

## S P L E E N.

CANKER of Life! beneath whose baneful sway  
 The kind affections wither and decay,  
 Whose torpid influence and whose dark control  
 Can "freeze the genial current of the soul;"  
 With self-inflicted fears the bosom's lord,  
 In every dreaded semblance finds accord,  
 Shaping a horrid chaos on the brain,  
 To forms and colours of the darkest stain.—  
 Ah, wherefore had the tyrant-monster birth,  
 To blot the fairest prospects of the earth!  
 Veiling the richest treasures of the skies,—  
 Damping the sounds of pleasure as they rise,—  
 Stamping its horrid coinage on the thought,  
 Where the base image into vision's brought;  
 Seems like a substance—that we cannot hold;  
 Speaks like a legend—that may not be told;  
 Whose import's felt—imparted without breath—  
 Shades to the sight,—but every shade a Death.

EDWARD.