

THE
COMPLAINT OF THE STOMACH.

I FEAR, said the Stomach, addressing the Brain,
That my efforts to serve you will soon be in vain ;
For such is the weight you compel me to bear, (1)
And such are the labours that fall to my share, To
That, unless in your wisdom you lighten the load,
My strength must soon fail,—I shall drop on the
road.

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Then the cargo of viands in flesh, fowl, and fish, (2)
Which serve as a whet to some favourite dish, And
With the compound of peppers and sauces to aid,
Or rather to force on the market a trade— So that
Are really too much for my delicate frame ; What
And to burden me thus is an absolute shame. Or
But I do not complain, altho' hard is my case,
As many would do, were they put in my place, But
Nor am I so senseless as not to perceive, When
That some other members have reason to grieve ;

There's your legs and your feet, that once bore you
about,

Are now useless as logs, with the dropsy or gout;
And your hands are so feeble, you scarcely can pass
To your neighbour the bottle, or fill him a glass.—
And further the Stomach had gone on to state,
When the Tongue, 'tis imagined, took up the debate.
“ Did you speak to the Brain ?” said a low piping
voice ;

(It was just before dinner), I much should rejoice
To find such a being you wot of, my friend,
But he and his measures have long had an end ;
A nondescript substance now fills up the space
In that once intellectual thought-breeding place.
By some 't'as been thought that your chymical skill
(Which now, it is known, has the power to kill),
And your fumes have destroyed all the power of
thinking,

So that no sense remains but of eating and drinking.
What is said in the Bible has long been forgot,
Of the passage which told, there was ‘ Death in
the pot.’—

But the sauce is preparing to season the fish ;
When too late 'twill be found, there is Death in
the dish.”

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