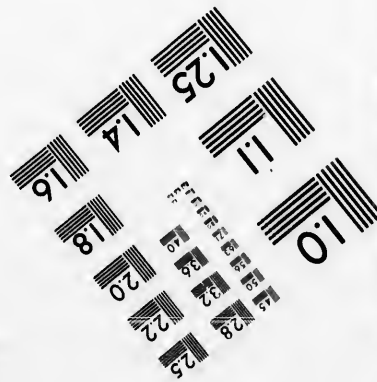
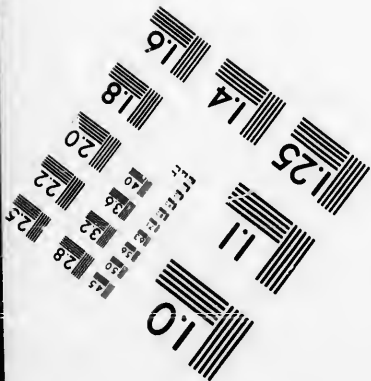
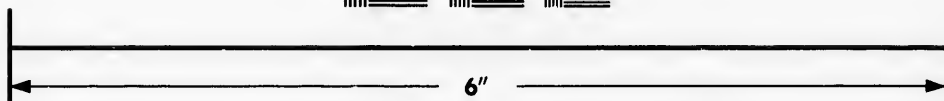
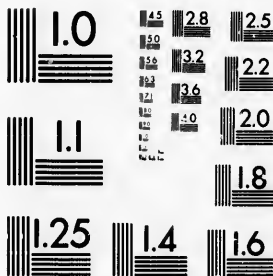


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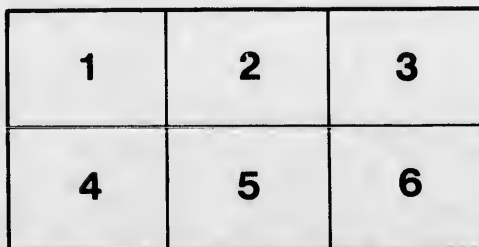
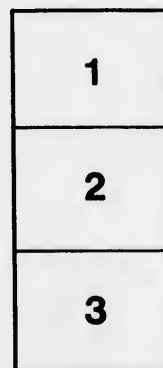
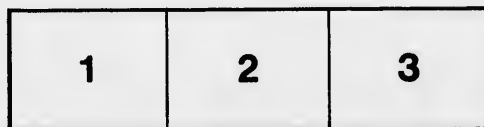
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THE

GLORIOUS TWELFTH:

Satirical Poem.

BY CANADIAN "PUNCH."

Mr. Lecky
George
W. A. D. Macpherson

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1858.

GEORGE WALKER

TO OGLE R. GOWAN, ESQ., M.P.P.

THIS POEM

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

Handwritten signature and notes, including 'Mr. Gowan' and 'M.P.P.'.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1828

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH.

When closed was July's Sabbath day,
When Christians met to preach and pray,
The rude, regardless gambler's voice
Mixed with the rattle of his dice,
And cursings, execrations loud,
In tumult echoed from the crowd ;
And libertines the silence broke,
With coarse, profane, licentious joke ;
In revelry and drunken riot,
Disturb'd a peaceful country's quiet ;
A landlord stood with long cigar
Attentively behind his bar,
To catch the "chink" of those whose mind,
To Sabbath drinking is inclined ;
Of loitering prodigals who waste,
And quickly to destruction haste ;
To fill from wretchedness and shame
His coffers with his ill-got gain.

'Twas then while they were thus engaged
That, transported, by hate enraged,
Old Satan with a fiendish h^osot,
Lest should his power on earth be lost ;
Did from his hellish regions sally,
Again his votaries to rally.

He saw and knew without a doubt
What Caledonians were about,
And how he raged and champed amain,
To think they tried to stop his reign,
Swore by himself and all his power
For them 'twould be an awful hour :
That hour they first to virtue turned,
And all his ways and counsels spurned—
"Rebellious men ! yea, in my wrath,
"They deep shall wail in brimstone bath ;

"host"

[Handwritten scribble]

[Handwritten scribble]

4
“Those of reform, who were beginners,
“Curs’d shall lie down as chiefest sinners,
“Shall dwell for aye, standing pity
“Within the precincts of my city.”

He with his train prow’d lane and street,
While were his votaries old asleep,
And his perverting breath he blew
Into the ears of all he knew
Were bound to work a reformation,
’Mong Orangemen of every station ;
And those who vowed had to be quiet,
Nor mix would more in drunken riot ;
Nor raise their voice in hid’ous yell,
To send with priests the Pope to hell,—
All this was done with steady aim
That he their homage might reclaim.

One pass’d through Alton in the west,
Where was their Marshal great at rest ;
And serpent-like, as now it seems,
Disturbed his sleep with ’larming dreams ;
Said “Noble Sir, precaution take,
“From me, but for my master’s sake,
“Do not allow these men to preach,
“With studied long and sober speech ;*
“They seem indeed to be your friend,
“But their design is in the end,
“To treat you as a loafer band,”—
“The mere rascallions of the land ;
“’Twill please them most, and they’ll exult
“In trying grossly to insult.”

To Chariston he winged his flight,
Where sat his master in delight,
Beside a tavern-keeper’s bed,
With hand reposing round his head ;
And thus conjointly they began
To op’rate on the sleeping man :
They blew a breath which conscience kill’d,
And keen desires for wealth instill’d ;
Thus was prepared his callous heart,
In their designs to bear a part :

* It had been arranged that two Ministers were to preach to the loyal hosts but by the wiles of some Satanic agency, these good men were disappointed.

His brow with sulphurous hand they stroke,
Thus rough caress'd the sleeper woke.

"Now take," they said, "this solemn vow,
"I will to you and Mammon bow :
"Not to the world this scheme I'll tell,
"If so, may I with serpents dwell ;
"And writhe in brimstone flames in sorrow,
"Before the set of sun to-morrow."

To this the vender was agreed,
And bade his worship on proceed ;
One moment's pause, what silence dread !

Then Satan complimenting said :

"Great sir, I'm loth to do you harm ;
"You know my heart to yon doth warm :

"So faithful thou, my servant friend,

"Thou by the score to me canst send

Liars, tipplers, gamblers, thieves,

"Blasphemers, swearers, and the chiefs

"Of Godless men ; just send them hither,

"As they around you do together ;

"Who, robb'd of morals, wit and wealth,

"Come here to celebrate the *Twelfth*,

"Nor fear 'hard times,' myself I'll pay

"All tipplers' bills forgot that day."

Surprised the vender asked the question.

What they might mean by this suggestion.

Said he was ever prompt and still,

Would yield submissive to their will.

Pleased with his fealty and submission,

They further dealt him his commission.

"Upon that day when they have met,

"I charge thee strict, do not forget,

"Behind thy bar to take thy stand ;

"To all in Orange dress'd look bland ;

"Smile as they to and fro do pass,

"And offer them the *friendly glass* ;

"And do your best without abuse,

"To sober temperance men seduce ;

"They long have formed a motley band,

"Against *our* interests in this land—

"But *most of all* this one thing try,

"Watch o'er the crowd with careful eye,

"And thwart the innovasi ve plan,

"Of preachers, who would us harangue,

" With sober sanctimonious face,
 " On points of doctrine and of grace;
 " Curs'd, rotten-hearted, base dissenters,
 " Two turn-coat, hypocritic ranters;
 " What common sense approves their babbling,
 " More than a band of tinkers gabbling.
 " Had Alton Lodge paid due respect
 " Unto the ways I did direct,
 " From some Established Church would they
 " Have some Divine to preach that day ;
 " A Lewis, or a great McGeorge,
 " Would do some credit to our orge ;
 " But insult 'tis to common sense,
 " Audacious arrogance ! pretence !
 " Their boldest aim's our overthrow,
 " And will, if on we let them go."

The vender scarce forbore to weep,
 One icy tear roll'd down his cheek ;
 To all he heard he said Amen,
 And, sobbing, went to sleep again ;
 Declaring he would do his best,
 They left him to himself to rest—
 And next they went to number ten,
 Where dwells the chief of Orangemen :*
 Within a dram shop low and sooty,
 Behind his bar a *Semi-Clooty*—
 'Tis truth I tell, if you but look,
 You'll see he has a cloven foot ;
 And though the horns in him are wanting,
 A score of years in service ranting
 One reason is 'mong many others,
 For saying Nick and he are brothers—

Here night and day the tankard flows
 Inspiring debauchees to blows :
 And here Vacuna from her breasts,
 Rears men that prove to mankind pests ;
 When Infamy with slimy pap,
 Suckling on her downy lap
 Sons of corruption, who in strife
 Can wield the assassin's bloody knife ;

* A celebrated personage, who " for his oath's sake " attempted to strangle W. L. McKenzie, the last time he visited Caledon.

And kindle the incendiaries' flame,
Or join in revelries profane—

Arrived, they knocked for doors were barred
When from within C——'s voice was heard,

“More welcome now to my protection,

“You'll counsel us and give direction;

“I've waited here most anxiously

“Until I heard the clock strike three,

“Expecting you would soon be down

“From settling things in Charelstown—

“Well,—As in East is breaking day,

“We have but little time to stay:

“To me and mine in days of yore

“I know that you allegiance swore:

“So grounded is thy well-tryed love,

“Few friends of mine more faithful prove;

“Keep still thy troth—the grog make fly,

“Be't cold or warm, be't wet or dry,

“Spread wide a lengthy groaning table,—

“Feast all your guests whate'r they'r able;

“With brandy sling and chops of muttton,

“Till each man's like a monstrous glutton,

“Would you keep mankind always sinners?

“Just feed them on such gorgeous dinners;

“Pious man is made who fasts,

“But excess whets his sensual lusts,

“And passions dire that him consume,

“And prematurely seals his doom.

“May each who to thy table comes,

“With stomachs tight as kettle drums,

“Staggering leave thy well spread board

“To join procession up the road;

“Now if to this you but attend,

“No doubt we both shall gain our end;

“Can eat and drink, carrouse and fight.

“From now till Tuesday's dawning light;

“And let invidious churchmen see

“On all such days we must be free;

“They think indeed that we must cower,

“And bow obsequious to their power;

“But they shall find their great mistake,

“Good-bye,—mind all this for my sake.”

And saying this away they flew,

To join in hell a fiendish crew,

Who eager were in loud debate
 Upon the affairs of church and state;
 But hush'd were revelry and mirth
 To hear the long report from earth—

The prince of darkness took his seat,
 And bade his escort now repeat
 In outline brief all that was done
 By them last night in Caledon—
 Then with a look both learned and grave
 The escort prompt compliance gave,
 Said " Demons all I pray attend
 " To this report which I have peen'd ;"
 Then read it to th' infernal throng,
 Midst loud acclaims from every tongue,
 So pleased they bade him read again,
 When louder still they shout Amen.

O'erjoyed the princely chairman rose,
 Said " e'er we do this meeting close,
 " 'Twere well to see that something's done
 " To treat such guests as hither come—
 " The Orangemen do all agree
 " To give the Pope a passage free :
 " Yea give him me as sole possessor,
 " With all his priests the *Old Confessor*,
 " They only wish that we may tease them,
 " And we'r in duty bound to please them.

" But after all I really think
 " The Pope would make a noble *imp*.
 " And labour's here so fast increasing,
 " I'm tired myself these rascals *fleeceing*,
 " My place I'll give to the Old Friar,
 " And will from servitude retire.
 " Why needs a devil scald and *skelp*,
 " Poor wretches damn'd to hear them yelp,
 " With cares like these himself to worry,
 " When here's the King of Purgatory,
 " Well practiced at the Martyr's stake,
 " Who cheerful will my office take !

At this the speaker made a pause,
 While demons shout in loud applause ;
 Midst wretchedness, yet seeming bless'd,
 The convocation was dismissed.

But ere they from their places went,
 Again the escort they had sent,

9

In furious haste to Caledon,
Where loud the beating of the drum,
The merry fife, with accents shrill,
The shooting from each glade and hill,
Before the rising of the sun,
Proclaimed the *glorious Twelfth* had come,
That he as general might direct,
And all was going on inspect.

So seated high upon a mountain,
Behind ambitious little Alton,
Where he from off that height surveyed,
The Orange must'ring for parade ;
And peering through the mist and rain,
Well-pleased he saw a motley train,
Traversing Hurontario street,
Prepar'd their Alton friends to meet ;
And fidgeting laughed, rejoiced to think,
Some with the dawn began to drink ;
And prophesied, that they by noon,
Deep in a ditch in drunken swoon,
Would swine-like wallow in the mud,
Or ruminating chew their cud ;
Or robbed of reason made the toys,
The laughing-stocks of idle boys ;
The slaves of appetite and lust,
The objects of supreme disgust ;
Or worse—by avarice beguiled,
Be maniacs, raving, frantic wild.

Oh man, superior man ! canst thou,
With God's fair image on thy brow ;
With reason high thee to direct,
With conscience quick and form erect ;
But lower than the angels made,
Who their Creator's laws obeyed ;
With aspirations rising higher,
Than gratifying base desire ;
Forget thyself—Creation's Lord,
And throng the Bacchanalian board,
And feed thy grosser appetites
On husks that yield impure delights,
And live beneath his frown the while,
Instead of God's approving smile.

Dost thou not see avenging wrath,
With whetted sword upon thy path.

Waving fierce his well-tryed brand,
 Restrained alone by Mercy's hand,
 Which at God's bidding any hour,
 On thee may fall with matchless power,
 And in perdition make thy bed
 Where hope and mercy both have fled?

Dost thou not hear a mother's sigh,
 Who from her sun-lit home on high,
 With saints and angels almost weep
 That you such drunken revels keep,
 In presence of the Holy One,
 Looks anxious on an only son?

Dost thou not see what joys transport,
 Both fiends in hell and yon escort,
 To see you as the rivers flow,
 From vice to deeper vices go?

Pause then and now thy madness stop
 Dash from thy lips the alluring cup,
 Flee from its strange enchanting powers;
 Take shelter 'neath peaceful bowers—
 That righteousness and virtue rear,
 And love which casteth out all fear.

But why exhort or moralize,
 When time so precious quickly flies,—
 Suffice't to say the day was wet,
 A circumstance which all regret,
 For three weeks past the only talk
 On dress was, and the Orange walk;
 And many a yard of gauze and tape,
 The dressy bonnet, shawl and cape,
 And ribband, laces, pins and hooks,
 Gloves, bracelets, brooches, rings and hoops,
 Beads for the neck, combs for the hair,
 Picked with fastidious art and care,
 Were bought to set in fine array
 Young ladies on King William's day.

And lovers, too, had made their choice,
 And forward looking did rejoice;
 High ebb'd and flowed the am'rous tide,
 To think that day, they side by side,
 Without it seeming a digression,
 Might join their fair-ones in procession.
 And some his pockets well repletes,
 With almonds, hazels, figs and sweets,

In hopes that he will better win
 Some lady fair to smile on him ;
 If man in hopes e'er more delighted,
 He ne'er more had his prospects blighted,
 Naught did e'er wring more bitter sigh,
 Than did that dark inclement sky ;
 Yea, paled was many a manly cheek
 While disappointed maids did weep.

These disappointments past redress,
 The hour has come, they must process
 At ten A.M. perhaps before,
 There met in front Sir John Meek's door,
 An Orange corps in rank and file,
 That stretched would reach near half a mile ;
 Like HARKAWAY, a well-known nag,
 They're dress'd in ribbands, and a flag
 Of every colour but the green,
 Waves as they shout " God save the Queen."

Their leader whom we dare not name,
 Lest we his character defame,
 A nobler muse must sound his praise,
 Which inspiration's voice obeys ;
 Perched on a horse of murky grey,
 Like Fallstaff John on martial day,
 A scarlet cloak had trimm'd with black,
 An Orange ribband round his hat ;
 At his left side there dangling hung
 A sword which once King William swung ;
 Two kankery spurs upon his heels,
 With which old Tom's grey flank he peels,
 As with a chieftain warrior's pride
 He down the street did furious ride,
 At this th' admiring Satan shouts—
 " A Prince ! A King in baby clouts !"
 And hurrying down through brush and wood,
 He cross'd the Credit's swollen flood,
 By many a noiseless, viewless stride
 He reached the worthy leader's side,
 And lest they should him thus detect,
 Beneath the great red cloak he crept,
 And like the bat that dreads the light,
 There he remained until 'twas night,
 Directing by his secret power,
 Th' events of every passing hour.

With drum and fife and clarionet,
 To Charleston they onward set ;
 While wandering children hear the sound
 O'er hills and meadows green they bound,
 And hide beneath the waving grass
 To view the phalanx as they pass,
 And bullocks young with spiral tail,
 All bellowing come our friends to hail.
 And through the high reared boundary fence,
 Approving seem to gaze intense ;
 Another class of brutes were wise
 Back from the crowd in terror flies,
 The pigs with analyzing nose
 Detect one of their ancient foes,
 And to their credit be it said,
 Swine, vet of devils are afraid ;
 Through mirey swamps make their escape,
 Lest they should share a similar fate,
 Of those that once of fiend possess'd,
 Were to the sea with violence press'd ;
 They know full well without a doubt,
 If Satan and McC——r fell out,
 The fiend dislodg'd their pork would tear
 Worse than their grizzly foe, the bear.—
 The nimble deer his covert hies ;
 Conceal'd and close the rabbit lies ;
 The frog the monarch of the stream
 Sits motionless 'mong rushes green,
 No warbling from the grove was heard
 Mute was the voice of every bird ;
 Attentive all with ravish'd ear
 To catch the musing shrill and clear
 That flowed from clarionet and fife,
 Inspiring all who heard with life,
 While passengers with wond'ring eyes,
 Astonish'd look with mark'd surprise.

As Charleston appeared in view,
 Redoubling speed, the leader flew
 Along his ranks with this command,
 That each his part might understand ;
 While pranced his steed, while flowed his cloak
 Thus to his loyal men he spoke :—
 " Brave heroes ! bravest of the brave,
 " One moment's audience now I crave,

" My heart's rejoiced as now I stand
 " Sole leader of this noble band ;
 " True to my Queen, myself to you,
 " To government and country true ;
 " Yea, while I dead or living am,
 " You'll find me still an Orangeman."
 " I trust we're ready all to meet
 " Foes of our country ; nor retreat
 " Till bloody strew'd along the plain
 " We lie 'mong equal numbers slain ;
 " If faithful you my words obey,
 " We shall most glorious spend the day ;
 " Hold up your heads boys show your starch,
 " Come fifiers blow a quicker march,
 " Till past yon upstart rival town ;
 " To Clooty's we'll at once go down,
 " Where appetites both keen and dainty
 " Can be supplied, forsooth, with plenty."
 " But better had you ne'er been born,
 " Then taste this day John Barley-corn,
 " Woe, woe to him who taps the barrel,
 " Or stops with rowdies here to quarrel ;
 " Good," says the demon with a growl,
 And coarse eulogiums low and foul,
 " Myself could not have better done
 " Hasten on ! before these preachers come ;
 " If here they should us overtake,
 " We'd be compelled, for mere look's sake,
 " If nothing else, to hear a sermon,
 " From these o'er zealous pious vermin."

These sentiments, not uttered loud,
 Impressed both leaders and the crowd,
 Which they in spirit did adopt,
 And scarce a moment here they stopt,
 Awaiting breth'ren join the train,
 A sermon-loving few remain,
 Reflecting some, with visage sad,
 Thinking the clergy treated bad.
 'Twere long to tell, in rhymes minute,
 How puddings, barbecues and soup,
 Mutton-chops, and hams of bacon,
 Fish, veal, and well-dress'd Shanghae capon,
 From out some great ash-boiling pot,
 Complete the table, smoking hot—

Where any man for one-half dollar,
 Could feast till fill'd to neck and collar,
 How brandy strong, to fire and blood,
 With beer and whiskey glasses flood,
 How gin and ale, and porter, wine,
 In many a long decanter shine;
 How greasy cooks and waiters flew,
 To be prepared when clock struck two,
 The hour at which it was agreed
 The *loyal hosts* should stop to feed;
 How many at that rich repast,
 Are so intent to break their fast,
 And get the worth of all they spend,
 Eat till they forward scarce can bend;
 And how some from the crowd withdrew,
 Again their dinners to review;
 Or, lest, by *pith of malt* they fall,
 Recline against some fence or wall;
 Or how men laugh'd, in drunken glory,
 While Clooty told some vulgar story;
 Or how vile oaths, and jests obscene,
 Mix'd with the prayer "God save the Queen."

Suffice't to say, that Satan took
 A brand-new memorandum book,
 Of amianthus 'twas, and wire,
 That's indestructable by fire,
 And legible he wrote thereon
 A sketch of all that day was done,
 Which he, when called upon, could show,
 To master-fiends in worlds below.

Now in narratjon let us view,
 To what extent the marvel grew,
 When preachers, to fulfil their task,
 Came as agreed, and kindly ask,
 "Have all the loyal boys gone past,
 "And left us in the lurch at last?"
 "Yes," was the modest prompt reply,
 "But they'll be back here by and by;
 "They wish you well, sirs, step inside;
 "Till then you can with us, abide;
 "The good you'll do this day 'mong them
 "Far more is than 'mong common men;
 "For many of them never hear
 "A gospel sermon all the year.

" Misunderstanding this, I think,
 " They surely meant it not a hint,
 " That they themselves could preach without us,
 " It can't be possible they doubt us!
 " It seems indeed most wondrous strange,
 " Leaders did not these things arrange.

In wondering thus whole hours were spent,
 While greater grew the discontent ;
 When patience worn out by delay,
 One said, " I'll preach not hear to day ;
 " 'Tis blasphemy of this to think,
 " Men stuff'd brim full of meat and drink !
 " To speak the sentiments thats mine
 " 'Twere pearls casting out to swine
 " Had we but caught them here while sober,
 " I'd preach from July till October,
 " I love them in my heart, and would
 " Do all in reason for their good ;
 " But though hard feelings should arise,
 " I cannot make the sacrifice.

This mortified the speaker said,
 And instantly his exit made.

Hark ! now we hear the beating drum,
 While crowds tumultuous shout, 'They come !
 And down the road-side, through the trees,
 See banners hovering on the breeze.
 And children pleas'd, exclaim in wonder,
 " Hear now these drums, like distant thunder."

And now King William's representer
 In Charleston—its very centre—
 Spoke with a marshal's high command,
 And brought his phalanx to a stand.

Some with bowed knee, uncovered head,
 Obeisance gave to him who led ;
 And some when they his glory saw,
 Behind their comrades stood in awe—
 Fill'd with Satanic inspiration,
 The leader made a short oration :—
 " Now, gentlemen, I 'll tell you why ;
 " We stopt not here on passing by ;
 " Firstly: you know the day was wet,
 " And shelter no where could we get—
 " And lastly, sirs, I 've understood ;
 " From sources that I know are good,

" *Those men us slanderous would attack,*
 " *As a low worthless rowdy pack ;*
 " *As drunken debauchees complete,*
 " *As varlets loitering on the street ;*
 " *And not as men of good repute,*
 " *True Orangemen whom none dispute,*
 " *Above unworthy actions mean ;*
 " *So now we'll play *God save the Queen*—*
 " *Give three cheers for her, and when done,*
 " *Shall to our homes at once return."*

Collecting then his wind and brass,
 Three times he bray'd, like Balaam's ass.

This signal given, they were dismiss'd,
 When some went home as leader wish'd ;
 But some, regardless, gay and frisky,
 Remain'd to try the strength of whiskey.

Oh modest, worthy, gracious Queen !
 Could you in Charston have been,
 You'd been constrained with joy to smile,
 To see such loyal sons in file.

None can rekindle *Smithfield's flame,*
 While these our liberties maintain ;
 Who dare invade our pure religion,
 While stands this *moral righteous* legion.

How pleas'd would been the royal ear,
 To hear each loyal chanticlear,
 Repeating ever and anon,
 " *God save the Queen,*"—a cuckoo song.

Day from the east began to fade,
 As ended was this great parade.
 The leader worn, bedaub'd with mire,
 For home in Alton did retire,
 His heart rejoicing as he sped,
 That he such valiant troops had led.
 Though he'd been hero of Cawnpore,
 He could not well have triumphed more.
 He (Nick inspired him) did exult
 O'er preachers foil'd, and the result,
 Soliloquizing in his glory,
 Oft told himself the wond'rous story.

He reached his home, his sword laid down,
 And, taking off his Orange gown,
 He with a deference numistaken,
 Resigned both to *Grand Master Satan,*

Who fretted anxious to return,
 To meet his friends in Charleston—
 His loyal sons, who in devotion,
 Damnation drink, as deep as ocean.

Thick darkness, with o'er-mantling shroud,
 Had screen'd from public view the crowd,
 That in a bar-room sat delighted,
 To Nick, our Queen, and Bacchus plighted.
 When silently a ghastly form,
 Was seen swift-dashing through the storm :
 As arrows from a bow well bent,
 Straight to the tavern door he went.
 Sly rais'd the latch, and slip'd within,
 To join the revelry and din.

His eye-balls gleam'd a perfect glare—
 His ghastly form, long, thin and spare ;
 Arch'd o'er his mouth a great mustache,
 A tail long as a coachman's lash ;
 A grim protruding nose and chin,
 And teeth exposed by horrid grin.
 Was on his head, a pair of horns,
 Such as a yearling stot adorns,
 On tops of which were ribbands tied,
 That would his politics decide :
 The scarlet cloak the leader wore,
 With martial pride, all day before ;
 Likewise the blood-red rusty sword,
 That once King William's self adored,
 For dauntless deeds and warlike daring,
 His worship too that night was wearing ;
 His horns, his hoofs, his sooty phiz,
 At once tells who the stranger is.
 Some give the hand of welcome to him,
 While others own they scarcely know him ;
 Some doff their hats with manly grace—
 All own him monarch of the place,
 Say they could serve him without shame,
 If he would only change his name.
 Behind a cask he takes his stand,
 By vested power thus gives command,—
 " Come now, my heroes, gather round me,"
 " Till with orations I astound ye.
 " To me I trust you'll all be civil,
 " For I your father am, the devil ;

" And though no right I have to preach,
 " I privileged am to make a speech.
 " Come list, as I repeat once more,
 " Heroic deeds yo've done of yore.
 " But landlord pass your brandy sling,
 " 'Twill clear our heads ere we begin.
 " You landlords can, by gin and toddy,
 " Assist me more than any body.

His audience by these words excited,
 Cheer'd him, and clapp'd their hands delighted,
 " 'Tis well to have you ruling o'er us,
 " *Bedad* your just the speaker for us!

Then Satan—for indeed 'twas he—
 Encouraged, rose deliberately:
 Said " Children, boon companions dear,
 " Attentive lend to me an ear:

Nothing gives me more delight,
 Than to address you here to-night,
 Since sixteen ninety, I myself
 Have never seen a **GLORIOUS TWELFTH**,
 Or holiday of any kind,
 Spent more accordiug to my mind.
 Ere rose the sun, this blessed morn,
 I left my brimstone cell forlorn;
 The worst of fears my bosom swell'd,
 When I these preachers' schemes beheld;
 Their boldest thought and public aim,
 Were in this place to stop my reign.
 But after all, the day's been glorious,
 We stand above our foes victorious.

When I in retrospect look back
 Upon old Time's illustrious track,
 The deeds of Orangemen stand bright,
 As Luna in the arch of night.
 My brave Canadian Orange wights
 Have heroes been in many fights;
 But more especially have they done
 Great things for me in Chareleston—
 How at town meetings and elections,
 When Radicals, from all directions,
 Came quietly round the poles to vote,
 You ruthless took them by the throat,
 Or with a cudgel, stave, or stick,
 Performed a part that pleases *Nick*.

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.

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.



