

XII.

The landlord, now, demanding mute attention,
In milder voice to them this counsel vends ;—
Since Reason triumphs o'er its late suspension,
At my expense you now must drink, good friends ;
But recollect—that here your quarrel ends,
Whose odium falls on me, though undeserved—
You know the credit of my house depends
On order, and decorum, well observed—
Then let oblivion's blank be o'er it firmly nerved.

XIII.

'T is true, 't was but a *trifle*, but you know
These temperance votaries loudly will disclaim
Even at such *trifles*—nay, they oft bestow
Great pains, to cause us landlords grief and shame ;
Yes, happen here what will, at once the blame
Devolves on me, as 't was the other day.
Such blinded zealots shock all honest fame,
And lead deluded thousands far astray—
But come, my friends, we'll drink and chase all
care away.