

RAISING THE DEVIL,

OR,

The Legend of Peter Groome,

With a Moral thereto.

IT was a night, a murky night,
O'er earth deep shadows fell;
It was a night, on which men might
Well do the deeds of hell.

A lurid pall
Was spread o'er all,
O'er land and sea and sky;
Lightning flashing,
Thunder crashing,
Hailstones dashing,—

All Heavens dread artillery!
It was a night
When Phantom sprito,
And goblin dance so merrily;
Through the air so thick
On a stout broom-stick,

Witch and warlock ride so cheerily;
And the gay little Devils can saunter in peace
From the Suburb St. Ann to Molson's Distillery
Without the least fear of *Malo's* Police.

Black, fearfully black is the face of night,
As the clouds sweep past in terrible flight;
And the roaring thunder peal on peal,
And the ruddy lightning's glancing reel
Plays o'er the loud tempestuous swell
Of the rushing winds in their wild revel:—

The Bat no longer flutters
In its very funny flight;
And the Cats have left the gutters.
In a most confounded fright,—
The very Owls, in hollow trees
That blink their time away,
Have ducked their heads and hid their "sneeze" •
Beneath their pinions grey;—

In short, it was a night so very bad,
That no one, if there was a house to be had,
Would stop without shelter
In such a regular pelter,
Unless indeed *Old Nick* was his master,
Ready to back him in case of disaster.

Well—on this night, and it was not so long ago,
In truth it was not so long since the last winter's snow,
In a room about which there was nothing mysterious,
There were gathered some gentlemen with an air rather serious;
They looked as they were some business about,
Which they would not particularly like to come out;
The room might have measured some sixteen by thirty,
Well furnished and warm and not at all dirty;

With a nice Brussels carpet spread over the floor,
And baize very tightly nailed over each door,
To keep out the cold,
And listeners bold;
Who acting the spy,

Into secrets might pry,
By an ear to a key-hole or e'en to a chink,
(A nod to a blind horse, 's good as a wink)
And this is a wrinkle, as *CAVERON* said once,
If you don't take it, you'll be a sad dunce.

And who were these gentlemen twelve,
Thus stealthily met together,

At an hour when honest men snooze in bed,
And the powers of darkness gather?
And what could these gentlemen twelve be about,
That every one else was so carefully shut out?

List ye, I pray,
To the poet's lay,
And as the somewhat crabbed rhyme goes,
You'll know as much about it as he knows!

Who were the gentlemen? heh! here's the catalogue;
And if in your travels you e'er met with such a rogue,
As the first on the list—
But caution says, Hist!

There's an action for libel, if you mention the name;—
Express it in paraphrase, and it comes to the same.
So the first was the "MAN WITH THE WONDERFUL NOSE,"
That sets everything blazing wherever it goes—

And *Mister LAFONTAINE*,
From Suburb St. Antoine—
And *BALDWIN* so sly,
With his leering eye—
And *LESLIE* so grave,
Dead hand at a shave—

And then *Mister VIGER* who handles the rhino,
And pockets it too for all you and I know—
Then comes *PADDY BLAKE*,
That sham son of glory,
Who wanted to slake

His thirst in the blood of a Tory—
And poor *MR. PRICE*,
Who's rather too nice,

And always looks terribly true,
At being 'pal' of this very bad crew—
And *HAMILTON MERRITT*, who's death on '*Camaxis*'—
And *DRUMMOND*, eternally kicking up brows—
And then *Colonel TACHE*,
After all only washy;

Some think, if the chance was, he'd turn out a hero;
For our own part, we set down his courage at Zero;
Though an army he certainly levied one night,
And dismissed them next day in a terrible fright—

Next comes '*Modest*' *CAMERON*,
Much given to stammer on
Things he knows nothing about—
And the last of this funny turn out,

Is a gentleman named *MR. HINCKS*,
And this name,
'Tis a shame,

Rhymes to nothing on earth except—stinks!

Ye spirits of darkness, tell,
Why do we love the blast so well!
Why do our souls find stern delight
In the gloomy shades of darkling night!
The thunders boom, the lightnings fly,
They gladden our ear, and light our eye—
Elements crashing in fiercest array,
Our hearts can struggle as fiercely as they;
Let the demons of tempest be wild as they will,
The demons that tear us are wilder still!

Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
'Tis a night of fear!
And the boldest man here
May well feel queer,
For at utmost need,

**Anglice, nose—vide Pierce Egan, passim—
For the information of Members of Parliament—Owls have noses.*