

A common nuisance, and a charlatan?
I've dashed into the sea of metaphor
With as strong paddles as the sturdiest ship
That churns Medusæ into liquid light,
And hashed at every object in my way.
My ends are public. I have talked of men
As my familiars, whom I never saw,
Nay, more to raise my credit, I have penned
Epistles to the great ones of the land,
When some attack might make them slightly
sore,

Assuring them, in faith, it was not I.
What was their answer? Marry, shortly
this:

"Who, in the name of Zernebook, are you?"
I have reviewed myself incessantly,
Yea, made a contract with a kindred soul
For mutual interchange of puffery.
Gods, how we blew each other! But 'tis
past,

Those halcyon days are gone; and I suspect.
That, in some fit of loathing or disgust,
As Samuel turned from Eli's coarser son,
Mine ancient playmate hath deserted me.
And yet I am Apollodorus still;
I search for genius, having it myself,
With keen and earnest longings. I survive
To disentangle, from the limping wings
Of our young poets, their crustaceous slough.
I watch them, as the watcher on the brook
Sees the young salmon wrestling from its egg,
And revels in its future bright career.

Gilfillan's course is destined to be abruptly
terminated. Being sorely in want of
some fresh author to puff and butter up, he
exclaims:—

Pythian Apollo!

Hear me—O hear! Towards the firmament
I gaze with longing eyes: and, in the name
Of millions thirsting for poetic draughts,
I do beseech thee, send a poet down!
Let him descend, e'en as a meteor falls,
Rushing at noonday—

*[He is crushed by the fall of the body of
Haverillo.]*

With one other quotation we must dismiss
"Firmilian" and the author thereof.

An "act of faith" takes place in Badajoz,
at which a brace of heretics are grilled after
a godly manner! One of the culprits is thus
described by a gentleman who was present
at the "cookery:"—

There was a fellow, too, an Anabaptist,
Or something of the sort, from the Low Coun-
tries.

Rejoicing in the name of Teufelsdröckh.
I do not know for what particular sin
He stood condemned; but it was noised abroad
That in all ways he was a heretic.
Six times the Inquisition held debate
Upon his tenets, and vouchsafed him speech,
Whereof he largely did avail himself.
But they could coin no meaning from his words,
Further than this, that he most earnestly
Denounced all systems, human and divine.
And so, because the weaker sort of men
Are oft misled by babbling, as the bees
Hive at the clash of cymbals, it was deemed
A duty to remove him. He, too, spoke;
But never in your life, sir, did you hear
Such hideous jargon! The distracting screech
Of wagon-wheel ungreased was music to it;
And, as for meaning—wiser heads than mine
Could find no trace of it. 'Twas a tirade
About fire-horses, jotuns, windbags, owls,
Choctaws and horse-hair, shams and funkeyism,
Unwisdoms, Tithes, and Unveracities.
'Faith, when I heard him railing in crank terms.
And dislocating language in his howl
At Phantasm Captains, Hair-and-leather Popes,
Terrestrial Law-words, Lords, and Law-bringers
I almost wished the Graduate back again:
His style of cursing had some flavour in't;
The other's was most tedious. By and by
The crowd grew restive; and no wonder, sir;
For the effect of his discourse was such,
That one poor wench miscarried in affright.
I did not tarry longer.

It is hardly necessary to say that by the
luckless Anabaptist, Teufelsdröckh, is figured
forth Thomas Carlyle. There is no mistaking
his "windbags," "owls," "unveracities,"
"Phantasm Captains," and "hair-and-lea-
ther Popes?" Cognate atrocities were never
eructated by any other child of Adam!

Professor Aytoun, we may observe in con-
clusion, has not as yet done anything worthy
of the powers which he unquestionably pos-
sesses. With abilities adequate to the pro-
duction of a first-class historical picture, he
has hitherto contented himself with dashing
off caricatures and sketches, which, though
presenting features of unquestionable merit,
will hardly "keep his name sweet" beyond
the currency of the present century.