

ful creations of fancy whose reality and authenticity have always been zealously and religiously vouched for, and which believing them to be true has enhanced our interest and made our hearts throb with reverential awe and adoration. Some of these have been narratives of thrilling events, and anecdotes of great and good men set before us and impressed on our memories, as truthful examples and genuine specimens of actual life. With what a pang, then, of long dormant but not quite extinct boyish love and regret, do we surrender our faith in those delicious deceptions to dispel which, though they be all fancy, were a madness, perhaps, as unpardonable as that which shattered the famous Portland Vase. Aye, and why should not they be sacred too? Is it because the anniversary of their birth is not sufficiently mythical? None has the temerity to question or disturb the importance and gravity of those even more miraculous episodes in the lives of saints and other instructive items of hallowed origin submitted to modern credulity as a test of faith, then why question those precious examples of profane heroism that embellish the early record of our individual and national life? We leave David and his tiny "sling" alone, and Samson and his "jaw-bone," together with the "fox-tails and fire-brands." We do not interfere with the domestic accounts of Adam and Eve, nor contradict the wondrous narrative of the erratic tribe of Israel, then, why disturb the poems of Homer and Ossian, and Chatterton—why discredit the story of Cræsus, of Cincinnatus, of Regulus? Nay, I fain they had left us "Diogenes and his tub," "Arthur and his Round Table,"