

that must presently be enunciated. The historical instinct having been born in man, having progressed with man, must at first have been an imperfect and tentative instinct, tottering, like its progenitors, between the two extremes of utter weakness and perfected strength. The infant at one end, seeing as the infant sees, would naturally record as the infant prattles. The matured reason at the other, seeing as the *savant*, would record as the rational and inflexible narrator of fact. So, in the evolution of history, in the development of the historic instinct, we behold the gradual unfolding of the story of life, commenced as a fairy tale, continued as legend—more or less reliable—and ending as verified chronicle from which all trace of fable and legend has been eliminated. And now for the startling thought, that much, if not the greater part, of Ancient History may be in a sense utterly unreliable, in fact, not authentic history at all.

Man, the individual, as infant, is a creature of fancies.

"Trailing clouds of glory does it come." Its horizon from one aspect is extremely limited, from another it is boundless. Facts with it are the merest accidents of life. Its true abode is a realm of joyance, inhabited by the trooping spirits of the imagination, now beautiful and sympathetic, now grotesque and amusing, now positively gruesome and repulsive. Ogres, dwarfs, giants, enchanted palaces, Aladdin's rings, and Robinson Crusoes form the Alpha and Omega of the true child existence. I am speaking of the true child, the Wordsworthian one, "trailing clouds of glory." There is, I must admit, another species of the genus, which scoffs at Defoe, laughs Cinderella to scorn, is utterly unversed in the natural history of the Roc's egg, and can tell you exactly the price of a herring,

if a herring and a half cost three half-pence. This is the child terrestrial, pure mud and buckram, that has never been animated by the Promethean spark at all.

Again, man, the national, as infant, is a creature of fancies. Facts are apparently the last things recorded. Legend is the natural utterance of the first historic instinct. Rome suckled into being by the she-wolf of the Palatinus, and the subsequent translation of Romulus to heaven in a fiery chariot, are among the first things recorded of the Latin nationality. Athenæ, now Athens, was originally Cecropia, from its founder Cecrops, an Egyptian, but was afterwards rechristened Athena, in honour of Minerva, that goddess of wisdom and war who sprang, full-grown and fully armed, from Jupiter's brain, a month after he had devoured his consort, Mêtis. The story of the naming is somewhat as follows: Minerva had a dispute with Neptune concerning the right to name the city. The assembly of the gods decreed that whichever of the two should give the most useful present to earth should have the preference, whereat Neptune, striking the ground with his trident, produced the horse, Minerva called forth the olive. She, of course, obtained the prize, the olive being the symbol of peace, whereas the horse was suggestive of war and bloodshed. The award, however, was the result of pure sentimentalism on the part of the divinities, who seem to have devoted most of their own time to the *peaceful* occupations of wrangling, abduction and battles royal. Such sentimentalism is not quite dead in our own day: Item No. 1, \$1,000 contributed for the conversion of the Zulus; Item No. 2, \$125,000,000 requested for iron clads—it will probably be granted—doubtless the latter expenditure will be the quicker means of sending souls to heaven. Legend does not appar-