

## THE ALCHEMIST.

TOILING from eve to morn, and morn to eve,  
Himself deceiving—others to deceive,  
Behold the Alchymist! On dreams intent,  
The better portion of his life is spent;  
Though disappointed ever,—still the same,  
He calmly lays on accident, the blame;  
Nor palsied form, pale face, and sunken eye,  
Can to his firm opinions give the lie.  
Existence wanes amid these dreary sports,  
His only friends are crucibles, retorts;  
Jealous of fame—yet certain to excel,  
He labours lonely in his secret cell;  
What shadowy form doth now his bellows ply,  
And smiles a ghastly smile on Alchymy!  
'Tis *Death!*—th' elixir's spilt—and lost the prize,  
And in the folly of his life he dies.

J. J. L.