

No single glass drinking,
 No bright tankards clinking
 The half anker of old is the gage to a T.

Your philosophers ancient have puzzled their brains,
 To lengthen life's span—make our stay here a fixture ;
 But we moderns have found with less labour and pains,
 What puzzled those fellows, their long sought elixir :

Prohibit all taverns,
 Grog by five gallons,

For a happy old age is the orthodox mixture.
 Then roll in the barrel and butt that holds three.

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 No bright tankards clinking,

The half anker of old is the gage to a T.

There are short-sighted folk who complain of hard times,
 While adversity grim is perched high on their crupper ;
 Do away with small measures for liquors and wines,
 And blame not the men of the lower house or upper.

Abolish rum sellers,
 Provide you big cellars,

The cure is more potent than John A. or Tupper ;
 Then roll in the barrel and butt that holds three.

No single glass drinking,
 No bright tankards clinking,

Five gallons the measure exact to a T.

But time flies, and the friends, though reluctant, must part.
 Mister C. has to travel, the night has the start ;
 The neat gig is got ready, the reckoning made right,
 The two friends bid adieu, then a hearty good night.

To this hour Mister C. had enjoyed the whole day,
 As a gentleman will in his own quiet way ;
 But here fortune or luck, if you like call it fate,
 Turned against him as if she were urged by foul Hate.

At good pace he had reached near the bounds of the town,
 When the horse struck his foot 'gainst a large heap of stone ;
 To the ground he fell flat, with a noise just like thud,
 While his master rolled out of the gig in the mud.

Very promptly the latter sprang up from the dirt,
 And though bruised and half stunned, had received little hurt ;
 His chief damage, an ugly deep cut in the face,
 To his looks added nothing of beauty or grace.