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LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CELEBRITIES.

No. I.

W. E. AYTOUN.

W. E. Aytoun is a member of the Scottish bar, though we believe that the briefs which he has perused, and the fees which have "tickled his palm," have been sparse as the visits of angels. Addicted, from his "green and salad days," to what Crook-in-the-Loft Boston termed "the vain and unprofitable art of verse-making," he, at an early period, adopted literature as a profession, and, when hardly out of his teens, became a successful contributor to Tait's Edinburgh Magazine and other periodicals of repute.

Becoming the son-in-law of the glorious and immortal Christopher North, Aytoun was admitted into the ranks of the brotherhood who replenished the pages of Blackwood, and, after ancient Kit was gathered to the tomb of his fathers, he succeeded to the curatorship of that famous serial.

We exhaust our slender stock of biographical information regarding our author when we state, that he now enjoys the status and stipend of Professor of Belles-lettres in the University of Edinburgh, a position which he fills with credit to himself and profit to his disciples. Though not profound, his prelections are characterised by correct taste and sound criticism, and, like his distinguished "legal sire," he invests them with an interest which never fails to arrest the attention.

It was in Tait's periodical, above referred  
VOL. VI.—1.

to, that Aytoun first demonstrated his claim to citizenship of the Republic of Letters, by the production of the "Ballads of Bon Gaultier."

These lyrics consist mainly of parodies of poets and rhymsters of the present century, and are marked by much of the quaint and caustic humour which characterised the "Rejected Addresses," and Canning's metrical contributions to the "Anti-Jacobin."

As "Bon Gaultier," we believe, has not as yet been reprinted on this continent, a few specimens thereof may be acceptable to many of our readers.

There is infinite fun in the following description of a "scene in the circle" at Astley's Amphitheatre, supposed to be from the pen of Alfred Tennyson. In Woolfordinez, Widdicombinez, and Gomersalez, the initiated will have no difficulty in recognizing three well-known "saw-dust!" performers:—

THE COURTSHIP OF OUR CIRD.

What a pang of sweet emotion  
Thrilled the Master of the Ring,  
When he first beheld the lady,  
Through the stabled portal spring!  
Midway in his wild grimacing  
Stopped the piebald-visaged Clown;:  
And the thunders of the audience  
Nearly brought the gallery down.

Donna Inez Woolfordinez!  
Saw ye ever such a maid,  
With the feathers swaling o'er her,  
And her spangled rich brocade?