Your love and confidence should win.

## BEDINI'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

T HERE is an ancient Hermit among the Roman  
hills,

H e seems to be determined to conquer human  
wills,

E xpecting no one to oppose, but all to bear his  
ills.

P oor old decrepid creature, how strong is his  
desire

O n earth to reign supremely through Bishop  
Priest and Friar.

P ride, sin, and arrogance in him *infallibly* com-  
plete,

E arth's monarchs he would have to cringe like  
vassals at his feet.

Could the Pontiff of Rome have his wishes fulfill'd  
The Inquisition would flourish, and Protestants  
burn,

But the cup of iniquity soon will be filled,  
And the ages of darkness shall never return ;  
For the blood of the saints has long deluged the  
earth,

The martyrs of Jesus for vengeance do call,  
The Lord shall arise in the day of his wrath,  
And doomed to perdition shall Anti-christ fall.

Great Babylon, drunk with the blood of the saints,  
Shall receive the reward of her manifold crimes.  
The Lord is preparing important events,  
As we can perceive by the signs of the times,  
For the world is aware there is trouble in Rome,  
The day of the Lord, which approaches each  
hour,  
We believe to be nigh, for her downfall and doom  
Is as clearly revealed as her progress and power.

And now that the Vatican's getting too small,  
And the Son of Perdition is trembling with fear  
He makes an attempt to enslave and enthrall  
America too ; and be sovereign here.  
So he sent us a Nuncio named *Bedini*,  
Who came in disguise, as a traitor could do,  
But soon we discovered 'twas he who had skinned  
*Hugo Bassi* alive, so we bade him adieu. \*

\* "The butcher Bedini, was sent out as his representative to America. The blood of Hugo Bassi, and of a host of noble patriots, the slow martyrdom and agonies of many a liberal and high-minded youth, now rotting in the dungeons of Rome, and finally, the late revival of all the terrors of the infamous Inquisition, sufficiently point out Pio Nono as a relentless tyrant."—*Montreal Witness*.

It seems that his Holiness (?) thought that the Union  
Would acknowledge Bedini and forward his  
cause,  
But we let him return to inform Pio Nono  
We should never submit to canonical laws.  
He had come with great pomp, but departing in  
sorrow,  
Left the Bishops in tears, and the Priests with-  
out hope,  
His unsanctified soul was o'erwhelm-ed with horror  
When he found we rejected the claims of the  
Pope.

Ashamed of himself, and much more of his mission,  
And stung to the heart at his failure complete,  
The world never heard a more doleful confession  
Than he made to the Pope while he knelt at  
his feet.  
It was said that he wept, and 'twas scarcely a  
wonder  
That his Catholic (?) soul should be rent with  
alarms,  
But his holiness thought the infallible blunder  
Might yet be corrected by valour of arms.

So he sent an infallible Bull of instructions  
To a man in New York and the rest of his clan,  
Who now faithfully seek to control the Elections  
And return Popish members wherever they can.  
'Tis chiefly by stratagems that he succeeds:  
Grim hosts of deceivers are ever at hand,  
And by skilful manœuvres and treacherous deeds  
His agents are active in every land.

For the Romish Hierarchy knows no allegiance  
But what is sworn to the Pontiff while kissing  
his toe,  
And the masses instructed in passive obedience  
Will follow the Priesthood wherever they go.  
These things have too long been regarded as trifles,  
Till they've almost obtained a supremacy here,  
But now we'll oppose, without cannon or rifles;  
The KNOW NOTHING army will check their  
career.

## FATHER M'DONALD & THE SCOTTISH YOUTH.

A Tale about Purgatory.

FAIR Scotia rears her mighty hills  
Where clans were wont to rally  
In days of yore, when Druid lore  
Was echoed through each valley.

The land where Bruce and Wallace bled,  
(Were heroes ever bolder !)  
The land of brooks and sturdy oaks,  
And rocks that never moulder.

Land of the Thistle and the Lark,  
And mountains clothed with heather,  
Land of no slave, but where the brave  
Unconquered dwell together.

Land of our father's sepulchres,—  
Fond fancy loves t'unravel  
The great events which memory paints,  
Where Queens delight to travel.

We might relate a thousand facts  
Of Scottish resolution,  
But now we tell no thrilling tale  
Of bloody persecution.

H.

But we relate a story brief,  
About a *Romish* friar,  
How he essayed to cheat a lad,  
And how he proved a liar.

A Scottish youth had gone abroad,  
To scenes of hardship hurried,  
Years rolling round, returned, he found  
His father dead and buried.

The priest apprised of his return,  
He hastened to condole him,  
And brought the comforts of *the church*,  
On purpose to console him.

The friar said ‘ My worthy lad,  
Your father was anointed  
With holy oil, but all this while  
He’s sadly disappointed,

“ Your father was a pious man,  
But we are very sorry  
To have to say, that such as he  
Is still in Purgatory.



“ He paid us well, and we have prayed,  
For we would not deceive him,  
But yet alas! another mass  
Is needed to relieve him.

“ For after all the prayers we’ve said,  
To have his soul retriev-ed,  
Tis sad to think, while on the brink  
His toes are not reliev-ed.

“ And now, my lad, if you have aught,  
You’d better see about it,  
If cash be given, he’ll go to heaven,  
He cannot do without it.”

“ Oh, sir,” replied the youth, while he  
Did in his heart disdain him,  
“ If father’s out, without a doubt  
His toes will not detain him.”

---

However ridiculous the above may appear, it is certainly not more so than many incidents recorded in “McGavin’s Protestant.” The man’s name was Anthony MacDonald, Priest of the Parish of Small Isles, Scotland.

## APPEAL TO THE FREEMEN OF AMERICA.

Tune : "Caledonia."

CHILDREN of the Pilgrim Band,  
Who came over to this land,  
Suffering nobly, hand in hand,  
    In a righteous cause.  
Poor, afflicted and disdained,  
They the loss of all sustained,  
While your freedom they obtained,  
    And the world's applause.

Did your fathers come by stealth?  
Did they seek for hidden wealth?  
Sought they undecaying health  
    As their great reward?  
No, the Pilgrim Fathers were  
Men of holiness and prayer,  
Forced to seek a refuge, where  
    They might serve the Lord.

Much they suffered here below;  
Ye their trials fully know,  
Forced to foreign lands to go,  
    Struggling to be free.  
Prelates in an evil hour  
Sought to exercise their power,  
Nonconformists to devour,  
    With bloody cruelty.

s cer-  
ed in  
s An-  
Isles,

Then a noble Band, and free,  
Braved the dangers of the sea,  
Firmly they resolved to be  
    Spiritual slaves to none.  
Left the Bishops and their slaves,  
Crossed the great Atlantic waves,  
Trusting in the Lord who saves  
    And redeems his own.

Landed safe on Plymouth Rock,  
Thus an aged Pilgrim spoke ;  
“ Now we’re free from every yoke,  
    On a foreign shore ;  
God the giver of all good,  
Our defence in dangers stood :  
He will now provide our food,  
    Him let us adore.”

When upon the barren sand  
Knelt that persecuted band,  
God was pleas-ed to command  
    His blessing there to rest.  
They, exiled to foreign parts,  
Felt the joy his grace imparts :  
Jesus makes believers hearts  
    Joyous though distressed.

Did your Fathers thus employ  
All their efforts to enjoy  
*Freedom*, and shall Rome destroy  
Freedom's bulwark here?

No. Their sons resolved to *Know*  
*Nothing*, but their freedom. Go  
Arm in arm to meet the foe,  
Without thought of fear.

Children of such noble sires  
Wake up! Wake up! it requires  
Courage to oppose the Friars—  
Freedom's deadly foes.

Vassals of a foreign power,  
Seeking whom they may devour,  
"Now's the day, and now's the hour,"  
Their inroads to oppose.

Men of energy and might,  
Peaceful, yet resolved to fight  
In the cause of truth and right,  
Firmly take your stand.

This the doctrine ye should teach,  
Equal rights for all, for each:  
Priests and Bishops ought to preach,  
Not to rule the land.

Go ye forth then to protect  
The equal rights of every sect,  
Stand prepared in this respect,  
    For whate'er revolves ;  
While undaunted forth ye go  
Never persecute a foe,  
Let the Priests and Bishops know  
    Ye are not the *wolves*.

If you think tis too severe  
Thus to represent them here,  
Go to Rome where they appear  
    In their colors true :  
See the oppressive Tyranny,  
See the abject misery,  
Fruits of Popish villany  
    Deeds of darkest hue.

Go to Erin's ruined Isle,  
See the fruits of priestly toil,  
Death, confusion, and turmoil,  
    Renew-ed every day.  
Fertile fie'ds in ruin see,  
Mult tudes in beggary,  
All because that Popery  
    Has unbounded sway.

Turn to Lower Canada  
Where the Clergy rule the day,  
See how vigorously they  
    Drain the public purse,  
To endow each Popish saint  
Through a yielding Parliament ;  
They the wealth that God has sent  
    Change into a curse.

Ever withering far and wide  
Are th' effects of Popish pride,  
It can never be denied,  
    But 'tis always so ;  
For there never was a land  
Where the Priests had sole command  
But was filled on every hand  
    With misery and woe.

If you do not now prevail  
Over those whom you assail,  
Days may come when you will quail  
    At their wolfish howl :  
Your noble institutions then,  
Which produce such worthy men,  
Shall be each a Dragon's den  
    Full of Friars foul.

They'll oppose your Common Schools,  
They'll pronounce your teachers fools,  
And enjoin on all the rules  
    Of the Popish way ;  
Then will all have to confess,  
And the Priest will never bless  
With forgiveness, unless  
    There is cash to pay.

Where a kingdom is enslaved  
To a system so depraved,  
*Ichabod* is then engraved  
    On its very soul.  
The fairest land beneath the skies  
Never can to affluence rise,  
Wealthy beggars in disguise,  
    Priests devour the whole.

Oh ! the sorrows of the day  
Should this land become their prey !  
Knowledge then would flee away,  
    Days of woe begin.  
Then would ignorance extend  
To the land's remotest end,  
Modern *Tetzels* yet may vend  
    Indulgences for sin.

Then shall Protestants expire  
'Neath the rage of Popish fire,  
If these bloody men acquire  
    All the power they seek.  
Nothing else need you expect  
If your freedom you reject,  
Fost'ring such a wicked sect,  
    Seem they e'er so meek.

Then must all obey the Priest,  
From the greatest to the least,  
Giving glory to the Beast,  
    The Beast that was and is."  
But his reign shall end below,  
For the Scriptures fully show  
He shall to perdition go—  
    Then shall trouble cease:

Then the church shall be restored,  
And the people of the Lord  
Shall exult with one accord  
    In their songs of praise.  
Superstition's reign shall cease,  
Many prisoners find release,  
And the earth be filled with peace  
    In the latter days.



## THE RUNAWAY SLAVE; A TALE.

“HO! hunters, here’s a job for you!

A young mulatto lady  
Has run away; ye must pursue—  
So get your horses ready.

“She fled before the break of day  
And left her *all* behind her;  
I *calculate* she’s gone that way,  
Your dogs will surely find her.

“If she should gain the *Under Ground*,  
To Canada they’ll send her;  
I wonder where she can be found,—  
What trifles did offend her!

’Tis true, I sold her only child,  
And this has sadly grieved her;  
But I was merciful and mild,  
And thought I had relieved her.

“And when she laid him last to rest,  
How fondly did she kiss him;  
But he was such a little pest  
I thought she’d never miss him.

“ So when the Negro-trader came,  
His lawful trade pursuing,  
I thought it neither sin nor shame  
To do as all are doing.

“ For you're aware we all allow  
A negro is a chattel,  
And so we buy and sell him too  
As Britons do their cattle.

“ But when she found her child was gone  
She made a *deal of bother* ;  
I really never thought till then  
That she was such a mother.

“ I never saw such agony,  
Nor heard such lamentation,  
But you must bring her back to me—  
She's worth my whole plantation.

“ And when you overtake *the gal*,  
Don't let the dogs abuse her ;  
I can afford to pay you well,  
But can't afford to lose her.”

The hunters brought their horses out  
To seek the missing booty,  
Pursued their way with yell and shout,  
And Congress called it duty.

They plung'd their steeds through mire and mud,  
Determin'd to reclaim her,  
Their dogs advancing far ahead,  
They found and overcame her.

How long they fought, no tongue can tell,  
But she was overpower-ed,  
And there the feeble creature fell  
By savage dogs devour-ed.

And ere their masters come in sight  
All animation ceases,  
The dogs in their extreme delight  
Have torn the slave to pieces !

Ye northern freemen ! wake to wrath  
At this narration awful,  
An injured woman bit to death,  
While Congress makes it lawful !

But do ye not regard with awe  
The words that God hath spoken ?  
His righteous and his higher law  
By Congress proudly broken.

The wrath of God may yet descend  
And strike his foes with terror,  
And show slaveholders in the end  
Their folly and their error.

mud,

In the *Montreal Gazette* of November, 1856, a letter appeared copied from an American paper, written by an Alabama Clergyman, of which the following is an extract :

“ God has permitted the anti-slavery men in the North, in England, in France, and everywhere, so to blind themselves in hypocrisy as to give the southern slaveholder his last perfect triumph over them. For God tells the planter to say to the North, to England, to France, to all who buy cotton, “ Ye men of Boston, New York, London, Paris—ye hypocrites—ye brand me as a pirate, a kidnapper, a murderer, a demon, fit only for hell—and yet, ye buy my blood-stained cotton. O! ye hypocrites! Ye Boston hypocrites—why don't you throw the cotton into the sea, as your fathers did the tea. Ye Boston hypocrites—ye say, if we had been born in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the slave trade. Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them who in fact, kidnapped, and bought in blood, and sold the slave in America! For, now ye hypocrites—ye buy the blood-stained cotton in quantities so immense, that ye have run up the price of slaves to be more than a thousand dollars, the average, of old and young!! O ye hypocrites—ye denounce slavery, then ye bid it live, and not die, in that ye buy sugar, rice, tobacco, and above all, cotton! Ye hypocrites—ye abuse the devil, and then fall down and worship him! Ye hypocrites—ye New England hypocrites—ye old England hypocrites—ye French hypocrites—ye Uncle Tom's Cabin

hypocrites—ye Beecher hypocrites—ye Rhode Island Consociation hypocrites. O! your holy twaddle stinks in the nostrils of God, and He commands me to lash you with my scorn, and His scorn so long as ye gabble about the sin of slavery, and then bow down to me, and buy and spin cotton—and thus work for me as truly as my slaves—O! ye fools and blind—fill ye up the measure of your folly and blindness, and shame. And this ye are doing. Ye have, like the French infidels, made reason your goddess, and are exalting her above the Bible. And in your unitarianism and neology and all modes of infidelity, ye are rejecting and crucifying the Son of God.

“ Now, my brother, this controlling slave power is a world-wide fact. Its statistics of bales counts by millions. Its tonnage counts by hundreds of thousands. Its manufacture is reckoned by the workshops of America and Europe. Its supporters are numbered by all who must thus be clothed in the world. This tremendous power has been developed in great measure by the abolition agitation controlled by God. I believe, then, as I have already said—that God intends one of two things. He either intends to destroy the United States by this slave power—or he intends to bless my country and the world by the unfoldings of his wisdom in this matter. I believe he will bless the world in the working out of this slavery. I rejoice, then, in the agitation which has so resulted, and will so terminate, to reveal the Bible, and bless mankind. Your affectionate friend,

F. A. Ross.”

To F. A. ROSS, D.D., Huntsville, Alabama.

RIGHT Reverend Sir! what mighty wrath,  
And wond'rous light to thee is given,  
That thou canst thus distinctly state  
The great and wise designs of Heaven?

Astride upon thy "cotton throne,"  
Abuse and slander all mankind,  
And pour a flood of malice forth,  
To ease thy dark, deluded mind.

Preach Slavery, a boon to man,  
O'er which Eternal Love presides,  
Let "Curs'd be Canaan" be the text,  
And say *thy god* "ordains" *cowhides*.

Perhaps he does; you must adore  
Some Golden Calf, or Moloch elf,  
Ideal Balaam, or perchance  
Some "cotton-Dagon" like thyself.

But dost thou really think that we  
Oppose the Bible and the Creed,  
If we shall not slave-holders be?  
What kind of Bible dost thou read?

Or wouldst thou hear a part of ours,  
Which doth all selfishness condemn ;  
“ And as ye would that men should do  
To you, be sure you do to them.”

Go, read that passage, Reverend Sir,  
Thou cruel as the yawning grave :  
Go square thy conduct by that rule,  
And at thy peril own a slave.

O cruel Ross! dost thou presume  
To say the poor oppress-ed blacks  
Are beasts of burden, made by God  
To bear thy burdens on their backs ?

Blasphemous Ross ! how canst thou dare  
Insult thy Maker to His face,  
Sustain a most inhuman law,  
And charge “ decrees” with thy disgrace ?

A Frenchman in a tempest caught,  
While thunders rolled, and lightnings shone,  
Addressed his Maker ; “ Cease thy storm,  
Or I will shoot thee on thy throne.”



Jehovah heard the blasphemy;  
Which rose amid the thunder's roar,  
A moment's pause—another flash—  
The man was dead! he spake no more!

Take warning, Ross! take warning all  
Ye *Bonnies* of the southern States,  
Who glory in your Cotton trade,  
And charge our God with what he hates.

Go on! enslave thy fellow-man,  
Go, buy and sell him—bring him low;  
Enrich thyself with unpaid toil,  
And say that God would have it so.

And deprecate all those who doubt  
As "hypocrites" and "twaddle stink"—  
It was from some Missourian  
You learned that pretty word, I think.

Indignant Ross! if thou hast been  
To that dark place where demons dwell,  
In search of foul and angry words,  
In truth thou hast succeeded well.

Were we to judge thee by thy speech,  
Or by the foaming of thine ire,  
Then might we "guess" thy thoughts were forged  
Where human tongues are set on fire.

Do we "abuse the devil" when  
The wrongs of slavery we tell?—  
Now, sir, I always did suspect  
The Institution was from Hell.

Audacious Ross! resume thy pen,  
Prove slaves a boon to thee and thine;  
And wilt thou tell us in thy next  
"Legree" and "Gordon" were divine?

## THE DRUNKEN BEAR; A TEMPERANCE TALE.

Founded on Fact.

A SAVAGE Bear of mighty form,  
A sad voracious glutton,  
Who oft through hours of nightly storm  
Devour'd his stolen mutton.

And who, when midnight hours were toll'd,  
And flocks enjoyed their slumbers,  
Had quietly entered many a fold  
And thinned the scattered numbers.

For it appears he never thought  
To do an honest action :  
Of all the arts which nature taught  
He only learned *Subtraction* ;

But though this creature had received  
Such limited instruction,  
The angry farmers soon perceived  
That he could teach *Reduction*.

At length one farmer (injured man !)  
Against his deeds protested,  
Devising many a curious plan  
To have the brute arrested.

In vain was laid the well-spring'd gun,  
In vain the poison'd mixtures ;  
For Bruin thought it best to shun  
All kinds of dang'rous fixtures.

So when much time was spent in vain,  
Nor trap nor snare could catch him,  
The farmer counsell'd with his men,  
And they resolv'd to watch him.

The farmer said : " Such doings can  
No longer be endur-ed :  
So let us try some better plan  
To have the thief secur-ed.

" We'll make a ' mess' of meal and grog  
Well sweetened with molasses,  
And place it in a hollow'd log  
Along the way he passes.

" And you, my lads, will watch all night  
With muskets ever ready,  
And when the creature comes in sight  
Be sure your aim is steady."

His servants heard his wise advice  
And hasten'd to obey him,  
They thought the bear would be so "nice"  
If they could only slay him.

And so they made a clean, new trough  
To hold the preparation,  
And then retired a short way off,  
And all was expectation.

For several nights they watch'd in vain  
Without a sight of Bruin,  
For Bears avoid designing men  
Who only seek their ruin.

And then 'tis one of nature's laws  
(What other laws are stronger ?)  
That extra watching doth dispose  
The human frame to hunger.

So one cold night the weary men  
Partook of Bruin's toddy ;  
For drunkards ever will maintain  
That liquor warms the body.

They liked the food, but they surpassed  
The bounds of moderation ;

And so they laid them down at last  
In quiet intoxication.

Then Bruin came instinctively,  
And found the mess delightful ;  
The sleeping hunters could not see  
Their own condition frightful.

But when the Bear had far-ed well  
The world grew dark around him,  
And there the drunken creature fell,  
And there the farmer found him.

For when day-light had fairly shone,  
Nor hunters had appear-ed,  
The farmer went, but 'tis unknown  
How much he felt or fear-ed.

But who can judge of his alarm  
When on the ground he spied them,  
With Bruin's dark majestic form  
Extended close beside them.

He seized a gun, dispatched the bear ;  
His death will end my story ;  
He roused the men, who rose to share  
Their portion of the glory.

## FATHER BONNIE'S ADDRESS

To his Associates at the Inauguration of Buchanan.

(See "THE RESULT"—"DIED.")

BLOW ye the "Trumpet of Liberty," blow!  
U NION is strength, and Buchanan is in—  
C OUNT ye the price of your "niggers;" ye know  
H EAVEN sanctions the trade and it cannot be sin;  
A ND ye, my brave comrades, be ready for war,  
N OW let us all unto Kansas repair,  
A ND treat the Free-soilers to feathers and tar:  
N EW England Fremonters may die of despair.

---

"I'd tar and feather these Northern abolitionists if I could get at them"—*Bonnie*.

### ANOTHER.

BLOOD-hounds may run four years at least  
U PON the trail of the oppressed.  
C OWHIDES in human blood be tann'd,  
H IGH-pressure slave laws hourly plann'd;  
A RE we not free to do our will?  
N OW Father Dickson you be still,  
A S God did slavery "ordain,"  
N AY more, "enjoin," it must remain.

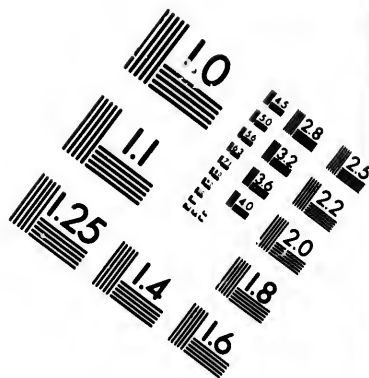
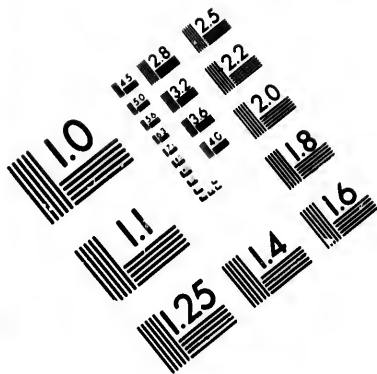
## PETER AND PAUL.

The following lines were occasioned by a discussion which took place at a Young Men's Christian Association, as to whether Peter or Paul was the greater Apostle :--

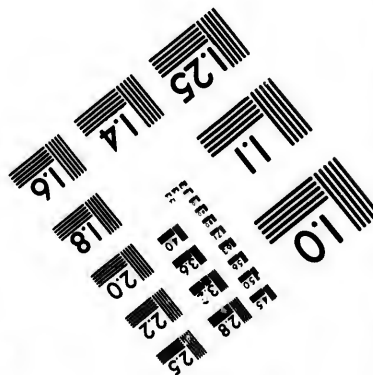
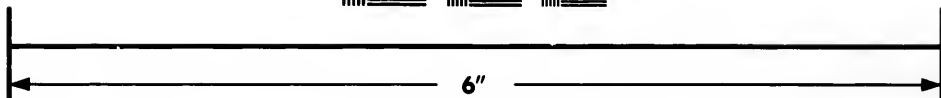
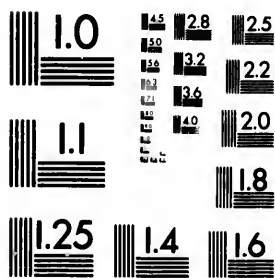
I DOV'T expect to make a speech,  
Much less do I intend to preach ;  
But to be plainly understood  
I must pronounce the essay good.  
On one great point I clearly see  
The essayist and I agree ;  
And though the rest should differ wide,  
We will support it side by side,  
Because it is our firm belief  
That Paul has always been the chief,  
And if there ever was a greater,  
We hardly think that it was Peter.  
Paul travelled much from clime to clime,  
Accomplished more in much less time ;  
If usefulness will be the test  
He'll take the palm from all the rest ;  
He did more good, and wrote much more  
T' instruct the church till time he o'er :  
Can Peter be compared to such ?  
He did much good, but not so much.







**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

0  
11  
15 18  
16 18  
18 20  
18 22  
18 25

10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20

But what's the use of making speeches?  
Just hearken to what Scripture teaches.  
Come take this Book, and there you'll see  
Who labored most abundantly.  
'Twas Peter, was it? no, 'twas Paul,  
Who labored much more than they all.

Divinely taught, as all will own,  
He made the gospel fully known;  
Conferring not with flesh and blood,  
He went commissioned by his God,  
The choice of Heaven, sent to proclaim  
Salvation through Emanuel's name  
To each far land and distant shore,  
Where Christ was never named before.  
Possessed of a superior mind,  
He left the others far behind;  
Accomplished 'great and glorious things,  
And preached the gospel even to kings;  
The great philosophers confuted,  
And in Tyranus' school disputed;  
Confounded Judaizing teachers,  
And all the circumcision preachers.  
Instant in preaching and in prayer,  
The Churches were his daily care;

Appointed Bishops to conduct them,  
And wrote epistles to instruct them.

Aspiring not to worldly fame,  
To all men all things he became :  
Philanthropy and zeal combined,  
Made him the brother of mankind.  
He sought his fellow-creature's good,  
Resisting even unto blood.  
Unwearied in his Master's cause,  
This greatest man that ever was,  
Enjoyed the brightest smiles of Heaven,  
Had visions of bright glory given,  
Caught up by God to Paradise,  
He saw his Saviour in the skies ;  
His soul enraptured at the sight  
Saw visions of eternal light.  
Yet such a humble mind was his  
He gloried in infirmities ;  
" I care not what I am," says he,  
" That Christ's own power may rest on me."  
Thus scorning all distress and pain,  
To live was Christ, to die was gain ;  
He counted all his gains but loss  
Compared with Jesus and his cross.

But time would fail to tell you all  
The wonders of the apostle Paul ;  
Enough to say that when he died  
No mortal man his place supplied.  
The church of God sustained a loss  
When fell this champion of the cross ;  
He was, as some historians say,  
Beheaded near the Appian way ,  
For bloody Nero rul-ed then,  
And put to death the best of men.  
Much like the Popes of modern times,  
This was a tyrant steeped in crimes,  
Their prototype at all events,  
In persecuting of the saints,  
For which the Catholics display  
Such aptitude, that one might say  
That Nero must have given the rules  
By which they guide their training schools,  
For Priests who (if they had the power)  
Would all the Protestants devour.  
Grant them but this, and then you'll see  
They will revive th' *Auto da fe* ;  
Then would our Legislators learn  
That they must soon recant or burn.

And I am quite surprised to find  
Our Legislators grown so blind,  
As to supply with eager hands  
Their most exorbitant demands,  
Endowment bills, both great and small,  
Lands, cash, cathedral bills and all—  
In short whate'er is lost or gained  
The Romish Priesthood is maintained.  
But lest they force me to confession,  
I must return from this digression,  
And say that mortals cannot trace  
The glories of the heavenly place,  
Where Jesus reigns supremely high,  
And wipes all tears from every eye.  
No eye hath seen, no tongue can tell  
Of joys that are unspeakable,  
Which are in heaven reserved for all  
Who follow Jesus as did Paul.

## A WILL CASE.

“The *Columbia South Carolinian* states that celebrated case of Mr. Willis, who took a colored woman to Ohio, freed her, and bequeathed to her and her children (who were also his own) all his property in South Carolina, has just been decided by Judge O’Neil. The will was set aside,”—*Montreal Witness*.

Let us suppose the learned judge soliloquizing as follows while retiring from the Bench:—

(See a similar case chap. 8th, vol. 2 DRED.)

O POOR Mrs. Willis! her children are orphans,  
The Will that her late husband gave her  
Is worthless as vapor, the merest blank paper;  
We found it our duty to “*shave her*.”

What though she was purchased and freed by her  
    husband,  
We stript her of all her possession;  
In this land of freedom, as in that of Edom,  
To plunder we deem no transgression.



The Arab marauder may lurk in the desert,  
A robber beyond contradiction,  
But we do the matter much neater, much better,  
By virtue of *lawful* conviction.

Congressional wisdom, as centered in Filmore,  
Has found out a patent invention,  
By which all our 'niggers' are made slaves and  
beggars,  
Most worthy Buchanan's attention.

No matter how wealthy the lady in question,  
She'll find to her indigent sorrow  
That we have decided the "made and provided,"  
She's "just like a mule in the furrow."

Equal rights, law and order, have lately attain-ed  
The zenith of glory in trio,  
Our soul-driving hunters have baffled Fremonters,  
And we are at war with Ohio.

Hurrah for the Union! Buchanan's elected,  
And *Brooks* with his canes and revolver; \*

---

\* Preston S. Brooks has lately been presented with  
17 canes, a revolver, and a cowhide.—*Montreal Witness*.

Bad luck to the *Beechers*, those marvelous  
preachers,

Who constantly seek to dissolve her.

Messrs *Titmarch* and *Gordon*, with *Cushing*  
and *Jekyl*,

Such men are our diligent toilers ;  
The dogs of Missouri may lend them their fury  
In fully out-rooting free-soilers.

But all *Father Dicksons* are certainly crazy ;  
*Claytonian* measures we shield not,  
We trample their feelings who vote for repealings ;  
We'll trample themselves if they yield not.

Hurrah ! for the Union ; hurrah ! for Buchanan,  
Hurrah ! for the system we cherish !  
The cowhide shall flourish while cotton we nourish,  
But poor Mrs. Willis may perish.

**WE WILL PUBLISH THE BIBLE,**

**A Bible Society Hymn.**

HOW important that all should be found with  
delight

“Coming up to the help of the Lord,”  
If union is strength, let us firmly unite  
In our efforts to publish His Word,

And while we assemble in unity so,  
Let divisions and *isms* disappear ;  
And what an encouragement is it to know  
That none can imprison us here.

Let the grateful emotion each spirit inspire,  
That we do not with Tuscany cope ;  
We fear not the scoff of the infidel's ire,  
We dread not the wrath of the Pope.

To the humble Madai who suffered so much  
Are Protestant sympathies given,  
And the Scriptures assure us that blessed are such,  
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Our hands should be strong, and our hearts should  
be brave,

While forth with the Bible we go,  
And here are a few of the reasons we have,  
For uniting our energies so.

We will publish the Bible, because it reveals  
That holy ineffable Name,  
Whose glorious presence immensity fills,  
For ever and ever the same.

We will publish the Bible, it teaches that Man  
Disobeyed his Creator and fell :  
From that sorrowful moment the sinner became  
An heir of destruction and hell.

We will publish the Bible, because it declares  
How Jesus came down to deliver  
The lost and the perishing, making them heirs  
Of celestial glory forever.

We will publish the Bible : the Spirit of Truth  
Is so clearly reveal-ed therein,  
By whose operations the world is convinced  
Of righteousness, judgment, and sin.

We will publish the Bible : it teaches that any  
Believer to Jesus may pray ;  
But the Romanists supplicate advocates many,  
By their spiritual guides led astray.

We will publish the Bible : in spite of the laws  
Of the man of perdition and sin ;  
The whole Romish Priesthood reject it because  
They are clearly denounc-ed therein.

We will publish the Bible, though Catholics rage  
And seek the blest Book to destroy ;  
The hearts of believers in every age  
It has filled with unspeakable joy.

We will publish the Bible : the Bible our Creed,  
And that without comment or note ;  
We will leave all *Tradition* to those who may  
need  
Such instructions to keep them afloat.

We will publish the Bible in every land,  
We'll sell it, we'll give and bestow,  
That all, in a language which they understand,  
The words of their Saviour may know.

## **FATHER B. AND BARBARA FORMAN;**

OR,

**"The Tender Mercies of the wicked are cruel."—  
Solomon.**

A CHILD BEATEN TO DEATH BY A ROMISH PRIEST FOR ATTENDING A PROTESTANT SUNDAY SCHOOL.—On Saturday evening Councilman Paddock received information that a German child, named Barbara Forman, had just died from the effects of a severe beating received at the hands of her teacher, in the St. Mary's (Roman Catholic) parish school, who is also a priest. He informed Chief of Police Stedman, who having satisfied himself that there was good reason for believing the story true, gave information to Coroner Irwin, and an inquest was held yesterday. After a long and patient investigation, the jury unanimously gave the following verdict:—

"That the deceased came to her death in consequence of whipping and beating received from and by the hands of Frederick Bauer, on or about the 21st of September, A. D. 1856. The said whipping and beating having been done with a stick or other weapon."—*Cleveland Herald.*

**WHERE Cleveland drinks a placid stream  
Which through Ohio flows,  
There lived a person nam-ed B.,  
As many a reader knows.**

And being thought a learn-ed man,  
 He taught St. Mary's School,  
 And unto many a wayward child  
 Applied his stout ferule.

But chief among delinquents were,  
 And first to feel the rod,  
 The children who presumed to read  
 The holy word of God.

For Father B. resolved to show  
 'That they were erring fools,  
 Who sent their children to be taught  
 At ragged Sunday Schools.

A certain maiden, mild and fair,  
 A child of tender age,  
 Attending at a Sabbath School,  
 Incurred his priestly rage.

'Tis true she heard of Him who died  
 Us sinners to redeem,  
 But *Barbara Forman* must not read  
 A Book condemning him.

On Monday morn he called her up,  
Obeying Pio's creed,  
And said that she must then and there  
Do penance for the deed.

Come now, Miss Forman, you are doomed  
To lie upon this chair.  
He seized a cane, he laid her down,  
He took her by the hair.

“Take that! you heretic! take that!”—  
He struck her with his cane—  
He sat upon her, kept her down,  
While writhing with the pain.

Her cries were piteous and loud,  
She begged the wretch to spare,  
But all her pleading was in vain,  
The man of sin was there.

When father B.'s instructions were  
Infallibly complete,  
In hopes her heresy was cured,  
He sent her to her seat.



Poor little Barbara ! she wept ;  
Convulsively she cried ;  
Her young companions led her home  
And that same week she died !

Proud *Pio Nono* now look down,  
Behold what Rome has wrought !  
Come see what father B. has done,  
As by thy doctrines taught.

Come Pio canonize this man  
If thou art Holy (?) Pope,  
But if he gets what he deserves,  
He'll play upon a rope.

When Herod learned that Jesus came  
To save our ruined race,  
At Bethlehem born, he sent and slew  
The children of the place.

But Barbara Forman has been slain  
In this our modern day  
Because she loved to hear of Him  
Whom Herod sought to slay.

## THOUGHTS ON DEATH, HEAVEN, AND HELL.

### Purgatory a Cheat.

BEHOLD humanity, in ceaseless column,  
Drop, one by one, into the silent tomb ;  
The closing hour of life is always solemn ;  
Without the Bible, it would all be gloom.

But there's a ray, by holy truth supplied,  
Which sheds immortal light on joys to come ;  
'Tis this has cheered our race since Adam  
died,  
And it will cheer us till the last be dumb.

Eternal Truth declares that we are dying,  
That death is cutting off Old Age and Youth,  
And all the sepulchres around us lying,  
Confirm our sad experience of that truth.

And while my trembling hand the pen is  
holding,  
A shade of death is passing o'er my lines,  
For on a mountain-slope within beholding,  
A mourning band to dust a friend consigns.

Friends and relations weep ; it is no error ;  
And neighbors sighing, deeply sympathize ;

But Faith and Hope disarm the grave of  
terror,  
For God hath said, "the dead in Christ  
shall rise."

All who have trusted in a Saviour's merit,  
Their spirits wafted to the realms above,  
A life of endless joy they shall inherit  
Around the throne of the Eternal Love.

No eye hath seen the glories unreveal-ed,  
The sunless light in which the saints adore,  
But in the spirit-land there's naught con-  
ceal-ed,  
Where mortal vision can exist no more.

A day of judgment and of wrath impending  
Awaits the impenitent who die in sin—  
A place replete with torments never ending,  
Shall be their portion with the wicked one.

Rewards and punishments are represented,  
The first in glory, and the last in hell;  
An intermediate place has been invented,  
And we allow the cheat succeeded well.

A Purgatorial fire in operation  
Is said to purge all errors unforgiven ;  
The priest on earth receives a compensation,  
And dupes believe their friends escape to  
heaven.

While pontiffs, priests, and bishops are de-  
nouncing  
The doom of heretics on those who doubt,  
Let us adhere to Bible truth, pronouncing  
The Purgatorial farce a cheat throughout.

And we prefer to rank with "*unbelievers*,"  
Than *fate* with those who teach a mon-  
strous lie ;  
For we esteem them covetous deceivers  
Who buy and sell the souls of those who  
die.

Ye poor, deluded Catholics, attend !  
Go read the Bible for yourselves alone,  
And learn the love of Christ, the sinner's  
friend,  
How God-man Jesus did for sin atone.

And humbly on his finished work relying.  
Accept him as your Prophet, Priest, and  
Head ;  
Then will you need no Holy Oil when dying.  
Nor priest to pray for you when you are  
dead.

Behold a dying Saviour, who addresses  
Th' expiring malefactor by his side,  
(Without a word of purging fire or masses,)  
"To-day in Paradise thou shalt abide."

How sad to see the French Canadian nation  
In such complete subjection to the Pope ;  
To rites and forms they trust their whole  
salvation,  
And die bereft of any solid hope.

Ye Protestants of every name, endeavor  
To teach the French the holy word of God,  
That they may know the truth and live for-  
ever—  
Their sole reliance on the Saviour's blood.

The doom of priests and pontiffs is recorded,  
 Who make the merchandize of souls a  
 trade,  
 And with confusion they shall be rewarded  
 When they shall fail to find the place they  
 made.

---

### THE DEATH OF THE "MAINE LAW" IN CANADA.

"A Man's a Man for a' that."—Burns.

YE liquor dealers, lend an ear,  
 Ye publicans, and a' that ;  
 Pursue your work, devoid of fear,  
 Distil, and sell, and a' that ;  
 You've gained the day, rejoice and shout,  
 Renounce the pledge, and a' that ;  
 The Maine Law Bill has been cast out  
 By So and So, and a' that,  
 They pledged their honor to uphold  
 The temperance cause, and a' that ;  
 But, traitor-like, they went and sold  
 Themselves, and votes, and a' that.  
 Some better men were laid aside,  
 In humble life, and a' that ;  
 But So and So, they swelled with pride,  
 Betrayed their trust, and a' that.

And then how wondrous wise they were  
When asked the cause, and a' that;  
Some said they "thought it was not fair,"  
And so opposed, and a' that.  
But when the next elections come,  
Our M.P.P.'s, and a' that,  
We'll let them walk before the drum,  
To cheat no more, and a' that.

Perhaps they dearly loved their Ale,  
Their Brandy, Wine, and a' that,  
And so jumped in to turn the scale,  
To favor self, and a' that.  
Ye liquor-men, with one accord,  
Express your thanks, and a' that;  
Send them Champagne for their reward,  
They'll serve you yet for a' that.

## THE MURDERESS.

FAR in the distant regions  
Of sunny Maryland,  
Where negroes die in legions,  
With no kind friend at hand,  
There lived a certain woman—  
We'll call her Mrs. G.  
Who proved herself inhuman  
As Southern *whites* can be.

One lovely summer evening,  
To rest she did repair,  
A tender infant leaving  
Beneath a maiden's care.  
Awhile she watched it sleeping,  
And careful vigils kept,  
But o'er her sorrows weeping,  
The weary maiden slept.

The midnight sounds were dying  
Beyond the distant hill ;  
The infant waked up crying,  
The servant slumber'd still.  
The mother roused from slumber,  
She found her sleeping there,  
She seized a piece of timber,  
And killed her in her chair.



Her head completely shattered,  
Her brains upon the floor,  
The murder "*little mattered,*"  
The *loss* they could endure.  
The mangled corpse was carried  
Before the rising sun,  
And secretly was buried,  
As was "Aunt Milly's" son.

No trial, judge, or jury,  
Annoyed the guilty one,  
For could she not assure them  
The slave was *all* her own?  
And so she slew the woman,  
None asking "*why*" or "*how*,"  
By treatment more inhuman  
Than butchers would a cow.

She stood upon the morrow,  
A murderess confessed,  
But breathed no word of sorrow,  
While she her babe caressed.  
We leave this savage creature  
To quote the law she pleads;  
The laws in every feature  
We blame for all such deeds.

## ADDRESS TO FRANCE.

O LAND of Revolutions! land of France!  
Shall we record thy fame in human tears?  
Who shall essay a brief historic glance,  
Or write a prophesy of future years?

O land of Guillotines! thy crimson pall  
O'ershadows thee with gloom. Bereft of hope  
A bold usurper from thy throne may fall,  
And in his turn be helpless as the Pope.

Thy bayonets, like a flood of glittering spears,  
Are clustered round the old enormous pile;  
The "Man of Sin" has reigned a thousand years,  
And thou would'st now perpetuate his guile.

O land of Huguenots! the Pope may toil  
From sin infallibly to set thee free:  
But *Charles the Ninth's* unprecedented guile  
Shall ever be a stigma upon thee.

O land of massacres! thy guilt so great,  
What priestly absolution can efface?  
Can penance purge the throne where Louis sat,  
Or St. Bartholomew's deep stain erase?

No, verily ; the Pope himself may bless  
And send his benediction to thine heirs ;  
But there's a God who rules in righteousness,  
And if He bless not, vain are Latin prayers.

And though thy infidels deny His Name,  
And wily Jesuits usurp his power,  
His Attributes, immutably the same,  
Shall yet be glorious in his vengeful hour.

## ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN ON THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

God bless Our Gracious Majesty the Queen,  
And crown Her life with happiness and peace,  
And though the earth around at arms is seen,  
Bid WAR, with its impending terrors cease.

The Russian Despot thought to conquer all  
The Earth, and be supreme from sea to sea ;  
But his mistake is written in his stronghold's fall ;  
The tale is linked with glory and with Thee.

The Allies wave their banners o'er the spot,  
With all good faith as yet on every side,  
But France is faithless ; we should trust her not ;  
Napoleon may throw the mask aside.

For though it suits his purposes to go  
Forth in connexion with the noblest Fleet,  
The "faithful Ally" yet may be the foe,  
And prove the very essence of deceit.

Astounding wonders yet may rise and set ;  
Is France a Kingdom ? and is he the heir ?  
The self-made Emperor of Gaul may yet  
Seek to avenge an uncle's doom *somewhere*.

The Pope is closely linked with France : alas !  
We can but fear results, too blind to see  
How God will bring His own designs to pass ;  
But still we pray for England and for Thee.

And though the continent should rise to arms,  
And Gog and Magog should contend for Rome,  
The Lord preserve Thee safe from all alarms,  
From foes abroad or treach'rous friends at home.

When Britain has subdued despotic Czars,  
Then shall the nations of the earth be free ;  
But midst the toil of comnerce and the din of wars,  
The holy and the pious pray for Thee.

VICTORIA ! Thy throne be ever free  
From " base usurper," and from popish knave ;  
That noble flag unfurled on every sea,  
Which never casts a shadow o'er a slave.

And should'st Thou deign to read my verses o'er,  
Poor, artless, and unworthy though they be,  
No gift or patronage do they implore,  
But simply happiness to Thine and Thee.

## ANOTHER SONG FOR TRUE ORANGEMEN.

WE sing no dirge of bloody war,  
Where man with man is fighting,  
In which the angry nations are  
From time to time delighting.

Our song is not of fallen Tyre :  
O'er Babel's doom we sigh not ;  
The Sheik and Sultan may expire  
In sorrow's bower, we cry not.

The great Mogul may be no more,  
The Czar to judgment hurried ;  
We weep for no forgotten shore  
Where kings and queens are buried.

We brood not now o'er China's doom,  
Where fire and sword are raging.  
Sebastopol may sink in gloom,  
But other war we're waging ;

For we oppose the horn-ed beast,  
Whose mountain-heads are seven,  
The Man of Sin, the Antichrist,  
The foe of earth and heaven.

Some make the Pope their god, and so  
 They every homage pay him.  
 But we will never kiss his toe,  
 Nor worship nor obey him ;  
 For in the holy word of God,  
 We have his rise reveal-ed,  
 His Name,\* his nature, his abode,  
 All truthfully fulfill-ed.

\* Does not the title "Vicarius Filii Dei," as assumed by the Popes, indicate the number of the Beast—666? Let the following table, based upon the Roman method of computation, explain :—

V	.....	5
I	.....	1
C	.....	100
A	.....	0
R	.....	0
I	.....	1
V	.....	5
S	.....	0
F	.....	0
I	.....	1
L	.....	50
I	.....	1
I	.....	1
D	.....	500
E	.....	0
I	.....	1

---

 666!!!

See Rev. xiii. 18.

But yet remains his fearful doom,  
The day of wrath and terr r,  
When in one hour his end shall come,  
For all his sin and error.

For popes and priests on earth have reigned  
In long and dark succession,  
And their apostacy has gained  
The climax of transgression.

The Pope is not his Holiness,  
We fear no charge for libel ;  
He would have all to him confess ;  
He interdicts the Bible.

His church is but a dragon's den,  
Full of abominations ;  
Is not all this recorded in  
The book of Revelations ?

For this he hates those truths, and still  
Endeavors to destroy them ;  
Instructs his followers to kill  
Those who are guided by them.



So we oppose this evil power,  
And all for him contending,  
For self protection, every hour  
Our energies are blending.

And we commemorate the day,  
The day of wrath and battle,  
When brave King William led the way  
Amid the cannon's rattle.

And as King James was forced to flee  
In such complete confusion,  
So we expect we soon shall see  
The end of Rome's delusion.

And now we pray, God speed our right,  
From all our foes defend us,  
And while we in his fear unite  
No evil shall attend us.

We fear no Pope's anathemas  
Nor Prelate's indignation ;  
Our watchword in our righteous cause,  
Is, PEACE TO ALL CREATION.

## CONCLUSION.

Unto His Holiness (?) the Pope  
We recommend this volume,  
He will perceive the truth, we hope,  
Of every word and column.

But should he read with frowning eyes  
In spite of his conviction,  
Then let him know that we despise  
His curse and benediction.

Poor man ! we pity one whose doom  
Is hourly drawing near him,  
But since he is the Pope of Rome  
We neither serve nor fear him.

God bless Her Majesty the Queen,  
From Pio's wiles defend Her ;  
Surround Her throne with righteous men  
Who NEVER WILL SURRENDER.

THE END.



n

