

Around him press the clamorous crowds,  
To taste the liquor greedy;  
But chiefly come the poor and sad—  
The suffering and the needy.

All those oppressed by grief and debts,  
The dissolute—the lazy,  
Draggle tail'd sluts, and shirtless men,  
And young girls lewd and crazy.

"Give! give!" they cry, "give, give us drink!  
Give us your burning liquor,  
We'll empty fast as you can fill  
Your fine capacious bicker.

"Give! give us drink to drown our care,  
And make us light and frisky,  
Give! give! and we will bless thy name  
Thou good Count Casco'whisky!"

And when the demon hears them cry,  
Right merrily he laugheth,  
And holds the bicker out to all,  
And each poor idiot quaffeth.

The first drop warms their shivering skins,  
And drives away their sadness,  
The second lights their sunken eyes  
And fills their souls with gladness.

The third drop makes them shout and roar,  
And play each furious antic,  
The fourth drop boils their very blood,  
The fifth drop drives them frantic!

And still they drink the burning draught,  
Till old Count Casco'whisky  
Holds his bluff sides with laughter fierce,  
To see them all so frisky.

"More! more!" they cry, "come give us more!  
More of that right good liquor!  
Fill up, old boy, that we may drain  
Down to the dregs your bicker!"

The demon spurs his fiery steed,  
And laughs a laugh so hollow,  
Then waves his bicker in the air,  
And beckons them to follow.

On! on! he rides, and onwards rush,  
The heedless thousands after,  
While over hill and valley wide,  
Resounds his fiendlike laughter.

On! on! they rush through mud and mire,  
On! on! they rush, exclaiming,  
"O Casco'whiskey give us more,  
More of thy liquor flaming!"

At last he stops his foaming steed,  
Beside a rushing river,  
Whose waters to the palate sweet,  
Are poison to the liver.

"There!" says the demon, "drink your fill—  
Drink of these waters mellow,  
They'll make your bright eyes clear and dull,  
And turn your white skins yellow.

"They'll cause the little sense you have  
By inches to forsake you,  
They'll cause your limbs to faint and fail,  
And palsies dire to shake you!

"They'll fill your homes with care and grief,  
And clothe your backs with tatters,  
They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts,—  
But never mind!—what matters!

Though virtue sink, and reason fall,  
And social ties dis sever,  
I'll be your friend in hour of need,  
And take you home forever!

"For I have built three mansions high,  
Three strong and goodly houses,  
To lodge at last each jolly soul  
Who all his life carouses!

"The first it is a goodly house,  
Black are its walls, and high,  
And full of dungeons deep and fast,  
Where death doomed felons lie.

"The second is a lazar house,  
Rank, fetid, and unholy;  
Where, fettered by diseases foul  
And hopeless melancholy,

"The victims of potation deep  
Pine on their couch of sadness;  
Some calling death to end their pain,  
And some imploring madness.

"The third house is a spacious house,  
To all but sots appalling;  
Where, by the parish bounty fed,  
Vile, in the sunshine crawling,

"The worn out drunkard ends his days,  
And eats the dole of others,  
A plague and burden to himself,  
An eye sore to his brothers!

"So drink the waters of this stream,  
Drink deep the cup of ruin!  
Drink, and like heroes madly rush  
Each man to his undoing!

"One of my mansions high and strong,  
One of my goodly houses,  
Is sure to lodge each jolly soul  
Who to the dregs carouses!"

Into the stream his courser plunged,  
And all the crowd plunged after;  
While over hill and valley wide  
Resounded peals of laughter.

For well he knew this demon old,  
How vain was all his preaching;  
The ragged crew that round him flocked  
Were too far gone for teaching.

Even as they wallow in the stream  
They cry aloud quite frisky,  
"Here's to thy health, thou best of friends!  
Kind, generous Casco'whiskey!"

"We care not for thy houses three,  
We live but for the present,  
And merry will we make it yet,  
And quaff these waters pleasant!"

Loud laughs the fiend to hear them speak,  
And lifts his brimming bicker,  
"Drink, fools!" quoth he, "you'll pay your scot;  
I'll have your souls for liquor!" C. M.

## COFFEE ROASTERS, BY STEAM,

NOTRE DAME STREET.

**H. BENSON & Co.**, having completed their Steam Apparatus for ROASTING AND GRINDING COFFEE, beg leave to embrace this opportunity of returning thanks for the liberal encouragement they have received from their numerous Friends and the Public generally since their commencement in business; and trust, that by the arrangements they have made, to secure a continuance of that patronage they have hitherto received.

H. B. & Co., will, for the future, (to prevent mistake) have their name printed on all parcels sent from the Establishment.  
Montreal, August 1st, 1838.