

THE OLD ENGLISH BULL JOHN, v. the Pope's Bull of Rome.

My good Child as it is necessary at this very important crises; when, that good pious and very reasonable old gentleman Pope Pi-ass the nineth has promised to favor us with his presence, and the pleasures of Popery.—and trampled on the rights and privileges which, we, as Englishmen, and Protestants, have engaged for these three last hundred years—Since Bluff, king Hal, began to take a dislike to the broad brimmed hat of the venerable Cardinal Wolsey, and proclaimed himself an heretic;—It is necessary I say, for you, and all of you, to be perfect in your Lessons so as you may be able to verily chastize this saucy prelate, his newly made Cardinal Foolishman, and the whole host of Puseites and protect our beloved Queen, our Church, and our Constitution.

Q. Now my boy can you tell me what is your Name?

A. B— Protestant.

Q. How came you by that name?

A. At the time of Harry the stout, when Popery was in a galloping consumption the people protested against the supremacy and instalence of the Pope; and his Colleges had struck deep at the hallow tree of superstition I gained the name of Protestant, and proud am I, and ever shall be to stick to it till the day of my death.

You seem an intelligent lad, so I think you are quite capable of Reading with me the Lessons for this day's service.

Now the Lesson for the day is taken from all parts of the Book of Martyr's, beginning at just where you like.

It was about the year 1835, that a certain renegade of the name Pussy—I beg his pardon, I mean P sey, like a snake who stung his master commenced crawling step by step, from the master; he was bound to serve to worship a puppet, arrayed in a spangle and tincl of a romish showman.

And the pestelance that he shed around spread rapidly through the minds of many unworthy members of our established Church; even up to the present year, 1850, inasmuch that St Barrabus, of Pimlico, unable to see the truth by the aid of his oculars, mounted four pounds of long sixes in the mid-day, that he might see through the fog of his own My, by which he was surrounded.

And Pope Pi-ass the nineth taking advantage of the hubub, did create unto himself a Cardinal in the person of one Wiseman of Westminster.

And Cardinal broadbrim claimed four counties in England as his dioces, and his master the Pope claim-

ed as many more as his sees, but the people of England could not see that, so they declared aloud they would see them blowed first.

So when Jack Russell heard of his most impudent intentions, he sent him a Letter saying it was the intention of the people of England never again to submit to their infamous mumerys for the burnings in Smithfield was still fresh in their memory.

And behold great meetings were held in different parts of England where the Pope was burnt in effigy like unto a Yarmouth Bloater, as a token of respect to him and his followers.

And the citizens of London were stanch to a man, and assembled together in the Guildhall of our mighty City and shouted with stem arian lungs, long live the Queen and down with the Pope, the sound of which might have been heard even unto the vatican of Rome.

And when his holyness the Pope heard that his power was set at naugh, his nose became blue even as a bilberry with rage and declared Russell and Cummings or any who joined in the No Popery cry, should ever name the felicity of kissing his pious great toe.

Thus Endeth the Lesson.

Let us say.

From all Cardinals whether wise or foolish. Oh! Queen Spare us.

Spare us Oh Queen.

From the pleasure of the Rack, and the friendship of the kind hearted officers of the Inquisition. Oh! Johnny hear us.

Oh! Russell hear us.

From the comforts of being frised like a devil'd kindney. Oh! Nosey save us.

Hear us Oh Arthur.

From such saucy Prelates, as Pope Pi-ass. Oh! Cumming's save us.

Save us good Cumming.

And let us have no more Burnings in smithfield, no more warm drinks in the shapa of boiled oil, or molten lead, and send the whole host of Pasyites along with the Pope, Cardinals to the top of mount Vesuvius there to dine off of hot lava, so that we may live in peace & shout long live our Queed, and No Popery!