

*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 successors<sup>1</sup> 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*.

<sup>1</sup> *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, subsequent<sup>1</sup> to those, were you instructed by your governess?

*P.* About the posterity of Adam, the patriarchs 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 inspiration<sup>2</sup> 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.

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

*T.* But were the authors of those books witnesses of the events which they relate?

*P.* Oh, no; they lived either in our day, or within the memory of our fathers.

*T.* Where did they get their knowledge of the things mentioned in their books?

*P.* From other books that are worthy of credit.

*T.* Do you know those other books?

*P.* No, I do not.

*T.* How can you venture, then, to assert that those books are worthy of credit, when you do not know them?

*P.* I believe what our governess tells us.

*T.* Pray, how many years old are you?

*P.* Fifteen.

*T.* Upon my word! You are now almost grown up, and your governess still treats you like a little child!

*P.* How so?

*T.* Why, because she teaches you history just as we tell stories to little children. But do you think the history she teaches you is true; or is it a matter of indifference<sup>1</sup> to you, whether you are instructed in the truth or in fables?

*P.* Indeed, it is far from being indifferent to me; and I am sure that every thing she teaches us is true.

*T.* Well, if you know that to be the case, then you must know the manner in which you distinguish truth from falsehood.

*P.* No, I can not say that; but I believe what the governess tells us, because she is a woman of truth.

*T.* But see how inconsistent<sup>2</sup> you are! One while you say you *know* these things; then you say you *do not know*; and then, again, you say you *believe* in your governess!

*P.* I can not answer you so easily as I can her; for she, somehow or other, asks me in an easier way.

*T.* Well, I will ask you something easier. What is history designed to tell us, truth or falsehood?

*P.* The truth, certainly.

*T.* Can anybody, then, either teach or be taught history

<sup>1</sup>In dif fer ence, state in which there is no difference; carelessness.—  
In con sist' ent, not agreeing with; not uniform.

properly, without knowing how to distinguish truth from falsehood?

*P.* Why—I don't know—

*T.* You don't know! Do you know this, then, whether history is studied for the sake of any utility<sup>1</sup> to be derived from it?

*P.* I suppose great utility is to be derived from it.

*T.* What are the advantages of it?

*P.* Indeed, I do not know.

*T.* But did not your governess tell you that much of our knowledge is founded upon historical facts? and that we are enabled by history to understand better and more readily other parts of human knowledge? and that it is particularly useful in furnishing examples for the government of life, both in private and in public?

*P.* No, she did not tell us that; but I think what you tell me seems reasonable.

*T.* Well, then, answer me one question more:—if any man should go on heaping together money of every sort, and should pay no attention to see if his pieces of coin were good or bad, and should thus become possessed of much counterfeit<sup>2</sup> money, would he not be under a very great disadvantage, when it should become necessary to make use of his money, and he should find it to be counterfeit?

*P.* He certainly would.

*T.* Again; we have just said that history is the foundation of knowledge: now, do you think it is of no consequence to a building, whether its foundations are solid and firm, or weak and slender?

*P.* Most certainly, it is of great consequence.

*T.* You see, by this time, my little friend, what sort of a foundation *you* have in the history that you have learned. You imagined that you understood all history; you now see how many deductions must be made from your knowledge. You have heard nothing of the historians themselves; nothing of the philosophers and poets; nothing of magistrates and other officers; and, as I perceive, nothing of various other things relat-

<sup>1</sup>U til' i ty, usefulness.—<sup>2</sup>Coun' ter feit, made to appear like a good thing, to pass for it; worthless.

ing to peace and war, times and places; nothing of causes; and, in short, nothing respecting the manner of discerning truth from falsehood: now, when all these things are taken away from your stock of *all history*, what is there remaining?

*P.* I now begin to understand, and I am sorry for the labor I have spent in my history—

*T.* No, take courage; for now you may promise yourself that you will know something, because you are sensible how much there is that you do not know; and that you are in need of something more substantial<sup>1</sup> and efficacious,<sup>2</sup> which shall qualify you for a more perfect knowledge of things and causes; enable you to judge of truth and falsehood; and, in short, make you acquainted with the history of history itself; that is, that you may know what writers have treated of the subjects of history, and of what credit and authority those writers are.

*P.* Your remarks are very just; and I beg of you to furnish me with some little book, from which I can learn all this in a short time.

*T.* My young friend, I see you think that all these things can be learned from a little book, like that which you used to recite to your governess. Now, I do not mean to say that you ought to be sorry for your own labor, or that of your governess; because what you have thus acquired and fixed in your memory, though a puerile<sup>3</sup> exercise, will not be without use; but henceforward you must exercise your judgment, and pursue a liberal<sup>4</sup> and exact<sup>5</sup> course of study. This, however, is not to be acquired at once, or by the use of any little book, but by understanding the various books relating to the subject, and by diligently attending on the instruction of those who teach history according to these principles.

RUBKEN.

#### 74. SEASONS OF PRAYER.

1. **T**O prayer,<sup>6</sup> to prayer!—for the morning breaks,  
And earth<sup>7</sup> in her Maker's smile awakes.

<sup>1</sup> Sub stān' tial, solid; real.—<sup>2</sup> Ef fi cā' cious, producing an effect.—  
<sup>3</sup> Pū' er ile, boyish; weak.—<sup>4</sup> Lib' er al, ample; large and free.—<sup>5</sup> Exact (ēgz akt'), closely correct or regular.—<sup>6</sup> Prayer (prār).—<sup>7</sup> Earth (ērth).

His light is on all below and above,  
The light of gladness, and life, and love.  
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air,<sup>1</sup>  
Send up the incense<sup>2</sup> of grateful prayer.

2. To prayer!—for the glorious sun is gone,  
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.  
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,  
To shade the couch where his children repose.  
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,  
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian<sup>3</sup> of night.
3. To prayer!—for the day that God has bless'd  
Comes tranquilly<sup>4</sup> on with its welcome rest.  
It speaks of creation's early bloom;  
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.  
Then summon the spirit's exalted<sup>5</sup> powers,  
And devote to Heaven the hallow'd<sup>6</sup> hours.
4. There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,  
For her new-born infant beside her lies.  
O hour of bliss!<sup>7</sup> when the heart o'erflows  
With rapture<sup>8</sup> a mother only knows.  
Let it gush forth in words of fervent<sup>9</sup> prayer;  
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.
5. There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,  
Where the heart is pledged<sup>10</sup> with the trembling hand.  
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,  
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!  
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,  
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

<sup>1</sup> Air (ār).—<sup>2</sup> In' cense, the burning of some sweet-smelling substance, practiced in the worship of the gods of antiquity, and to the true God, under the Jewish dispensation. It is still practiced in the Romish Church, and the term is still in use to express any act of devotion.—  
<sup>3</sup> Guardian (gār' de an), keeper; protector; here means, God.—<sup>4</sup> Trān-  
quil ly, calmly; without noise or commotion.—<sup>5</sup> Exalted (ēgz ālt' ed), very high; superior.—<sup>6</sup> Hāll' owed, sacred; made holy.—<sup>7</sup> Bliss, hap-  
piness in the highest degree.—<sup>8</sup> Rāpt' ure, excessive pleasure; delight  
—<sup>9</sup> Fēr' vent, earnest; warm.—<sup>10</sup> Plēdged, engaged; given.

6. Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,  
And pray for his soul through Him who died.  
Large drops of anguish' are thick on his brow,—  
Oh, what is earth and its pleasures now!  
And what shall assuage<sup>2</sup> his dark despair,  
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?
7. Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,  
And hear the last words the believer saith.  
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;  
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;  
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;  
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.
8. The voice of prayer at the sable<sup>3</sup> bier!<sup>4</sup>  
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.  
It commends the spirit to God who gave;  
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;  
It points to the glory where he shall reign,  
Who whisper'd, "Thy brother shall rise again."
9. The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!  
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.  
The ransom'd shout to their glorious King,  
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;  
But a sinless and joyous song they raise,  
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.
10. Awake! awake! and gird up thy strength,  
To join that holy band at length.  
To Him who unceasing love displays,  
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise;  
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;  
For a life of prayer is a life of heaven.

HENRY WARE, JR.

<sup>1</sup> Anguish (ang' gwish), bitter pain; sorrow.—<sup>2</sup> Assuage (as swáj'), soften; lessen; soothe.—<sup>3</sup> Sá' ble, dark; black.—<sup>4</sup> Bier, a carriage, or a frame for carrying the dead to the grave.

## 75. CONFESSIONS OF A BASHFUL MAN.

YOU must know that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion,<sup>1</sup> and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme sensibility to shame, that, on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks. Having been sent to the university,<sup>2</sup> the consciousness of my unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamored<sup>3</sup> of a college life. But from that peaceful retreat I was called by the deaths of my father and of a rich uncle, who left me a fortune of thirty thousand pounds.

2. I now purchased an estate in the country; and my company was much courted by the surrounding families, especially by such as had marriageable daughters. Though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I was forced repeatedly to excuse myself, under the pretence of not being quite settled. Often, when I have ridden or walked with full intention of returning their visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have returned homeward, resolving to try again the next day. Determined, however, at length to conquer my timidity, I accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial<sup>4</sup> welcome.

3. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet,<sup>5</sup> with an estate joining to that I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living, with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have, for some time past, taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious<sup>6</sup> use in teaching me the equilibrium<sup>7</sup> of my body, and the due adjustment of the center of gravity<sup>8</sup> to the five positions.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Complexion (kom plék' shun), color of the face or skin.—<sup>2</sup> U ni vër - si ty, a school in which are taught all branches of learning.—<sup>3</sup> En âm' - ored, having love for.—<sup>4</sup> Cor' di al, hearty; warm; sincere.—<sup>5</sup> Bår' on et, a title of honor between knight and baron.—<sup>6</sup> Prodigious (pro did' jus), very great; wonderful.—<sup>7</sup> E qui llb' ri um, balancing; a condition in which all the parts balance each.—<sup>8</sup> Center of gravity, the point around which all the parts balance.—<sup>9</sup> Positions (po zish' unz), the manners of standing directed by the dancing-master, which are five in number.

4. Having acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the *b*aronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity;<sup>1</sup> but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory,<sup>2</sup> when unsupported by habitual practice!

5. As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery-servants,<sup>3</sup> who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned up all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the *n*omenclator<sup>4</sup> of the family.

6. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress. The *b*aronet's politeness, by degrees, dissipated<sup>5</sup> my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good-breeding could enable him to suppress<sup>6</sup> his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

7. The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness,<sup>7</sup> till, at length, I ventured to join the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics,<sup>8</sup> in which the *b*aronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own.

8. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of *Xenophon*<sup>9</sup> in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of

<sup>1</sup> In *tre pld' i ty*, fearlessness; without trembling.—<sup>2</sup> *The' o ry*, plan; general principles; foundation of an opinion.—<sup>3</sup> *Liv' er y-serv' ants*, servants distinguished by their *dress*.—<sup>4</sup> *Nomenclator*, one who announces names.—<sup>5</sup> *Dis' si pat' ed*, scattered; removed.—<sup>6</sup> *Sup press'*, check; stifle; conceal.—<sup>7</sup> *Sheep' ish ness*, awkwardness; timidity.—<sup>8</sup> *Class' ics*, authors or works of the first rank.—<sup>9</sup> *Xenophon* (*zen' o fon*), a celebrated Greek historian and general; writings of *Xenophon*.

such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I supposed, willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book; which made me more eager to prevent him, and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a *wedgwood*<sup>1</sup> inkstand on the table under it.

9. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my *cambric* handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up; and I, with joy, perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

#### 76. CONFESSIONS OF A BASHFUL MAN—CONCLUDED.

**I**N walking through the hall, and suite<sup>2</sup> of apartments, to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden *Xenophon*, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes.

2. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk dress was not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation; and for some minutes I seemed to be in a boiling caldron;<sup>3</sup> but

<sup>1</sup> *Wedg' wood*, a kind of pottery, which takes its name from the inventor, Mr. Wedgwood.—<sup>2</sup> *Suite* (*swet*), a set; number of things used together.—<sup>3</sup> *Fo men ta' tion*, a bathing with fluids.—<sup>4</sup> *Cal' dron*, a large kettle or boiler.

recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, amid the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

3. I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course,<sup>1</sup> or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me; spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar: rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

4. I had a piece of rich, sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate.

5. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water; but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness; but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel?

6. Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy; with which I filled my mouth, already flayed<sup>2</sup> and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate<sup>3</sup> as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the liquor squirted through my fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas *rêp'rimand*<sup>4</sup> the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete.

7. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did,

<sup>1</sup> Course, the dishes set on the table at one time.—<sup>2</sup> Flayed, skinned; having the skin taken off.—<sup>3</sup> Pal'ate, the roof, or upper part of the mouth.—<sup>4</sup> Rêp'ri mand, to censure; blame severely.

I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support the shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace which the most poignant<sup>1</sup> sense of guilt could not have excited.

ANON

### 77. CONTRASTED SOLILOQUIES.<sup>2</sup>

"WELL," exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, "my education is at last finished!—indeed, it would be strange, if, after five years' hard application, any thing were left incomplete. Happily, that is all over now; and I have nothing to do, but to exercise my various accomplishments.<sup>3</sup>

2. "Let me see!—As to *French*, I am mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more fluency than English. *Italian* I can read with ease, and pronounce very well; as well, at least, as any of my friends; and that is all one need wish for in Italian. *Music* I have learned till I am perfectly sick of it. But, now that we have a grand piano,<sup>4</sup> it will be delightful to play when we have company; I must still continue to practice a little,—the only thing, I think, that I need now improve myself in. And then there are my Italian songs! which everybody allows I sing with taste; and as it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can.

3. "My *drawings* are universally admired,—especially the shells and flowers, which are beautiful, certainly: besides this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments. And then my *dancing* and *waltzing*,—in which our master himself owned that he could take me no further;—just the figure for it, certainly; it would be unpardonable if I did not excel.

<sup>1</sup> Poign'ant, severe; pointed.—<sup>2</sup> Solilo'quies, words spoken alone or to one's self.—<sup>3</sup> Accomplishments, acquirements which add ornament or grace; what one has learnt.—<sup>4</sup> Grand piano (pe ã' no), differs from a common piano in having three strings to each note, while the common piano has but two.

4. "As to *common things, geography, and history, and poetry, and philosophy*,—thank my stars, I have got through them all! so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed.—Well, to be sure, how much I have fagged through!—the only wonder is, that one head can contain it all!"

78. CONTRASTED SOLILOQUIES—CONCLUDED.

"ALAS!" exclaimed a silver-headed sage, "how nārrōw is the utmost extent of human science!—how circumscribed<sup>1</sup> the sphere of intellectual<sup>2</sup> exertion! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge; but how little do I know! The further I attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature, the more I am bewildered and benighted. Beyond a certain limit, all is but confusion or conjecture;<sup>3</sup> so that the advantage of the learned over the ignorant, consists greatly in having ascertained how little is to be known.

2. "It is true that I can mēasure the sun, and compute<sup>4</sup> the distances of the planets; I can calculate their periodical<sup>5</sup> movements, and even ascertain the laws by which they perform their sublime revolutions; but with regard to their construction, and the beings which inhabit them, what do I know more than the clown?"

3. "Delighting to examine the economy of nature in our own world, I have analyzed<sup>6</sup> the elements; and have given names to their component<sup>7</sup> parts. And yet, should I not be as much at a loss to explain the burning of fire, or to account for the liquid quality of water, as the vulgar, who use and enjoy them without thought or examination?"

4. "I remark that all bodies, unsupported, fall to the ground; and I am taught to account for this by the law of gravitation. But what have I gained here more than a term? Does it convey to my mind any idea of the nature of that mysterious and

<sup>1</sup> Circumscribed, confined; limited.—<sup>2</sup> Intellectual, relating to the mind.—<sup>3</sup> Conjecture, an opinion without proof; supposition.—<sup>4</sup> Compute, calculate.—<sup>5</sup> Periodical, at stated periods or intervals.—<sup>6</sup> Analyzed, separated into parts.—<sup>7</sup> Component, composing; making up.

invisible chain, which draws all things to a common centre? I observe the effect, I give a name to the cause; but can I explain or comprehend it?"

5. "Pursuing the track of the naturalist,<sup>1</sup> I have learned to distinguish the *animal, vegetable, and mineral* kingdoms; and to divide these into their distinct tribes and families: but can I tell, after all this toil, whence a single blade of grass derives its vitality?<sup>2</sup> Could the most minute researches enable me to discover the exquisite<sup>3</sup> pencil that paints and fringes the flower of the field? Have I ever detected the secret that gives their brilliant dye to the ruby and the emerald, or the art that enamels the delicate shell?"

6. "I observe the sagacity of animals; I call it *instinct*, and speculate<sup>4</sup> upon its various degrees of approximation<sup>5</sup> to the reason of man. But, after all, I know as little of the cogitations<sup>6</sup> of the brute, as he does of mine. When I see a flight of birds overhead, performing their evolutions,<sup>7</sup> or steering their course to some distant settlement, their signals and cries are as unintelligible to me, as are the learned languages to the unlettered rustic: I understand as little of their policy and laws, as they do of Blackstone's Commentaries.<sup>8</sup>

7. "But, leaving the material creation, my thoughts have often ascended to loftier subjects, and indulged in *metaphysical*<sup>9</sup> speculation. And here, while I easily perceive in myself the two distinct qualities of matter and mind, I am baffled in every attempt to comprehend their mutual dependence and mysterious connection. When my hand moves in obedience to my will, have I the most distant conception of the manner in which the volition<sup>10</sup> is either communicated or understood? Thus, in the exercise of one of the most simple and ordinary actions, I am perplexed and confounded, if I attempt to account for it.

<sup>1</sup> Naturalist, one who studies nature.—<sup>2</sup> Vitality, power of maintaining life.—<sup>3</sup> Exquisite (eks'kwe zīt), very fine or delicate.—<sup>4</sup> Speculate, think; reflect.—<sup>5</sup> Approximation, nearness; growing near.—<sup>6</sup> Cogitations, thoughts.—<sup>7</sup> Evolutions, motions that change their positions with regard to each other.—<sup>8</sup> Blackstone wrote a work called "Commentaries on the English Law."—<sup>9</sup> Metaphysical, beyond nature; intellectual; relating to the science of the mind.—<sup>10</sup> Volition (vo-lish'un), act of willing; act of forming a purpose or making a choice.

8. "Again, how many years of my life were devoted to the acquisition of those *languages*, by the means of which I might explore the records of remote ages, and become familiar with the learning and literature of other times. And what have I gathered from these, but the mortifying fact, that man has ever been struggling with his own im'potence,<sup>1</sup> and vainly endeavoring to overleap the bounds which limit his anxious inquiries?"

9. "Alas! then, what have I gained by my laborious researches, but a humbling conviction<sup>2</sup> of my weakness and ignorance? How little has man, at his best estate, of which to boast! What folly in him to glory in his contracted powers, or to value himself upon his imperfect acquisitions!"

JANE TAYLOR.

#### 79. THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

1. WHO is it that mourns for the days that are gone,  
When a noble could do as he liked with his own?  
When his serfs,<sup>3</sup> with their burdens well fill'd on their backs,  
Never dared to complain of the weight of a tax?  
When his word was a statute,<sup>4</sup> his nod was a law,  
And for aught but his "order" he cared not a straw?  
When each had his dungeon and rack<sup>5</sup> for the poor,  
And a gibbet<sup>6</sup> to hang a refractory<sup>7</sup> boor?
- 2 They were days when a man with a thought in his pate  
Was a man that was born for the popular hate;  
And if 'twere a thought that was good for his kind,  
The man was too vile to be left unconfined;  
The days when obedience, in right or in wrong,  
Was always the sermon and always the song;  
When the people, like cattle, were pound'<sup>8</sup> or driven,  
And to scourge<sup>9</sup> them was thought a king's license from heaven.

<sup>1</sup> Im'po tence, weakness; want of power.—<sup>2</sup> Con vic' tion, settled opinion; belief.—<sup>3</sup> Sêrfs, servants or slaves.—<sup>4</sup> Stât' ute, a special law.—<sup>5</sup> Râck, an instrument of torture.—<sup>6</sup> Gîb' bet, a gallows on which a criminal is hanged.—<sup>7</sup> Re frâct' o ry, stubborn; resisting authority; ungovernable.—<sup>8</sup> Pound' ed, put into a pound, an inclosure for stray cattle; confined.—<sup>9</sup> Scourge (skêrj) beat; whip.

3. They were days when the sword<sup>1</sup> settled questions of right,  
And Falsehood was first to monopolize<sup>2</sup> Might;  
When the fighter of battles was always adored,  
And the greater the tyrant, the greater the lord;  
When the king, who by myriads<sup>3</sup> could number his slain,  
Was consider'd by far the most worthy to reign;  
When the fate of the multitude hung on his breath—  
A göd in his life, and a saint in his death.
4. They were days when the headsman<sup>4</sup> was always prepared—  
The block ever ready—the ax ever bared;  
When a corpse on the gibbet aye<sup>5</sup> swung to and fro,  
And the fire at the stake never smolder'd<sup>6</sup> too low;  
When famine and age made a woman a witch,  
To be roasted alive, or be drown'd in a ditch;  
When difference of creed was the vilest of crime,  
And martyrs' were burn'd half a score at a time.
5. They were days when the gallows<sup>8</sup> stood black in the way,  
The larger the town, the more plentiful they;  
When Law never dream'd it was good to relent,  
Or thought it less wisdom to kill than prevent;  
When Justice herself, taking Law for her guide,  
Was never appeased<sup>9</sup> till a victim had died;  
And the stealer of sheep, and the slayer of men,  
Were strung up together—again and again.
6. They were days when the crowd had no freedom of speech,  
And reading and writing were out of its reach;  
When ignorance, stolid<sup>10</sup> and dense, was its doom,  
And bigotry swâfhd'<sup>11</sup> it from cradle to tomb;  
But the Present, though clouds o'er her countenance roll,  
Has a light in her eyes, and a hope in her soul.  
And we are too wise, like the bigots, to mourn  
For the darkness of days that shall never return. C. MACKAY.

<sup>1</sup> Sword (sôrd).—<sup>2</sup> Mo nôp' o lize, to get entire possession of.—<sup>3</sup> Myr' i-nd, ten thousand; any great number.—<sup>4</sup> Hêads' man, an executioner; one who cuts off heads.—<sup>5</sup> Aye (â), always; forever.—<sup>6</sup> Smôl' der, burn and smoke without flame or vent.—<sup>7</sup> Mâr' tyrs, witnesses, who sacrificed their lives for the truth.—<sup>8</sup> Gallows (gâl' lus).—<sup>9</sup> Ap pèased', satisfied.—<sup>10</sup> Stôl' id, stupid; dull; heavy.—<sup>11</sup> Swâfhd', wrapped · bound.