

Heptarchial Saturn gregographic
 Stood abashed. Jupiter the
 Type of power terrific
 Rolled surging thro' the vast abyss.
 Venus stood stalwart on her
 Daedal heel petrific. The
 Northern Bear ubiquitous with
 Asphoidal curves strode the
 Heavens circuitous. Anon the
 Moon turgescens howled and
 Shuddered thro' the frosty air—
 A pscycopompous unit."

Exhausted and gasping from the terrible exorcism, as it were, the poet, his eye still in a fine phrensy rolling and glancing from ceiling to floor and from floor to ceiling, beckoned to the 'Mogul' to continue by means of sheer mental electricity the epic so admirably and wondrously introduced. The 'Power' seizing the Mustaphatic quill with a masterly power and supernatural energy continued the marvellous creation :

" Gudolphus, egypt, moeratic,
 Dantic, strode the zenith
 Which tautonic surged
 Bellowing, roaring.
 Heaving, sweating,
 Till the blast of fire volcanic
 Hissed eterne through spralgic
 Space and a" goldonic creaked
 In meteoric wrath.
 Upheaved the Pericarp-with
 Involution strange: forthwith
 The star-sprent curtain of
 The skies dipped forward,
 Sinking thro' the vast profound,
 Concussive, frantic, poised
 Aloft on antediluvial altars,
 Thrice solarized in the
 Trinal heart of time."

The thinker who patiently studies the above excerpts will not fail to perceive, in addition to grandeur of conception and majesty of expression, a perfect acquaintance on the part of the writers with the two great subjects of astronomy and cosmography. Of these two subjects never before nor since were the heights so scaled and the depths so sounded by daring geniuses. But why dilate upon those things which upon the earnest seeker after truth and beauty must exercise unlimited power and be to him a delight forever ?

But let us hasten to give a few more extracts from an epic which has, it is confidently believed, all the elements of immortality, and

to which nothing that we have ever read in the wide domain of literature is comparable. Even at this distant day new vistas of thought open up, and we soon become lost in the incomprehensibility of this inimitable spiritual creation. Find me in 'Paradise Lost' an effusion which, either in boldness of conception or richness of imagery, surpasses the following passage written by the 'Mustapha,' in which the might of Gudolphus is seen as he emerges from the depths of his mysterious wanderings :

" Adown the abyssal depths
 He urged his way athwart
 A sea of suns: at elineal
 Shrines he leapt, a starry strophe;
 Inlaid the zones with light;
 Effulgent ranged the mighty
 Platitudes chaotic; horrific
 Borne on belts of thunder.
 Sowed the starry atoms:
 Down tipped the Demagorgian
 Stars all constellate, whi.
 Light Typhonian belched forth,
 A Pericarpic function."

The next extract represents Gudolphus, during a lull in the strife of the elements, stooping from the mighty concave to lift a gudgeon from its liquid home. For this singular act there seems to be but one satisfactory explanation—to the truly wise there is no great, and no small. In what way that finny creature was made a factor in the final adjustment of cosmographical phenomena it would be wicked and presumptuous in us to inquire. Let the seemingly unfortunate gudgeon tell its own tale :

" His hand stretched forth
 Mid wind and wail
 And grasped a gudgeon grey.
 Its tail dutolic splashed
 And splurged a parallelopiped,
 To chaos down he bent his
 Steps: the world with shuddering
 Thunder rampant creaked
 In axecolic glee, and off in
 Deafening din they heaved their
 Diametric forams in splashing
 Joy. The gudgeon wailed a
 Wail from out its pondrous
 Throat and quaffed the nectar
 Of the skies. Dissolved it
 Slipped its earthly tenement,
 And backward ceaseless glowed
 Anon the wings of morning