

But with the same unsteady step,
Adown the wharf he strode,
That marked his sad departure from
His lady-love's abode.

And up the good ship's side he went,
And tried the deck to gain ;
But Old Sir Alcohol was there ;—
His efforts all were vain !

With nervous hand he grasped the rail ;
But ah ! no strength had he !
His feeble fingers clutched the air ; —
He tumbled in the sea !

A noble comrade sprang amain
And caught his sinking head ;
And but for that good *temperate man*
The barrister were dead !

The cold and bleak December wind
Had swept the river dark,
And formed a crust of sparkling ice
Around the stately bark.

He fell with heavy crash, and struck
The surface shining bright ;
A heavy groan escaped his lips ;—
He vanished out of sight !

With active hand, and powerful grasp
His flaccid form they caught,
And snatched him from a watery grave
With motion quick as thought.