



THE GLUTTON.

## THE APOLECTIC.

### A TALE.

THIS metaphor each rustic knows,—  
 Frail man is like the flower that blows  
 At morn: before the beam of day,  
 In air the dew-drop melts away,  
 The evanescent blossom fades;  
 And, long before the mellow shades  
 Of Even cover tower and tree,  
 And all the varied scenery  
 Like a pale shroud, it withering lies  
 Before the mower's scythe and dies.  
 Death is the mower;—and who can  
 Deny his mastery o'er man?  
 Fond man! who eyes the coming hour  
 As if already in his power,  
 O'erlooking all that lies between  
 The foreground and the distant scene;  
 Or, drawing large from Fancy's store,  
 Bids fairy landscapes spread before

His raptured gaze, till he believe  
All real, and himself deceive.  
Too late, he finds the dazzling gleam  
Reflects nor lake, nor glittering stream;  
The mead, the forest, flowery glade,  
The rocky dell, the dark cascade,  
The gelid fount, the mystic grot,  
And all on that romantic spot  
And rich imaginative scene  
Vanish as they never had been.

Tom Dewlap thought time made for him,  
So us'd it to indulge his whim;  
And, equally, believing all  
The good on this terrestrial ball  
Created for his sole delight,  
Lived but to please his appetite.  
His sire, (Tom was an only son),  
Had Fortune's choicest favours won;  
A careful citizen, who knew  
Man may with toil all things subdue;  
That pence grow shillings, and these rise  
To pounds in purses of the wise:  
A man, who thought the world was made  
But as materials for trade.



He fell, as other mortals fall,  
And Tom became the heir of all  
His cash, his lands, his bonds, his stock,  
Which greatly weakened the shock  
To the heir's nerves; and the old man  
Had measur'd out his mortal span.  
As the pent torrent sleeps in rest,  
Reflecting from its lucid breast,  
Scarce rippled by the sighing breeze,  
The sky, the clouds, rocks, banks, and trees;  
But, in a moment, burst the mound,  
It rolls in thunder o'er the ground;  
In circling eddies boils afar,  
Involving in the wat'ry war  
Fields, gardens, cottages; till, wide  
Spreading a lake from side to side,  
It sinks, exhales, or scarcely fills  
The scanty channels of some rills:  
So wealth, like water, bursts the cords  
That bind it in the miser's hoards;  
And, though, beneath his Argus' eye,  
The counted ingots safely lie,  
Yet, spite of all his sleepless care,  
They will be scatter'd by his heir.

Tom knew this fact, and thought it just  
That wealth should circulate, and must:  
The only truth, at Brazen-nose,  
Which in his mem'ry would repose;  
And, now, like philosophic wight,  
He proved it practically right.  
For this, he hired cooks, who knew  
Not the old-fashioned roast and stew;  
But how to concentrate a leg  
Of beef in compass of an egg;  
The essence from a ham express;  
Display a turbot in full dress;  
Make perigot and lobster-pie,  
And tickle oysters till they cry,  
With the excess of ecstasy,  
“ Come eat me ! eat me ! or I die.”

Such were Tom's cooks, his table owned  
Their excellence, and deeply groaned  
With their productions, formed to make  
The dullest appetite awake.  
Philosophers may boast of mind;  
Wits of the wreaths by Fancy twined;  
Churchmen discourse of Paradise  
Prospective for the good and wise;

Heroes of Fame, kings of their power,—  
Enough for Tom that blissful hour,  
When steaming viands graced the board  
That owned him as its bounteous lord.

Death, like a cormorant, stood by,  
Watching these doings silently :  
Smiled forth a smile of grim delight,  
Like lightning flash at dead of night,  
And, cogitating on the way  
That should secure Tom as his prey,  
Resolved the masquerader's art  
To try, and chose a waiter's part.

He something of the craft had seen  
At civic festivals, I ween ;  
And, like his friends assembled there,  
Death thinks of business ev'ry where.  
Besides, he had improved his skill  
In varying the modes to kill ;  
Studied attentively the books  
Of Kitchener and other cooks ;  
And found the contents of a cruet  
As well as sword or pill would do it.  
Of pill he knew the power, for he  
Had dwelt with an apothecary,



And, often, been within the walls  
Of many famous hospitals.  
He could a nervous fibril prick  
To sap life's citadel with tick;  
Rupture a vessel in the brain  
The apoplectical to gain;  
And cherish the bright crimson streak  
That paints the hectic maiden's cheek,  
Like the wild rose-bud's vermil bloom  
Warming the marble of the tomb.  
With these acquirements Death stood by,  
And watch'd Tom's doings eagerly.

'Twas near the close of a bright day,  
In infancy of lovely May,  
Tom sat, half dozing, in his chair,  
Alike devoid of thought and care;  
Dreaming of what he had designed,  
A dinner suited to his mind,  
A cod's head dressed as head should be,  
Chef-d'ouvre of good cookery.  
He, too, expected, as his guest,  
A friend of kindred soul and taste.  
A man exact,—Tom eyed the door;—  
He gave two minutes and no more:

His watch proclaimed the moment gone,  
His maxim was to wait for none :  
The bell the summons spoke ; were placed  
The chairs, the head the table graced,  
Swallowed a dinner-pill, and in  
The napkin tuck'd beneath the chin,  
Tom look'd as joyous and elate  
As monarch in the pride of state.  
But had he seen, through his disguise,  
The spectre form of Death arise ;  
The naked skull, the sockets void,  
The lipless mouth from side to side,  
The hollow ribs, the fleshless legs,  
Tom, spite of his poor gouty pegs,  
Had fled ; and left, for once at least,  
The much-anticipated feast.  
Nor saw, nor thought he danger nigh.  
Death ranged the sauces in his eye ;  
Extolling this,—none could that match,  
Burgess, nor Harvey, nor Corrach.  
But Tom knew the whole, but smiled to find  
His man such skill and taste combin'd ;  
Then picked, with practised hand, each bit  
His palate critical to hit ;



Mingled the sauce ; and then—ah! then,  
 Sad destiny of mortal men,  
 Whose hopes, while yet they blossom, die ;  
 Whose joys like rainbow colours fly ;  
 Whose expectations, still, appear  
 Like shadows of things coming near  
 Which ne'er arrive, an airy train  
 Pictured by Fancy on the brain.—  
 Ah! then—what means that vacant stare ?  
 Why sinks Tom backwards in his chair ?  
 Why start his eyeballs from his head ?  
 His face with purple is o'erspread !  
 That snorting sound ! is he asleep !  
 Those gurgles in his bosom deep ;  
 That sob convulsive ; that long pause ;  
 That deep-fetched breath, the last he draws,  
 And those contortions, all declare  
 A deed of Death is doing there.

A. T. T.