

So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
 Gave some warlike howls,
 Trew his skhian-dhu,
 An' stuck it in his powels.

VII.

In this fery way
 Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
 Who was always thought
 A superior person.
 Fhairshon had a son,
 Who married Noah's daughter,
 And nearly spoiled ta Flood,
 By trinking up ta water.

VIII.

Which he would have done,
 I at least believe it.
 Had ta mixture peen
 Only half Glenlivet.
 This is all my tale:
 Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye!
 Here's your fery good healths,
 And tamn ta whusky taty!

Passing over for the present the "Dunshunner Papers" and the soul-thrilling "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," we come to Aytoun's latest work, viz., "Firmilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy." By T. Percy Jones.

There is every reason to conclude that for "Jones" we should read Alexander Smith, the young Scottish poet, who so recently burst like a meteor upon the literary horizon of England. It may safely be assumed, likewise, that the aforesaid Smith's "Life Tragedy" suggested the idea of the present "composure" to our mad wag.

"Firmilian," however, is intended to "take off" more members of the "irritable race" than the bard with the Vulcanic name. The Laureate, Thomas Carlyle, the "gifted Gilfillan," and Massy, are all complimented with stunning smitations under the fifth rib.

Without attempting any analysis of the "Spasmodic Tragedy," we may simply state that its hero, Firmilian, is a student of Badajoz, whose great ambition is not merely to become a thorough-paced villain, but to experience the luxurious sensation of remorse! The latter part of his aspiration this amiable youth fails to realize! He perpetrates all the crimes embraced in the Newgate calendar, from petty larceny up to murder, but does not succeed in putting his

conscience one jot out of sorts. It remains cool as an iced cucumber, and easy as a gouty shoe!

Having poisoned three of his companions in a tavern, Firmilian meditates upon the deed, after the following fashion:—

How is this? My mind
 Is light and jocund. Yesternight I deemed
 When the dull passing-bell announced the fate
 Of those insensate and presumptuous fools,
 That, as a vulture lights on carrion flesh
 With a shrill scream and flapping of its wings,
 Keen-beaked remorse would settle on my soul,
 And fix her talons there. She did not come;
 Nay, stranger still, methought the passing bell
 Was but the prelude to a rapturous strain
 Of highest music, that entranced me quite.
 For sleep descended on me, as it falls
 Upon an infant in its mother's arms,
 And all night long I dreamed of Indiana.
 What! is remorse a fable after all—
 A mere invention, as the Harpies were,
 Or crazed Orestes' furies? Or have I
 Mista'en the ready way to lure her down?
 There are no beads of sweat upon my brow,
 My clustering hair maintains its wonted curl,
 Ncr rises horrent, as a murderer's should.
 I do not shudder, start, nor scream aloud,
 Tremble at every sound, grow ghastly pale
 When a leaf falls, or when a lizard stirs.
 I do not wring my fingers from their joints,
 Or madly thrust them quite in my ears
 To bar the echo of a dying groan.

Being determined to try his hand at the blowing up of a cathedral, the worthy student conveys a due modicum of gunpowder to the vaults thereof, and, having laid a train, proceeds to the exterior of the devoted structure with ignited match in hand. At this crisis a "spasm pervades" him, and he half resolves to abandon his inchoate lark. Unfortunately, however, for the clergy and congregation, he hears the choir chanting a hymn which does not accord with his notions of orthodoxy. We give the canticle and the upshot thereof:—

ORGAN AND CHOIR.

A defunctis suscitatur
 Furtum qui commiserat;
 Et Judeus baptizatur
 Furtum qui recuperat:
 Illi vita restauratur.
 Hic ad fidem properat.