

THE DEVIL AND THE GROG-SELLER.

A DITTY FOR THE TIMES.

I.
The grog-seller sat by his bar-room fire,
With his feet as high as his head, and higher—
Watching the smoke as he puffed it out,
That in spiral columns curled about,
Veiling his face with its fleecy fold,
As lazily up from his lips it rolled.
While a doubtful scent and a twilight gloom
Were slowly gathering to fill the room.

II.
To their drinking slumbers, one by one,
Foolish and fuddled his friends had gone,
To wake in the morn to the drunkard's pain
With a bloodshot eye and a whirling brain.
Drowsily rang the watchman's cry—
"Pass 'o'clock, and a cloudy sky!"
Yet the host sat wakeful, still and shook
His head and winked with a knowing look.

III.
"Ho! ho!" said he with a chuckling tone,
"I know the way the thing is done—
Twice round the horn, and another V,
Two o's, two o's, and a ragged three,
Make forty-four for my well-filled fob—
He! he! 'tis a rayther good night's job!
The fools have guzzled my brandy and wine—
Much good may it do them—the cash is mine!"

IV.
And he winked again with a knowing look,
And from his cigar the ashes sbrook—
"He! he! the younkens are in my net—
I have them safe, and I'll fleece them yet;
There's Brown—what a jolly dog is he—
And he swells the way that I like to see;
Let him dash for a while at this reckless rate,
And his farm is mine as sure as fate.

V.
I've a mortgage now on Tomkin's lot—
What a fool he was to become a sot!
But it's luck to me—in a month or so—
I shall foreclose, and the scamp must go.
Zounds! won't his wife have a taking on,
When she learns that his house and his lot
Are gone?

VI.
How she will blubber and sob and sigh—
But business is business—and what care I?
And Gibson has murdered his child they say;
He was drunk as a fool here yesterday;
And I gave him a hint as I went to fill,
His jug—but the brute would have his will,
And the folks blame me—why, bless their
gizzards!

VII.
If I didn't sell he would go to Izzards:
I've a right to engage in a lawful trade,
And take my chance where there's cash to
make.

VIII.
If men get drunk, and go home to turn
Their wives out doors, 'tis their own concern—
But I hate to have women come to me
With their tweedie-dum and their tweedie-dee,
With their swollen eyes and their haggard
looks,
And their speeches learned from temperance
books;
With their pale lean children—the whimper-
ing foos!

IX.
Why can't they get to the public schools?
Let the bossies mind their own affairs,
For never have I interfered with theirs—
I will turn no customer away
Who is willing to buy, and able to pay;
For business is business—he! he! he!
And he rubbed his hands in the chuckling glee—
"Many a lark I have caught in my net—
I have them safe—I will fleece them yet!"

X.
"He! he—he! he!" 'Twas an echoed
sound—
Amazed the grog-seller looked around;

This side and that, through the smoke peered
he,
But nought but the chairs could the grog-sel-
ler see,
"Ho! ho!—he! he!"—with a guttural note,
It seemed to come from an iron throat—
And his knees they shook, and his hair 'gan
to rise,
And he opened his mouth, and strained his
eyes.

XI.
And lo! in a corner dark and dim,
Stood an uncouth form, with an aspect grim—
From his grisly head, through his smoky hair,
Sprouted, of hard rough horns, a pair—
And redly, his shaggy brows below,
Like sulphurous flame did his small eyes glow—
And his lips were curled with a sinister smile,
And the smoke belched forth from his mouth
the while,

XII.
Folded and buttoned around his breast,
Was a quaint and silvery gleaming vest,
Asbestos it seemed—but we only guess
Why he should fancy so cold a dress—
Breaches he wore of an amber hue,
From the rear of which a tail peeped through;
His feet were shaped like a bullock's hoof,
And the boots he wore were calone proof.

XIII.
In his hand he bore—if a hand it was,
Whose fingers were shaped like a vulture's
claws—
A three-tined fork, and its prongs so dull,
Through the sockets were thrust of a grin-
ning skull—
Like a sceptre he waved it to and fro,
As he softly chuckled, "Ha! ha!—ho! ho!"
And all the while were his eyes, that burned
Like sulphurous flames, on the grog-seller
turned.

XIV.
And how did he feel beneath that look?
Why his jaw fell down, and he shivered and
shook,
And quivered and quaked in every limb,
As an ague-fit had hold of him!
And his eyes, to the monster grim were glued,
And his tongue was as stiff as a billet of wood.
But the fiend laughed on—"Ho! he!—he!
he!"
And he switched his tail in his quiet glee.

XV.
"Why, what do you fear, my friend?" he said,
And nodded the horns of his grisly head—
"You're an ally of mine, and I love you well!
In a very warm country that men call Hell,
I hold my court—and I'm proud to say,
I have not a faithfuller fiend in pay
Than you, dear sir, for a work of evil;—
Mayhap you don't know me. I'm called the
Devil!"

XVI.
Like a galvanized corpse, so pale and wan,
Upstart, in a trice, that horror-struck man—
And he turned up the whites of his goggle eyes,
With a look half terror and half surprise,
And his tongue was loosed—but his words
were few—
"The Devil?—you don't—" "Yes, faith!
do!"

XVII.
Interrupted Old Nick—"and here's the proofs,
Just twig my tail, and my horns, and my hoofs,
Having come from warmer climes below,
To chat with a friend for an hour or so;
And the night being somewhat chill, I think
You might ask an old fellow to take a drink!
Now let it be strong—the clear, pure stuff—
Sweetened with brimstone—a quart is enough.
Stir up the mess in an iron cup,
And heat by the fire till it bubbles up!"

XVIII.
As the Devil bade, so the grog-seller did,
Filling a flaggon with gin to the lid—

And when it boiled and bubbled o'er,
The fiery draught to his guest he bore;
Nick it a jiffy the liquor did quaff,
And thanked his host with a guttural laugh—
But faint and few were the smiles, I ween,
That on the grog-seller's face was seen.

XIX.
For a mortal fear was on him then.
And he deemed that the ways of living men
He would tread no more—that his hour had
come,
And his master, too, to call him home!
Thought went back to the darkened past,
And shrieks were heard on the wintry blast,
And gliding before him, pale and dim,
Were gibbering fiends and spectres grim!

XX.
"Ho! ho!" said Nick, "'tis a welcome cold
You give to a friend so true and old,
Who has been for years in your own employ,
Running about like an errant boy.
But we'll not fall out, for I clearly see
You are rather afraid (tis strange!) of me,
Do you think I've come for you?—never fear;
You can't be spared for a long while here!"

XXI.
There are hearts to break, there are souls to
win,
From the ways of peace to the paths of sin;
There are homes to be rendered desolate;
There is trusting love to be changed to hate,
There are hands that murder must crimson
red;
There are hopes to crush, there is blight to be
shed—
Over the young, and the pure, and the fair,
Till their lives are crushed by the fiend De-
pair!

XXII.
This is the work you have done so well,
Cursing the earth and peopling hell,
Quenching the light on the inner shrine
Of the human soul till you make it mine!
Want and Sorrow, Disease and Shame,
And crime that even I shudder to name,
Dance and howl in their hellish glee,
Around the spirits you've marked for me!

XXIII.
Oh, selling of grog is a good device,
To make a hell of Paradise!
Wherever may roll the fiery flood,
It is swollen with tears, it is stained with blood!
And the voice that was heard erewhile in
prayer,
With its muttered curses stir the air,
And the hand that shielded the wife from ill,
In its drunken wrath is raised to kill!

XXIV.
Hold on your course! You are filling up,
With the wine of the wrath of God, your cup;
And the fiends exult in their homes below,
As you deepen the pangs of human woe;
Long will it be, if I have my way,
Ere the night of death shall close your day.
For, to pamper your lust for the glittering pelf,
You rival in mischief the Devil himself!

XXV.
Not more said the fiend, for clear and high,
Rung out on the air the watchman's cry:
With a choking sob and a half-formed scream,
The grog-seller waked—it was all a dream!
His grisly guest with his horns had slown;
The lamp was out, and the fire was gone,
And sad and silent his bed he sought,
And long of the wondrous vision thought!

Montreal Temperance Advocate.

"PUSEYISM.—This new theology is making great progress in the American Church. We verily believe that one-half of the Episcopal clergy and two-thirds of students not in orders, would go openly over to Romanism were it not for the prohibition against marriage. That is a piece of self-denial that they cannot very well reduce to practice; it would not be at all agreeable, and is more disrespectful to St. Paul than they are willing to be on his particular point."—New World.

* Short-sighted Devil to quell in his exultation so many truths that were calculated to startle from its guilty slumbers, the grog-seller's soul. It is not the first time, however, that old Nick has outwitted him.

LETTERS ON THE SPANISH IN-
QUISITION—By M. La Comte Jo-
seph Le Maistre. Translated by T.
J. O'Flaherty, S. E. C. Boston:
Patrick Donohoe, Catholic Bookseller:
1843.

The letters of Count De Maistre (whose name is unfortunately mistaken) removed from the Inquisition much of the censure which has been unsparingly heaped on it, and vindicate the priesthood from the charge of participating in sanguinary proceedings. No man, perhaps, exercised on the public opinion of his age so great a moral influence as the illustrious author. Of the translation, we must fully express our regret that it does not correspond in spirit and tone with the original. The style is altogether too strong to represent the graces of the accomplished author. Fidelity is the first duty of a translator, and does not permit the introduction into the body of the work, of any sentiment which the author has not expressed. On page 37, in a parenthesis, the author is made to take sides on a question on which he expressly abstained from pronouncing an opinion, the guilt or innocence of the Templars. De Maistre simply said: "These unfortunate men, whether guilty or innocent, (this is not the question at present) expressly demanded to be tried by the tribunal of the Inquisition." The translator styles them noble-minded, and says that "the villainy of Philip the Fair, of his rapacious, unprincipled associates, it would seem, leaves no room for doubt on this subject." The style of this parenthesis might easily distinguish it from that of De Maistre. Of the King of France, De Maistre says: "He clothed himself with his Privy Council and abruptly condemned the Templars to death; a fact which I believe is not sufficiently known." The translation says that "he convened his State council, and after a private audience immediately ordered the poor Templars to be murdered!" A sentence is added for which there is not the slightest warrant in the original: "The reader should not confound these illustrious men with the mock Templars, who sail under the masonic flag." We are no friend to secret societies; but we cannot approve of a wanton insult, made in the name of a writer whose elevated genius and benignant mind would not suffer him to utter even a harsh rebuke.

These liberties taken with the author, are, in our opinion, altogether unwarrantable. If the memory of the Templars is to be vindicated, let it be avowedly by some friend to their fame; and not in the name of one who left their cause untouched. If the defence of the Inquisition made by De Maistre be admired, let it be presented as it proceeded from the author's own pen, and not travestied and disfigured by language 'stupid,' 'infamous,' 'villainous,' which he would not use! A temperate examination of the history and proceedings of this tribunal, such as the excellent article in the present number of the U. S. Catholic Magazine, will scrye religion; but virulence and vituperation will excite only bad feeling and disgust. We speak freely, without partiality, and without prejudice.—Cath. Herald.