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CANADIAN
TEMPERANCE RHYMES.

"If thou could'st, Doctor, cast
This whisky from my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again!"

ANONYMOUS.

TORONTO:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY THE
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TO THE

FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE

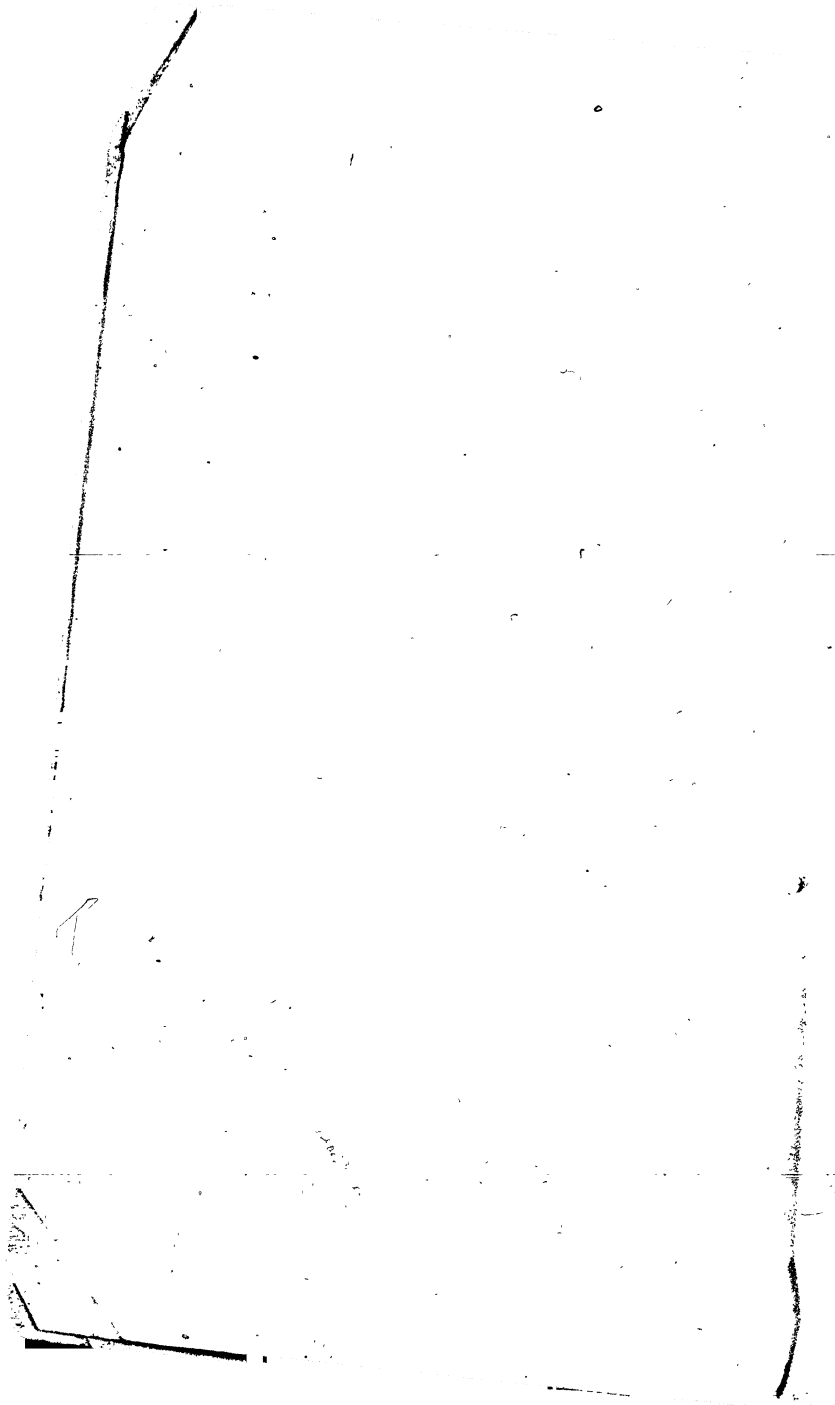
IN CANADA,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



CANADIAN TEMPERANCE RHYMES.

DEAR Brother, you jeer at the Tee-total fracas—
Can there be aught of sin in drinking of Bachus ?
So you ask—but I tell you I'm sure there is so,
First hear, then, my pleading before you say "No !"
Now, in stating our dispute, I'll not split a hair,
For though argument often among Rhymsters is rare,
Mine shall be so plain, that a lady may put it,
And so sturdy, withal, that you may not dispute it.
I once was a drinker—a moderate one seeming,
'T'was only a glass with a friend on an ev'ning ;
It sharpen'd dull wits, and it banish'd our care,
And it made us new creatures, (to part we were rare.)
The voice of Tee-totals and drinkers of water,
Was hush'd mid the song and the loud merry laughter ;
And we thought, as we bib'd at the goblet of rum,
We had got what philosophers call the Bonum ;
But, in sooth, we soon found, with good Tam O'Shanter,
That the pleasures of life fled with the decanter.
Like poppies you've cull'd—in the hands they but wither,
As snow falls now white, now melting for ever.
But brother, dear brother, I'd hasten my song,
The theme is momentous, the reasons are strong.
Since the days of the wise man, the wine-cup hath mock'd ;
Say you "How ?" The clear sense in delusion is lock'd ;
The mem'ry is sunk in oblivion most wild,
And the reason of man is now that of a child ;
He staggers—he reels like the ship in a storm,
And as if he'd been shap'd in the bestial form ;
He wallows in mire—"Hold !" —Nay, now let me go on,
For my tee-total argument's scarcely begun.
For sure, O dear brother, you know it full well,—
For Bacon hath shown since the Stagyrite fell,

That the basis of Truth on experience rests,
 And our modern Science is hatch'd in this nest.
 But lest that the ladies should say I'm obscure,
 My meaning I'd state in an axiom sure :
 That to know Yea or Nay, if the pudding is sweet,
 There is no surer way than a spoonful to eat.
 And applying the figure, I've found to my worse,
 That the moderate drinking's a terrible curse.
 For surely I've found, if there's life in my body,
 That such is the case to the drinkers of toddy.
 "And Ale and Wine?" Yes, Cider and all of the drinks,
 Whether brew'd or distill'd, wherein Alcohol stinks.
 They excite one at first pretty fairly I true it ;
 But if the excitement you'd wish to renew it—
 "I see what you aim at!" Well, then, let me proceed,
 For sure for your good 'tis I take up my reed.
 And though that my song to fastidious ears seem
 Prosaic, unlyric, unheroical theme.
 Nor such as the bard that's drunk deep of Spencer,
 Or Virgil, or Homer, could ever once venture.
 Yet of this I'm sure, if the useful prevail,
 Philanthropic men will confess the avail
 Of my humbler song, as pre-eminant far
 O'er those whose whole burden is romance and war.
 Of love-stricken knights who such ninnies do seem,
 And fair ladies, also, scarce better I ween ;
 Of strivings and fightings, of blood and of moans :
 Of the trumpet outsounded by shriekings and groans.
 Avunt all such themes from my "Temperance Rhymes,"
 They suit not our country, they suit not our times.
 The schoolmaster's forth, and the dark night's away,
 And knowledge shines forth like the pure beam of day.
 The heretic's routed—the infidels yield,
 Their helmet is cloven and pierced is their shield.
 And the foe that now lets* the Millennium,
 Is one about which our great preachers are mum.

* Hinders.

And who is the foe? He wears sweetest smiles;
 He's empiric practised—he's master of wiles;
 He cures all diseases of body and mind;
 He's witty and mirthful—he's jolly and kind.
 His sympathy warm, he'll freely impart,
 'Tis blood to our veins—'tis joy to our heart;
 'Tis freedom—'tis heaven—'tis every thing smart.
 So says the loud boaster,—but what is the case
 With wretched Tom Yaer, who received his embrace.
 He looked to the red wine, his appetite grew,
 While spark'led the goblet his eye spark'led too.
 'Twas fair, yea, and good—'twas pleasant to taste—
 There were jolly friends round, "then, landlord, make haste,
 Now fill me a bumper, and fill me but one,
 The liquor is good?"—"Aye, surpass it can none."
 Thus added the landlord, and easy did feel
 That trade ought to progress till customers reel.
 For one single bumper trade never would tell—
 For such paltry sales, his frame house might as well
 Have never been set up—for wily he knew
 That since in the village the drinkers were few,
 His customers all, who kept open the door,
 Should compensate the loss by drinking the more.
 And, therefore, though ready to praise up the drink,
 The thought of one bumper he wholly did blink.
 A few more such visits, and poor Tom is in,
 A regular toper of spirits and gin.
 Of restraint there is none, and the barrel is full,
 He now drinks with his neighbours, inclination's the rule;
 'Tis for good of the house—'tis but equity then,
 Tush now for the morrow! and tush for the sin!
 But can man's breath reverse the appointment of God,
 That begg'ry and ruin all stalk on this road?
 (As well try to stay the Niagara's wave)—
 What hand, then, shall stretch forth the drunkard to save?
 None is—all unpitied he sinks here below,
 And his soul takes its flight to a world of woe.

Curse, then, on the calling that ever computes
 The spirit of man as that of the brutes ;
 That lures him away from the path of pure fame,
 That hardens his feelings, that blackens his name ;
 Perverts from their end the reward of his toil,
 And drives both wife and babes from cot and from soil.
 Ah, me ! my heart weeps when I think of the plan
 A beneficent God has constructed for man.
 He designs his bliss still in this world of woe—
 He must labour, indeed—in Eden 'twas so.
 But how large the return kind Providence gives
 To the labouring man who virtuously lives ;
 Who cultivates temp'rance—is diligent, too,
 Apart from a heaven, there's recompense now ;
 His fields yield the finest of wheat for his food,
 The cool spring doth ouze from the rock for his good ;
 The honey doth flow from the hive's waxy mine—
 He's gifts from the orchard—the fruit of the vine ;
 He hath clothing of cotton, linen, or wool,
 Thus in winter he's warm, in summer he's cool ;
 And beneath that good roof, (he calls it his home,
 Well named, for from that his affections ne'er roam ;)
 There gentle love reigns—there's the absence of guile,
 And man now reposes in woman's fond smile.
 But, O ! see the change when alcohol assails
 The husband or wife—then confusion prevails ;
 Love flees from the cottage hearth, plenty likewise,
 And poverty, squalor, and fightings arise ;
 No longer the garden is trimmed by the hand,
 And thistles now grow where corn did stand ;
 No longer the fields are fenc'd round from th' attack
 Of bestial, intent all their treasures to sack ;
 Their children, in ragged and filthy attire,
 Are crowding, half-starv'd, round a flickering fire ;
 The chill winds of winter sigh through broken panes—
 A hole in the roof admits the cold rains ;

And, lo ! o'er the ceiling the spiders have spun
 Their webs unmolested—the walls, too, are dun ;
 See hinges all broken—the table a wreck—
 And there, too's, the drink bottle wanting a neck.
 And yet I see traces of better days o'er,
 Some tokens that mark what they had been before :
 A Bible, well gilded, lies on the bureau,
 But dust on the cover most plainly doth show
 'Tis seldom read now—more's the pity, I say ;
 'Tis drink that hath filmed the eye 'gainst its ray ;
 And where, in this season of sin and rebuke—
 (For where'er o'er this western region we look—
 Along river, or lake, or midland, I ween,
 The sign of the gin-shop is there to be seen.)
 O where is the might of the magistrates sword—
 The officers surely set up by the Lord ;*
 Avenger of wrong—promoter of good—
 The terror of evil men where they intrude,
 To injure, by word or by deed in the land,
 Good order, good morals, on which all things stand ;
 The wealth of the nation, the cottar's best dow'r,
 The mechanic's skill and the patriot's power ;
 The grace of mild matrons in life's private scene—
 The strength of young men, and the fair maiden's mien.
 Be roused, then, from slumber each sword-bearing chief—
 Come, gird on your armour to bring us relief ;
 Delay not, I pray—the dread crisis is near,
 For weal or for woe to your country most dear.
 What recketh the words of the preacher of Truth—
 And what all the toils of the teacher of youth ?
 The father may counsel, the mother may pray,
 And all fondly hope for a harvest one day.
 But see ye that harpie-brood, hovering around
 Like a cloud over all the Canadian ground ;
 Than teachers or preachers more num'rous still,
 Each bent on his purpose of mischief and ill.

A*

* Romans xv. 6.

No relentings has he, no bowels of love,
 In human shape fiends, their stout hearts never move ;
 Though the shriek of the widow and orphan's long wail,
 And patriot's hatred their ears do assail.
 Like spiders, all bloated, they lurk in their dens,
 Or serpents coil'd up in wild Africa's fens ;
 Or tigers that crouch in parch'd India's brake—
 (They drive the same trade, 'tis for advantage sake ;))
 They eye the fat game, and the weak point behold,
 And they haste with their toils his limbs to enfold ;
Without they allure with the flattering line—
 "The spirits are good, and pure is the wine ;
 They cure all distempers, they'll surely cure thine."
Within there is glare barrels labell'd with gold,
 And the mirror'd shelf shines, decanters to hold.
 These, again, are all clear as dew-drops in May,
 And, prism-like, they emit the varied ray :
 Some are amber, some red, some with bitters are green—
 The stock is first-rate, you can tell by the sheen ;
 No notes you'll see there—look ye ever so keen.
 Step in and be caught, then, just drink but one gill,
 Though landlord don't force you, 'tis all as you will.
 Here's platter of salt-fish, cheese, crackers, all free ;*
 Eat but a little, he'll seek nought of your fee.
 Do you eat ? You must drink—the reason is plain—
 By eating, the landlord can never make gain ;
 Besides, you'll be thirsty—the reason's thus double—
 To fill the glass up 'tis not the least trouble.
 Your host is now ready this service to do,
 Drink, then, of the liquor—'tis smoking for you.
 Yes, drink yourselves drunk now, and banish your care,
 The Government licensed these harpies to tear
 Their poor mother's entrails—her heart's-blood to spill ;
 They paid for this priv'lege—why, then, where's the ill ?
 The Exchequer receives the cash in their till.

* See HAWKINS' (a reformed drunkard,) Address on Temperance.

Ah, me ! might I summon the ghosts from the dead,
 Those thousands the drinking-shops yearly have made ;
 The myriads hence might I instantly call,
 As Endor's witch did at the bidding of Saul ;
 Such visions what stony heart would not appal.
 Methinks now I see them arise from the ground,
 The horizon they darken—the caverns resound.
 A shadowy host of all orders draw near—
 Young and old, great and small, men and women appear ;
 In number like leaves in the autumn's decay,
 Or small dust that floats in the mid-summer ray.
 Hark ! again as they hie them away from light,
 And their footsteps retrace to regions of night ;
 There's a murmuring sound from that cloud's dark fringe,
 'Tis the wail of remorse, 'tis the cry to avenge.
 (Ah, crimes so tremendous might shiver the poles.)
 The murder of bodies, the murder of souls.
 Yes, could we their words catch, how true would they tell
 The path they were led on to drink and to hell ;
 How deep would the charge be they cast at the wretch
 Who cozening them still, the brandy did fetch ;
 Who taught them to drink the soul-poisoning stream,
 And laugh at God's Word as if 'twere a dream.
 The Sabbath the Lord for blessings had given,
 A rest from all toil—a foretaste of heaven ;
 That day when God's people assembled to hear
 The gospel proclaim'd, (O privilege most dear !
 For purchased by life's blood of many a saint,
 And fitted to strengthen the weary when faint ;)
 That holy day blessed, they turned to a curse,
 It emptied their barrels, it plenished their purse ;
 And as in derision of heaven's behest,
 And ordinances, too, were only a jest.
 Like him who of old in Cyprus did burn
 The Prætor of Rome from Paul's preaching to turn.
 They boldly stand forth to entice from the road
 The sinner that's walking to peace and to God .

They offer him cheer, 'tis to madden his brain ;
 They offer him strength, 'tis to weaken again ;
 They offer him pleasure, just as he'd desire—
 " 'Tis distill'd damnation, and 'tis liquid fire." *
 Beware, then, ye simple ones, pass not that way—
 Avoid it, turn from it, as fast as you may.
 For, ah ! by the portals of this dreary bourne,
 There many that enter, but few that return ;
 The strong have been there, but their strength gave no aid—
 The swift have been there, but their swiftness was stayed ;
 The young have been there, too, the learn'd and the brave,
 But courage, nor learning, nor youth e'er did save.
 'Tis the valley of death, of which travellers tell,
 In Eastern climes, of aspect most fell ;
 All cover'd with bones,—'tis refresh'd by no gale,
 But effluvia pestiferous ever exhale ;
 Here no creature lives that once touches the sand—
 No weapon assails, yet it dies on the strand ;
 Adown its riven sides may gambol the hare,
 But soon as her lungs have drunk in the air,
 Though no snare is laid, and no fowler is there—
 As stricken by demon she yieldeth her breath,
 And her fleet limbs repose in th' embrace of death.
 Yes, many a strong one ye've brought to the grave—
 Ye've outmaster'd the mighty, ye've cast down the brave ;
 The strong bone of youth has been broke by your hand—
 And a death-dealing right y' usurp o'er the land.
 The tyrant whose will to the people's a guide,
 He often sheds blood in the height of his pride ;
 The sword of the tyrant doth not ever kill—
 It rests in the scabbard, the people are still.
 The pestilence spreads his dread wing in the sky,
 Ten thousands are sick, and thousands now die ;
 The healthful breeze blows—he's away to his lair,
 And ceases the village and city to scare.

* Vid. Works of Robert Hall.

The shrill blast of war is heard in the land—
 The battle's engag'd, they fight hand to hand ;
 The combatants weary, they put up the blade,
 And gentle peace reigns over every grade.
 Dread famine comes forth, too, all sickly and wan,
 Breathing death among the fam'lies of man ;
 His power soon is broken, for plenty returns,
 And harvest once home, the land no longer mourns.
 But your's is a worm that always doth live,
 Like blood-sucking leech your cry ever is "give ;"
 You ply your dread trade amid cursing and woe,
 At midnight and morn your poisons still flow ;
 No catastrophe frights you from your resolve,
 No accidents num'rous each day doth evolve :
 Of murders and feuds, and of raisings of fire,
 And of household's reduc'd to poverty dire ;
 In your path there is ever the confus'd sound
 Of misery deep, and spread all around ;
 It reaches your ear, and it swells in your halls,
 And the echoes repeat it around your walls ;
 The cry of the father estrang'd from a child,—
 The cry of the child by a father exil'd ;
 The cry of the wife agonizing in grief,
 While sitting forsaken she has no relief ;
 The cry of the young ones starving for bread—
 The cry of the drunkard laid on his death-bed ;
 The cry of despair while he gives up the ghost,
 And enters, at last, an eternity lost.
 But 'twould be in vain to recount all the wrong
 That strong drink hath wrought the people so long—
 Our ears they are stunned by the tragedies fell,
 Produc'd by the might of this dire wizard's spell.
 The *Albion* bark sail'd from Britain's shore,
 Five hundred tons burden, or might be some more ;
 All oaken built firm and gallantly mann'd,
 She has spread her white sails for the Indian land ;

Like a fleet thing of life across the wide bay
 Of Biscay, so boist'rous, she's making her way ;
 The tow'ring sea billows she sweeps through with haste,
 And as 'twere a meadow she ploughs ocean's waste ;
 Their proud ship across briny mountains and vale,
 Borne upwards and downwards by prosp'rous gale ;
 As onwards she speeds still with joy doth inspire
 The breast of the ship-boy, the breast of the sire.
 The sun has declin'd in the western sky,
 And though danger's at hand no token is nigh ;
 But as in that day of the world's dread close,
 Th' inmates of th' Albion in secur'ty repose.
 There were fair ladies there bound for India's cost,
 Mayhap, to some lover, mourn'd absent as lost ;
 And now in the prospect of seeing him still,
 Bright visions and hopes their fond bosoms thrill.
 There were gay youths there, too, in pursuit of gain—
 All joyful are they because now on the main ;
 And freed from the thraldom of teachers and school,
 Their own pleasure and will at length their sole rule ;
 With eyes beaming hope, they still long for the shore
 Where fortune breathes on them as on sire's before.
 There were men of years, too, all bronz'd by the blaze
 Of eastern suns, where they spent their best days ;
 From Europe returning with dear children train'd,
 Long sever'd they hope when their home they've regain'd
 To spend, all together, years many in peace,
 And never to part more till death shall release.
 But, ah ! alcohol, thou destroyer of men !
 The ship on the deep sea escapes not thy ken ;
 Thou find'st 'neath her hatches a lodgment for you,
 And there, as on land, thou brings't dread ruin too.
 Thou contemptuous thing, who could' have once thought
 Such disaster as this thou could'st e'er have wrought ;
 The good ship that swept through the blue ocean wave,
 And hurl'd back the thunder of enemies brave ;

As if she'd been a vapor emerg'd from the sea
 Is dispersed at once by presence of thee.
 Yes, thing most pernicious, the deed's wholly thine—
 Thou didst ignite the match, thou didst spring the mine ;
 And the mischief and death all lie at thy door ;
 Ah, me ! when shall shipmen embark thee no more ?
 The steward's gone down to the dark hold within,
 With lamp in his hand, some liquor to bring :
 He's been drinking before, and he'd now drink anew—
 He broaches the cask and the fire-waters flew ;
 They touch the bright lamp, an explosion ensues—
 A deluge of fierce flame his footstep pursues ;
 They pour forth dense smoke from the deep vault below—
 As if from a crater the fiery floods flow ;
 Still fiercer by water, they burst forth amain,
 And th' officers grieving, see all toil's in vain.
 Then arose the wild wail, in old ocean's ear,
 Of youth, men and maidens, all shaking with fear :
 Some are clasping their sires—some are kneeling in prayer,
 And some flee to liquor (consistency rare !)
 Ah ! who will now save you in this dread hour,
 When darkness and death o'er the horizon lower :
 When smoke and red flames in the high rigging roar,
 And round you the waters without any shore.
 O yes there is one, and he's mighty to save
 From fire all-devouring as from yawning grave :
 The prayer of his humble ones still he doth hear ;
 Hark the huzzas arise ! a vessel is near.
 Ho ! push out your boats now and make no delay,
 For who can endure long of fire the assay ;
 And e'en should they leap off—'tis only to die,
 And in the great deep as in cold grave to lie.
 The swift boats are lower'd and reach the dread scene—
 (Ah ! for many too late plung'd in the waves green,
 Or roasted alive by the sweep of the fires,
 Their ashes repose far away from their sires.)

Some gather'd the drowning dispers'd in the sea,
 And others set those on the burning ship free.
 They sav'd on that sad night one hundred and more,
 And again on their course they gallantly bore.
 One bright gleam is seen shooting far in the sky,
 The broad flash enlightens the waves far and nigh ;
 They hear a report like th' artill'ry's loud roar,
 The magazine's exploded—the *Albion's* no more.
 Ah ! alc'hol pernicious, the deed's wholly thine,
 Thou didst ignite the match, thou didst spring the mine ;
 And the mischief and death all lie at thy door ;
 Ah, me ! when shall shipmen embark thee no more ?
 Then, merchants, who send out your barks on the sea,
 Ah let them from alcohol ever be free ;
 Despise not those poor souls, all thoughtless and brave,
 Doing business amid the storm and dark wave ;
 That earn their bread by the sweat of their brow,
 With the yawning gulph boiling ever below.
 The peasant may drink, on the dust he but falls—
 The noble may drink—'tis on carpeted halls.
 But, ah ! when the sailor drinks, danger is then—
 He sinks in the deep and ne'er rises again.
 And yet though it's most true that whisky's a curse,
 (Demonstrated oft) both to spirit and purse.
 'Tis question well worthy of being resolv'd,
 Why the dram-drinking fashion is not dissolv'd.
 One might think that those wretches in vaults though grim,
 With barrels, capacious, fill'd up to the brim ;
 Like owlets that flee though the noon's still off far,
 Would hie them from light of the Temp'rance star,
 And seek some sad region all dun as the grave,
 Where no Temp'rance pennon white ever did wave ;
 Where the lazy landlord's still priz'd for his drink,
 And lusty matrons at the trade never blink ;
 But by dire love of pelf their hearts all are cold,
 Like planters who drove the slave traffic of old.
 And what will avail then ?—the like weapon bold.

O would some christian statesman hence might come,
 An enemy keen to drinking and to rum ;
 A patriot WILBERFORCE, devoutly meek,
 That ne'er his own but his country's weal would seek ;
 Sternly 'd demand a rescinding of this trade,
 That dolls the drink among men of ev'ry grade ;
 Drink that ne'er nourisheth, but only consumes,
 Burns up the liver and fills the head with fumes ;
 O'er all spreads nakedness—mayhap mourning, too,
 And sooner or later makes each drinker rue
 The sad hour he raised the cup to his lip,
 And learned by example the poison to sip.
 And here I'm reminded of one other woe—
 (O land God hath blessed !) would it were not so :
 Edward Wild was a farmer in * * * * township ;
 For not to breed disputes the name I now skip ;
 Suffice it to say—'twas in broad Canada,
 Where the summer and winter alternate aye.
 'Twas night, and the snow is covering the lone ways,
 The travellers weary have retir'd with their sleighs ;
 The forest is hush'd—the ice creeps o'er the lake—
 O who will arise for poor Edward's sake !
 Some friends he has been treating at "the Red Swan,"
 And now in wending homewards he is a gone man.
 The road, once familiar, he now does not know,
 He's dizzy with drinking—he's lost 'mong the snow.
 His eye sees a drift wreath like a sea billow,
 He lays him down there as if 'twere his pillow.
 Whether he was weary and could not keep his feet,
 Or thought 'twas downy bed on which he should sleep—
 In either case 'tis certain the mishap dire
 Did come by the drinking of alc'holie fire.
 Yes, O Edward Wild, it was no common foe,
 That weaken'd your strength and laid you thus low.
 Had night-pad assail'd thee, it had been in vain—
 One blow of thine arm, he'd ne'er risen again.

But this foe was one you took for a friend,
 And O you scorn'd those who counsel'd he would rend ;
 You looked to his smiling face—you was beguil'd !
 You joy'd in his sparkling wit—you was a child !
 His grace—his colour took your eye—foolish man—
 You pledg'd him your hand, and after him you ran ;
 And now at last you find him, as 'tis written,
 Stinging like adder, and like snake he's bitten.
 O frequenters, then, of gin-shops, come and see,
 From Edward Wild's sad case, how foolish are ye.
 The landlord e'en did give him his very best,
 And now you see it's sent him to his long rest.
 'Twas pleasant and cheery to sit by the fire,
 And drink, none forbidding, just as you desire.
 But look to the back ground, and what do you see ?
 The babbling drunkard stretch'd a corpse—ah woe's me !
 He took al'hol t' excite—it put out his breath—
 It gave sleep oblivious—this ended in death.
 And now his pale count'nance, his friends would not know,
 His shroud's the icy flake—his winding sheet the show.
 O ne'er shall pleasant farm see him any more,
 And ne'er shall blushing orchard yield him it's store ;
 Ne'er shall wife and little ones welcome him home—
 Ne'er shall his footsteps across his threshold come ;
 For, ah ! he has lain down, and ne'er shall arise
 Until the Judge of all appear in the skies.
 But sure time would fail me to tell of the woes,
 In every form, that by alcohol arose.
 Of all other scourges he bears the bell—
 His disasters and destructions no tongue can tell.
 Like an evil spirit he walks o'er the land,
 And none can bind him—no not with iron band.
 He enters the palace and cottage also—
 He's not brib'd from mischief by glitter and show ;
 The tears of the weak never move his regard,
 Nor griefs of the wretched his onset retard.

But one other sample before I have done,
 Of dread danger threatening wherever we run,
 By this same drinking among ev'ry degree,
 Of men and women, widely spread as you see.
 O 'tis fine thing, ye gentles, to sip the cup,
 And chat all so pleasantly ere ye get up ;
 To tea-table retiring, reeling with wine
 That's been brought from Oporto or from the Seine.
 Of ills to your frames, in my rhymes I leave out,
 Of fevers, and dropsies, and twinges of gout :
 Yea, all the contents of fair Pandora's box—
 (Though, in sooth, it is true these ills are no hoax.)
 I'd speak to you now as patriots—I ween
 No croaker of evils that cannot be seen ;
 By example you teach men lower in life
 To seek to the bar-room, where spirits are rife ;
 Yea, your humblest menial, who sees all your ways,
 Is but your scholar, when from virtue she strays :
 You drink—so does she when occasions occur—
 Then why at the mischief should you e'er demur ?
 To your country's good you neglect what you owe—
 The consequence is much trouble doth flow ;
 To weal of her mistress she is careless, too—
 Mishaps to the child-en—yea, burnings ensue,
 As quickly you'll learn from a short tale but true :
 There liv'd widow'd lady in Edina fair—
 To keep her children round her was her great care ;
 Giving of all learning such as may be best—
 Teaching them, moreover, of the land of rest.
 O what more excellent than this plan of life—
 It gloomy care lightens, in all joy 'tis rife.
 The flowers that spring here are of immortal bloom—
 Their buds ever green—they're fragrant in the tomb.
 But who's free from danger—for drinking has spread
 Through mansions of nobles and through peasant's shed ;
 Like the Upas tree, over all it has grown—
 And fruits, ah most poisonous ! it now sheds down.

The lady to her lone couch has just retir'd,
 And there brother, sister, all, rest by her side ;
 She breathes a prayer for them, with tears in her eye,
 That Father in heaven may keep them till they die—
 After receive them to glory in the sky.
 And now lady, children, all, repose in sleep,
 And the moon's gentle rays through the curtains peep ;
 'Twas sight e'en most lovely—an angel was there,
 Warding God's humble ones who sought him in prayer ;
 But what's that sound in the dining-room I hear ?
 Alas ! it is one seeking alcohol, I fear ;
 With a stealthy step to the side-board she's come ;
 Ah, me ! who's this now ? 'Tis housekeeper for rum ;
 She pours the red liquor into the glass meet,
 Sparkling, she drinks it up as if 'twere so sweet ;
 Another she quaffs—a third, a fourth ensue—
 Ah, me ! for her dull brain is well muddled now.
 On side-board the taper by careless one's left,
 For of wisdom, by drinking, she's been bereft.
 Betimes now the fierce flame it spreads the room o'er,
 And fires, gathering strength, among furniture roar ;
 They're devouring, they're raging, like furious foe
 Intent upon causing some terrible woe.
 And ah, little innocents, who'll now save you ?
 Not arm of the strong—but your mother's sense so true.
 Though sleep is on her eyelids, her soul is awake,
 And it neither sleeps nor slumbers for your sake ;
 Some whiff of the dark smoke comes in by the door,
 It wakens the sleeper, she springs on the floor ;
 She rings th' alarm-bell 'mong the inmates below,
 And straight they are rais'd up to see why it's so.
 There's bustle and running to get up the stair,
 For the volumes of smoke are densely spread there ;
 And now, while little ones are crying for fear,
 And mother's all pale, as if death were near ;
 Through the blazing flames to the street they are led,
 And rescued alive from disaster most sad.

Ye drinkers of alcohol, come view the scene—
 A mansion enrapt in flames—(the cause you've seen ;)
 A family, happy, cast out of a home,
 And driven away among stranger's to roam.
 Yes, alc'hol pernicious, the deed's wholly thine,
 Thou didst ignite the match, thou didst spring the mine ;
 And the mischief and loss all lie at thy door ;
 Ah, me ! when shall ladies receive thee no more ?
 But time should e'en fain me to tell half the woes,
 By land and by sea, which by alc'hol arose :
 Bright mansions and mills to ashes reducing,
 For some inmate within his dire cup's been using ;
 Of robb'ries and outrage that cannot be told,
 Of character shipwreck'd and public good sold.
 Yes, contemptuous thing, who could have once thought
 Such disasters as these thou e'er couldst have wrought.
 Thy rigid confinement then's a public cause,
 As of wild wolf whose head is pric'd by the laws.
 Now, Temp'rance friends, hope for and earnestly pray
 The coming of the most auspicious day ;
 For surely it's now near, and never can tarry,
 When alc'hol's cork'd up by the apothecary.
 "And are bounteous nature's gifts, then, to be hied,
 As if worthless, away, yea, wholly denied ?
 Has God been mistaken in giving for use,
 His blessings the creature may rightly refuse ?
 Blessings as if loathsome he may cast behind,
 Instead of receiving with a thankful mind."
 But what are the gifts a good God hath given ;
 Say what is of man, and what is of heaven ?
 For man's good he planted the mant'ling vine,
 Distended her branches and tendrils so fine ;
 And this tree, all lovely, yields a two-fold boon,
 The clusters you spread in the sun's ray at noon—
 When dried there's bread, as the manna from above,
 The precious gift of Him whose name is Love.

Then when vintage is gather'd, how pure is the blood
 Pouring from the wine-press in copious flood ;
 A bev'rage most grateful to man mid his toil,
 Not maddening his brain, as alcohol vile ;
 But bedewing his parch'd lips, as nectar sweet,
 Infusing fresh strength all his labour to meet.
 O this is the good gift the Patriarch left,
 To him who of the birthright Esau bereft.
 With eyes dimm'd with years he a blessing imparts,
 Like garment of prophet before he departs.*
 He smell'd his dear son, for he could not him see—
 "This sanctified child yields a sweet scent to me,"
 The good father cried—"Odoriferous more
 Than breezes from Araby's gardens that pour.
 And, O, may our covenanted Father on high
 Shed on you choice blessings though I should now die ;
 The heavenly gifts of wisdom and grace,
 To guide you with me to Abraham's embrace.
 May thy green fields be water'd with copious dew,
 The earth yield her increase forever to you ;
The plenty of corn and the plenty of wine,
 That strengthens the frame, makes the countenance shine."
 Now would the good father, had he meant the drug
 In modern times that's infused in our jug—
 That bearing the name of the red wine also,
 But, with alc'hol drenched, can work only woe ;
 O would he such gift have bequeath'd to his child,
 A fiery draught, not a pure bev'rage mild.
 Here a scanty vintage had not been the worse,
 A plenteous supply had but deepen'd the curse.
 Nay, frown not, dear brother, for sure I aver
 This is not the good gift the sire doth confer ;
 When guided by heaven, he blesses his boy
 With blessings most precious, with enduring joy.
 Besides, who could fancy that this burning drink,
 In which are some forty parts alc'hol, I think—

* Genesis xxvii. 26—28.

A prophet inspir'd should e'en choose for a type
 Of good things to come, in the latter days ripe.*
 For what would avail, were such beverage free,
 Without price or money, to you or to me ?
 To drink but one glass of it daily, I ween,
 Would fill head with vapours, the heart with the spleen—
 Yea, more, would lay many beneath the sod green.
 You ask me for proof? The physicians, well tried—
 No empiric tribe, but the keen eagle-eyed,
 With science imbued, of experience full,
 And modest t'expound nature's unchanging rule.
 'And what's the deliverance Doctors now give ?
 Search the creation where sentient beings live ;
 Ransack the wild desert, th' earth, ocean and sky,
 And through all you'll find nought of alcohol nigh.
 'Tis thing that arises from process like death,
 When from vegetation has fled the life's breath.
 The saccharine fruits now all rotting dissolve,
 And juices collected, fermenting evolve
 Th' alcoholic poison—from all which it's plain
 It's source is corruption, and thither again—
 As waters to the deep run whence they arose,
 So alcohol, too, in a foul channel flows ;
 And, as if preserving the law of his birth,
 Dark streams of corruption pours over the earth.
 Now let me illustrate the truth of my strain,
 Th' example's befitting, I now give amain :
 A rich patient knock'd at young Edwin's door,
 A physician of name among many more ;
 Weary and sad, he's invited to walk in,
 And discover his case to the Doctor within.
 "Alas, Sir!" says patient, "my limbs now so weak,
 Scarce bear me at all when to business I'd seek ;
 I thought stronger diet was what I requir'd,
 To give me the vigour I so much desir'd ;

* Isaiah lv. 1.

I've eaten the choicest of meat at my board—
 I drink the best liquors my vaults can afford ;
 And still all my ailments are only increas'd,
 And so shall, I fear, till the day I'm deceas'd.
 When I take up my pen, my hand it doth shake,
 And many a long day my weak head doth ache ;
 When to bed I retire, sweet sleep hies away
 And leaves me to toss till the dawning of day ;
 Or should I e'er lure him to hover around,
 And my weary eyes close in slumber profound—
 Such visions horrific distract my poor brain,
 That rising from bed is refreshing again ;
 And then all my nerves out of tune are so far,
 Concord there is none, but perpetual jar.
 Though I'm blessed with a wife and sweet children, too,
 My prospect's all dreary, seen through jaundiced view ;
 Sometimes I'm elated beyond all that's fit,
 Sometimes I'm dejected, as if in the pit ;
 My appetite, besides, is almost away—
 Now give me your counsel, friend Doctor, I pray,
 What med'cine is fitting to my case now say."
 "Alas, my dear patient, your case sure is sad,
 The symptoms I like not—the weakness is bad.
 When full blood of youth should career in your veins,
 And sleep and good diet exclude aching pains.
 But sure that which fills me with the greatest fear,
 Is not that there's aught of danger now near—
 But the medicine that's fitting you may not use,
 The life-giving regime mayhap you'll refuse."
 "And what is your counsel, good Doctor, now say—
 'Tis yours to prescribe, and 'tis mine to obey."
 "Then, patient, I tell you, the drinking must cease,
 Of wine, ale, or brandy, to cause strength increase ;
 For should you go on still, there's nothing to save
 You pining away, till you sink in the grave.
 Then as for the med'cine, 'tis fresh one I true—
 'Tis approved by Parisian Doctors, too ;

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It's stringency's tested by experience sure,
 Of never once failing to work out a cure.
 Tis styled ACQUA FONTIS by men of our name
 Though COLD WATER with the vulgar just means the same.
 In thousand retorts 'tis distill'd in the sky,
 Perennial and pure it descends far and nigh.
 Hast, then, to the clear brook—your unfailing cruse,
 Drink copious draughts—'tis the liquor you'll use."
 The patient retir'd, all in silence and slow,
 Like Naaman, displeas'd at prescriptions so low ;
 For surely he thought that his brandy and wine,
 Which belong'd to one of his standing and line—
 Might have rather been spar'd by Doctor so fam'd,
 And for curing the weakness some strange drug been nam'd,
 And while like proud Naaman, too, he would despise,
 And had turned away from prescription so wise,—
 His good lady shows him how foolish he'd be,
 To linger and die for the sake of brandy ;
 And now to the regime he vows to agree.
 Some months pass away, yet the Doctor hears nought
 Concerning his patient—how prescription has wrought ;
 Has it been the means of blessing his frame,
 And supporting good Edwin in his honest fame.
 Nought he knows till one day the postman doth come,
 An epistle he hands, and this is the sum :
 "Dear Doctor, I now write you—an alter'd man,
 No longer I'm sickly, or weakly, or wan ;
 Blythe rosy health has so gladden'd my frame,
 That certes you'd scarce know your patient the same ;
 Your advice, I confess, seem'd dismal and drear—
 Cold water from the spring wont do well, I fear ;
 The Doctor is hard to prescribe such a cure,
 And the wine-cup again my sense must allure.
 But O, Sir, how pleasant's the abstinent way,
 I found when in earnest I did it assay,
 My limbs so elastic, to walk ne'er refuse—

They're burden no longer, but priv'lege to use.
 I rise in the morning refresh'd with my rest,
 No dreams have disturb'd me—no visions distress'd ;
 My thoughts run all placid as stream in the vale—
 No discontent ruffles—no passions assail.
 Before, my head ached, and my stomach did burn,
 And, dull and uneasy, I hardly could turn.
 But now I scarce know either aching or pain—
 In leisure I've pleasure, in labour I've gain.
 No bitters I need to incite me to eat,
 My appetite's even, my bread's ever sweet ;
 Though my food's all plain,—though I drink of the spring,
 Delight they still give me no dainties did bring.
 Before, in all duties my movements were slow—
 Unpleasant sensations—of spirits no flow.
 But now 'tis not thus—to my work I repair,
 Untiring, light-hearted, I'm ever found there ;
 And then when the bustle of business is by,
 And to dear wife and children I homeward hie—
 All acerbity now with alc'hol's away,
 And my heart is bounding and clear as the day.
 No winter affrights me since water's my choice—
 I face frost and snow, in their sharpness rejoice.
 Before, when I'd travel I'd shake like the reed,
 But now I'm all warm as my sleigh-harness'd steed.
 And now, dearest Doctor, pray publish my case,
 That others, like me, your advice may embrace.
 Tell them 'tis delusion that brandy does good,
 Or in alc'holic wine there is aught of food ;
 That fears lest they suffer in flesh or in mind,
 By abstinence system, are vain as the wind—
 As prov'd by experience of many they'll find."
 Thus far wrote the patient—'twere idle to say,
 How christians, by thousands, bear witness this day ;
 That alcohol's an evil so manifold
 No heart hath conceived it—no eloquence told ;

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The nation besotted to use this as drink,
Though outwardly prosp'rous, is on ruin's brink ;
'Tis like fabled trees by the Dead Sea that grow,
Where the leaf-becomes green, and blossoms may blow ;
All stately and florid, in health they appear,
But the place is accurs'd—a change soon is near ;
The fibres have suck'd a sulphureous soil—
The poison diffus'd, their luxuriance spoil ;
While th' air, all infected, corrodes them as rust—
The shining trees blacken—they crumble in dust.
Now, Tem'rance friends, hope for and earnestly pray
The coming of that most auspicious day ;
For surely its now near, and never can tarry—
When Alc'hol's cork'd up by th' apothecary.

