

But, ah! there's a conflict more terrible still—
A warfare that's waged by a demon of ILL;
An enemy worse than the mad Rebel horde,
Whose weapons more powerful than cannon or sword.
'Tis *Intemperance* who smites down the young and the
old,

The timid, the reckless, the beauteous, the bold;
Who steals on his victims in pleasure's wild hours,
And his poison conceals beneath garlands of flowers.

You, Hewlett, have dared with this foe to engage—
Against his dark legions truth's warfare to wage:
Once you served in his army, a mad march pursuing,
With General Remorse, and with gaunt General Ruin;
But thousands to-day are to Heaven giving thanks,
That scorning the wine-cup you quitted their ranks.
You left the black banner that loomed o'er your head—
Now the white flag of Temperance waves there instead.

Let war's heroes with chaplets of laurels be crowned—
A coronal nobler for you will be found;
Far more glorious than their's is the cause you defend,
So, Hewlett, fight on—not man's *foe* but his *friend*.
God has given you eloquence, humor and power,
To bring smiles to the lips, or draw tears like a shower.
These weapons use still, they are God-given—sublime,
And assail with love's sling this GOLIATH OF CRIME.