

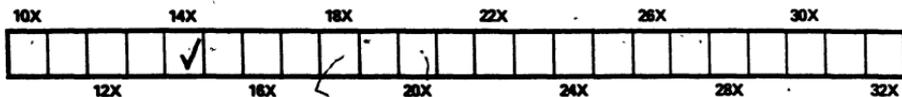
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CANADIANA



THE CANADIAN

*Orange Minstrel!*

FOR 1870.

WRITTEN FOR THE PURPOSE OF KEEPING IN REMEMBRANCE THE  
DARK DOINGS AND DESIGNS OF POPEY IN  
THIS COUNTRY.

BY R. McBRIDE.



PRICE, TEN CENTS.

TORONTO:

Printed for the Publisher.

1870.

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## INTRODUCTION.

---

When the French in the Province of Quebec are writing songs in praise of the murderers of THOMAS SCOTT, at Fort Garry, and when we see their newspapers publishing them, we may well afford, without giving any offense, to write songs so as to keep in remembrance our murdered Protestant friends, as well as to put the saddle on the right horse respecting their murderers, so that such dark and bloody deeds may not be lost sight of by our children. When will Popery cease her cruel work in this and every other land, and its votaries come under the banner of the Prince of Peace, whom they falsely pretend to follow?

I. COME TO OUR STANDARD.

---

Shall my muse give a glance at days that are past,  
When Protestant freedom first rung on the blast,  
When William, brave William, combatted his foes,  
On broad fields of Europe with Protestant blows.

*Chorus*—So come to his Standard, ye Protestants true,  
His Standard wears freedom—the Orange and Blue.

Our forefathers heard it, and honored the name  
That broke through the mountains of torture and  
pain,  
And sent for brave William, who took up their  
cause,  
Of true British freedom and Protestant laws.  
So come to his Standard, &c.

King James got the news, and he fled from his  
throne,  
For Protestant rights he was bound to disown,  
With bigots from France, and the Irish in trim,  
At stout Londonderry we shortly find him.  
So come to his Standard, &c.

But that was a nest he could never destroy,  
'Twas hopes of the nation for woe or for joy,  
Till He who rules nations did send to their shore  
The *Dartmouth*, provisioned, then hunger was o'er.  
So come to his Standard, &c.

Oh! Protestants, now what disunion prevails,  
Unite 'neath the Standard that Popedom assails ;

---

We are the true watchmen who stand on a rock  
Of Protestant freedom prepared for the shock.

So come to his Standard, &c.

Our Standard gave freedom, true freedom, its birth,  
For Protestant freedom enlightened the earth ;  
Around by the Baltic to source of the Rhine,  
And 'cross the Atlantic its liberties shine.

So come to his Standard, &c.

Our Bible we carry, and practice its truth,  
We saw it respected in days of our youth  
By all who have passed to our forefathers' graves,  
Their watchword was "Freedom ; no Protestant  
slaves."

So come to his Standard, &c.

O'er Derry it waved when our Protestant arms  
Dealt death unto James and his barefooted swarms ;  
United they stood on that rampart of fame,  
Yes proud Londonderry no tyrant could tame.

So come to his Standard, &c.

So Union is strength to our Protestant cause,  
Our passwords and signs are—submit to the laws—  
Yes, Protestant laws, and no other shall be  
Obeyed by a people unconquered and free.

So come to his Standard, &c.

---

## II. ON THE MURDER OF JAMES CAMPBELL, 12TH JULY, 1850.

—  
Come all ye loyal Orangemen  
Who here around me stand,

I'll tell you of a murder  
That has disgraced our land.  
The killing of James Campbell  
It was a grievous deed ;  
Because his heart was kind to all,  
Regardless of their creed.

'Twas on the twelfth day of July,  
As he did homewards go.  
Behind his faithful brethren  
He made his paces slow  
To talk with an acquaintance,  
Not thinking danger near,  
Till Oneida Popish bush boys  
Around him did appear.

With balls and other weapons  
They pierced his body through,  
And, on the ground, beat out his brains,  
Within the people's view.  
His brother, Edward Campbell,  
Received a dreadful shot,\*  
Which laid him, as the people say,  
Quite dead upon the spot.

With worse than heathen madness  
They followed up their plan,  
To murder all the Boggles,  
And kill them every man.  
They had within their muster  
Both guns and pistols too,  
And other deadly weapons,  
And stones, of which they threw.

Young Barnes and George Terrance  
Were near a mill, in sight,

As well as Thomas Marshal—  
 These made a noble fight.  
 But we will honor David Bogs—  
 The foremost of them all—  
 He gave his blows with might and main,  
 Although his sword was small.

You Protestants and Orangemen,  
 Wherever you may be,  
 From Irish Popish vengeance  
 I hope you will be free.  
 Remember, keep your powder dry,  
 And weapons all secure,  
 For from their plots and dark designs  
 You never can be sure.

\* Slugs.

### III. THE BISHOP'S DREAM.

Bishop Tache dreamed a dream,  
 Before he went to Rome ;  
 It was about the far Nor'-West—  
 The Christian Brothers' home ;  
 He dreamed that country would be so,  
 Which gave him much delight,  
 To see his Brothers have command,  
 To rule as if by right.

CHO.—But two hundred thousand Volunteers  
 Are at our Ruler's call,  
 To put down Priests and Finnegans,  
 And settle with them all.

Since Priests, they are so cunning now,  
 In sending orders far

Unto their dupes throughout the land,  
Exciting them to war;  
This proves again another thing—  
Our troubles at the West  
Were first begun by Priestly rule :  
This at their door must rest.

For by this Bishop's acts we see  
How rebel mines are sprung  
Throughout the Fenian ranks abroad,  
Towards the setting sun.  
And to the East, we see them there,—  
Their plans are scattered wide,—  
Prepared to do their master's work ;  
Shame! Priests your faces hide.

So trim your lamps, ye freemen all,  
Your lamps of life and light ;  
And statesmen, too, it is for you  
To put this country right.  
You have been long in darkness kept,  
Unwilling yet to see  
The dark designs of Priestly rule,  
From which you should be free.

They long have pulled the wires away,  
But truth at last comes out,—  
That Fenians are the Pope's brigade ;  
Of this there is no doubt.  
Since Priests are seen behind the screen  
All to the naked eye ;  
Then kick them from their hiding place,  
And bid such rogues good bye.

For two hundred thousand Volunteers  
Are ready at your call,

---

To put down Priests and Finnegans,  
And settle with them all.

---

IV. ON CELEBRATION OF FIFTH NOVEMBER  
BY No. 965, WARWICK, 1859.

AIR—*My ain Kind Dearie, Oh.*

Our number is nine sixty-five,  
'Twas created last October, O,  
Our members now begin to thrive,  
All happy, brave and sober, O.  
Our branch it tops the Orange tree,  
Which spreads out o'er the nation, O,  
It's blossoms now we plainly see,  
And's budding more for creation, O.

Oh! may such branches never fade,  
But always bloom and flourish, O,  
May those who lie beneath their shade,  
Still help the tree to nourish, O.  
The fifth November now has come,  
And we, in peace, have met it, O,  
We hear our fife, we hear our drum,  
Which show we don't forget it, O.

Some say our Rulers serve the Pope,  
And make some laws to grieve us, O,  
But if they do, we have a hope,  
That Heaven will soon relieve us, O.  
And sycophants are yelling loud,  
That would be benefactors, O,  
But now we see, such would be proud  
To be Rome's mean contractors, O.

To drive us to the fire and flame  
That once beset this nation, O ;  
There are some chieftains much to blame  
For all this sad notation, O.  
But here united we will stand,  
We want no harmonizers, O ;  
But we'll protect our favored land,  
From plotting-ill contrivers, O.

Those would divide our loyal ranks,  
By rampant lies extending, O,  
They'll in the end get little thanks,—  
We see how things are bending, O.  
So crush this upas in the bud,  
It death and poison carries, O,  
It's leaves are dyed in crimson blood,  
And venom with it tarries, O.

But we will do as freemen should,  
Beneath our Orange standard, O,  
And scorn the path that leads to blood,  
Since William's on our vanguard, O.  
We know what he has done of yore,  
And we will imitate it, O,  
When first he landed on our shore,  
And James' plans defeated, O.

He gave to us the word and sign,  
At Exeter he did it, O,  
Shall we his cause to knaves resign ?  
No, heaven has still forbid it, O.  
So when we in our Lodge-rooms meet,  
I hope we'll guard our passes, O,  
From all who shew their cloven feet,  
Likewise from mules and asses, O.

## V. ON THE RISE OF FENIANISM. II

*Written 1868.*

Twelve years ago these Fenians rose,  
 At Cincinatti first they started ;  
 'Twas to intimidate all those  
 Who from their faith had once departed.  
 And by an old designing monk,  
 Was thwarted in his pervert dealing,  
 By Protestants, who showed their spunk,  
 Against his libel conscience healing.

For Erin's sons this trap was laid,  
 And in they ran without a fetter ;  
 Being well acquainted with the trade,  
 Of Priestcraft, to the very letter.  
 To give these anti-Christians ground  
 Where freemen rule, they'd swamp the nation ;  
 This is a truth by England found  
 Since first she gave them 'mancipation.

These Northern States will rue the day  
 That they have nursed this serpent, winding  
 All round their liberty ; we pray  
 That what is done may not be binding ;  
 But if this spawn of darkness come  
 To murder Protestants, I'm telling,  
 There rifle balls must strike them dumb,  
 Whilst Yankee powder they'll be smelling.

So let us here watch Gowan's word,\*  
 And be prepared for every danger ;  
 To think of peace it is absurd,—  
 For peace with Rome is still a stranger ;  
 But she is doomed ! we see her now

Still sinking fast without a lover,  
 Those gave her strength have made a vow  
 That deeds of darkness† they'll not cover.

|| See a book named "Danger in the Dark," published in  
 the United States. \* Col. O. R. Gowan. † Austria  
 has just thrown off the power of the Pope.

## VI. THE PRINCE OF WALES' TRAVELS UN- DER THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S PUSEY- ITE CLOUD.

'Twas in the year of fifty-nine  
 The Prince of Wales did go  
 To see Rome's far-famed city,  
 With all her Priestly show;  
 He there beheld a mitred Prince,  
 With all his holy ware;  
 Yes—crosses, and hobgoblin things,  
 From Styx, or God knows where.

The year that next succeeded that  
 He cross'd the Western waves,  
 To view this North America,  
 Where loyalty yet saves  
 A remnant of those Provinces  
 To Britain's glorious crown,  
 And will, unless these Puseyites  
 Will pull that glory down.

He travelled through those Provinces  
 That lie towards the east,  
 Where loyalty still greeted him  
 Without a mitred Priest;

But when he came to Canada  
That loyalty was o'er,—  
Met by a Popish Bishop band  
Where Quebec bastions soar.

These wore their gold-gilt crosses  
With chains to hold them up ;  
While Protestants and Clergy had  
To drink a bitter cup  
In horror and astonishment.  
'To think they could not share  
The favours of that royal youth,  
Whose welfare was their prayer.

When the Duke came up to Kingston,  
He was the Prince's guide—  
He told the Kingston Orangemen  
Their colours they must hide ;  
For that His Royal Highness there  
Such traps could not behold,  
His eyes had been so feasted  
On images of gold.

The Orangemen at Kingston said  
Their loyalty was known  
To British law and liberty,  
Their Bible and the Throne ;  
But to submit to Popery,  
Or Puseyites, the same,  
Their word was "No Surrender ! Duke,  
Go back to whence you came."

The Orangemen at Belleville Town  
Have honor and applause,  
For holding out for liberty,  
And ancient British laws ;

When nothing that's forbid by Rome  
Can be permitted where  
The Duke and Edmund Head can throw  
A Puseyitish snare.

God save the youthful Prince of Wales  
From Puseyites, and learn  
How he may all their mimicry  
From Protestant discern.  
Long live the Kingston Orangemen,  
With all that's good in store;  
Likewise their Belleville brethren—  
They have my bosom's core.

---

## VII. ON THE DOWNFALL OF ROME.

BY GARIBALDI.

---

When trees are showing forth their buds,  
We know that Spring is near;  
So watch the signs in prophecy,  
Which now to us appear.  
The fall of ancient Rome has come,  
She shall not rule our land;  
Since kings no more shall worship her,  
Nor bow at her command.

CHORUS—Yet watch the high pulsations  
Of that mystic dying heart;  
Since Garibaldi cut the cord  
That wounds a vital part.

Towards the end 'twas prophesied  
That knowledge would increase;  
Then soon the end of wickedness,  
If we the Scriptures trace,

And the last end of Antichrist,  
Which filled this world with woe,  
It should be cast from out this earth  
Unto the shades below.

These signs are all fulfilled, my friends,  
The beast has lost its might,  
It lies in gloomy darkness now,  
And dismal is the sight;  
It's limbs are all a-kicking yet,  
It bites it's tongue with pain,  
And struggles like another beast,  
Convulsed in every vein.

Rome's kingdom's full of darkness now,  
Pope Pio found it out;  
That Mary was another God,\*  
And that without a doubt;  
So on Rome's gloomy altars burn  
Four candles every day;  
Where three were placed in olden times,  
When mass they used to say.

See Infidel and Fenian dens  
This gloomy cause now serve;  
Whilst angels have their sickles in,  
And will cut every nerve.  
These servants of the wicked one,  
Their missions now declare—  
That they will cast all Britons down—  
That name they cannot bear.

Watch her well, Canadians, then,  
Partake not of her sins,  
As they have up to heaven grown.  
And trouble now begins;

---

For the heart we see it sicken,  
As the prophets have foretold,  
And the limbs begin to quicken,  
Whilst her tail the nations hold.

\* The Immaculate Conception.

---

### VIII. ON THE LATE FENIAN FLABBERGAST.

---

Said Mickey M'Cue to his own brother Phil—  
Do you mind our last congress, dear brother?  
The saycret we got, we must mind it—be still—  
There is trouble ahead, and much bother.  
One thing I must tell, but I know it's not true,  
That we will march over the bordhers,  
This is no saycret to me or to you,  
That O'Nale dare not give us the orders.

They tell we're preparin' to fight the Canucks—  
It's all in my eye, blatheration!  
Thim fellows would kill us like pidgeons or ducks  
That they'd shoot for their own recreation.  
For faith I was there whin O'Nale took us o'er,  
And saw cousin Rooney a-dying;  
An' I then swore an oath that I'd fight 'em no more,  
Their balls were so wicked whin flying.

“ You mane the last session,” said Phil, “ at New  
Yark,

When all had got into a fizzle,—  
Their sayings were bound to be kept in the dark,  
But the whole thing to me is a puzzle.  
'Twas there that we heard of the great Orange tree,  
With its branches like clouds o'er the mountains,

Whose trunk had took root in this land of the  
free,

Well watered by Protestant fountains."

"Just listen," says Mickey, "I'll tell you a tale,  
Since Stephens ran off with the dollars,  
And he was succeeded by Erie O'Nale,  
The Orange has followed our colours.  
So we have got trouble not thought of before,—  
Brought on by our own indiscretion,  
The Orange has spread o'er the land, and no more  
We're free from the ould botheration.

Their lodges are scattered all over the land  
By thousands, we hear they are thriving,  
They know all the saycrets that we have on hand,  
An' there's no use in longer conniving.  
They know our designs on the President's chair,  
Our plans are found out, and we're ended,  
No Finnegan Centre shall ever sit there,  
Since the Orange has come to befriend it."

"By Molly Maguire, and the true Ribbon sign,"  
Says Phil, "our whole system will tottle,  
For all is now ended, and I will resign,  
We're now but like smoke in a bottle.  
Bad luck to the Centres, an' Erie O'Nale,  
*Arrawirnian* the loss is the dollars ;"  
Says Mickey, "begorra we'll send them to jail,  
Or petition Judge Lynch for new collars."

#### IX. ON OUR OLD ENGLISH BIBLE BEING SUPPRESSED IN SCHOOLS.

On our old English Bible, boys, were framed the  
British laws,

And from its light, the nation yet her freedom's  
standard draws;  
But if that day will ever come to cast that Bible  
down,  
With it will fall the nation's pride, its honor and  
its crown.

When first we took the Frenchman's hand for bet-  
ter—not for worse—  
We thought he would not conscience wrong, and  
after hold the purse;  
But he has done far worse than that, he took our  
children's food,—  
We mean the food the Scriptures give.—and thinks  
it right he should.

When we were young and tender yet, we mind  
those days at school,  
On which we had our Bible class, we mind the  
master's rule,  
We know we had to read it there and in Exodus  
too,—  
That none should bow to images, that God was al-  
ways true.

There was a time in Canada, the Bible was a book,  
That all took pride to read therein, to ponder and  
to look;  
But now we see another day where rulers lay it  
down  
That we must cast it from our schools. lest it  
would cause a frown.

When the Bible was a stranger, it was our father's  
care,

For it they stood both fire and flame, and laid  
 their bosoms bare ;  
 Must it be cast in Canada far from our public  
 schools  
 By foreign powers that rule this land, themselves  
 the worst of fools ?

For twenty years and more, my friends, this book  
 has been suppress'd,  
 Though it was once the people's pride, and by it  
 they were blest ;  
 Yet all this will not satisfy those that our rights  
 command,  
 These buy and sell their Western dupes, who will  
 not them withstand.

Were schools in Lower Canada free from all Priest-  
 ly rule,  
 Where Protestants could enter at, and place their  
 youth at school,  
 And not be taught Rome's mummery, which dark-  
 ens every spot,  
 We might submit to Separate Schools, if that  
 should be our lot.

---

X. ON RIEL'S TREACHERY TO MAJOR  
 BOULTON.

---

Since loyal men at the Nor'-West  
 Are hunted to and fro,  
 O'er hill and dale, o'er wood and plain,  
 And in their graves laid low ;  
 And since their blood for vengeance call,  
 Can we their claims deny ?

Oh! no, my boys, this treacherous foe  
Must tell the reason why.

For toadlings at the far Nor'-West,  
With toadlings from the East,  
Think heaven and earth were made for them  
And their almighty Priest,—  
Who'd make that land a land of slaves;  
But Britons wont comply,—  
They'd rather seek a freeman's grave  
To know the reason why.

Our murdered friends, like Britons true,  
Stood for their country's right;  
For which relentless foes pursue,  
And in their blood delight.  
They murdered Scott, and laid him low,—  
His blood for vengeance cry,—  
Whilst ghostly Priests mock at the sound,  
And give no reason why.

Ontario's sons, with hoary heads,  
And youths of tender age,  
Will at their country's call arise.  
And in her rights engage.  
Since none but Priests, with cruel spite,  
Cause loyal men to die,  
All Britons have a perfect right  
To know the reason why.

For near a thousand miles our friends  
Were hunted through the snow,  
Unsheltered 'neath the clouds of night,  
Where Arctic winds did blow.

They now have come to claim their rights—  
 Shall we that claim deny?  
 Oh! no, my boys, their treacherous foe  
 Must tell the reason why.

XI. LINES ON THE MURDER OF A NUMBER  
 OF PROTESTANTS, AT ZION CHURCH. MON-  
 TREAL, WHO HAD GONE TO HEAR A REFORMED ITAL-  
 IAN PRIEST PREACH—HIS NAME WAS GAVAZZI—1853

The other day, at Zion Church,  
 In far-famed Montreal,—  
 Yes, famed for killing Protestants  
 With powder and with ball,—  
 'Twas there Rome sent her motley sons,  
 From every filthy clan,  
 Who ran like fiery fiends that day  
 To kill their fellow man.

Those heroes of a spurious creed  
 (The master-piece of sin)  
 With bricks and stones, with oaths and yells,  
 Their wrecking did begin.  
 The Mayor was soon upon the spot.  
 With soldiers of the line.  
 Who might have saved the lives of all,  
 Did they but so incline.

When Protestants saw red coats out,  
 They thought their friends were near,—  
 Then left for home in hopes of peace,  
 Not having any fear;

Until the Mayor gave orders quick  
 To fire upon the crowd\*  
 Just as it issued from the church.  
 He of the act seemed proud.

There dying, dead and wounded lay,  
 Young infants breathed their last,  
 — And aged sires, whose heads were grey—  
 (Death o'er them all had pass'd,)—  
 With youthful maidens, bright in life,  
 These with their mothers lay,  
 Near to the steps of Zion Church  
 On that eventful day.

Once liberty of conscience did  
 Cause Priests in praises join  
 To celebrate King William's day—  
 The hero of the Boyne.  
 This shows when down they know their friends,  
 But equals makes them foes,  
 They then would pull the nation down,  
 And this the whole world knows.

---

\* The Mayor was a Roman Catholic, and knew well on whom to fire.

---

XII. ON THE MURDER OF THOMAS SCOTT,  
 LATE OF TORONTO, BY RIEL AND HIS BAND  
 OF REBELS, AT FORT GARRY.

---

Ye sons of freemen, sons of light,  
 Your fathers left our charter right—  
 But now 'tis gone by Priestly blight  
 And wicked perfidy.  
 'Twas Jesuits planned the cruel plot  
 Where Popish tricks had been forgot,

Until the murder of brave Scott—  
 Whose blood now calls to thee.  
 For twenty years or more last past  
 Popery's crimes are rising fast,  
 Within these lands the die is cast,  
 Where Priests our rights command.  
 Are we to be made slaves by Rome?  
 Or shall we free our children's home  
 From that deceitful cross crowned dome  
 That now bestrews the land?

Give us our rights, ye powers that be,  
 If not, our wrongs will fall on thee,  
 From Rome we shall and must be free,—  
 We hate the treacherous foe.

No Pope nor Priest shall rule the State,  
 We know their church is reprobate,  
 And Jesuits all we scorn and hate,  
 Whose doom is sealed below.

Whilst blood of Scott for vengeance calls  
 Loud through our Legislative Halls,  
 Can Rome get fat 'tween party walls,  
 And be by us forgot?

There's no such craven in this land  
 Who would not go, with sword in hand,  
 To nobly die, or nobly stand,  
 To take revenge for Scott.

Oh! no, we'll crush the treach'rous foe,  
 Fit fuel for the shades below,  
 And if we're spared he there shall go,—  
 This must be Riel's lot.

With Jesuit Priests, with Monks and Friars,  
 Whom now we find a den of liars,  
 All fit for the infernal fires.—  
 These murdered noble Scott.

XIII. WRITTEN AFTER READING A LETTER  
SENT FROM THE NOR'-WEST TO A FRENCH  
CANADIAN PAPER. Supposed to be written  
by a Priest.

—  
Ye loyal men of Canada  
See what French Priests have done ;  
They murdered Scott for loyalty,—  
'Twas they this work begun ;  
And to insult the Deity  
They knelt upon the snow,  
Like crocodiles they prayed for him,  
And made a ghostly show.

Scott was a loyal Protestant,  
A Briton and a brave ;  
But Priests, to show their principles,  
Have sent him to his grave.  
Just think you see his murderers  
With crosses in each hand,  
Mock at the God of heaven and earth,  
Then break the sixth command.

If Priests would train their followers  
In love to God and man,  
And follow up the Prince of Peace,  
And worship on his plan,  
They then would be good christians,  
But that with them's a lie,  
Since they deny God, whom we love,  
And his commands defy.

There are twenty-five black murders  
On record in the land,  
All done by Popish tyranny,  
These now for vengeance stand !

Beneath the throne of justice, where  
 The Martyrs, night and day,  
 Call to their Prince and Heavenly King  
 Why vengeance thus delay.

The heart begins to sicken, boys,  
 When we think on such crimes,  
 And runs us back to other days,—  
 To bloody Mary's times.  
 For now, as then, the murderers  
 Have hitherto gone free,  
 Where Protestants were doom'd to die;  
 All this we plainly see.

But Father Richot's musing now  
 In Ottawa's strong jail,  
 And e'er he leaves it's battlements  
 He'll get a hangman's bail—  
 That's if the wretch be guilty found  
 With murder to his name;  
 If not, our country will be lost,  
 Priest-ridden and in shame !

XIV. NUNLINGS WALKING.

When the city bells are ringing,  
 If you're passing on the way,  
 You may hear a young man singing  
 "Stop a little, stranger, pray ;"  
 Do you see yon maidens walking,  
 Early to the cloister school ?  
 See them smiling, hear them talking  
 Of how Nuns lay down the rule.

'Tis at matin prayers they see them,  
 Nuns, then kneeling side by side,

Fathers do your daughters free them,  
Or in shame your faces hide.

For we see them always walking  
Early to the cloister school,  
See them smile, and hear them talking  
Of how Nuns lay down the rule.

There's a Cross half hid before them,  
With its bleeding image there,  
Idols all ! these Nuns adore them,  
With a parrot-muttered prayer ;

Whilst your daughters still are walking  
Early to the cloister school ;  
See them smiling, hear them talking  
Of how Nuns lay down the rule.

We will call unto the mothers  
Of these Nunlings as they say,  
Who should all be taught by others  
In the old protesting way ;

For they never should go walking  
Early to the cloister school  
As they do, with others talking  
Of how Nuns lay down the rule.

When our fathers had protested  
Against Nuns, and Priests, and all,  
Then such houses were sequester'd,  
'Midst rejoicings at their fall ;

Now again we see maids walking  
Early to the cloister school,  
And in glee with others talking  
Of how Nuns lay down the rule.

When our fathers were protesting,  
Our old Bible was their guide ;

But these Nunlings are detesting,  
 One shall never be a bride ;  
 To a freeman, after walking  
 Early to the cloister school,  
 Such young ladies, Nunlings talking,  
 Never shall our children rule.

XV. ST. ZENITH'S BONES.

Come all true hearted Protestants  
 And listen to my song ;  
 Be loyal to your Bible, boys,  
 It will not lead you wrong ;  
 It bears the mark of truth and light,  
 It gives you hopes divine,  
 And gives to each a perfect right  
 To say this book is mine.

The other day, at Montreal,  
 There was a grievous sight,  
 Where thousands answered to a call,  
 Which gave their Priests delight,  
 To see their dupes meet rotten bones  
 Within a gilded shrine,  
 And kneel before them on the stones,  
 As if they were divine.

Saint Zenith's bones were in that shrine,  
 This is what people said,  
 And had been lost for ages past,  
 And yet were undecayed.  
 For fifteen hundred years or more  
 These bones had been forgot,  
 Till lying wonders, as of yore,  
 Points out the very spot.

So rotten bones are honoured yet  
More than the God of Peace,  
Thus Rome can shear her silly ones,  
And still retain the fleece.  
Just as she did in Luther's days,  
Which set the Monk to think  
How souls from prison flew away  
When Tetzal got the chink.  
But Protestants love gospel truth,  
Good will and peace to man,  
Whilst Popish Priests would teach our youth  
To worship on their plan.  
Then pity all such worshippers.  
They know not what they do,  
Since Priests are lords of heaven and hell,  
And of the conscience too.

XVI. ON ORANGE GRAND OFFICERS BE-  
TRAYING THEIR TRUST.

Awaken, awaken, and slumber no more,  
The trumpet keep sounding, your tents are on fire,  
The gods of the nations your watchmen adore,  
Whilst lights from Jehovah they cease to admire.

Away from the mountain, there, watch the dark  
cloud,

Beware, do not touch it, 'tis danger and death,  
But call to your watchmen, proclaim it aloud,  
Lest smoke from old Babel might stifle your breath.

Now look to your banners, the white horse is there,  
No idols from Egypt came cross the Red sea;  
That serpent of brass, oh! ye freemen beware,  
There are many alive that you never can see.

When sons of old Aaron thought strange things  
to do,

By using strange fire on altars to burn,  
Then death soon consumed them, a warning to you  
Who now to the smoke of Old Mystery turn.

Why are our chieftains like Aaron's false sons?  
Thus using the fire that God has forbid;  
We care not for all the old vatican's guns,  
If they would but do as their forefathers did.

Arouse in the West, then, arouse in the East,  
Wherever the flag of your freedom can fly;  
Rescue from the jaws of that lamb-headed beast,  
The standard of William, then bid it good bye.

Farewell my dear brothers, past visions press sore,  
Were seen from the Baltic to Erin's green isle;  
Adolphus and William, each hero bled sore,  
For rights lost by treason where death builds the  
pile.

---

XVII. ON THE RECEPTION THAT OGLE R.  
GOWAN'S BILL GOT IN THE SESSION OF  
THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT, 1859.

'Twas in the year of '59, brave Gowan he arose,  
When in his place in Parliament, and thus he did  
propose:

"To have all corporations that suck'd the public  
purse,  
By judges well inspected;"—it made their cause  
no worse.

Then through the hall, like demons, those French-  
men raised a howl,

And with them sly pretenders did join them in the  
growl;  
They said that their religion had got a heavy shock,  
The worst produced in Canada against St. Peter's  
rock.

Said one unto the other. " Religion must be free ;  
Shall it be trampled in the dust by Orange big-  
otry?"  
" No ! all who shall oppose it, we'll hurl them  
from our sight,  
And keep our Church and Nunneries from either  
harm or sight."

True Protestants of Canada, how long will you  
believe  
Those lie-proclaiming infidels, who always you de-  
ceive ?  
Do turn your minds for freedom ; get honest men  
and true,  
Who will not sell your birth right for any Popish  
stew.

Just sixteen of our members did vote for Gowan's  
Bill,  
The rest did vote for Nunneries and Priests to  
have their will !  
And some who say they're Orangemen did join  
this motley fray,  
And voted down brave Gowan's Bill, and did our  
rights betray.

When Charasus of Canada brought in their Bill of  
Rights,  
To rob our well-tried churches in Popedom's  
bloody fights,

These Papists did not scruple to strike the final  
blow,  
Whilst some black-hearted Protestants along with  
them did go.

We see it's true in Canada, a truth denied before,  
That we are paying money out to help the Papal  
corps!  
Yes, paying out our money, and that without a  
frown,  
Through lying legislators, who strive to keep us  
down.

These men are cursing Canada, who strive to court  
the Pope!  
They'd send us to perdition, for money is their  
hope;  
Their honor is a bye-word, a dirty, ugly thing,  
But Satan yet will sift them, and leave a bitter  
sting.

Long live our Past Grand Master, who walks the  
royal road,  
Without a guilt-stained conscience beneath a Pop-  
ish load;  
Likewise those sixteen members who voted at his  
call  
To have such spots inspected, when we must pay  
for all.

---

XVIII. ON OUR GOVERNMENT PRIEST COM-  
MISSIONERS TO THE NOR'-WEST.

---

The Devil he was sleeping sound,  
Away at the Nor'-West,

'Till Priests began to tickle him,—  
This raised his slimy crest!  
It was the Church that wanted him  
Some trappings to supply,  
For which he's bound to rule the roast  
As Master by and by.

If his Satanic Majesty  
Had just been let alone  
By Priests and all such worshippers,  
As kneel beneath his throne,  
These could not press our government,  
Nor make a bloody show  
With rebels at the far Nor'-West;  
And this our people know.

Now Satan knows his followers,  
Though acting very coy;  
And these know how to lead him on,  
And give to him employ;  
But Thiebault thought to beat him down  
With old St. Denis' flail,  
Whilst Church and State were looking on,\*  
And held him by the tail.

When Church and State Commissioners  
Went to the distant West,  
With Father Thiebault at their head,  
Some people thought 'twas best;  
But Jesuits fool all governments  
That call upon their aid,  
They thus divide both heaven and hell!  
And live upon the trade!!

---

\*The Roman Catholic Church is a kind of a State Church  
in the Lower Province.

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