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A

POETICAL ADDRESS

ON

TEMPERANCE.

BY

DAVID AVERY, A. B.

Temp'rance brings us peace of mind—
Pleasures pure that all may find—
Joys that leave no sting behind.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.:
A. W. PEARCE, PRINTER.

1855.

ERRATA.

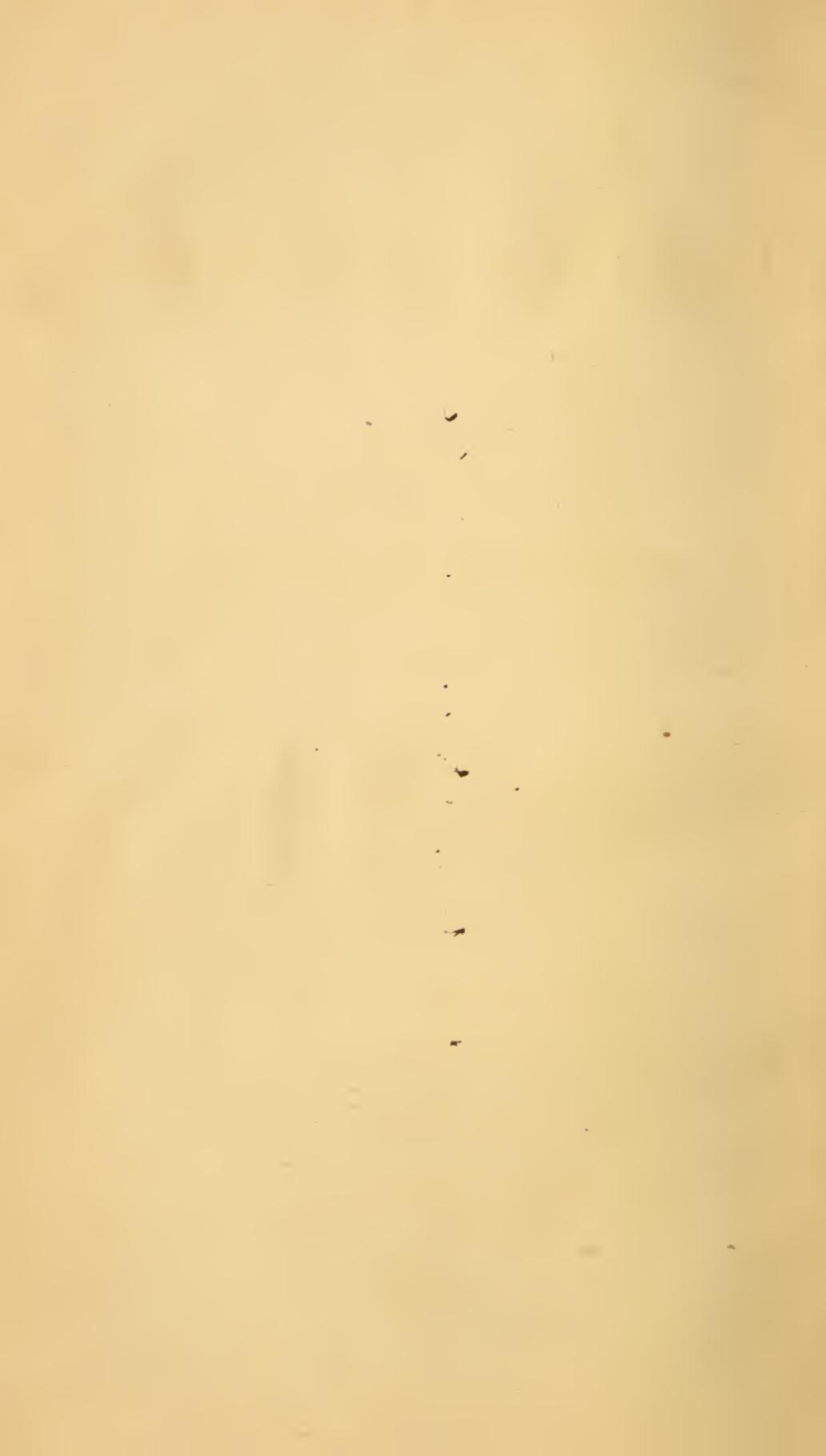
On page 13, next after 5 lines from bottom, read—*And dashing in the heads of all the kegs.*

On page 24, for *ill-engendered* read *hell-engendered*.

On page 27, for “*fed*” read *dead*?

On page 39, for “*Put*” read *But*.

On page 41, the 3d line from top, for “*the*” read *thee*.



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In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Rhode Island.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

In the following pages, the author has endeavored to give a fair historical sketch of the rise and progress of the Temperance enterprise ; and to embody and condense, as in a nutshell, the more prominent and effective arguments in favor of that blessed handmaid of “pure and undefiled religion.” As a literary production, he is not insensible of its imperfections ; but he trusts it will readily be conceded that many of its delineations are *true to the life*. The Poem, it will be perceived, is conducted throughout under the figure of personification ;—the Hygean nymph, or goddess of Temperance being made the heroine of the play ; and the “six reformed Baltimoreans” and Father Mathew, the principal actors on the stage. The form and measure of the verse are occasionally changed for the sake of enlivening the scenery, and of avoiding too much monotony. The Poem, the Ballad, and the Song, were all indited by the spirit of *moral suasion*—alias brotherly love and kindness ; but if any there are, who like the spirit of *legal suasion* better, the author would not prohibit, if he could, the enjoyment of their predilections. In a performance like the present, an attempt to adapt it to every capacity were vain ; and to please the fastidious taste of every carping critic were equally so. However unfavorably it may be scanned, he thinks it possesses one redeeming quality—the purity of its aim to do good ; and with a fervent desire that this little adventurer may serve, in some degree, to reclaim the wandering ; to establish the wavering ; to cheer the desponding ; and to accelerate the grand march of moral reform, it is humbly inscribed to “Freedom’s friends and mine.”

D. A.

Hampton, Ct., Feb. 1855.

IN V O C A T I O N .

Spirit of Love ! 'Twas thine the art to find,
To heal the worst disorders of the mind ;
To wake by thy resistless, soft control,
Each tender, deep-toned feeling of the soul ;
To raise th' inebriate from his deep disgrace,
And re-inscribe God's image on his face.
Blest power divine ! Do thou my song inspire,
And fill it with thy own celestial fire ;
Vouchsafe to aid th' advent'rous muse to sing
The war 'tween Temperance and the Fire-cup King.
With melting pathos let my numbers flow,
While they portray the tide of human woe ;
Now give the truth persuasion's magic charm
The drunkard's ear to gain, his fears alarm ;
To turn him from his suicidal course,
And from his cups to take a blest divorce.
And spare ye critics ; spare the tearful muse,
Who sings not now the learned to amuse ;
But tunes her lyre upon a plaintive key,
Like him who sang man's first apostacy,
And his primeval bliss in Eden lost.

A P O E M.

Long had the widow's broken-hearted sighs ;
Long had the orphan's supplicating cries,
The ear of pity filled for suicides
Of what to them were more than worlds besides :
Occasioned by a fiend more direful far
Than plague, or famine, or the wastes of war—
The direful demon of Intemperance.
And long had yearning, pure Benevolence
In vain opposed that demon's potent wand,
Till in compassion to our suffering land ;
Touched by the woes and wailings which she heard,
The Hygean nymph of Temperance appeared :—
The great, the glorious, welcome pioneer
Of the long promised millennial year.
She came commissioned from the Courts above
On a momentous embassy of love.
She came t' espouse long exiled reason's cause ;
Not to defeat, but foster nature's laws ;
To show mad vice his true deformity ;
To reprimand with just severity
The fashionable follies of the age—
Th' exotic fruits of a licentious stage.
She came with irresistible address
T' expose each deleterious excess
Of lawless appetite ; and to restore
What sages had insisted on before—
ORDER—th' equilibrium of society,

Maintained by habits of sobriety :
 Order—that first great law to angels given,
 Diffusing peace on earth like that of Heaven.

In one vast lazar-house of sighs and groans,
 As nigh Ezekiel's *valley of dry bones*,
 She found all ranks, all orders and degrees
 Of human kind infected with disease ;
 Disease beyond comparison the worst,
 With which the world had e'er before been curs'd ;
 Of which the cause with most, if not with all,
 Was plainly the free use of Alcohol.
 Pois'ning the mind and each coporeal part,
 Beyond the power of all the healing art ;
 It reigned unchained, unchecked throughout the whole,
 Destroying life not only, but the soul.

Among that miserable mass she saw
 Some who had bade defiance to all law ;
 Vet'rans in vice, who wilfully had spurned
 At every moral precept they had learned ;
 Who in despite of conscience's warning voice,
 Were in their shame accustomed to rejoice.
 Sunk to the level of the vilest brute,
 And much in love with each *forbidden fruit*,
 Such led the van of bold impiety ;
 (Knights of the Goblet they in inebriety ;)
 And figured high in midnight revelry ;
 In every species of debauchery ;
 In sports unlawful and in games of chance,
 Designed the cause of Satan to advance ;
 In all the works of darkness that propel
 The sinner downward to the gates of hell.

Here of those chiefs 'tis fit the muse should name
 Some who stood foremost on the rolls of fame ;
 To wit ; old Epicurus first, who taught
The human mind is only matter, wrought
 Of certain subtle atoms ; various
 Indeed, occult and multifarious ;
 Of which the diff'rent particles combined
 From heat, from vapor, and from air or wind,
 So nice, so wise, as ever to defy
 The deepest fathom of philosophy.

From premises like these Monsieur Voltaire ;
 Though deep in learning and in wit so rare ;
 With his most Bible-hating virulence,
 Deduced his atheistic inference,
 That "*death is an eternal sleep*" : from whom
 Sir John Lord Bolingbroke and David Hume,
 Kneeland and Paine, and Madam Fanny Wright ;
 Preferring reason's taper to the light
 Of Revelation, took their leading cue,
 And wrote what fools alone believe is true ;
 That vice is but a creature of the brain ;
 Conscience, a bugbear, and compunction's pain
 The work of priestcraft : as likewise all
 Those *rev'rend whim-whams* casuists call
 The card'nal virtues : such as continence,
 Her sister twin Teetotal Abstinence,
 And all akin as foes to common sense.

For why say they's implanted appetite,
 But to indulge in sensual delight ?
 And why the universal love of pleasure,
 But to enjoy, as misers do their treasure,

What'er we like ? Therefore, let joy abound,
 And all ill-boding fears in mirth be drowned ;
 Let sadness flee ; let sorrow's tear be dry ;
 Why should we grieve that we are born to die ?
 Why swallow down all that they have to say
 'Bout one dread reck'ning at the judgment day ?
 Why fear the Bible-worm that never dies ?
Perhaps that worm is dead ; if so, the Bible lies.
 Why borrow ill 'bout things we've never seen ?
 Things manufactured only by the spleen ?

Let's rather carouse in praise of Lord Bacchus,
 'Till toddy shall make us
 Forget all our troubles, our foes and our friends ;
 Though we reel to and fro,
 We will let the world know
 We'll worship his Lordship till Rumselling ends.

The muse forbears ; enough's been said to show
 The drift of those who fain would overthrow
 All we believe, as well as all we know.
 Successful they in gaining proselytes,
 They had around them num'rous satellites
 And lackies ; who nor learning lacked, nor zeal,
 Nor cunning to supplant the public weal :
 And boasting loud of their majorities,
 'Listed for life ; and by mysterious ties
 So leagued and interlinked, and so alert,
 They hoped ere long all order to subvert.

But vain their boasting, and their hope as vain :
 For viewing the wide waste of error's reign,
 The dire misrule, superlative distress,
 The spreading bane of all our happiness ;

The goddess spoke with such celestial mien,
 Her birth and high credentials might be seen ;
 First, through her loudest speaking-trumpet, BEECHER ;
 That most distinguished Temp'rance preacher.
 Next, through the learned, philanthropic PARKER ;
 That valiant sage, and shrewd remarker.
 Then, through the celebrated DANIEL FROST ;
 A man, though once debased, to virtue lost,
 Who, in himself, was equal to a host.
 Rememb'ring what and where he erst had been,
 But well divorced from his besetting sin,
 He saw with pain, with pity's tearful eye,
 A nation all in moral ruin lie.
 Not only knew, from deep experience,
 Each *fig-leaf* artifice and false pretence
 To scan ; but to the fountain-head to trace
 The rise and progress of each drunkard's case.
 Well skilled in handl'ing dissipated men ;
 Fearless to "beard the lion in his den" ;
 He blew a warning blast so loud and strong,
 The countless hosts of Temp'rance foes among,
 It seemed like that of Demosthenian tone,
 Which in old Greece shook Artaxerxes' throne :
 Th' enchanting echoes of whose matchless strain
 Ling'ring, still in fancy's ear remain.
 Then next in order, was the famous HEWITT ;
 Who taught our duty and showed how to do it.
 Through him, the most inflexible of men,
 Who was not slow of speech, nor slow with pen ;
 Whose labors were like Paul's the land throughout,
 Seeming sometimes like *Doctor Neverout* ;
 She spoke with great effect, and put to rout,

In this benighted and besotted region,
Vast hordes of demons foul, once self-styled "legion."

Nor those alone, but many dear to fame,
No effort spared the drunkard to reclaim ;
Whose quenchless zeal in virtue's suff'ring cause
Deserves the highest meed of our applause.
The muse delights to laureate such men,
And all who toil with either tongue or pen ;
Intent alone on doing what they can
In the great cause of undeceiving man :
The film removing from the mental eyes
Of Folly's perverse, self-blinded votaries,
To see wherein their real int'rest lies :
'Teaching those reckless, giddy, thoughtless elves
The art to govern and respect themselves :
To choose what's good ; what's vicious to forsake ;
Virtue to love even for virtue's sake. .

Yet 'tis not strange that some with good desires
Replete ; with feelings such as love inspires ;
Some hasty few, who need not here be named,
Have greatly missed the end at which they aimed :
Through lack of wisdom, more than lack of wit ;
By language harsh ; or by untiming it ;
(Or sick or well ; as Paul advised or not ;
They held albeit "death is in the pot ;")
With those the most debased and lost to fame ;
Alike to virtue and all sense of shame : .
Some diff'rence making 'tween the equal sin
Of drinking too much Wine and too much Gin :
Nor once aware of what's now plain to all,
Howe'er disguised, that Alcohol's still Alcohol :

That 'tis a fact, as many have been killed,
By drinking Wine, as anything distilled.

No marvel, that those inexperienced friends,
Though actuated by no selfish ends ;
Though all indeed had but one single aim,—
The wretched, outcast wand'rer to reclaim ;
Having not learned, in all their lives, the sure
And only method of the drunkard's cure ;—
It is not strange that they should recommend
Chambers' foul med'cine to attain their end ;
Some kindred nostrum of empiric fame,—
The mind not only curing ; but the lame,
The halt, the blind, the palsied and possess'd—
Fits of *delirium tremens*, and the rest
Of physical and moral ills. Nor strange,
That as they found the symptoms sometimes change,
They e'en approved, in cases most extreme,
The *tapering off*, or gradualism scheme ;
By taking, first, five drams instead of ten ;
Then, by and by, perhaps but three ; and then
Per diem only one ; from which to none,
They vainly thought the work completely done.
For want of due experience, it would seem,
They long held fast to that utopian dream,
“ *The half-way cov'nant*,” anti-ardent pledge ;
Instead of wielding the *Teetotal sledge* ;
Setting the drunkard squarely on his legs ;
And of strong Beer, Brandy, Wine, and Gin,
Making one unreserved “ Heave-Offering.”

Hearing the same old drunken wild uproar,
“ Confusion worse confounded than before ;”

The same blasphemous, Heaven-daring oaths,
 The self-same murd'rous threats and deadly blows ;
 The same, or very like the same sad groans,
 Caused by like grievous wounds and broken bones ;—
 Looking abroad to see what had been gained,
 And seeing the fell monster still unchained ;
 E'en yet *that bloated face*, once fresh and fair ;
That blood-shot eye—its stupid gaze, its maniac glare ;
That palsied tongue, incapable to tell
 The names of those who once were loved full well ;
Those tott'ring limbs, once bounding like the roe ;—
 The same heart-aching sights of human woe :
 In short, the Wine-besotted debauchee
 Together with the Rum-drunk devotee,
 Sunk to the level of the wallowing swine,
 Alike true worshippers at Bacchus' shrine ;
 Again the goddess most divinely fair,
 Assuming somewhat an impatient air,
 Appeared where Bacchus held his nightly court ;
 Where were six bursters of gigantic sort ;
 E'en in the midst where riot ruled the hour,
 And with a Heaven-commissioned, earthquake power,
 Spoke to the heart of adamantine stone,
 And to the centre shook old Alchy's throne :
 Bade Mitchell, first, like "*Lazarus come forth !*"
 Mitchell obeyed—uprose and pledged his troth :
 Then with a nerve, like pure old German steel,
 Like Hancock wrote his name and fixed his seal.
 All followed suit with one consenting mind ;
 The host confounded soon his trade resigned ;
 And in old Sodom-sunken Baltimore,
 Such mighty works were done as never were before.

Exulting now in Freedom's bright domain,
 The fruitful cause removed of all their pain ;
 Hark ! hear those bursters strike the Temp'rance lyre
 In strains symphonious, with seraphic fire—

“ Hurrah ! hurrah ! we've burst the chain :

Oh God ! how long it bound us !

We run, we leap !—Oh God, again

Thy light, thy air, surround us.

From midnight's dungeon-depths brought out,

We hail hope's rising star ;

Ho ! comrades, give the stirring shout,

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !”

Their Temp'rance banner nailed unto the mast ;

There to remain while life itself shall last ;—

That motto written by her fairy hand,

Displayed in bold relief to every land,—

TEETOTAL ABSTINENCE, the sovereign, sure,

And only method of the drunkard's cure :

Their hearts enlarged—the hearts of the Reformed ;

Their souls with fervid fellow-feeling warmed :

Their tongues, late swollen with the pois'nous bowl,

Now from the altar touched as with a living coal ;

The goddess then, before that she withdrew,

Resuming, thus addressed the list'ning few.

“ Blow ye, my heralds bold, the trumpet strong—

The Temp'rance trumpet, clear, and loud and long ;

Give its warning note—its 'certain sound,'—

To all the drinking, drunken world around.

First, to the mod'rate drinker blow a blast ;—

Tell him 'tis time that he had drank his last.

Next, to the genteel drinker of champagne;

Tell him the seeds of death are in that sweetened bane.
 Next, to the half drunk, daily soaker go ;
 Tell him the road he's trav'ling leads to endless woe.
 Go to the next in grade ; and who is he ?
 He who delights in midnight revelry.
 Tell him to DASH the bowl and drink no more :
 Tell him—*Death and Damnation are at the door !*
 Then with the voice of seven thunders blow—
 Rumseller stop !—prepare thyself to go,—
 Thou very cannibal of thy fellow clay,
 Making of all that's dear to man thy prey ;
 Go with thy foul, ill-gotten gains and meet
 Thy murdered victims at the judgment seat.
 Awake 'the dead in sin,' and in his clay-cold ear
 Proclaim the Lord of Sabaoth is near !
 Hath heard the widow's wail ; her heart-rent sigh ;
 The parent's groan ; the pining orphan's cry.
 Tell him 'God's justice will not always sleep' ;
 That the good Shepherd will protect his sheep
 From their insidious, death-deserving foes,—
 Those blood-stained monsters who his laws oppose :
 Hath whet his glitt'ring sword, and soon will make
 Dread inquisition for the suff'rer's sake.
 Charge home the blame, where blame is justly due,
 On each and all the drunkard-making crew ;
 Nor ever let your warning trumpet spare
 The mod'rate drinker—he deserves a share.

But when the worst of drunkards thou dost call,—
 That poor deluded slave of Alcohol ;
 Still let the trumpet give its certain sound,
 But with the gospel's melting notes resound.

Oh, haste and intercept his fearful fate ;—
 To-morrow—may forever be too late.
 Where'er you find him rioting in wine,
 Or like the prodigal *feeding 'mong the swine* ;
 Howe'er debased, and wretched, and forlorn ;
 Possess'd with demons foul, by demons torn ;
 Oh, haste ; approach him gently and address
 The words of pity and of tenderness.
 Say, brother prodigal, arise ! arise !
 List to the voice of Wisdom and be wise.
 Once, I like you was blindly led astray,
 And long I followed error's devious way ;
 Till led by Friendship's kind and gentle hand,
 At last I found *fair Freedom's promised land*.
 Learning thy sad, forlorn condition here,
 Constrained by love I came, nor could forbear,
 To take thee from this Sodom-fated place —
 A place as full of danger as disgrace.

That land is far remote from yon vile haunt,
 And none can reach it while they deal in '*cant* ;'
 But those who'll emigrate without delay,
 By perseverance cannot miss their way.
 That Canaan-land with such rich blessings flows,
 In truth it charms each one who thither goes.
 Though rich its soil, it can be cheaply bought,—
 With just the effort of a wishful thought.
 Its beauties such, no poet can unfold ;
 When all is said, 'the half remains untold.'
 Its air is fragrant, like the breath of flowers
 Exhaled in Eden's amaranthine bowers.
 Its crystal founts nectarious like its air,

The way-worn trav'ler loves to linger there ;
 Soon finds himself relieved of all his pain,
 His strength revived, his spirits cheered again.
 The healing virtues of its healthful rills
 Exceed by far the Morrisonian pills.
 Full oft they've cured the *fever of the brain* ;
 Full oft the *blood-shot eye*, and made it bright again ;
 Full oft the *palsied lip, the swollen tongue*,
 And made Distortion's visage e'en look young.
 Cleansing the blood, the system all throughout,—
 Many health-murd'ers they have put to rout ;
 And drinking freely of that beverage,
 Full many a burster old has quite renewed his age.
 Its fruits ambrosial and so sweet to taste,
 'Tis said that 'angels feed on such repast ;'
 Not like the food that 'Ephraim fed upon,'—
 In one breath eaten, and the same breath gone ;
 But like to that which Solomon portrays,
 Insuring health and strength and length of days.

In that blest clime no *fetid vapors* rise,
 No *Alcoholic fumes* torment the eyes ;
 No *pitfalls* deep, to let the trav'ler in ;
 No *quagmires* such as where you're floundering ;
 No *ignis fatuus*, leading to and fro
 Benighted ones unconscious where they go ;
 But all is safe, and *terra firma* ground,
 And not a single stumbling stone is found.
 No *horse-leech* there to suck the vital blood ;
 No hungry *crocodile* in quest of food ;
 No *vipers* there, nor *rav'nous beasts* of prey ;
 No *human fiends* more ravenous than they ;

No *Mobocrats* nor *Lynchers* there are known ;
 Reason and Order sit upon the throne
 Like King and Queen ; and by their gentle sway
 All follow peace and love its blessed way.

Then up ! thou luckless wand'rer, now arise !
 Wake up at once, I say, and ope thy eyes.
 Behold that blazing star !—its cheering light,
 How much like that which led the Israelite !
 How bright it shines !—and 'bove its orient beams
 A new blest cov'nant Rainbow sweetly gleams !
 What think you is that glorious twinkling flame ?
 HOPE'S rising star, methinks must be its name ;—
 Cheer up, my friend ; come take this proffered hand,
 And let me lead thee to that happy land.
 Conducted by that glowing, quenchless light,
 We'll shun all dangers in the darkest night ;
 And in the wilderness through which we go,
 'Twill keep us unensnared from every foe :
 Through all the trials that may us attend,
 'Twill safely guide us to our journey's end.
 Now let us go, united heart and hand,
 And settle in fair *Freedom's promised land*.
 In that blest land there's ample room for all
 Revolting slaves of old King Alcohol :—
 There I would live, and there would choose to die ;
 Oh, let me have your pleasing company.

Doubt you the truth of what I now have said ?
 To make the trial, are you still afraid ?
 Call what I've said a fiction of the brain ;
 Say, by compliance you can see no gain ;

Permit me, 'fore I leave you, to present
 A few fair queries with no ill intent.
 Which will you choose ? always to be a fool—
 Of dark designing knaves, the simple tool,—
 Or be a man ?—a man with head erect,
 Whose noble bearing knaves themselves respect ?
 To feed on husks and herd among the swine,—
 Or in thy native dignity to shine ?
 Thyself to bruise and batter to a gore,
 To find thy lodging on the naked floor,—
 Or keep thyself out of the reach of harm ;
 Instead of freezing, to be snugly warm ?
 To stagger home half naked and half dead,
 Then topsy-turvy, supperless to bed ;
 Or right side up at home and everywhere,
 Thy legs untangled and thy mind as clear ?
 To be the butt of fools and vulgar jest,
 A perfect nuisance and a downright pest,—
 Or hence remove and be forever blest ?
 The question is—I pause for a reply—
 Say, will you go and live ? or stay and die ?”

The goddess, then, by way of supplement ;
 Her love still glowing and still seeking vent ;
 Charged furthermore her list'ning sons of light,
 In order, as she wished, to keep them right.
 “ Now in the strength and ardor of your zeal,
 'Twill not be strange if you indeed should feel
 That, disenthralled, the work's completely done ;
 The battle fought ; the vict'ry surely won.
 But know that you have just begun to fight ;
 That your worst enemies are not in sight :

That at each turn in life's eventful way,
 A siren sits and sings but to betray :
 That oft it happens, as when Braddock fell
 By foes that marked his vain loud boasting well ;
 The bravest fall an easy sacrifice
 For want of knowing where the danger lies :
 That the arch enemy of God and man,
 In furth'rance of his soul-destroying plan,
 Can e'en quote Scripture like a sound divine ;
 And, metamorphosed, like an angel shine :
 That oft he plies that old successful lie,
 Don't be afraid ; *'ye shall not surely die :*
 That he possesses most unrivalled skill
 To lure his dupes to take his gilded pill.
 Be not surprised if he attempt to cheat,
 Beguile again and sift you all as wheat :
 That as he caused the Israelites to sin,
 By wishing to be Pharaoh's slaves again ;
 Loathing the bread that rained down from Heaven—
 Preferring *garlicks, leeks, and onions* even ;
 Nay, e'en forgetful of your woful fall,
The miry pit, the wormwood and the gall,
 Again almost to fall in love with Alcohol.
 Which to prevent ; to foil the wily foe ;
 To seal his everlasting overthrow ;
 Lock, bolt, and bar each portal of your hearts
 Against his lightning-winged and 'fiery darts.'
 But first of all, in order to succeed
 In this great warfare, you must feel your need
 Of aid divine. Like Jesse's chosen son,
 Armed with his simple sling and pebble stone ;
 A beardless stripling—weak, unskilled in fight,

Batt'ling alone with the huge man of might :
 Looking to God in whom he put his trust,—
 Laying at once the giant in the dust ;
 So go ye forth with faith and constant prayer ;
 So *fight ye*, 'not as those who beat the air ;'
 So *run ye all*, that ye may surely win
 The fadeless palm of vict'ry over sin.

But time forbids me further to enlarge,
 Than just subjoin to this my parting charge,
 A few plain precepts worthy of your care,
 That you may better shun *the fowler's snare*.
 At Wisdom's gates your ceaseless vigils keep :
 'Twas when the watchmen were all wrapped in sleep ;
 When more their ease they thought of than their prayers,
 '*The enemy crept in and sowed his tares.*'
 Whene'er temptation beckons you astray,
 Turn quick your feet ; tread not the dang'rous way :
 Suppress the first wrong purpose of the soul,
 Lest, ere you think, you lose your self-control.
 But if, in some unguarded, evil hour,
 Your ear she gain by her seductive power ;
 And like frail Peter, who his Lord denied,
 You should forget your promise and backslide ;
 Like him in secret go without delay,
 In deep contrition weep, repent and pray
 For grace to conquer your *besetting sin*,
 That you may ne'er be left to fall again.
 While sailing smoothly on life's dang'rous sea,
 Keep one eye to the wind, the other to the lee.
 Or driven by adverse winds and tempest-tost.
 Amid the breakers lining all the coast ;

Where Ruin's wrecks are strown on every side,
 'Mong which is seen full many a parent's pride ;
 Or drifting towards *Perdition's whirlpool shore*,
 Where myriad's have sunk to rise no more ;
 Be this your anchor—your chain-cable too,
 Your polar star to steer you safely through ;
 To *taste not, touch not, handle not* again
 The pois'nous bowl while stars and seas remain.
 Here I must close ; when I am far away,
 Remember this and ever 'watch and pray.'

On airy wings the goddess then withdrew,
 And quiek, as thought, upon a sunbeam flew
 To Father Mathew's land, but late so vile ;
 Well known to poet's as the Emerald Isle.
 On his gigantic, but benighted mind
 She poured the light of truth. His ear inclined,
 Delighted hung upon the novel theme—
 The great design his country to redeem
 From death and devastation's cruel scourge,
 From which 'twas thought it never could emerge.

I came, said she, direct from Baltimore—
 A noted drunken place from days of yore.
 Old Alchy's throne there totters to its fall :
 Drunkards of every grade, both great and small,
 From ruin saved, their grateful paeans sing
 In matchless strains, that make the welkin ring.
 There, deep experience teaches how to preach,—
 That no one need despair ; that grace can reach
 The most abandoned, wretched and forlorn :
 Can fill their souls with peace ; their breasts adorn

With chains of gold. When rescued from their thrall,
 Each feels, at once, an apostolic call
 To visit those who're in delusion bound,
 And tell them of the blessedness they've found ;
 To cheer their hearts with hope, that once again
 Their long-lost freedom they can yet regain :
 With Friendship's hand to take their fellow-clay,
 Allure to brighter scenes and lead the way.
 Now to the rescue fly ; and at the foe
 Deal Ajax-like a sure effective blow.
 As long your people have in vice been drowned,
 So shall they long for Temp'rance be renowned.
 'Tis to believe that this can yet be done ;—
 The battle's one half fought ; the vict'ry one half won.

As the Electric passes o'er the wire,
 These words sat Father Mathew's soul on fire.
 He hears, or thinks he hears, the captive's groans ;
 He sees, or thinks he sees, his broken bones.
The riots and the rows throughout the land ;
Murder with his uplifted, blood stained-hand ;
Robb'ry lurking in his dark hiding place ;
Light-hating Theft afraid to show his face ;
Arson with his incendiary match,
 Doing his hellish work with quick despatch ;
 In short, the whole black list of crimes ; and all
 The ill-engendered imps of Alcohol
 Come rushing in a train before his mind.
 His great ethereal soul no longer blind,
 Saw duty plain ; and counting well the cost,
 Resolved at once to save his country lost.
 His nerves with valor strung ; his armor bright,

And well selected for the arduous fight ;
 His motto on his banner waving high,—
 TEETOTAL ABSTINENCE and VICTORY ;
 Like Hercules he hastens to the field,
 Resolved and sworn that he will never yield.

First upon Cork, where Alchy long had reigned ;
 Where every Murphy old and young he claimed ;
 His old Headquarters ; stronger fortified
 Than any rendezvous, or fort beside,
 He sallies forth. Said he, ye drunkard's all,
 Or every name and grade, or short or tall ;
 Ye abject slaves ; old Alchy's simple dupes ;
 More simple far than gabbling geese or brutes ;
 Prepare, (if now ye will but hear my story,
 And if ye'd 'scape the pains of Purgatory ;)
 To join the phalanx bold of volunteers ;
 Those free-born souls, those daring mutineers ;
 Who long have drank the *wormwood and the gall* ;
 More bitter far than Afric or Egyptian thrall ;
 But now have sworn they'll be forever free ;
 Come, come with all your Irish chivalry,
 And strike for Ireland and for Liberty.

Desert I say old Alcohol ;
 Desert him *rank and file* ;
 To you, "ye simple one's," I call,
 Throughout the Emerald Isle.

How can ye love old Alcohol ;
 Your worst and deadliest foe ?
 His words are smooth but full o' gall ;
 Have ye not found them so ?

How "aft" a social "drap" has he
 Invited "ye" to take ;
 Pretending all the while to "ye"
 It was for friendship's sake ?

And can ye not remember too,
 When mellow at the Fair ;
 What rusty tricks he played on you,
 While late ye lingered there ?

How "aft" as ye've returned from thence,
 As straight as ye could go ;
 Across your path he's thrown a fence
 To plague and bother you ?

Likewise how "aft" when homeward bound,
 Right civilly apace ;
 He's caused anon the rising ground
 To strike "ye" in the face ?

How "aft," when in plain sight of home,
 He's turned the road about ;
 And made "ye" up and down to roam
 To where "ye" first set out ?

How aft, when all your cash was gone.
 (Still drier than at first ;)
 He's made "ye" all your clothes to pawn,
 To quench your raging thirst ?

How aft 'mid Revelry's wild uproar,
 When fain ye'd gone to bed ;

He's turned and kicked "ye" out o' door,
Half naked and half fed ?

And some of "ye" will ne'er forget,
How sometimes ye've been found
All helpless, "spachless," cold and wet,
Flat on the muddy ground.

Then quit, I say, old Alcohol,
And never serve him more ;
Play *tit-for-tat* now one and all,
And kick him out o' door.

Now with St. Patrick's holy ire,
Flee to the Temp'rance car ;
And 'gainst that treach'rous, arrant liar
Wage an eternal war.

As when a tall and growing field of grain
Feels the soft zephyrs coursing o'er the plain ;
In simultaneous undulations, all
The pliant, bearded heads both rise and fall ;
E'en so the hapless sons of Erin came ;
The blood, and mud-besmeared ; the halt and lame ;
In one continuous train, both rank and file ;
Throughout not Cork alone, but all the Emerald Isle ;
To Father Mathew's standard, and enrolled
Their names as in fair capitals of gold :
And banqueting with him, from bondage free ;
With him in strains of unsurpassing glee,
They sang his fav'rite song of victory—
" Drink at the bubbling fountain ; drink it free ;
'Twas good for Samson, and is good for me."

With power resistless and electric speed ;
 Wherever found a Murphy was ;—indeed
 Throughout all climes and clans, from pole to pole ;
 As if concreted in one common soul,
 Great Mathew's spirit magnetized the whole :
 Upraised from gutters foul of degradation,
 The lowest sunken in each drunken nation ;
 “ *Put in communication,*” strange to hear,
 (Their moral natures cleansed, their minds all clear ;)
 Those champions bold, those Boanerges strong ;
 To whom persuasion's magic powers belong ;
 Wrought miracles untold, and as by spell,
 Turned many a drunkard from the road to hell.

The muse cannot forbear, at least, to name
 Some of those heroes of immortal fame ;
 Those moral chieftains, who like Washington
 The proudest laurels have of vict'ry won.

And first, brave Mitchell ; first he ought to stand
 Mong that illustrious, patriotic band ;
 Who, in the famous Baltimorean spree,
 Where *all were well to live*, as all agree,
 Wrote the *Teetotal Pledge* with nerves of brass ;
 “ Subscribed his name—then drank his farewell glass.”

Hawkins next comes, “the Regulator” named ;
 Whom for his own old Alchy long had claimed ;
 Who, when he found him both a cheat and liar,
 With just revenge and indignation's fire ;
 As well became a true high minded man,
 Pronounced these words—“ I'll harm him all I can.”

See, next to these, that celebrated pair,
 Who, side by side, fought bravely everywhere ;

Whose great achievements well deserving are
 The highest admiration of the age,
 And well adorn our hist'ry's brightest page.
 Oft have that fearless, matchless pair of men,
 Bearded the monster in his darksome den :
 Oft have their weapons quelled his boist'rous roar ;
 Full oft have made him give the battle o'er ;
 To sue for peace and promise harm no more.
 So long as Temp'rance has an advocate,
 Her conflicts and her trials to relate ;
 With heart-felt pleasure and with pure delight,
 He'll laud the names of Pollard and of Wright ;—
 Pollard, that nondescript, so full of wit ;
 And polished Wright, whose aim was sure to hit.

What brightened names next meet our wond'ring eyes ?
 What but a Catlin, Marshall, and a Kies !
 A Goff, a Johnson, Kimball, and a Gray ;
 A Bishop, Maynard, and a Hathaway !
 Atwell, once viewed irrevocably lost ;
 Now, disenthralled, Rhode Island's pride and boast :
 A wisdom too of transcendental fame,
 Whose life was once a burlesque on his name.

These have all broke the tyrant's galling chain,
 And in defiance hurled it back again :
 Have played, each one, the hero's manly part ;
 Their shafts directed at the monster's heart ;
 And drove him back almost to whence he came ; [shame.
 His head all smeared with gore, and covered o'er with
 To each of these the muse would gladly pay
 The humble tribute of her grateful lay ;
 For each would cull from Fancy's roseate bowers,
 Her choicest, fairest, and most fragrant flowers ;

And round their temples fair a wreath entwine,
 Not unbecoming Freedom's friends and mine.
 Yet not for these alone, but likewise all
 Who have done battle 'gainst King Alcohol ;
 And strove to break delusion's fatal dream ;
 From Ruin's gulph their country to redeem.

All hail ! ye benefactors of mankind !
 If not on earth, yet sure in Heaven you'll find
 A due reward for your distinguished zeal,
 In striving to promote the public weal.
 While the poor sot in shame and ruin lay,
 All helpless and forlorn beside the way ;
 The priest and Levite chancing to pass by,—
 Each turned an oblique and indiff'rent eye ;
 And jogged along in all their stoic pride,
 Mute as the dead *upon the other side*.
 Not so did you, when there you saw him lie ;
 Too proud to own your true affinity ;
 Much less deriding ; calling him ill names—
 A subject fit for boys to make foul games ;
 But feeling each a brother's tender heart,
 Your's was the noble, philanthropic part,
 To kindly raise the wretched suff'rer up ;
 Assuage his grief, inspire his soul with hope ;
 Replace his fallen crown, and once again
 To make him walk erect among his fellow-men.

From this historic, allegoric strain,
 We'll now contrast Intemp'rance's direful reign
 With his fair rivals gentle, potent sway ;
Parte pro omne, as the Latins say.

Where erst the monster's hideous form was seen,

Tall as Goliah in his vaunting mien ;
 Where nought was heard but Revelry's uproar,
 Or Discord's jarring notes from door to door ;
 Where wrangling, fighting ; oaths the most profane ;
 Calling at every breath God's name in vain :
 The bare-foot children made to back the fuel
 To cook their ling'ring mother's water-gruel ;
 Their clothes so tattered, for a general rule,
 Nor seen at church, nor on their way to school ;
 And even crying for the lack of bread,
 Sent often cold and supperless to bed :
 The drunkard's wife, as harmless as the dove ;
 Whom once he vowed to cherish and to love ;
 Pining in want, the picture of despair ;
 Oft bruised and maimed ; pulled often by the hair :
 He like *the man possess'd among the tombs*,
 Gnashing with rage at every one that comes
 Within his wake ; " fierce as ten furies " dire,
 With forked tongues, and eyes of liquid fire :—
 In short, where nought was seen on every hand,
 Throughout this once debased, besotted land,
 But nameless, countless sights of human woe ;
 Fit, but sad emblems of the world below :—
 E'en there now mark what harmony complete !
 What friendly accents every ear do greet !
 What pleasing objects there now meet our sight !
 Those children's eyes all sparkling with delight !
 Delight, to see their cheerful sire at home ;
 Contented there, with no desire to roam.
 Those little suff'rers, lately backing wood,
 No longer crying for the lack of food !
 Now all well clad, and for a general rule,
 All blithsome, sportive, on their way to school !

See that once sad and broken-hearted wife,
 So long estranged to all the joys of life ;
 Her soul no more with grief and anguish riven,
 But filled with rapture next to that of Heaven ;
 Now praising Him who bade her sorrows cease ;
 Content like Simeon to “ depart in peace !”

Behold that *altered man* !—how calm, serene !
 Not now ashamed in public to be seen.
Those lips,—late filled with oaths most shocking ;
 At all things sacred railing, jeering, mocking ;
 Now filled with notes of praise and humble prayer
 To Him who broke the fowler’s fatal snare !
That tongue,—not palsied now ! *That face* benign,
 And clear from the red tincture of the vine !
That breast,—late boiling with demoniac rage,
 Ready with dearest friends foul war to wage ;
 Now peaceful, tranquil as a summer sea ;
 Alike from madness and from *tremens* free !
 The same man, now, at night as in the morn ;
 His manners such as might a prince adorn ;
 His every passion, chastened and refined ;
 His will subdued, and *in his own right mind* ;
 See, on the Sabbath to *the House of Prayer*,
 Him with his wife and children all repair,
 To hear with gladness ’bout the wondrous plan
 Which Grace devised to save apostate man ;
 And sing with saints in strains before unknown ;
 And with them bow before Immanuel’s throne !
 Now, in a word, behold that altered man
 Using the best persuasives that he can,
 In winning back to Wisdom’s pleasant ways,
 ‘Those blindly led in Folly’s wild’ring maze :
 Sowing the seeds of virtue and of truth,

In that good soil, the tender minds of youth ;
 And teaching all, by practice as a friend,
 What the true meaning is, of "MAN'S CHIEF END !"

Happy the day, when all shall truly be,
 Like that blest man from moral bondage free !
 When exiled Reason shall regain her throne,
 And all her right to govern freely own :
 When o'er this long debased, inebriate world
 The *Washingtonian Flag* shall wave unfurled :
 When Order, "Heaven's first law," shall take the place
 Of all that mutilates creation's face :
 When lawless appetite shall no longer rule ;
 Nor of a wise man make a drunken fool ;
 Nor of the peaceful lamb a tiger make ;
 Nor of the harmless dove a rattlesnake.
 When the vile drunkard-maker's sign, no more
 Shall be displayed on either side his door ;
 Like th' insidious spider's web, designed
 His victim's eyes to lure, his legs to bind :
 When Diligence, fair queen of all the graces,
 Portrayed in rosy cheeks and smiling faces ;
 Shall fill the HORN OF PLENTY with her fruit,
 To cheer the heart of man,—his strength recruit :
 When gratitude to God, by whose command
 HOPE'S MORNING STAR illumined first our land ;
 From lips all pure, shall daily, hourly rise,
 An incense sweet like holy sacrifice :
 When none shall wish the pois'nous cup to take ;
 All loving Temp'rance e'en for Temp'rance sake !

Hark !—hear that voice again from yon bright sphere !
 'Tis the same voice that op'd a Mitchell's ear !
 In tones of melting tenderness and love ;

The same in which compassion erst did move ;
 Methinks I hear that goddess now invoke
 The aid of those whose prison-doors she broke ;
 The aid of those whose armor once shone bright,
 But by disuse has now grown rusty quite ;
 The undivided aid of all, both high and low,
 To seal the great Destroyer's overthrow.
 Methinks I hear her say,

Come ye, who fought so well, in years gone by,
 Old Alchy, Samson-like, both " hip and thigh ;"
 O, let me now your long-lost aid invoke :
 Strike one effective—one Teetotal stroke.

Huzza ! Ye Washingtonian matchless crew !
 One cheering word will now suffice for you.
 A few more *broadsides*, such as you have fired ;
 To let old Alchy know you've not retired ;
 He'll haul his colors down and cry *peccavi*,
 Nor dare again our gallant Temp'rance navy.

To you, ye guardians of the public weal,
 I feel constrained to make my last appeal.
 How long unmoved spectators will ye stand,
 While desolation inundates the land ?
 How long a question will ye even make,
 Which of the two's the wiser course to take ;—
 To lop the branches of the *Upas tree*,
 Or amputate its roots *teetotally* ?
 When will ye ope ycur jaundiced eyes to see,
 Among your laws their strange discrepancy ?
 They hold temptation 'fore the drunkard's view,
 And punish him, meanwhile, for getting " blue :"
 They hang the man, who drinks and kills his friend ;
 Meanwhile the drunkard-maker they defend.

Would you now break the sorcerer's hellish wand ?
 Then take a bold, uncompromising stand.
 No more to Alchy's dictum tamely cower ;
 No more withhold your needed *Veto* power ;
 But interdict, in every case, the sale
 Of Wine, of Ardent, and of even Ale ;
 (Excepting only where the case may be
 Such as when Paul prescribed for Timothy ;)
 Inflicting both imprisonment and fine
 For each offence—a punishment condign.
 Thus if ye'd stop the tide of human woe,
 Dry up the fountain whence the streams do flow.

Come all ye 'nointed servants of the Lord,
 "Against the mighty" come wth one accord :
 Against the conmon foe of God and man,
 In this all-glorious crusade lead the van.
 Come, if the curse of Meroz you'd eschew :
 To whom shall Temp'rance look, if not to you ?
 Come now, while help is needed, if at all ;
 O, come and help dethrone King Alcohol.

Ye " sacramental hosts of God's elect,"
 Of every name, denomination, sect ;
 Who, though in forms ye differ, yet profess
 E'en as your own to seek your neighbor's peace ;
 Now let your faith by your good works be seen ;
 Not like good " angels visits far between ;"
 But unremitting like the solar rays,
 Guiding poor wand'ers through life's thorny maze.
 Would you like Paul the law of love fulfill ?
 Take for your pattern then his vast good will.
 Like him resolve, till life itself shall end,
 You ne'er will cause your " brother to offend"

By tamp'ring with, or drinking Alcohol,
 Lest by that means he may be made to fall.
 Just think of Paul's philanthropy and see,
 How far with his yours doth in fact agree :
 Whether indeed you're willing now to make
 The small self-sacrifice for Temp'rance sake,
 To quit your slavish habit and give up
 Your mod'rate daily glass and cider cup :
 Whether your "lamps are trimmed and burning" bright :
 Whether you're harnessed for the Christian fight :
 Whether your conduct, (pardon what I say,)
 Will stand the ordeal of the judgment day.

Rumsellers each, a parting word to you.
 In mercy's name just for one moment view
 The dire effects of your foul murd'rous trade.
 See the sad wives and widows you have made ;
 See suff'ring orphans doomed to beg their bread ;
 See grief-worn parents mourning o'er their dead
 Inebriate sons : like Rachel comfortless ;
 The world to them a cheerless wilderness :
 The rifled fruits of many a toil-spent year ;
 The wreck of all that man on earth holds dear ;
 Talents most splendid totally destroyed ;
 The fall of many a strong man you've decoyed.
 All this stands fairly charged to your account :
 Now scan it well and see its dread amount.
 Then add the crimes that all our prisons fill ;
 The vast preponderance of moral ill ;
 The foulest blots that ever man disgraced ;
 E'en God's own heritage on earth laid waste !
 Is this thy work, oh, drunkard-making man ?
 I know you will dissemble while you can :

But say, when death with his unsparing hand,
 Shall come to execute his dread command ;
 When all the spectres of thy victims slain
 By thy distilled and concentrated bane ;
 And all thy deeds thy frighted soul assail,
 Ah, what will then thy arguments avail ?
 Thy licence and self-justifying pleas,
 In which thou findest now delusive ease ?
 Ah, tell me how thou canst expect to stand,
 In that great day which is so near at hand,
 Before the eyes of spotless Purity ;
 When all shall hear their final destiny ;
 And this shall be the rule, the rule for all,
 By which we then must either stand or fall ;
*As ye have measured to your fellow men,
 So shall the same be measured to you again.*
 And oh, ye drunkards all of each gradation,
 Throughout this celebrated drinking nation ;
 Now heed, I pray, my last heart-yearning call.
 Renounce all intercourse with Alcohol ;
 At once his crocodile-embrace avoid,
 As you would shun the loathsome Varioloid,
 The foul miasma of the Upas tree,
 Or that fell monster dread beyond degree,
 The Anaconda.

Awake, ye tuneful choirs of every land,
 And sing—earth's Jubilee is near at hand !
 From the long dismal night and wintry gloom
 Of moral darkness, lo ! in youthful bloom
 All nature smiles ! The Spring-time of the world is come !
 Harp, lift thy voice on high ! for now is near
 The beatific, glad Millennial year !
 Hushed is the widow's wail, her heart-rent sigh,—

The parent's groan, the pining orphan's cry !
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Mis'ry's dark sea !
 Fair Temp'rance has triumphed—the world will be free.
 Sing—for the Lord in his mercy hath spoken ;
 The demon but lately so brazen and bold ;
 Lo, now he is falling ! His sceptre is broken !
 His slaves are revolting by thousands untold.
 To God give the glory ; praise to the Lord !
 His word was our banner ; his love was our sword.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Mis'ry's dark sea ;
 Fair Temp'rance has triumphed ; the world will be free !
 In paeans of rapture we'll tell the glad story
 Of millions who've broken the Tyrant's strong chain ;
 Who're walking again in their own native glory ;
 Thrice blest and exulting in Freedom's domain.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Mis'ry's dark sea—
 Fair Temp'rance has triumphed,—the world will be free !

HOW TO RECLAIM THE INEBRIATE.

A BALLAD.

Go rescue him that's drunken,
 Bereft of reason's ray ;
 In degradation sunken,
 Behold thy fellow clay !

Go with a spirit humble,
 And to thy mind recall
 How prone thou art to stumble,
 In other sins to fall.

O, take no cords to bind him
 But tender cords of love ;
 Though desp'rate you may find him,
 And though he can't be drove—

Yet there's a power most charming
 In friendship's soothing tone ;
 It will at once disarm him
 And melt the heart of stone.

Nor ever once upbraid him
 For the sad plight he's in ;
 Blame rather those who made him
 The willing slave of sin.

Convince him of his danger ;
 Show him the better way ;

And to that home-lost stranger
 Affectionately say,

Look up thou poor forsaken ;
 From Rum and Ruin flee :
 Though sadly overtaken,
 Behold a friend in me.

Now to my house and table
 In welcome with me go ;
 I'm glad that I am able
 To mitigate thy woe.

I'll give thee milk and honey,
 Good Coffee and Spruce Beer,
 And anything but money
 To buy the drunkard's cheer.

'Twill cure thy oft complaining ;
 For notice by the way,
 Thy strength will soon be gaining
 And work will seem like play.

To keep thee from temptation
 I'll find thee full employ—
 Some useful occupation
 Where foes will not annoy.

And when thou art grown stronger ;
 When all thy conflict's o'er ;
 And choose to stay no longer,
 Then " go and sin no more."

Oh, if there's joy in Heaven
 O'er one escap'd from hell,
 Sure men will praise the even,
 If thou but doest well.

Hark ! hear the trumpet sounding
 The year of Jubilee !
 King Alcohol confounding !
 Oh, how it speaks to thee !

Then up, once more I pray thee ;
 Now break the tyrant's chain :
 Let naught on earth delay thee ;
 “ *Stay not in all the plain.*”

THE TEMPERANCE JUBILEE.

A SONG.

We're going to sound the Jubilee :
 Will you go ? Will you go ?
 To sing the songs of victory ;
 Will you go ? Will you go ?
 Ten thousand drunkards are reclaimed ;
 Ten thousand more will soon be gained ;
 King Alcohol is sorely maimed ;
 Glory sing ; glory sing.

Come swell the bugle, strike the lyre ;
 Will you go ? will you go ?
 The monster now will soon expire ;
 Will you go ? will you go ?

The Lord of Sabaoth on high
 Hath heard the widow's heart-rent sigh ;
 The pining orphan's suppliant cry ;
 Praise the Lord ; praise the Lord.

Like that famed ship " Old Iron Sides,"
 So we go ; so we go ;
 Our Temp'rance bark in triumph rides,
 And fears no foe ; fears no foe :
 She's doubly armed ; she's nobly man'd ;
 CAPTAIN TEETOTAL at command ;
 Himself a host and now on hand ;
 Shout huzza ; shout huzza.

Her guns are long and she can pour ;
 Shout encore ; shout encore ;
 At each broadside twice seventy-four ;
 Hear them roar ; hear them roar :
 Her Captain knows well how to rake
 Both *fore and aft* the foe to take ;
 And make Rum-pirates fear and quake,
 And heave to ; and heave to.

The splendid vict'ries she has won ;
 All must own ; all must own ;
 Exceed all others 'neath the sun,
 Since first it shone ; first it shone :
 Her fame is heard from shore to shore,
 And will be till hard drinking's o'er,
 And then will be forever more ;
 Shout encore ; evermore.

The Temperance cause is gaining fast,
 We can see ; we can see ;
 Its adversaries stand aghast ;
 Soon they'll flee ; soon they'll flee :
 John Hawkins still is in the field,
 And Father Matt. who ne'er will yield,
 And thousands more with sword and shield ;
 All true blue ; good men and true.

Come all ye moderate drinkers all ;
 Will you go ; will you go ?
 Take timely warning from my fall ;
 One and all ; one and all :
 I drank like you quite light at first ;
 Then by and by to quench my thirst ;
 Till all at once my boiler burst :
 Alas, alas, that moderate glass !

Come all ye genteel tipplers too ;
 Will you go ; will you go ?
 There's work enough for you to do ;
 Now take heed ; now take heed :
 From drinking Port and Fontenack,
 You'll love ere long New Rum to smack,
 Till in the mud flat on your back
 You will go ; you will go.

Ho, all ye drunkards short and tall ;
 Will you go ; will you go ?
 Renounce at once King Alcohol,
 And his thrall, and his thrall :

Make up your mind ; henceforth declare
 From his embrace you will beware ;
 The conqueror's palm you then will bear ;
 Break now in twain your galling chain.

Come all backsliders now renew ;
 Will you go ; will you go ?
 Your Temperance vows and keep them true ;
 Keep them true ; keep them true :
 Though you've relapsed, try once again ;
 By drinking, Oh, what can you gain ?
 You'll pierce your souls with endless pain ;
 O, refrain ; return again.

To you Rumsellers I would call ;
 Will you go ; will you go ?
 O, quit your trade in Alcohol ;
 Quit it this day ; quit it for aye :
 If you will sell the drunkard Rum,
 A voice now thunders from the tomb—
 “*You'll dwell with us whom you've undone :*”
 Forbear I pray ; forbear to slay.

Come every blithesome boy and girl ;
 Will you go ; will you go ?
 Your Temperance banner now unfurl ;
 Say now you'll be forever free :
 Now go it gay ; now go it bold ;
 You'll find when you are growing old,
 'Tis worth far more than tons of gold :
 Come away ; don't delay.

Young ladies fair a word to you ?

Will you go ; will you go ?

Without your aid what can we do ?

With us go ; with us go :

If you will raise your banner high,—

TEETOTAL HUSBANDS, or we'll die,

You'll make young tipplers all comply,

And resign their Ale and Wine.

Ye happy wives of the reformed ;

Thrice happy ; thrice happy :

What you've long prayed for is performed

From pain you're free and misery :

Now let your Jubilant songs abound ,

Your highest notes of praise resound ;

The dead's alive,—the lost is found :

With one accord, praise ye the Lord.

To all our anti-ardent friends ;

Will you go ; will you go ?

The Temperance cause itself commends ;

Now re-engage the war to wage :

Like-entering wedge in Pepperidge log,

You cracked the jug that held the grog ;

But still you licensed old Eggnog :

'Twas all fog ; 'twas all fog.

Your " Half-way Cov'nant," it is true ;

We now ween ; we now ween :

Just proved that all no better knew :

'Twas but a screen,—but a screen :

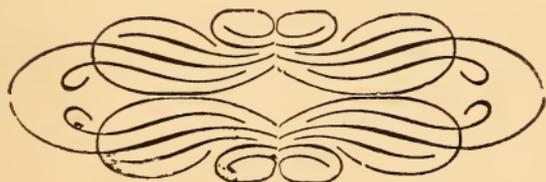
Like *types and shadows* that have fled,
 That pledge is now a letter dead :
 Why then stand off and wag the head ?
 With us combine 'gainst the Wine.

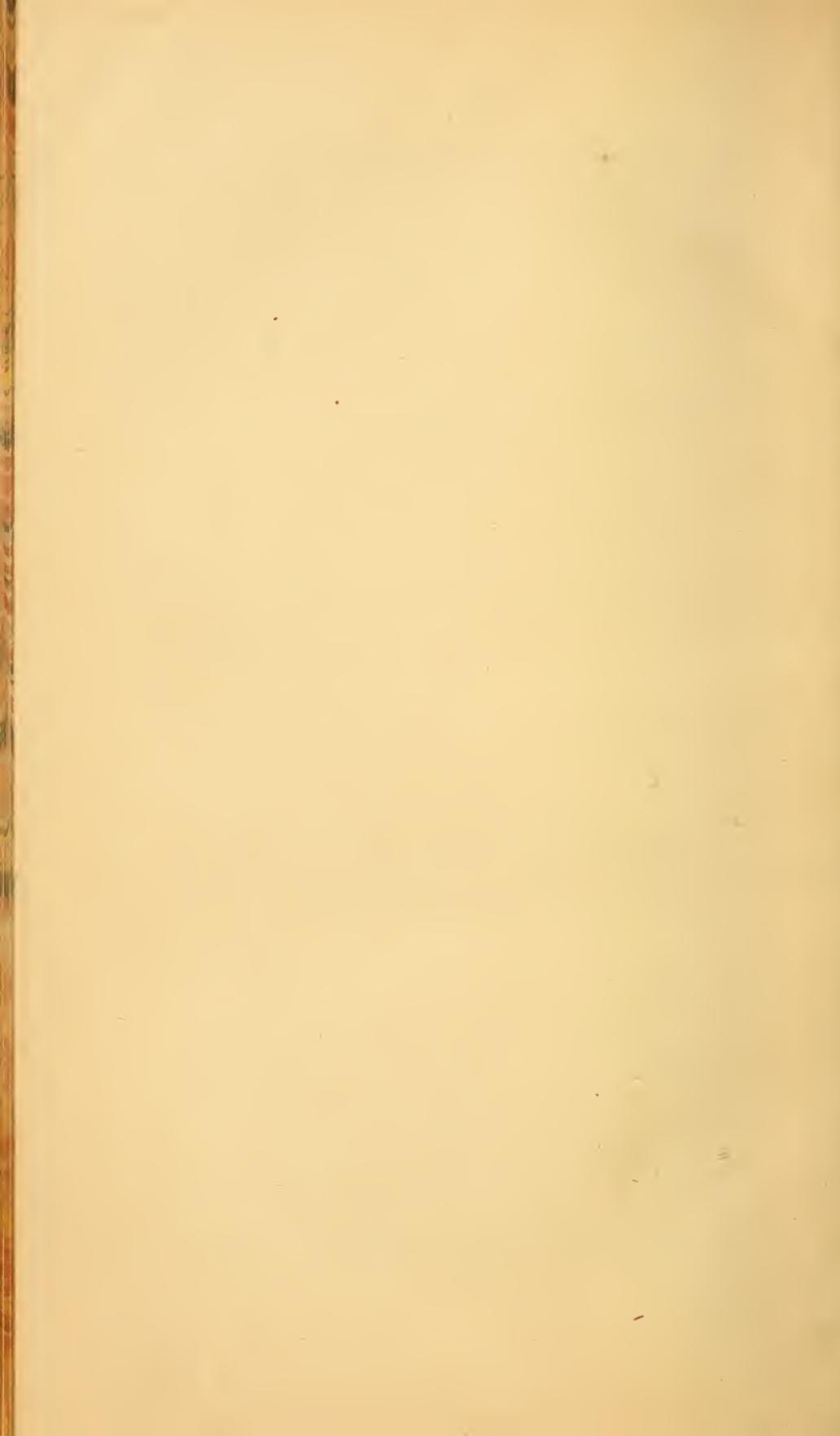
We go the figure ; we go the hog ;
 Dont you see ? dont you see ?
 We've fairly split the Pepperidge log,
Tectotally ; tectotally :
 The Wine-cup and the Toddy bowl
 Will make the man an equal fool :
 Each kills the body and the soul :
 Then both oppose as equal foes.

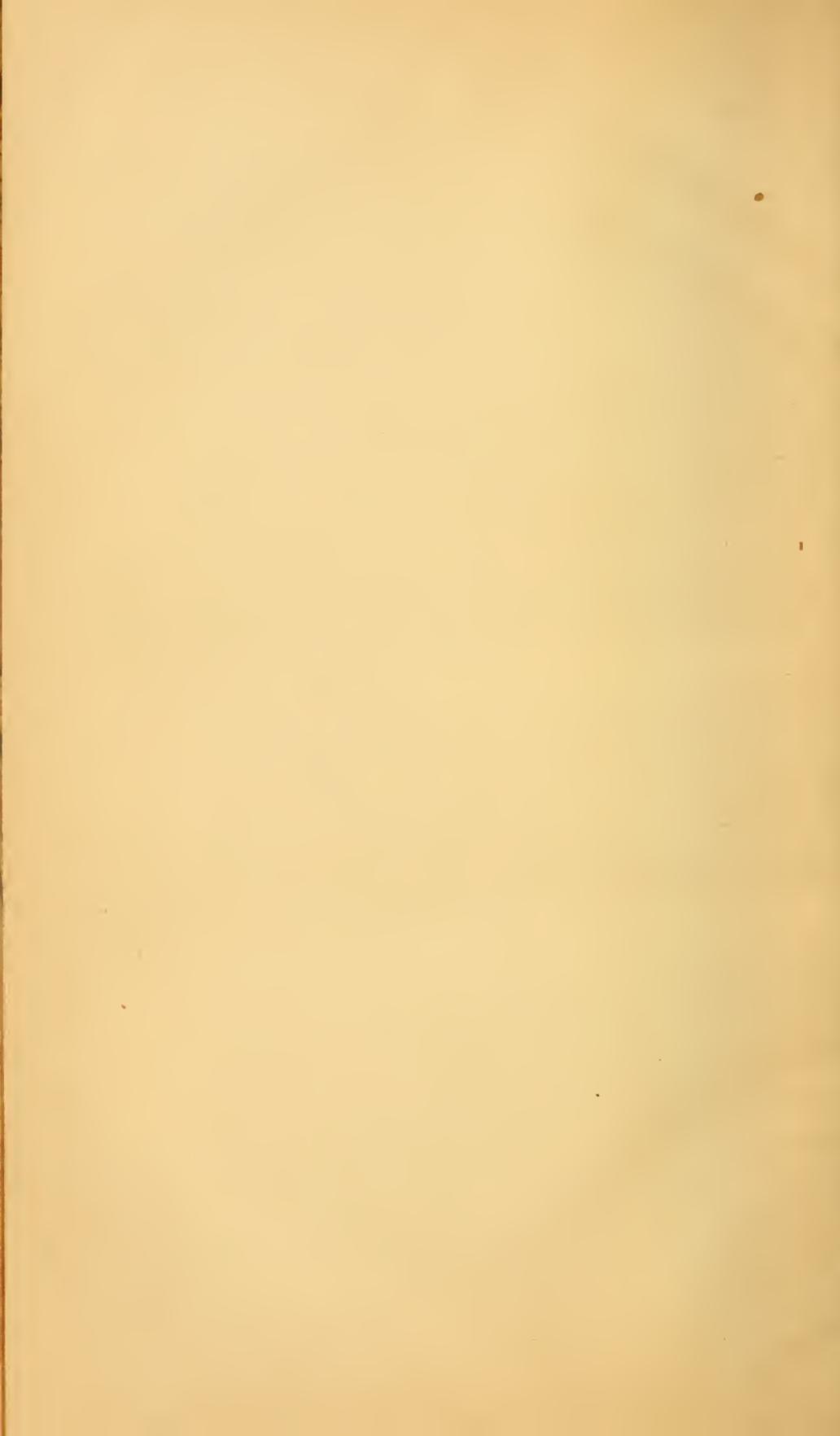
Now all my brother temperance crew ;
 Who are true ; Who are true ;
 I'll offer a cheering word to you ;
 In review ; in review :
 If you hold out as you've begun,
 You'll fire ere long your last loud gun,
 And triumph like great Washington :
 Like him ye brave your country save.

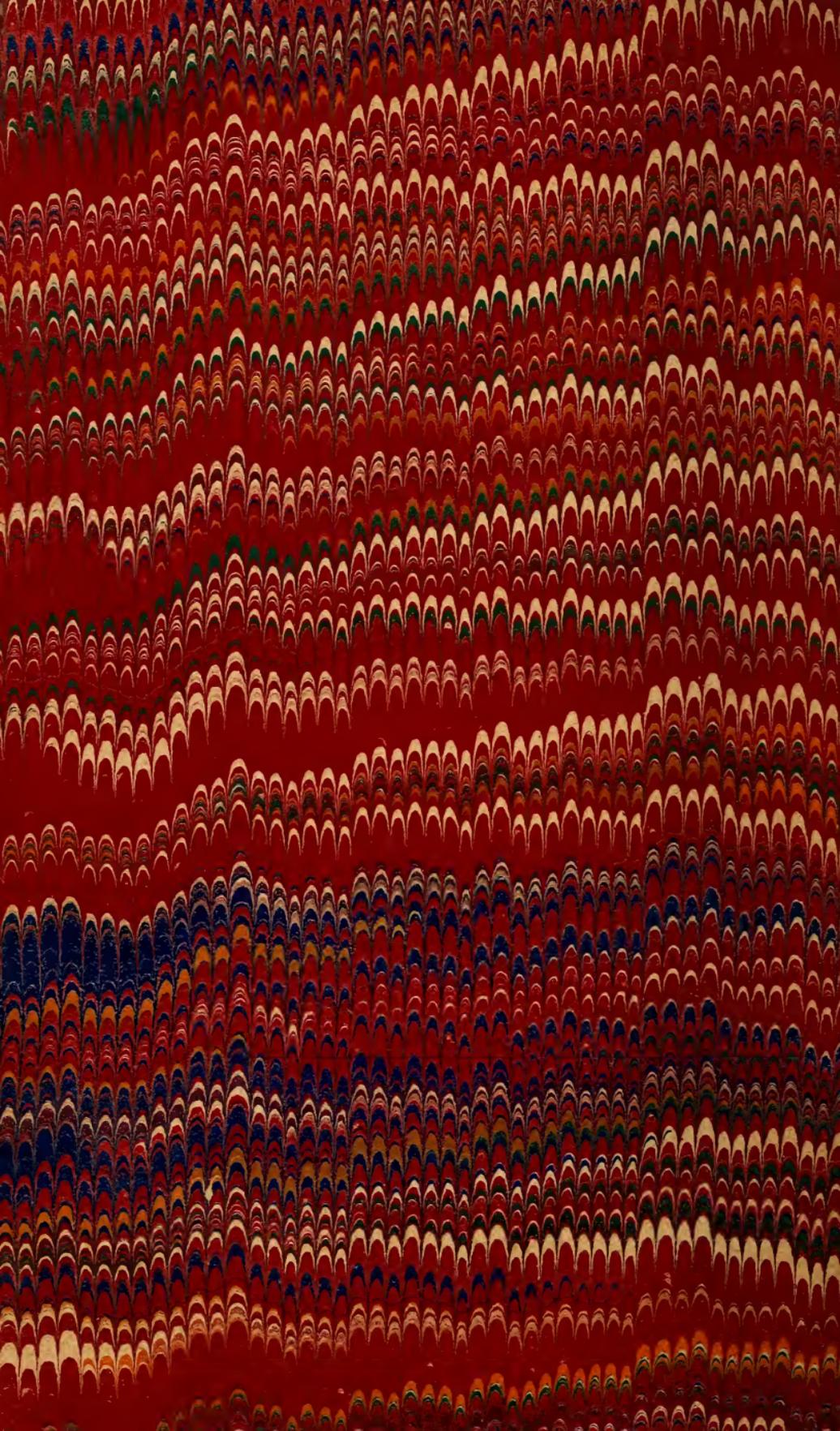
Blow ye the Jubilee trumpet strong ;
 Blow it strong ; blow it strong ;
 The hosts of Temperance foes among ;
 Loud and long, loud and long :
 Like Joshua's Rams' horns long ago ;
 'Twill soon, if you in faith will blow,
 Knock down the walls of Jericho :
 Down they'll go ; down they'll go.

With Joshua's faith and holy fire ;
Still fight on ; still fight on :
Let its shrill notes resound still higher ;
In full choir ; in full choir :
Let none despair, but persevere ;
Lift up your eyes ; your crown is near ;
O, speed the great Millennial year !
Hail its cheering, rising beam !











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