

he close. The wretched Emily had found her way back to her father's dwelling—but she entered it broken-hearted. The old man reproached her not. He had taken to his bed ; but her return, fallen as she was, brought a ray of comfort to his agonised soul—she, at least, had not resolved to abandon his old age. He even strove to speak consolation to her—but there was none left upon earth ! She could not behold the grey hairs which she had dishonoured ; she could not look upon her innocent sister—of whose childhood

she should have continued the bright example, the stay, and support ; she should not think of what she had been, and what she was, and endure to live. It needed but a few short weeks to bow her to the grave ; and the same hour which released her gentle spirit from suffering robbed her parent, in mercy, of the light of reason.—The helpless child, who at one stroke was thus deprived of father and sister, found a pitying hand to protect and cherish her—but who can restore to the orphan the natural guides of her youth ?

VULGARISMS ON GIN-PUNCH, BY A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

Man being reasonable must get drunk ; the best of life is but intoxication."

Lord Byron.

PROEM : OR PROLEGOMENA.—The POET confesses himself somewhat refreshed, and consequently in a happy state for versifying. The medicinal properties of Gin described ; its power of communicating sunshine to a gentleman's nose ; with two brief but beautiful illustrations of its mathematical and algebraical properties. The BARD instances Lord Byron's prediction for gin, and giveth his (the Bard's) opinion of Messieurs Coleridge and Wordsworth, after a bowl thereof. He falleth foul of Sir Humphrey Davy, and proves his theory of a *vacuum* in nature to be logically incorrect. Affecting episode of a young gentleman, a water-drinker, who died in consequence. The MIN-

STREL empties his second bowl, and feeleth himself "a giant refreshed : " his state of mind depicted in three inspired stanzas. The IMPROVISATORE empties his third bowl, and feels himself *quits* with Shakspeare : he liketh his genius to that of Milton, Pope, Dante, and Cervantes ; to the latter especially, from a corresponding leanness of purse and person. The TROUBADOUR declares the right owner of Don Juan, Old Mortality, &c., and asserteth that he is L. E. L. The RHYMESTER confesses himself the original discoverer of the "Elixir Vitæ," Vaccination, and Steam-boats. He proposeth a plan for draining the English bogs, fens and lakes, but being interrupted by an ingenious observation of his tea-kettle, maketh a good-natured rejoinder, and concludeth his canticle.

My Friends, I am exceeding fresh—oh shame, that I should say so !
But 'tis a fact, for three years past, I've been both night and day so ;
Gin-punch is my sole tippie, by my soul a divine article,
For all who need a stimulus astringent or cathartical.

Some green-horns ape their Burton ale, and some their rum-and-water,
And some their port wine Bishop, WHILE I call the devil's daughter ;
But I'm for gin, immortal gin, a nectar fit for deities—
(Now don't take this for granted, sir, but drink and then you'll see it is).

I surely need not tell you how this brisk elixir throws, sir,
The jolly light of sunshine o'er the *nous*, and eke the nose, sir ;
How, touched by its Ithurian spear, the braid of lord or lout, ma'am.
Like a poet's pantaloons is turned completely inside out, ma'am.