

POETRY.

THE LAST MAN.

WRITTEN BY T. CAMPBELL, AUTHOR
OF THE "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in flight,—the brands
Still rusted in their boar hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, we are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy race is cold, thy race is run,
Thy mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that mace fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will;
Yet mourn I not thy parted way,
Thou dim-discreet king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again,
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhor'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire,
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,
The Majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No lit shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captiv'd captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste;
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN
ENGLISH GLUTTON.

Puisque les choses sont ainsi, je prétend aussi avoir
mon franc-parler.

D'ALEMBERT.

This is confessedly the age of confession—the era of individuality—the triumphant reign of the first person singular. Writers no longer talk in generals. All their observations are bounded in the narrow compass of self. They think only of number one. *Ego sum* is on the tip of every tongue and the nib of every pen, but the remainder of the sentence is unuttered and unwritten. The rest of his species is now nothing to any one individual. There are no longer

any idiosyncrasies in the understanding of our essayists, for one common characteristic run through the whole range. Egotism has become endemic to English literature, as the plague to Egypt, or the scurvy to the northern climes. Every thing is involved in the simple possessives *me* and *mine*—and we all cry out in common chorus, What shall I do to be for ever known, And make the age to come mine own?

Since then the whole tribe of which I am an unworthy member, have one by one poured out their souls into the confiding and capacious bosom of the public, since the goodly list of scribblers, great and small, from the author of *Eloise* to the inventor of *Vorriern*—since the Wine-drinker, the Opium eater, the Hypochondriac, and the Hypercritic, have in due succession "told their fatal stories out," I cannot, in justice to my own importance, or honesty to the world, leave the blank unfilled, which stands gaping to receive the Confessions of a Glutton, and thus put the last leaf on this branch of periodical personality.

I have one appalling disadvantage beside my contemporaries, in that want of sympathy which I am sure to experience from readers in general. Many a man will be too happy to acknowledge himself hypochondriacal—it is the fashion. Others are to be found, in great abundance, who will bravely boast of their spongy intemperance, and be proud of their brotherhood with the drunkard. Even opium eating, like snuff-taking, may come into vogue, and find unblushing proselytes—but who will profess himself a slave to gluttony—the commonest failing of all? Nevertheless, with all the chances of public odium and private reprobation impending over me, I hasten to the performance of my duty, and I am proud to consider myself a kind of literary Curtius, leaping willingly into the gulf, to save my fellow-citizens by my own sacrifice.

The earliest date which I am able to affix to the development of my propensity is the month of August 1764, at which period, being then precisely two years and two months old, I remember well my aunt Griselda having surprised me in an infantine but desperate excess, for which she punished me with a very laudable severity. This circumstance made a great impression on me; and without at all lessening my propensity, added considerably to my prudence. My voracity was infinite, and my cunning ran quite in a parallel line. I was "Fox in stealth, wolf in greediness."

I certainly eat more than any six children, yet I was the very picture of starvation. Lank, sallow, and sorrow-stricken, I seemed the butt against which stinginess had been shooting its shafts. I attacked every one I met with the most clamorous cries for cakes or bread. I watched for visitors, and thrust my hands into their pockets with most piteous solicitings, while aunt Griselda bit her lips for anger, and my poor mother, who was a different sort of person, used to blush to the eyes for shame, or sit silently weeping, as she contemplated the symptoms of my disgraceful and incurable disease. In the mean time every thing was essayed, every effort had recourse to, to soften down the savageness of my rage for food, or at least to turn what I ate to good account. I was pampered and crammed, with my increasing years, like a Norfolk turkey—I had an unlimited credit at the pastry-cook's shop, and the run of the kitchen at home, but in vain. The machinery of my stomach refused to perform its functions. I think I must have swallowed every thing the wrong way, or have been unconsciously the prey of an interminable intestine war; for every article of sustenance took, as it were, a peculiar and perpendicular growth, but never turned

into those lateral folds of flesh, which produce the comfortable clothing of men's ribs in general. At fourteen years of age I was five feet ten inches high, covered almost entirely with the long hair that boys come home with at the Christmas holidays from Yorkshire cheap academy—my bones forcing their way through my skin—and my whole appearance the fac-simile of famine and disease—yet I never had a complaint, except not getting enough to eat.

I am thus particular as to my appearance at this period, in the hope, that by this exposure of an unvarnished portrait, I may excite some commiseration for sufferings, which did not proceed from my own wicked will. I was constitutionally a glutton: nature had stamped the imprints of greediness upon me at my birth, or before it. In the suckling tenderness of infancy, and the upshooting of boyhood, it was the preponderating characteristic of my nature—no self-begot habit, growing on by little and little, fostered by indulgence, and swelled out, until it became too large for the constitution that enshrined it, like those geese-livers which are expanded by a particular preparation, until they become, as a body might say, bigger than the unhappy animals to which they belong. Will you not then, reader, grant me your compassion for my inadvertent enormities? Must I look in vain for the sympathizing tear of sensibility falling to wash out the scorching error of invincible appetite—as forcible at least as the invincible ignorance of heresy, for which even there is hope in the semi-benignant bosom of the church? To you I appeal, ye cooks by profession—ye gormandizers by privilege—to the whole board of Aldermen—to the shade of Mrs. Glass—to Mrs. Rundle, Doctor Kitchener, and the rest of the list of gastronomical literati, who, in teaching the world the science of good living, must have some yearnings, one would think, for those victims whom ye lead into the way of temptation.

But lest this unsupported appeal to the melting charities of mankind might be ineffectual in its naked exhibition, I shall proceed to cover it with the short detail of some of the particular horrors to which I have been a prey for upwards of half a century, and I think it must be a hard heart that will then refuse me its pity, and a ravenous maw that will not involuntarily close, to shut out the possibility of sufferings like mine.

Up to the age of fifteen, when I presented the appearance faintly sketched above, I may be considered to have gone on mechanically gormandizing, with nothing to distinguish my way of doing so from that common animal appetite which is given, in different proportions, to all that creep, or walk, or swim, or fly. Those vulgar gluttonies, thus eating for eating sake, unconnected with mental associations, have no interest and no dignity. A man who supplies instinctively his want of food, without choice or taste, is truly *Epicuri de grege porcus*, or may be compared rather to the *Porcus Trojanus* of the ancients, a wild bear stuffed with the flesh of other animals—a savoury, punning parody upon the Trojan horse. Such a man is no better than a digesting automaton—a living mass of forced meat—an animated sausage.

(To be continued in our next.)

Preservation of Fish.—Dr. McCulloch, of Edinburgh, has ascertained that the antiseptic quality of sugar is sufficient to preserve fish, in most excellent condition. He states that this substance is so active, that fish may be preserved in a dry state, and perfectly fresh by means of sugar alone, and even with a very small quantity of it. He has thus kept salmon, whittings, and cod,

for an indefinite length of time; and by this simple means fresh fish may be kept in that state some days, so as to be as good when boiled as when just caught. It is added, that if dried and kept free from mouldiness, there seems no limit to their preservation; and they are much better this way than when salted. The sugar gives no disagreeable taste. This progress is particularly valuable in making what is called Kipperd Salmon; and the fish preserved in this manner are far superior in quality and flavour to those which are salted or smoked. If desired, as much salt may be used as to give the taste that may be required; but this substance does not conduce to their preservation. In the preparation, it is barely necessary to open the fish, and to apply the sugar in the muscular part, placing it in an horizontal position for two or three days, that this substance may penetrate. After this it may be dried; and it is only further necessary to wipe and ventilate it occasionally, to prevent mouldiness. A table spoonful of brown sugar is sufficient, in this manner, for a salmon of five or six pounds weight; and if salt is desired, a teaspoon full or more may be added. Salt-petre may be used instead, in the same proportion, if it is desired to make the Kipper hard.

SINGULAR PUNISHMENT.

Two old Jews who go about the street dealing in old clothes, passing by a gentleman's stable, were so fascinated by a couple of jackets, belonging to two postillions, that they could not resist the temptation of adding them to their stock in trade. While they were secreting their prize, the two owners returned from a public house, where they had been drinking a pot of Porter and saw the transaction. They rushed out, seized the Israelites, locked them up in the stable, and went in quest of certain things which promised better things than prosecution. They then returned, tied the two Jews, face to face, and matted together their beards, smeared with warm shoemakers' wax. As soon as the wax was cold, and a sufficient number of spectators gathered together, to view their fraternal Jewish hug, the postillions at intervals applied a few pinches of snuff, which caused such a concussion of noses, and such sneezing and sputtering in each other's face, that while it inflicted the secret punishment on the thieves, the spectators were highly pleased with this specimen of distributive justice.—*Lon. p.*

Porson had once exasperated a disputant by the dryness of his sarcasm. The petulant opponent at length addressed the Professor thus—"Mr. Porson I beg leave to tell you, Sir, that my opinion of you is perfectly contemptible." Porson replied, "I never knew an opinion of yours, Sir, which was not contemptible."

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