

Still less need I enumerate its unassuming jollities,
Its rich and rare lubricity, its scientific qualities ;
For if by algebraic laws your two and two make four, sir,
Drink gin in punch, and when you're drunk you'll make a couple more, sir.

For instance, here are two decanters, call them A and B, now ;
Just finish both and then despatch two others, C and D, now ;
This done, two others, E and F, your eye'll discern at random,
For tipplers all see duplicates—*QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM*.

They say that Byron (*vide Medwin's Journal*) loved a drop, sir,
So devoutly of this nectar that he wist not when to stop, sir ;
I'd swear to this, for clearly through Don Juan you may see ma'am,
That acid sweet and spirit of gin-punch—so much for he, ma'am.

There's Coleridge, too, as nice a bard as ever stepped in leather,
Both he and poet Wordsworth love a social glass together,
And when they've drain'd a bowl or two, instead of Muses nine, oh,
They see eighteen : for my part, I would sooner see the rhino.

Sir Humphrey Davy tells us that boon nature knows no place, sir,
Of *VACUUM* (aye, that's the word), for matter fills all space, sir ;
Oh, monstrous bounce ! you'll surely find though nature is so full, ma'am,
A vacuum in an empty-headed water-drinker's skull, ma'am.

I never knew but one who called disease and gin synonymous—
I blush to write his name, so let us dub the wretch "anonymous"—
And he (the fact is true enough to make our sober youth ache)
Died at the age of twenty-two one morning of the tooth-ache.

Unhappy man—enough ; my glass is drained, and now, good gracious !
How high my wit exalts itself, how racy, how capacious !
I'm Jove himself, I'm Mars to boot, I'm great Apollo *IPSE*,
I'm Bacchus too (and strongly like, because you see I'm tipsy).

"Give me another horse," I cry, as Richard cried before me—
Another bowl I should have said, or sure my wits will floor me ;
Heav'n opens now, I hear the muses singing, as their trade is,
"Drink to me only with thine eyes"—with gin, I'd rather, ladies.

Another bowl—and lo ! my brain teems high with inspiration,
I feel myself (and justly too) the Shakspeare of the nation ;
My strength of mind is wonderful ! I'm Milton, Pope, and Dante,
And eke Cervantes—in my purse for all the world as scanty.

'Twas I that writ Don Juan, Old Mortality, and Lara ;
The minor trophies of my pen are Tales of the O'Hara-
Family and Frankenstein ; for when I once begin, sir,
I ne'er know when to stop, and all this comes of drinking gin, sir.

My name is L. E. L.—I lately wrote the Ghost of Grimm, ma'am,
And whoso dares deny the fact, I'll make a ghost of him, ma'am ;
Nay, e'en as far as ten years back, by wit and want infected,
I paid my "Addresses" to the world, but oh ! they were "Rejected."

'Twas I who proved, an age ago, by genius rare and mighty,
Gin, philosophic gin, to be the grand Elixir Vitæ ;
'Twas I who found out vaccination (sure you need not grin, sir),
And first invented steam-boats, all which comes of drinking gin, sir.

If I were King of England, I'd drain each lake as is, sir,
And dry up bog and fen where'er it dared to show its phiz, sir ;
I'd qualify their streams with gin, and in another year, ma'am,
Believe me, not one thimbleful of water should appear, ma'am