

POEM ON THE MONTREAL RIOTS

12th July, 1877



With the . .

Murder and Funeral of the Late Thomas Lett Hackett

By *ULSTER TRUE BLUE*

Ye Orangemen of Canada,
Arouse ye one and all,
'Tis Liberty invokes you,
Come listen to her call;
Irish Papists are united
In thousands stout and strong,
To murder all true Protestants
That to your cause belong.

Since we are few in number here,
They hope to crush us down,
Because we're true to England's Queen
And to the British Crown.
And, like the sons of Gideon,
We'll never bow the knee
To Popish priest or cardinal,
To Pope or popery.

Loud threats were used of murder
Should we attempt to go
To church in full procession,
Or make a public show,
And protection was refused us,
By the Mayor of our town,
And petty, timid magistrates,
Who sought to keep us down.

Then finding no protection,
We did ourselves prepare
To march in grand procession
With colors bright and fair,
When there came a long petition
Us praying to forego
Our intended demonstration
And save the town from woe.

Then in a Christian spirit
We yielded to the prayer
Of the gentlemen who sought us
In honor bright and fair,
And the Papists pledged their honor
All riot to prevent,
And keep the minions under,
If but to church we went.

Then smiling hope triumphant 'rose
Eyes beaming with delight,
That that foul demon Discord,
Had thus been put to flight.
But "keep no faith with heretics",
She whispered far and near,
And in our streets ten thousand foes,
With arms did soon appear.

When we to church that morning went,
As Christian brethren do,
We little thought foul murder would
Our peaceful steps pursue,
But these faithless Fenian ruffians
In thousands did prepare
To murder all our Orange boys
Returning through the square.

Like tigers watching for their prey,
They quickly gathered round,
Policemen, mayor nor magistrate
To keep the peace was found.
For old Beaudry and Chief Penton
Their forces had gathered all
To the central Police Station,
And in the City Hall.

Down Beaver Hall and Radegonde,
And through Victoria Square,
Those Papists stood assaulting
Young men and ladies fair,
Returning from the House of God,
Where they had met to praise
The Great I AM, who led His hosts
Through peril in ancient days.

But no protection could they find,
No officer was there—
They were gathered in the station
By order of the Mayor,
Who basely pandered to the mob
Nor effort made to save
That city from the foul disgrace
That made poor Hackett's grave.

When Collins and brave Morrison
Did nobly interpose
To save a lady from assault,
The cry for blood arose,
And then those Irish Union men
Rushed to Clendenning's store
Where they beastly murdered Hackett,
And left him in his gore.

An humble tribute here I'd pay
To Henshaw, stout and strong,
And likewise Thomas Hackett,
Who was murdered in the throng.
These nobly risked their precious lives
To save a brother true,
Who was being fiercely beaten
By this dastard Popish crew.

Some thirty shots at Hackett aimed,
While, like a soldier true,
He bravely faced his savage foes
Ere they could him subdue;
At length a bullet brought him down,
For it had pierced his brain,
And in a trice poor Hackett's corpse
Was reckoned with the slain.

Fast spread the news both East and West,
As lightning quick doth fly,
And brave Ontario raised her voice
With vengeance in her eye;
And thousands of her gallant men
With arms were soon prepared
To aid the men of Montreal,
Nor time nor money spared.

The gallant men of Ottawa,
In thousands they were there,
And the doughty men of Cornwall,
Led by the gallant Mayor,
Loyal Kingston sent her quota,
And Belleville her brigade,
Joined with the men of Brockville
To render timely aid.

Port Hope and brave Toronto men
Came posting into town,
And stalwart men from Vankleek Hill,
Of honor and renown,
From Hemmingford and Cowansville,
And Huntington also,
Six hundred true and trusty men,
Prepared to meet the foe.

Fair Havelock and Franklin Centre
United heart and hand
With Argenteuil and Sherbrooke men,
With Boulton in command,
Dundas and Russell counties
Were represented too,
And Valiant men from Roxham came,
These rebels to subdue.

The Orangemen from Point St. Charles,
Led on by brave Devine,
Likewise the gallant Britons there
In splendor did they shine,
And from their "Fort" like William's sons
Of honor and renown,
To join the city Brotherhood,
Marched in through Griffintown.

Long live our Grand Provincial Chief
Brave Breadner is his name,
Who, on that day in great array,
Led on the men to fame,
Likewise the Reverend Charles Doudiet
Grand Chaplain of renown,
A true undaunted Williamite,
Well worthy of the gown.

There at their post, were Colonel Smith,
Grant, Hamilton and Knox,
Pierson, Percival and McKay,
McNally, Brown and Cox,
Johnston, Marcom, Scott and Leckie,
McMullan, Byrd and Booth,
McGowan, Miller and Meadowcroft,
And Bennett too forsooth.

There were Porter, Forde and Butler,
Brave Hines and gallant Clarke,
Fiddlers Jackson, Bar and Bustard,
McCammon, Peel and Parke,
Doctor Gascoigne came from Brockville,
Brave Broder from Dundas,
Captain Elliott came from Kingston,
Brave Robinson and Glass.

At three o'clock that afternoon,
With bands and banners gay,
Those valiant men soon formed in line,
In all their grand array,
With gallant Thomas Robinson,
Chief Marshal on his grey,
Like William at the river Boyne,
He nobly led the way.

When the word "fours deep" was given,
We formed by "order" then,
Rank after rank with solemn tread,
Ten thousand stalwart men
And from the Hall, St. James' Street,
Bore Hackett's corpse away,
And in Mount Royal Cemetery
We laid him in the clay.

Oh! had you seen those Union men,
As we marched proudly on
With banners waving in the air,
Their courage soon was gone.
They never thought the Orange flag
Would wave through Montreal,
Or so many Orangemen
Could muster at a call.

Then back to back the Britons turned,
All ready for the fight,
The Papists soon skeddaddled home,
Like Cowards in affright.
For they are very valiant men
When they are ten to one,
But all this courage vanishes
When we are man for man.

Though Kirwin vaunt and Meany rage,
And Barney plead with skill,
The Orange flag shall wave again,
Whenever Orangemen will.
Nor shall petitions interfere,
Or Popish threats affright
The Orangemen of Montreal,
While God defends the right.

Here's health to Colonel Fletcher,
And all his volunteers,
For Colonels Stevenson and Bond,
Come give three hearty cheers.
Brave Mayor Baynes and Gordon, too,
Are worthy of renown,
And every gallant officer
Belonging to our town.

Great praise is due to Ogilvie
And Stephens of renown,
To Henshaw and Mercer too,
Who sought to save our town
From foul disgrace and rioting,
When danger threatened here,
And signed the requisition
For all our volunteers.

Remember now, ye Orange boys,
Your fathers' deeds of yore,
And let their spirits fire your souls,
To meet your foes once more.
In 'eighty-eight and 'ninety-one,
They nobly made a stand,
On Aughrim's plains and Derry walls
For faith and fatherland.

Then gather round your standard, boys,
And raise the old refrain,
For as our fathers drubbed their sires,
So we'll drub them again,
If they should dare to interfere,
With peaceful quiet men,
We'll soon repeat in Montreal
Old Dolly's Brae again.

Now to conclude and finish, boys,
Here is a health to all
Our undaunted Orange brethren
Who meet in Montreal.
And may they stand like men
Who Popery can defy,
And like the men on Derry walls,
Still "No Surrender" cry.