

The DROPSICAL MAN.

By Mr. W. TAYLOR.

A JOLLY, brave toper, who cou'd not forbear
 Tho' his life was in danger, old port and stale beer,
 Gave the doctors the hearing—but still wou'd drink on,
 Till the dropfy had swell'd him as big as a ton.
 The more he took phyfic the worfe still he grew,
 And tapping was now the laft thing he cou'd do.
 Affairs at this crisis, and doctors come down,
 He began to confider—fo fent for his fon.
 Tom, fee by what courfes I've shorten'd my life,
 I'm leaving the world ere I'm forty and five;
 More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four hours,
 This manor, this houfe, and eftate will be yours;
 My early exceffes may teach you this truth,
 That 'tis working for death to drink hard in one's youth.
 Says Tom, (who's a lad of a generous fpirit,
 And not like young rakes who 're in hafte to inherit,)
 Sir, don't be difhearten'd; altho' it be true,
 Th' operation is painful, and hazardous too,
 'Tis no more than what many a man has gone thro'.
 And then, as for years, you may yet be call'd young,
 Your life after this may be happy and long.
 Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,
 With a jeft in his mouth and a tear in his eye;
 Too well by experience, my veffels, thou know'ft,
 No fooner are tap'd, but they give up the ghoft.

PARADISE