

**THE STORY OF AN ORANGE  
LODGE: A CHRONICLE OF  
DUBLIN. DEDICATED TO THE  
ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND**

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The Story of an Orange Lodge: A Chronicle of Dublin. Dedicated to the Orangemen of Ireland  
by Brother Wagtale

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**BROTHER WAGTALE**

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OF  
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&c. &c.



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A Chronicle of Dublin.

DEDICATED TO THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.

By BROTHER WAGTALE.

DUBLIN:  
M<sup>c</sup>GLASHAN & GILL, UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

1864.

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## THE STORY OF AN ORANGE LODGE :

### *A Chronicle of Dublin.*

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#### CHAPTER I.

“ When civil dudgeon first grew high,  
And men fell out they knew not why ;  
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,  
Set folks together by the ears,  
And made them fight like mad or drunk  
For Dame Religion as for punk.”

SOME fifty years ago there resided in Thomas-street—then, as at present, one of the most important trading districts of Dublin—a worthy alderman, named Elliott, who, by industry and uprightness, had succeeded in realizing a considerable fortune. The establishment in which he had been so fortunate was a remarkable one ; so much so, indeed, that few could pass through Thomas-street, populous as that thoroughfare was, without observing it. A colossal statue, of strange and unearthly aspect, the object at once of wonder and speculation to the beholder, decorated its front—a hideous, ungainly monster, whose sinister countenance seemed to scowl at



you in fiendish triumph as you passed, while his head (when the wind blew) has been known to turn and look down the street, as if in search of a victim to mark him for his own. In one hand he brandished a gleaming scimitar, and in the other he held forth a golden goblet, of which, while apparently inviting you to partake, he evidently defied you to venture upon the dangerous experiment. The juvenile mind (rich in Arabian lore), while contemplating it in awe and wonder, used to associate it with some mighty genius or enchanter, who besought of you to swallow a pernicious draught, more potent in its effects than all the physics, philters, or elixirs that were ever compounded from the days of Galen down to those of our own Holloway. The intelligent observer, however, who was neither fanciful nor nervous, had no difficulty in discovering the true character of this remarkable personage; for the announcement on the board beneath explained that the premises over which he presided was "*the Original Twankay and Bohea Emperium*," when, by an easy process of reasoning, he arrived at the fact that, despite the incongruity of figure, feature, and costume, the object of his curiosity was a native of the Celestial Empire—a mandarin of the first magnitude at least; and that the vessel in his hand was a harmless cup of tea, with which he was about to refresh himself, with the implied admonition to the beholders to follow his example. The establishment, which in fact was known as "*the Sign of the Mandarin*," had attained a wide celebrity, and was so well appreciated by the public, that people

flocked to it from all parts of the city, certain of obtaining there the best value for their money, in tea that was strong enough to burst the vessel it was brewed in, and coffee such as the houris of Paradise may be supposed to regale the faithful with. But, famous and remarkable as was the "Original Twankay and Bohea Emporium," David Elliott, the proprietor, or, as he was more generally known, Alderman Elliott, was far more so; for, apart from his civic honours, which alone rendered him famous, he was celebrated throughout the city for being what Daniel O'Connell used to designate "a rampant Orangeman." Not one of your tame, degenerate, smooth-faced "brethren" known to Dublin at the present day, who has none of the old fire within him at all, who keeps his principles quietly to himself, fearing to own them in public, and who, instead of displaying his colours like a true blue of the olden time, furtively sneaks away at night to join his brethren at their place of meeting, hiding his orange scarf in his pocket, and never producing it, nor venturing to crow out a single "No surrender," or "Croppy, lie down," until he finds himself secure within the shelter of "the Lodge." No; David Elliott was no such milk-and-water character as this; he was a genuine Orangeman of the old Tory school; a thorough-going no-surrender man; ever ready, regardless of time or place, to show his colours and declare his principles. Most characters like him, at the period, would not only have been unpopular with the mass of the people, but would have been hated intensely, for party feeling at the time raged fiercely, and sectarian

animosity divided the people into hostile sections, hating each other with an intensity happily unknown to the present generation, and never, we trust, to be again revived. But, although regarded with dislike by the more ultra of the Roman Catholic party, David Elliott was greatly esteemed by Catholics in general, who bore with his principles, obnoxious as they were, for sake of the man; for the fact was that Elliott, although a Protestant and an Orangeman, was, unlike most of his associates, by no means a bigot. In moments of enthusiasm, when heated with party feeling, and carried away by the Orange mania, he appeared intolerant and bigoted; but once the fever had subsided, he stood forth what he really was, a reasonable, just, and amiable man, as ready to associate with or befriend a Catholic as one of his own communion: thus it was that, on public occasions, when joining conspicuously in party demonstrations, his offensive displays would be borne by the crowd, not only with patience, but good humour, provoking such a remark as "Go on, Alderman; have it your own way; nothing from you will anger us;" while the same conduct in another would meet with execration or personal violence.

Still, however, he was an enthusiastic Orangeman, whose parallel could only be found in our day amongst the hot-headed brethren of Ulster, and he *seemed* a bigot of a virulent stamp; and, although he was strongly tinctured with true liberality, should any one have attributed liberal principles to him, he would have resented the imputation as an unpardonable insult. He