

III.

I do not pick these flaws for the purpose of mere idle cavilling, but as suggestive of material discrepancies regarding many of those representations which our expounders hold up for our benefit and guidance concerning the teaching of opinions and events which, despite the alienations of time, are grubbed up, resuscitated, and rehabilitated, and set to modern use. Sickly deformities of truth some of them are too, with pedigrees sacredly remote, and many with physiognomies *à la Rousseau*, are only waxen images of atrocious notables, modelled in the bilious hallucination of art dreamers, and set up for adoration in a sanctuary of horrors. But, presuming, and that very rationally, that to divine the future we must know the past, we leave the musty record of the latter to be studied up by "book worms," who profess, after a short application to the subject, to give us a full explanation of all that has transpired. Aye, and some have even had the audacity to write over their puny memoranda, "History of the World!" History of the world! yes, History of the world. Far be it from my purpose to disparage their efforts, I need not; ignorance or policy may commend their egotism, but they are sufficiently reproved by the very knowledge of which they plume themselves,—the medium by which they seek to enlighten their age only going to show, simply, how little they know. Meanwhile these identical people themselves, who have enjoyed the rare privilege of glimpses over that boundless expanse of fallow mystery open to literary exploration, and those especially