



THE LAST BOTTLE.

## THE BACCHANALIANS.

WHILST *Reason* rules the glass, and Friendship flings  
 Its Claude-like tint o'er life's convivial hours,  
 Heart towards heart with generous fervour springs,  
 And Fancy wreaths the social board with flowers.

But, when the glass o'er prostrate *Reason* rules,  
 And all Ebriety's dull vapours rise,  
 Lost in the mist, the wisest, changed to fools,  
 Take thorns for flowers, and whips for social ties.

Look now on yon bibbers—how wildly they laugh  
 And exult o'er the poison they fearlessly quaff;  
 Their mirth grows to madness, and loudly they call  
 On the waiter;—he enters—Death *waits* on them all:  
 They jest at his figure;—'tis meagre and bare,  
 But soon his “pale liv'ry” the proudest shall wear.

That last fatal bottle the mischief shall work ;  
Their last vital breath shall be drawn with that  
cork :

Its odour is fetid—it smells of the dead,  
'Tis a type of their fate, for their spirits have fled :  
The glass of hilarity reels in their hand,  
But there is another glass—flowing with sand ;  
Its grains are fast falling—they trickle—no more :  
Those glasses are drained—the carousal is o'er.

H. D.