

But of late some fanatics are moving apace,
 Who declare rum-selling a curse to the race,
 And endeavour by statute to limit our trade,
 Of whose final success we're sorely afraid,
 For our liege we think it a sin
 To ruin a trade "there's millions in;"
 We ask for help to defy the laws,
 To blast the strength of the Temperance cause,
 To spread ruin and havoc o'er all the earth,
 And banish sobriety, goodness and worth;
 In return for which we hereby agree
 To surrender our souls for eternity."
 Said Alcohol then, "My friends well done,
 You deserve reward for conquest won.
 In behalf of the cause you highly prize,
 And defend at such a sacrifice;
 For this service dooms as you know full well,
 Its votaries to the pangs of hell."
 Satisfaction, presumption, and confidence rest
 On the faces of all whose looks attest,
 High hope in the issue of terrible strife,
 Waged against man in pursuit of his life.
 A herald of darkness on tireless pinion,
 Arrives in haste from Satan's dominion,
 Who bears message of greeting and friendly applause,
 Commending the king on the state of the cause,
 And offers fiends from shades below,
 To aid in man's great overthrow.
 A shadowy presence, spectral, vast,
 From which the boldest shrink aghast,
 Looms ghost-like 'neath the lurid glare,
 Of pennant lamp, and torch's flare;
 A wan smile hovers on his pale face,
 As silently he takes his place.
 Before the royal monarch's throne,
 Then, in a hollow undertone
 Thus slowly speaks: "My name is Death,
 Last enemy of man, whose breath
 Flies fatal, as my icy hand
 Beckons him to the spirit land.
 On every side, o'er earth's wide plain,
 My millions lie in heaps of slain,
 But, heaped the thickest rank on rank,
 Where youth and promise early sank
 In Drunkard's graves, a prey to Rum,