

But some others less wise, or of weak or strong nerve,
 And perhaps with an eye some pet purpose to serve ;
 Had determined that all—they gave small reasons why—
 Should wear no heels at all, or else five inches high.

* * * * *

I don't pry into gentlemen's private affairs,
 Neither watch where they enter, go up or down stairs ;
 Nor observe when their course to the bar counter bends,
 Nor make note of how often they pledge with their friends.

It is known Mister C. is a temperate man,
 Though opposed to Judge Dunkin's grand five gallon plan ;
 Not his foes will detract from this statement one word,
 And with pleasure in justice 'tis put on record.

But all rules have exceptions, 'tis human to err,
 At elections one meets with his friends far and near ;
 What's a glass more or less, pray don't be too precise,
 Even patriarchs when tempted sometimes were not wise.

Thus it was with our hero, whose cause was delayed,
 By a very old friend in the tree-felling trade ;
 A good soul, entertaining, could sing a good song,
 Or would spin you a yarn fully five fathoms long,

The two friends had not met for some twenty long years,
 They had much to talk over, past hopes, present fears ;
 And all in good time, 'tis no wonder that both
 Should revert to the scenes of the heyday of youth.

Now these thoughts of the pranks they had played in mere sport,
 (The old friend had just mull'd a fine cup of old port)
 Caused them both to feel good, in prime fettle, ere long,
 The grave councillor called on his friend for a song.

In due time he assented, and clearing his throat,
 With a moderate pull at the beaker of port ;
 Gave a stave that he vowed (placing pipe on the shelf)
 Had been written and sung by Judge Dunkin himself.

Hurrah, boys, hurrah, don't you see the millenium,
 Fast and certain as fate is approaching your door ;
 You gas-lit bright tavern's the true pandemonium.
 Close its doors, and you'll never know poverty more.
 No single glass drinking,
 No bright tankards clinking,
 Get a barrel and quaff as your fathers of yore,
 Then roll in the barrel and butt that holds three,

The ha

Your p

To le

But we

Wha

For s

Then r

The ha

There

Whil

Do awa

And

The

Then r

Five ga

but time

Mister C.

The neat

The two

To this h

As a gen

But here

Turned a

At good

When th

To the g

While h

Very pro

And tho

His chie

To his l