

IRELAND'S WRONGS:  
OR,  
The Reign of King Alcohol.

---

PART FIRST.

THE GEM OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

In broad St. Lawrence Gulf, whose depths receive  
The waters of that mighty stream, whose lakes,  
In beauty and in magnitude, surpass  
All others,—in that gulf of many isles,  
One spot there was, in peace and happiness,  
The king of all the rest, Prince Edward Isle.  
'Tis near that favoured land, whose heroine,  
The beautiful and chaste Evangeline,  
Called forth Longfellow's Muse ; and strange it seems  
That such a quiet spot for love and dreams  
Should fail to share the company of one  
Who loved a clime where peace and plenty shone.

This happy Isle, some four-score years ago,  
Was stranger to the vices which have made  
The greater part of this fair earth a curse ;  
But, like the happy paradise of old,  
'Twas doomed to fall a victim to the wiles  
Of Satan in as terrible a form  
As he appeared to Eden's sinless pair.  
Clustered in peaceful groups o'er this fair land,  
The simple, honest tillers of the soil  
Pursued their quiet tasks. Each had enough.