

Not only here, but other places,  
 How I remember *Churchville Races!*\*  
 How cunning was that scheme devised,  
 By which the rebels were surprised;  
 They unsuspecting, never thought,  
 For what that load of clubs was brought,  
 Till orangemen with whoop and yell,  
 With murd'rous aim upon them fell;  
 Faith, that day they got a lesson,  
 As should have brought them to concession.  
 The *gallant* chiefs who that day led,  
 Now silent lie among the dead;  
 The thread of life being cut, I sent them  
 Where radicals shall ne'er torment them.  
 And does it not give joy to think,  
 In Montreal the parliament,  
 ('Tis solemn truth, not mere assertion)  
 Was burnt by them through mere diversion!  
 The news was blazed abroad, none hid it,  
 Yet no one dared to say—*You did it!*  
 Permit me to a moment dwell,  
 On heroes still alive and well,  
 And may their virtues great and ample,  
 Be your motto and example.

The Captain of the Egg Brigade,†  
 To Kingston's gone to learn a trade!  
 Behold him in this noble station,  
 As worthy of your imitation.

And next I'd mention Robert Moodie,  
 Toronto alderman and rowdy,  
 He'll Orange be while draws he breath,  
 And vows he's mine e'en after death.

Again, illustrious Fergusson,  
 He is your brother and my son;  
 Although of late some arrant fools  
 Led him astray 'bout separate schools.

At times a trator though he be,  
 He never yet abandoned me.

\* It will be remembered how the Reform party were treacherously dealt with, it being previously arranged that an old man and woman should bring a load of clubs for the special benefit of the enemies of right.

† A celebrated character, who headed the rowdies who pelted W. L. McKenzie with eggs in Brampton, when he attempted to lecture on the repeal of the Union.