

Though he should to revolt incline,  
 He's Orange still, and therefore mine.  
 And Gowan! Great! Chief of the whole,  
 That man himself is half my soul,  
 I long that happy day to see  
 When, side by side, he'll work with me ;  
 'Twill realize my fondest hopes,  
 I need him to appease the POPES ;  
 For these old kuaves, with many a wile,  
 Keep my whole kingdom in a broil."

The speaker stopped, his breath to draw,  
 The hearers jon'd in wild hurrah!  
 The speech can't farther be reported,  
 Suffice't to say, the speaker snorted,  
 And champing, tossed his horns in frenzie,  
 And uttered something 'bout Mc Kenzie ;  
 Rage, most transporting, shook his frame,  
 As thus he spoke the veteran's name,  
 He tried to speak to them once more,  
 But now the crowd was in a roar ;  
 That name so harsh to Orange ears,  
 Though Satan spoke it, raised their fears ;  
 This horror Satan viewed with pleasure,  
 And gave his benedictive measure ;  
 Then, in a blue and sulphurous light,  
 He vanished from their wondering sight.

