

"Tell and his apple," and last, but not least, "Washington and his little hatchet." In this connection too, we are reminded of a late publication by a distinguished writer and contemporary,* and again we see the hand of the exultant iconoclast raised, as thumbs once were in the Coliseum at Rome; now, it is not the miserable existence of some doughty gladiator that is in jeopardy, but the story of two precious lives in our nation's history—there is a flourish of that magic quill—a subterranean rumble is heard,—the foundations of our National archives tremble and quake—and, presto, that page whereon the posterity of Columbia were wont to portray the love and devotion and sacrifice of a heathen girl, yawns a blank, empty chasm; and the sublime tableau of Pocahontas, saving the life of Capt. John Smith, is no longer a matter of fact, but a thing of fancy.

We shall not stop here to estimate the delicious waste of tears that have been shed over what up to a recent period we never doubted were the "Last Words" of dying notables, recorded by men whose joyless mission it has been to haunt death-bed scenes; and, following the spirit of departing greatness into the vestibule of the other world, have listened, with their ear glued to the key-hole of eternity for the last intelligible utterances of expiring mortality.

Suffice it to say the examples above cited, and hosts of others belonging to the same category, are all that composed

* William Cullen Bryant, in his new History of the United States, produces evidence to disprove the story of Pocahontas.