



THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

HYPOCHONDRIANA.

THE LAMENT.

Of all the ills foredoomed by Fate,
 That haunt and vex this mortal state,
 None holds such firm and dismal sway,
 Augmenting night, and darkening day,—
 As the foul pest—accurst, unholy,
 Sad-eyed, soul-sinking Melancholy!

The fears that come without a call,
 The shade that, like a thrice-heaped pall,
 Drops o'er the shuddering, unstrung sense,
 In wide and drear omnipotence!
 The aimless blank, the sightless stare,
 The nerve, with all its fibres bare;
 The shapes grotesque that start to view,
 And, as their victim shrinks, pursue;
 The sickening languor, "last not least,"
 That spreads o'er all the damp chill breast,

Unnerves the will, and racks the head,
 And brings the tears into their bed ;
 These are *amongst* the horrors, thou,
 Dread Demon, heapest on my brow.

Reader ! these are no fancied woes,
 For could I to thy view disclose
 The visions that torment my sight ;
 Each grinning elf, each grisly sprite,—
 However strong thy nerves may be,
 Thou wouldst not mock, but pity me.

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Ah ! see you not that monstrous birth
 Engendered by yon teeming hearth ?
 Mark that fantastic shapeless frame,
 All head and legs, with eyes of flame !

My vision reels * *

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Maddening, I to my window crawl,—
 Alas, alas, discomfort all !

Rain, rain, eternal rain descending,
 My weather-glass no change portending;—
 The black wet mass of yesterday
 In loosening torrents drowns the *May!*
 Oh, happy climate! beauteous *Spring!*
 Last *Winter* was the self-same thing.

Why not at once give all the slip?—
 Yon sleepy potion tempts my lip:
 The waning hour-glass seems to say,
 “Thy sand, like mine, has drained away;”
 And by the Death’s head on the ground
 Again my straining sight is bound.—
 One glass suffices—shall I try,
 And shift this clinging agony?—
 Shall I * * *

Here the desponding MS. from which these lines are copied abruptly breaks off; and we are left in doubt whether the wise suggestion of the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet was adopted by the writer or not.

J. O.