

through the channel below, and all is as still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off! he is reeling—trembling—toppling—over into eternity!

14. Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above. The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed¹ rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words, God, and Mother! whispered on his lips, just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of this last shallow niche.

15. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

ELIHU BURRITT.

61. THE SAILOR'S SONG.

1. THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.
2. I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

¹Noosed, having a loop.

3. I love, oh, *how* I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.
4. I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she *was* and *is* to me;
For I was born on the open sea!
5. The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcom'd to life the ocean-child!
6. I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sigh'd for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

PROCTER.

62. THE LANDSMAN'S SONG.

1. OH, who would be bound to the barren sea,
If he could dwell on land—
Where his step is ever both firm and free,
Where flowers arise, like sweet girls' eyes,
And rivulets sing, like birds in spring?—
For me—I will take my stand
On land, on land!
Forever and ever on solid land!

2. I've sail'd on the riotous, roaring sea,
With an undaunted band:
Yet my village home more pleaseth me,
With its valleys gay, where maidens stray,
And its grassy mead, where the white flocks feed—
And so—I will take my stand,
On land, on land!
Forever and ever on solid land!
3. Some say they could die on the salt, salt sea!
(But have they been loved on land?)
Some rave of the ocean in drunken glee—
Of the music born on a gusty morn,
When the tempest is waking, and billōws are breaking,
And lightning flashing, and the thick rain dashing,
And the winds and the thunders shout forth the sea
wonders—
Such things may give joy to a dreaming boy—
But for *me*,—I will take my stand
On land, on land!
Forever and ever on solid land!

PROCTER.

63. GOLDEN RULES OF DAVID COPPERFIELD.

I FEEL as if it were not for me to record, even though this manuscript¹ is intended for no eyes but mine, how hard I worked at that tremendous² short-hand, and all improvement appertaining³ to it, in my sense of responsibility⁴ to Dora and her aunt. I will only add, to what I have already written of my perseverance at this time of my life, and of a patient and continuous⁵ energy which then began to be matured within me, and which I know to be the strong part of my character, if it

¹ Mân'uscript, any thing written with the hand.—² Tremên'dous, terrible; dreadful.—³ Ap per tain'ing, belonging.—⁴ Respon si bil'i ty, the state of being answerable; obligation to provide for, or pay.—⁵ Con tin' uous, closely joined; not interrupted.

have any strength at all, that there, on looking back, I find the source of my success.

2. I have been very fortunate in worldly matters; many men have worked much harder, and not succeeded half so well; but I never could have done what I have done, without the habits of punctuality, order, and diligence, without the determination to concentrate¹ myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels, which I then formed. Heaven knows I write this in no spirit of self-laudation.²

3. The man who reviews his life, as I do mine, in going on here, from page to page, had need to have been a good man, indeed, if he would be spared the sharp consciousness³ of many talents neglected, many opportunities wasted, many erratic³ and perverted⁴ feelings constantly at war within his breast, and defeating him. I do not hold one natural gift, I dare say, that I have not abused. My meaning simply is, that whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; that, in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest.

4. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity⁵ from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfillment on this earth. Some happy talent, and some fortunate opportunity, may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount; but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute⁶ for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never to put one hand to any thing, on which I could throw my whole self; and never to affect depreciation⁷ of my work, whatever it was; I find, now, to have been my GOLDEN RULES.

CHARLES DICKENS.

¹ Con cên' trâte, bring all one's powers together.—² Sêlf-lau dã'tion, self-praise.—³ Er rât' ic, wandering; roving.—⁴ Per vèrt' ed, turned the wrong way.—⁵ Im mù' ni ty, freedom from.—⁶ Sûb' sti tûte, a thing put in the place of another.—⁷ Depreciation (de pre she à' shun), the act of lessening or crying down price or value.

64. CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

1. I WOULD not enter on my list of friends,
 Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense
 (Yet wanting sensibility),¹ the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
 An inadvertent² step may crush the snail
 That crawls at evening in the public path;
 But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
2. The creeping vermin, loathsome³ to the sight,
 And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
 A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
 Sacred to neatness and repose, the al'cove,⁴
 The chamber, or refectory,⁵ may die;
 A necessary act incurs no blame.
3. Not so, when, held within their proper bounds,
 And guiltless of offense, they range the air,
 Or take their pastime in the spacious field.
There they are privileged; and he that hunts
 Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong,
 Disturbs the economy⁶ of Nature's realm,
 Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode
4. The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,
 Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
 Are paramount,⁷ and must extinguish theirs.
 Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
 As God was free to form them at the first,
 Who in his sovereign⁸ wisdom made them all.

¹ Sen si bil' i ty, delicacy of feeling; the condition in which the better feelings of the heart are easily moved.—² In ad vèrt' ent, careless; done without paying attention.—³ Lóath' some, disgusting; sickening.—⁴ Al' cove, a recess of a library, or a room; any shady recess.—⁵ Re féc' to ry, a room where refreshment is taken.—⁶ E cón' ó my, prudent arrangements, or plans.—⁷ Pár' a mount, superior to all others.—⁸ Sover eign (súv' er in), superior; unbounded.

5. Ye, therefore,¹ who love mercy, teach your sons
 To love it too. The spring-time of our years
 Is soon dishonor'd, and defiled in most,
 By budding ills that ask a prudent hand
 To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
 If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
 Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.
6. Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
 And righteous limitation of its act,
 By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man;
 And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
 And conscious of the outrage he commits,
 Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn!

WM. COWPER

65. SENSIBILITY.

1. SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
 And half our misery from our foibles² springs;
 Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
 And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
 Oh let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
 A small unkindness is a great offense.
2. To spread large bounties, though we wish in vain,
 Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
 To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
 With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
 Our little lot denies; yet liberal³ still,
 God gives its counterpoise⁴ to every ill;
 Nor let us murmur at our stinted⁵ powers,
 When kindness, love, and concord⁶ may be ours.
3. The gift of ministering to others' ease,
 To all her sons impartial Heaven decrees;

¹ Therefore (thèr' fòr).—² Foi' bles, weak faults; failings.—³ Lib' er al, free; generous.—⁴ Coun' ter poise, that which compensates or balances.—⁵ Stint' ed, restrained; kept small.—⁶ Concord (kóng' kárd), agreement; union.

The gentle offices of patient love,
 Beyond all flattery, and all price above;
 The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
 The angry word suppress'd, the taunting thought:
 Subduing and subdued the petty strife,
 Which clouds the color of domestic life;
 The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
 From the large aggregate¹ of little things;
 On these small cares of daughter, wife, and friend
 The almost sacred joys of *Home* depend:
 There, Sensibility,² thou best mayst reign,
 Home is thy true, legitimate³ domain.⁴

HANNAH MORE.

66. THE STORY OF PARNELL'S HERMIT.

A DEVOUT⁵ hermit⁶ lived in a cave, near which a shepherd folded his flock. Many of the sheep being stolen, the shepherd was unjustly killed by his master,⁷ as being concerned in the theft. The hermit, seeing an innocent man put to death, began to suspect⁸ the existence of a Divine Providence, and resolved no longer to perplex himself with the useless severities of religion, but to mix in the world.

2. In traveling from his retirement, he was met by an angel in the figure of a man, who said, "I am an angel, and am sent by God to be your companion on the road." They entered a city, and begged for lodging at the house of a knight, who entertained them at a splendid supper. In the night, the angel rose from his bed and strangled the knight's only child, who was asleep in the cradle. The hermit was astonished at this barbarous return for so much hospitality,⁹ but was afraid to make any remonstrance¹⁰ to his companion. Next morning they went

Ag' gre gâte, the sum or amount.—² Sen si bil' i ty, that feeling which leads us to perceive and feel the troubles and misfortunes of others.—³ Le git' i mate, rightful; lawful.—⁴ Do main', dominion; empire; territory over which one's authority extends.—⁵ De vout', pious; prayerful.—⁶ Hêr' mit, one who lives alone in a retired place.—⁷ Mâs' ter.—⁸ Suspect', doubt.—⁹ Hos pi tâl' i ty, kindness to guests or strangers.—¹⁰ Remôn' strance, reason against a thing.

to another city. Here they were liberally received in the house of an opulent¹ citizen; but in the night the angel rose, and stole a golden cup of inestimable² value. The hermit now concluded that his companion was a bad angel.

3. In traveling forward the next morning, they passed over a bridge, about the middle of which they met a poor man, of whom the angel asked the way to the next city. Having received the desired information, the angel pushed the poor man into the water, where he was immediately drowned. In the evening they arrived at the house of a rich man, and begging for a lodging, were ordered to sleep in a shed with the cattle. In the morning the angel gave the rich man the cup which he had stolen.

4. The hermit, amazed that the cup which was stolen from their friend and benefactor³ should be given to one who refused them a lodging, began to be now convinced that his companion was a devil; and begged to go on alone. But the angel said, "Hear me, and depart. When you lived in your hermitage, a shepherd was killed by his master. He was innocent of the supposed offense; but had he not been then killed, he would have committed crimes in which he would have died impenitent.⁴ His master endeavors to atone⁵ for the murder, by dedicating the remainder of his days to alms and deeds of charity.

5. "I strangled the child of the knight. But know, that the father was so intent on heaping up riches for his child, as to neglect those acts of public munificence⁶ for which he was before so distinguished, and to which he has now returned. I stole the golden cup of the hospitable citizen. But know, that from a life of the strictest temperance, he became, in consequence of possessing this cup, a perpetual drunkard, and is now the most abstemious⁷ of men.

6. "I threw the poor man into the water. He was then honest and religious. But know, had he walked one half of a mile

¹ Op' u lent, rich.—² In ês' ti ma ble, that can not be estimated or valued; beyond price.—³ Ben e fâc' tor, one who shows kindness, or does good to another.—⁴ Im pên' i tent, without sorrow for crime.—⁵ A tône', to make amends.—⁶ Mu nif' i cence, generosity; giving largely.—⁷ Ab stê' mi ous, sparing in food or strong drink.

further, he would have murdered a man in a state of mortal sin. I gave the golden cup to the rich man, who refused to take us within his roof. He has therefore received his reward in this world, and in the next will suffer for his inhospitality." The hermit fell prostrate at the angel's feet, and, requesting forgiveness, returned to his hermitage, fully convinced of the wisdom and justice of God's government.

WARTON

67. TO A WATERFOWL.

1. WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,¹
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

2. Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

3. Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

4. There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable² air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

¹The poet has sacrificed rhetorical rule to poetical beauty in the second line of this exquisitely beautiful piece. Rhetoricians might, perhaps, ask how the "heavens" could glow with a step. But the true poet (and if ever there was a true poet, William Cullen Bryant is one) looks deeper than rhetorical rule. The picture here presented of *Day* impressing his gorgeous colors, even with his very *footsteps*, on the heavens, is more grand and suggestive than any other expression he could have used.—² Il lim'it a ble, without limit; boundless.

5. All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

6. And soon that toil shall end:
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows: reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

7. Thou'rt gone! the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

8. He who, from zone to zone,¹
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright. W. C. BRYANT.

68. PASSAGE OF THE POTOMAC THROUGH THE BLUE RIDGE.

THE passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge, is, perhaps, one of the most stupendous² scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah,³ having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their junction,⁴ they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea.

2. The first glance at this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterward; that, in this place, particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean

¹Zone to zone, from one part of the earth to another.—²Stu pæn'dous, grand; amazing.—³Shen an dô' ah, a river in Virginia, which unites with the Potomac at Harpers Ferry, just above its passage through the mountain.—⁴Junc' tion, joining; union.

which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disruption¹ and avulsion² from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate³ the impression.

3. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture is of a different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground.⁴ It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous. For, the mountain being cloven⁵ asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring round, to pass through the breach, and participate of the calm below.

4. Here the eye ultimately⁶ composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above its junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices⁷ hanging in fragments⁸ over you, and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown, and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its center. THOMAS JEFFERSON.

69. PERPETUAL ADORATION.

1 THE turf⁹ shall be my fragrant shrine;¹⁰
 My temple, Lord, that arch of thine
 My censer's¹¹ breath the mountain airs,
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.

Disrup'ture, a breaking asunder.—² Avulsion, tearing away.—³ Corrob'orate, strengthen.—⁴ Fore ground, the front part, or most conspicuous part of a picture or painting.—⁵ Cloven (klô'vn), divided; split.—⁶ Ul'timately, finally; at last.—⁷ Prec'ipices, steep descents of rock or land.—⁸ Frag'ments, pieces broke off.—⁹ Turf (têrf).—¹⁰ Shrine, altar; a case or box in which sacred things are kept.—¹¹ Cen'ser, a vessel in which incense is burnt.

2. My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
 When murmuring homeward to their caves;
 Or, when the stillness of the sea,
 Even more than music, breathes of thee.
3. I'll seek, by day, some glade¹ unknown,
 All light and silence, like thy throne;
 And the pale stars shall be, at night,
 The only eyes that watch my rite.²
4. Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
 Shall be my pure and shining book,
 Where I shall read, in words of flame,
 The glories of thy wondrous name.
5. I'll read thy anger in the rack
 That clouds awhile the day-beam's track!
 Thy mercy, in the azure³ hue
 Of sunny brightness, breaking through.
6. There's nothing⁴ bright, above, below,
 From flowers that bloom, to stars that glow,
 But in its light my soul can see
 Some feature of thy Deity!⁵
7. There's nothing dark, below, above,
 But in its gloom I trace thy love;
 And meekly wait that moment, when
 Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

THOMAS MOORE.

70. WINDOWS.

WE have a special doctrine of windows. They are designed to let the light in, and equally to let the sight out; and this last function⁶ is, in the country, of prime importance. For

¹ Glâde, an open place in a wood or forest.—² Rite, a ceremony; religious observance.—³ Azure (âz'er), sky-blue.—⁴ Nothing (nûth'ing).—⁵ Dé'ity, Godhead; divinity.—⁶ Fûnc'tion, office; employment.

a window is but another name for a stately picture. There are no such landscapes on canvas as those which you see through glass. There are no painted windōws like those which trees and lawns' paint standing in upon them, with all the glory of Gōd resting on them!

2 Our common, small, frequent windōws in country dwellings are contemptible. We love rather the generous old English windōws, large as the whole side of a room, many-angled, or circular; but, of whatever shape, they should be recessed—glorious nooks of light, the very antitheses² of those shady covert³s which we search out in fōrests, in hot summer days.

3. These little chambers of light, into which a group may gather, and be bōth in-doors and out of doors at the same time; where, in storms or in winter, we may have full access to the elements without chill, wet, or exposure,—these are the glory of a dwelling. The great treasures of a dwelling are, the child's cradle, the grandmother's chair, the hearth⁴ and old-fashioned fireplace, the table, and the windōw.

4. Bedrooms should face the east, and let in the full flush of morning light. There is a positive plēasure in a golden bath⁵ of early morning light. Your room is filled and glorified. You awake in the vērý spirit of light. It creeps upon you, and suffuses⁶ your soul, pierces your sensibility, irradiates⁷ the thoughts, and warms and cheers the whole day.

5. It is sweet to awake and find your thoughts moving to the gentle mēasures of sōft music; but we think it full as sweet to float into morning consciousness upon a flood of golden light, silent though it be! What can be more delicious than a summer morning, dawning through your open windōws, to the sound of innumerable birds, while the shadōws of branches and leaves sway to and fro alōng the wall, or spread new patterns on the floor, wavering with perpetual change!

H. W. BEECHER.

¹ Lāwns, open spaces between woods.—² An tīth'e sis, the opposite to a thing.—³ Coverts (kūv'erts), covered places; shelters.—⁴ Hēarth.—⁵ Bāth.—⁶ Suffuses (suf fūz'ez), overspreads; covers.—⁷ Ir rá'di ates, brightens; fills with light.

71. RECREATION.

THE Amēricans, as a people, at least the professional¹ and mercantile² classes, and the other inhabitants of large towns, have too little considered the importance of healthful, generous recreation. They have not learned the lesson contained in the vērý word, which teaches that the worn-out man is *re-creā'ted*, made over again, by the seasonable relaxation of the strained faculties.

2. The Father of History³ tells us of an old king of Egypt, Amasis by name, who used to gēt up early in the morning, dispatch the business and issue the orders of the day, and spend the rest of the time with his friends, in conviviality⁴ and amusement. Some of the agēd counselors were scandalized,⁵ and strove by remonstrance to make him give up this mode of life. "But no," said he, "as the bow always bent will at last break, so the man forever on the strain of thought and action, will at last go mad or break down."

3. Thrown upon a new continent, eager to do the work of twenty centuries⁶ in two, the Anglo-American⁷ population has overworked, and is daily overworking itself. From morning to night, from Jānuary to December, brain and hands, eyes and fingers, the powers of the body and the powers of the mind, are kept in spasmodic,⁸ merciless activity.

4. There is no lack of a few tasteless and soulless dissipations, which are called amusements; but noble, athletic⁹ sports, manly out-door exercises, which strengthen the mind by strengthening the body, are too little cultivated in town or country.

EDWARD EVERETT.

¹ Professional (pro fēsh' un al), relating to employment that requires learning in distinction from a trade.—² Mērcan tile, relating to merchandise, or the sale of goods; trading.—³ Hē rōd' o tus, called the "Father of History," a native of Halicarnassus, a Dorian city in Asia Minor, was born B. C. 484.—⁴ Con viv i āl' i ty, festive mirth: eating and drinking.—⁵ Scān' dal ized, offended by a supposed criminal action.—⁶ Cen tury (sēnt' yu ri), the period of a hundred years.—⁷ An' glo-A mērican (āng' glo), relating to the descendants of Englishmen in America.—⁸ Spasmodic (spaz mōd' ik), consisting in spasms; relating to the motion of the muscles, without regard to the will.—⁹ Ath lēt' ic, belonging to the exercise of strength of body, as jumping, wrestling, &c.

72. THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

Teacher. I hear that you have made great progress in history and that you have at home a very able instructress in it.

Pupil. Yes, that is the case; our governess knows all history, and I have profited much from her instruction.

T. But what have you learned? Tell me.

P. All history.

T. But what is *all history*?

P. (Hesitating.) All history? Why it is—it is—what is in books.

T. Well, I have here many books on history, as Herodotus, Livy,¹ Tacitus,² and others; I suppose you know those authors.

P. No, I do not; but I know the facts related in history.

T. I dare say you do; I see, however, that, out of your knowledge of *all history*, we must deduct a knowledge of the authors who have written it. But perhaps that governess of yours has informed you who Homer, Hesiod,³ Plato⁴ and the other poets and philosophers were?

P. I don't think she has; for, if she had, I should have remembered it.

T. Well, we must then make one further deduction⁵ from your knowledge of *all history*; and that is, the history of the poets and philosophers.

P. Why, I said just now that I did not learn those things; I learned matters of fact and events.

T. But those *things*, as you call them, were *men*; however, I now understand you: the knowledge you acquired was a knowledge of *things*, but not of *men*; as, for instance, you learned that the city of Rome was built, but you did not learn anything of the men that built it.

P. True, true. (*As if repeating by rote.*) Rome was built

¹Livy, an illustrious Roman historian, was born in Italy, B. C. 59. He died in the seventy-seventh year of his age, A. D. 18.—²Calus Cornelius Tacitus, a noted Roman historian, born in A. D. 58, or 59. The time of his death is unknown.—³Homer and Hesiod were two of the earliest of the Greek poets.—⁴Plato was one of the Greek philosophers.—⁵De duc' tion, taking away; lessening.

by Romulus and Remus, twin brothers, the sons of Rhea Sylvia and Mars; they were exposed, while infants, by king Amulius, and afterward a shepherd brought them up and educated them.

T. Enough, enough, my good little friend; you have shown me now what you understand by the history of men and things. But, pray, tell me what other men and things you were instructed in; for instance, tell me who and what Sylla was.

P. He was a tyrant of Rome.

T. Was the term *tyrant* the name of an officer?

P. Indeed, I do not know; but Sylla is certainly called, in history, a *tyrant*.

T. But did you not learn that he was *dictator*,¹ and what the authority and duties of that officer were? and the authority of the consuls,² tribunes³ of the people, and other magistrates among the Romans?

P. No, I did not; for those things are hard, and are not so entertaining as great exploits, and would have taken up too much time.

T. As to that, you will perhaps be better able to judge hereafter. Well, then, from your knowledge of *all history*, we must strike off all knowledge of the offices of the Roman magistrates.

P. Ah! but we took more pleasure in reading about wars and exploits.

T. Well, did you ever hear of Carthage, and the wars carried on against her?

P. Oh, yes; there were three Carthaginian wars.

T. Tell me, then, which party was victorious.

P. The Romans.

T. But were they victorious at the beginning?

P. Oh, no (*as if repeating by rote*); they were beaten in four battles, by Hannibal:⁴ at Ticinium, Trebia, the Thrasymene lake, and Cannæ.

¹Dic tã' tor, an officer of unlimited power, created only in times of great difficulty and danger.—²Con' suls were the chief officers of the government of Rome after the expulsion of the kings.—³Trib' unes were officers appointed to look after the interests of the common people.—⁴Hãn' ni bal, one of the most illustrious ancient generals, was born at Carthage B. C. 247, and died B. C. 183, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

T. Did your governess tell you the *causes* of these defeats of the Romans?

P. No, she did not tell us the causes, but the matters of fact.

T. Perhaps you understand yourself the causes why the Romans finally retrieved their affairs?

P. To be sure I do: the cause was their bravery.

T. But were they not brave also at the beginning of those wars?

P. Certainly they were.

T. Then their bravery was the cause of their being conquered, and being conquerors?

P. Why—why—I don't know as to that; but I know I never was asked such hard questions before.

T. Well, well; I will ask you something easier. Is it to be supposed that the Romans would have come off victorious in that war, if the powerful sovereigns of that age had united their forces with the Carthaginians?

P. (*With an air of surprise.*) What sovereigns do you mean?

T. Why, do you not know, that in that age there were in Macedonia, Asia, Syria, and Egypt, all those powerful kings who were the successors¹ of Alexander the Great?

P. Oh, yes, I know that; but we used to take up their history in another chapter. I never thought of their living at the time of the second Punic war.

T. Do you not perceive, then, that their mutual rivalry was the cause why they did not unite their forces with the Carthaginians to oppose the Romans, in consequence of which, those same kings were afterward conquered, one by one, by the Romans?

P. I perceive it now, since you have told me of it; and I derive much gratification from your remark.

T. It is indeed true, that the perception of the *causes* of things is not only gratifying, but useful. However, we must still go on to make further deductions from your stock of *all history*; we must deduct the knowledge of *causes*.

¹ Suc cèss' or, one who takes the place which another has left, and sustains the like part and character.

P. I can not deny that, to be sure; but I am positive that, with the exceptions you have now made, we learned every thing else in history.

73. THE STUDY OF HISTORY—CONCLUDED.

Teacher. Well, tell me about some of the other things that you learned; tell me what is the beginning of history.

Pupil. The creation of the world.

T. But I meant to ask you about men, and the affairs of men.

P. (*As if repeating by rote.*) The first human beings were Adam and Eve, whom God created on the sixth day, after his own image, and placed in paradise, from which they were afterward expelled, and—

T. Don't go any further, I beg of you; I see you have got some little book well by heart; but tell me now, generally, about what men and things, subsequent¹ to those, were you instructed by your governess?

P. About the posterity of Adam, the p̄triarchs before and after the flood, and all about the Jewish nation, to the time of their overthrow.

T. But what makes you think that those things you learned are true?

P. Because they are delivered to us by divine inspiration² in the holy Scriptures.

T. But did you find the *Roman* history, and other things that you have learned, all in the holy Scriptures?

P. Certainly not.

T. But yet you believe them?

P. Believe them! why not? They are related in other books that are worthy of credit.

T. Pray, what books are those?

P. Our governess had two: one, a small book, that we learned to recite; the other, a large work, in several volumes, from which she sometimes read to us.

¹ Sūb' se quent, following; coming after.—² In spi rà'tion, act of breathing into a thing. Divine inspiration is the knowledge given by God to men.