

## Poetry.

## THE EVILS OF WHISKY DRINKING.

(Continued.)

There's nothing right about his place,  
'Tis all confusion, and disgrace;  
He seems afraid to show his face,

By Whisky.

He's onward to destruction driven;  
Abuses all that God has given;  
And's bringing down the wrath of Heav'n,

By Whisky.

But this does not embrace the whole  
That follows from this pois'nous bowl;  
The body suffers with the soul,

By Whisky.

In spite of all that heav'n could grant,  
Behold the families in want,  
Whose fathers took their full courrant

At Whisky.

Whole generations pass'd away  
For ages, till the present day,  
Have all been forc'd the debt to pay

Of Whisky !

Those fathers in their wild career  
(Void of discretion, shame, or fear,)  
Spent their estates on draughts so dear

Of Whisky.

Their sons, of property bereft,  
No residence for them is left,  
Are often led to acts of theft

By Whisky.

Hence transport-ships to Bot'ny Bay,  
From native lands have haul'd away  
Those victims, all the debt to pay

Of Whisky.

While others, of a cast more mild,  
To crim'nal acts not reconcil'd;  
Can boast of living undeil'd

By Whisky.

Yet all thro' life, they feel the smart,  
The meltings of a broken heart,  
Because their fathers took the part

Of Whisky.

Th' effects of whisky still endure  
On generations mean and poor,  
Of whom some beg from door to door,

By Whisky.

While many sink beneath despair,  
The truth of which they do declare,  
And give the price of clothes and fare

For Whisky.

Observe with awe, the dismal void;  
See how society's destroy'd;  
And how the devil is employ'd

By Whisky.

To crime, we're told he can't compel,  
Not he, nor all the pow'rs of hell;  
But does he not in this excel

By Whisky ?

'Tis said no man's resolv'd at first  
With drunkards to be nam'd nor curs'd,  
Though he his money has disburs'd

For Whisky.

Howe'er, let that be as it may—  
Let us a strict attention pay  
To tipp'ers in their harmless way

Of Whisky.

Who say they don't the course pursue  
Of that "disgraceful drunken crew,"  
That little have they got to do

With Whisky.

'Tis thus we hear them talk and rave  
"That they'll ne'er fill a drunkard's grave,"  
Tho' each in habit is a slave

To Whisky.

"A slave to whisky!—not so fast!—

'Tis false!—I'll prove it!—to the last!

For I take but a small repast

Of Whisky.

For I have never once been known

To buy it for myself alone,

Therefore, the slav'ry I disown

Of Whisky.

'Tis only when I chance to meet

A friend or two upon the street,

That we do make a short retreat

To Whisky.

And then,—I solemnly declare,

I only drink a trifling share

Of all that's drank, or handled there,"

Of Whisky.

When was the conquest gain'd by thee,

That thou from whisky was't set free!

When was it friend?—come tell it me

'Bout Whisky.

If thou dost neither taste nor touch,

I do confess I wrong thee much;

For thou art not within the "clutch"

Of Whisky.

But tho' what thou dost drink be "small,"

By this, before it thou dost fall;

Thy conquest then is none at all

Of Whisky.

Sure as thou eat'st thy daily bread,

Thou art its slave—its captive led—

And dost the desolation spread

Of Whisky.

Another says it does him good,

It warms him,—and digests his food!

And does not wish things understood

'Bout Whisky.

He boasts that he was ne'er o'ercome;

Incapable of trav'ling home;

"His mouth was never seen to foam"

With Whisky.

He'll tell you how the drunkards go;

How sorry he that things are so;

That soon they'll get the "deadly blow"

By Whisky.

With gravity, and solemn face—

He says it is a sad disgrace

That men should run as in a race

For Whisky.

For neighbours,—how he feels distressed;

For drunkards' wives—how much oppress'd;

And says the truth is ill confess'd

'Bout Whisky.

What inconsistency is here!

'Tis obvious—'tis fair and clear

That he does not detest the cheer

Of Whisky.

That he their griefs would not assuage,

(But in their sorrows does engage;)

Nor would he quell the wanton rage

Of Whisky.