

notice of Erisichthon, which would almost lead us to suppose Mystagogus was of Irish extraction. It appears that this unhappy individual (of whom I, for one, must plead ignorance hitherto) was afflicted with perpetual hunger, to assuage which he gnawed his own flesh, and thus brought "upon himself an horrible Death, *the better to sustain his Life!*"

The third part contains the Gods of the Sea, and is very short, our interlocutors hurrying on to Part IV. and the Infernal Regions. The "elegant Copper Cutts" have their resources taxed to the utmost in order to represent with due hideousness the harpies, furies, Typhon and Cerberus. The Fates are described as "three old Ladies," in much the same way as Flora in the preceding part was called "a famous Miss." Hastening on to the close, we find Part V. devoted to the *Dii Minorum Gentium*, or Subordinate Deities, which need not detain us. They make up in numbers what they lack in dignity, and appear to be fully aware of the advantages of a division of labour, seeing that no less than three Household Gods, Forculus, Cardua, and Limentius, have nothing to do but to look after the house door between them.

Part VI., and last, sums up the

Demi-Gods and Heroes, a few of whom, however, had been mentioned from time to time before as occasion offered. It is needless to say that pupil and master part company with a mutual flourish of congratulations.

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So far, the curious old mythology, now a little battered and damaged by time, and wanting half its index, which issued spick and span from the "Temple Cloysters" in the beginning of the last Century. I am unable to trace its successive boy-owners since that day, the only old name it bears being a little enigmatical. On the inner cover, in a clear old-fashioned writing, the ink browned with age, are these words: "Master Kyllijncle Wood, wrote by me, Watt Bermingham." As "Kyllijncle" is unknown to fame as a Christian name, I can only suppose that waggish "Master Bermingham" has perpetuated here some school nick-name, of no very flattering nature, by which "Master Wood," the owner of the book, was known. The point is not much in need of elucidation, as Bermingham, "Kyllijncle" and the master who probably boxed their ears on the occasion of the name being written, must be all long since dead. *Vale*, good Master Kyllijncle.

HORACE, ODE I., XI.

NAY, love! seek not to know that which the gods, hiding from me, from thee
Term of life have assigned, Leuconoë, this thou shalt not foresee,—
Better were it to bear evil or good, all that the fates ordain,
Be this tempest the last, or if the storm Jupiter sends again,—
Storm that frets with its foam rocks that oppose ever the Tuscan wave.
Be thou wise, and the wine pour for my lips,—hope not against the grave;
Hope not! even as we speak envious Time fleets on his wings away,—
Now the Present enjoy, and if you can, trust not the Future day.