

## Poetry.

## TEMPERATE DRINKERS WORSE THAN DRUNKARDS

BY D. BUCHANAN

Whatever may be said of the poetry of the following, it is an uncommon specimen of perseverance. The evils done by whisky cannot be shown in too many ways. Some may be influenced by the mode of presenting these which our correspondent has chosen.

What is it which was ne'er designed  
A part, in fare of human kind ;  
Left out by the Eternal mind ?

'Tis Whisky.

But man in all things discontent  
With all that Providence had sent ;  
Soon felt his inclination bent

To Whisky.

It was by man's invention made ;  
Became a licens'd part of trade ;  
And hence it is he's not afraid

Of Whisky !

If license thus must bear the sway,  
Our Bible may be cast away,  
And then, we shall have nought to say

'Gainst Whisky.

If we by this example go  
Of vicious agents here below ;  
Our course might end in endless wo,

By Whisky.

For drunkards shall be sent to hell,  
In flaming torments there to dwell ;  
Where they may then to devils tell

'Bout Whisky.

Fiends may respond to them, and say,  
That they had won the well-fought day ;  
And now of them had made their prey,

By Whisky !

In hellish pride those fiends may tell,  
That since the day that Adam fell ;  
No cause so much had peop'd hell

As Whisky.

This cause its own effects must show,  
As ev'ry man of sense must know,  
In all the triumphs here below

Of Whisky.

With humble hearts and spirits meek,  
Of these effects, now let us speak,  
And try a killing "spell" to break

Of Whisky.

It leads to blasphemy and lies,  
Inflames the blood—infects the eyes—  
Hence all the virtuous and the wise

Hate Whisky.

How many has this monster led,  
Far from their houses and their bed,  
To lie whole nights in some cold shed,

By Whisky.

Their money all, the way before,  
Was added to the grogman's store,  
Who swore that they should get no more

Of Whisky.

This, he was careful not to say,  
So long as they had cash to pay,  
But now like dogs they're chas'd away

From Whisky.

The bar-room floor they stagger o'er,  
Not so respected as before ;  
And beg, and pray for one glass more

Of Whisky.

'Tis thus the drunkard gets along,  
He'll fight—or curse—or sing a song—  
While stagg'ring thro' the drunken throng  
With Whisky.

'Tis thus the drunkard does expose  
Himself to drunkards' threats and blows,  
From whom he scarcely cares nor knows,  
By Whisky.

But ah !—alas !—this is not all ;  
Behold the little children call,  
Mamma !—will he not come at all  
From Whisky.

The mother weeps, and looks aghast,  
Compares the present with the past,  
And tells them he shall come at last  
From Whisky.

Another grief's to be observ'd,  
Those little ones are almost starv'd !  
From cold and hunger not preserv'd,  
By Whisky.

They sit by an exhausted fire,  
And weep for their ungrateful sire ;  
To come—he's robb'd of all desire,  
By Whisky.

They listen to the wind and rain,  
Their mother weeps !—they weep again ;  
And then in council, all complain  
Of Whisky.

'Tis bed time,—now they go to bed,  
And say all joys from them are fled ;  
That now perhaps their father's dead  
With Whisky.

'Tis winter, and the storms descend ;  
Behold this group without a friend ;  
On whom for succor to depend,  
By Whisky.

While baby clings to mother's breast,  
Sleep now would be a welcome guest ;  
But ah ! for her there's left no rest,  
By Whisky.

She thinks of when on his demand,  
In wedlock bands she gave her hand,  
How then, she did not understand  
'Bout Whisky.

Approach his house, and there you'll find  
A lesson 'or the youthful mind ;  
This place will tell you he's resign'd  
To Whisky.

His barn-roof, broke, lets in the rain,  
In which you'll find but little grain  
His wife and babies to sustain,  
By Whisky.

His sheds are wreck'd—his cattle maw,  
For there's a want of hay and straw ;  
Which is a breach of nature's law,  
By Whisky.

The fields that he may cultivate,  
Not done in time—but still too late ;  
Miss'd crops are sure to be the fate  
Of Whisky.

His fences all neglected, view—  
His neighbours' cattle broken through—  
Perhaps he has no end in view  
But Whisky.

No injured thing will he repair ;  
His table bears but scanty fare ;  
He sits upon a broken chair,  
By Whisky.

(To be Continued.)