

zeal of the old Puritans. It would be well, if in some things, we could catch their spirit; did we do so, that fixity of determination and indomitable perseverance which characterised them would not be wanting in us. It is true that as a body, we labor under decided disadvantages; yet some of the world's truest and greatest heroes have sprung from our ranks: they have baffled and conquered difficulties—left us an imperishable example and a name, which serve to animate us to renewed efforts, undaunted faith and hope.

The study of History is, perhaps, one of the most interesting within the range of man. It is a study which opens a field in which speculation and fancy may luxuriate, and a study which will well repay those who pursue it.—It is our object, in the present paper, succinctly and briefly to point out its vast importance as a study, and to suggest the principles which should be recognized in pursuing it.

For all that we know of the past, for all that we know of the men who formerly peopled this globe, of the nations which they founded, of what they achieved and suffered, we are indebted to history. History is, in fact, the exhibition of humanity—the chronicle of its progress—the unfolding of the principles which have made it what it is; it needs little exposition to develop its purport, and equally as little argument to enforce its study. It must be apparent that the materials which history affords are the only basis upon which philosophical investigation can rest, and from which principles can be deduced; its magnitude, its mighty influence, its class, as the first of all studies, no one has attempted to dispute; all have conceded that, in importance, it is incomparably great; that inasmuch as it is a mighty stimulus to thought and action, combining this, as it does, with other valuable concomitant advantages, even the most utilitarian have pronounced it a study, practical and beneficial in its results.

It is by no means an uncommon occurrence to meet with men who pride themselves on their knowledge of history—men who are enabled to tell you, fully and concisely, all the principal events in the history of our own and other countries—who could give you, if needed, in chronological order, the names of their monarchs and their queens—who could make you stand aghast with a fearful array of dates and obsolete occurrences—who could give you the ramified genealogy of the aristocracies and leading men of all countries—and who, in short, could give you an epitome of the world's history; this is done, and by individuals who have never correctly comprehended or studied history. The cramming with facts is comparatively an easy task; it takes little to make a man a perfect Encyclopædia, but what, it may be asked, is the use of it? What is the use of it, if a man cannot deduce inferences from the facts, if those facts do not teach him great and important lessons—do not give him higher and sublimer views of existence—more lofty conceptions of life, and a more intimate acquaintance with the finite beings by whom he is surrounded? If he does not deduce some great principles from the facts, if they cause him no train of thought, if they leave him as dull and misanthropic as they found him, better had he not accumulated facts at all—it is a mere wearisome task, returning neither profit nor pleasure; unmeaning and aimless; alike prejudicial to the individual pursuing it, and all whom he may chance to make the gratuitous recipients of his lore. But we still suppose the case of an individual to whom the main purport, scope, and aim of history is not unfamiliar; who, taking history in its most comprehensive sense, as a record of what man has done and effected; such an one goes to the study of history with a hearty zest: he takes the history of the world, not as the history of monarchs, potentates, and senators, but as the history of man; he overlooks the mercenary pomp in which the great and the mighty of all time have entangled themselves; and while he ponders battles, and all their concomitant horrors, he does not overlook what the people—the common people—were at. To him it is a pleasure to trace their gradual development; to trace the rise and progress of the arts and sciences amongst them; to note the obstacles which they had to battle: the forms of government which most favored their growth; the effect of priestcraft and religious systems upon them; the influence exerted by poetry and the fine arts. Before him he has spread the great history of human minds; it is his highest felicity to penetrate the mysteries and solve the problems and the questions which that fertile history affords him. The great questions which agitate the present age, the theories which are aloft respecting the elevation and the enfranchisement of the masses, are questions which historical experience enables him satisfactorily to solve. It is, too, from the deliberate and systematic study of history that he derives his conceptions of the heroic. It is in history that he meets with a multiplicity of characters and actions; he sees jarring and conflicting interests at work; he sees the warrior's mighty arm committing the most foul atrocities; he sees the poet exerting his mild and benign influence; he sees the philosopher engaged in teaching and directing the thoughts of his fellow men; and, in short, all the variety of actions and pursuits of which humanity is susceptible. He brings to bear upon all these his standard of morality. He does not pass over such names as Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, without allowing himself ample scope for comparison, reflection and judgement. He can place the names of such men as these in juxtaposition with those of the philosophers and the poets, deduce his lesson—feel himself in a position to decide whether

'They should rest forgot with mighty tyrants gone,
Their statues mouldered and their names unknown.'

Again: in studying history, he has astounding revelations given him of the nature and power of the human mind—what it has achieved, and what it is yet destined to effect. He can recognise in that the highest and the mightiest power in creation, and learn that according as the mind of a people is constituted, so will be their institutions and their country. Misanthropic feelings or illiberal prejudices are incompatible with such a study as this: it must enable all who pursue it to condemn and despise intolerance and bigotry wherever they find it; giving an increased knowledge of human nature, with a knowledge, also, of its rights and its aims. It enables all of us not only to recognise, but to hold dear, the principles of the brotherhood and common amenability of the human race.

In conclusion, we would urge all to pursue it philosophically, and with an aim in view; to test, if necessary, the truth of its statements; to search out effects and their causes; to endeavor to ascertain the motives inducing actions; but to acquire the habit of impartial judgment; to sympathize with the magnanimous and the virtuous; to enable themselves to identify the 'form and pressure' of various ages; to treasure up great principles and truths; and to mark the hand of Him who overruleth all things. Study History in this way, and we feel assured none will regret it; it will enhance respect for humanity—give a greater stimulus—induce a devotion to the great purposes of life—give a higher sense of its vastness and its importance, exciting an enthusiastic desire to aid the progress and further the civilisation of the world.

From the London People's Journal.

THE SONG OF DEATH.

BY C. W. BENNET.

Time said to pride,
Robe thee in rich array—
Fair lowliness deride
That walks beside thy way;
But ever grim death kept singing,
Awful and low its tone,
Wisest are they who, born in time,
Yet live not for time alone.

Earth spake to Lust,
Bar not, O Lust, thy will—
Delights full rare hath sense,
Of all take thou thy fill;
But ever grim death kept singing,
Piercing and calm its tone,
Wisest are they the sons of time,
Who live not for time alone.

Known be thy name,
Vanity heard life say,
Breathe thou the breath of fame
That shall not pass away;
But ever grim death kept singing,
Solemn and clear its tone,
Wisest are they who, toiling in time,
Yet toil not for time alone.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

As the Supervisor of inland revenue at Aberystwith, Mr. J. Miller, his nephew, and two professional gentlemen, geologists, were in the month of July last, examining some strata of rock in the cliffs between Aberystwith and Llanrhystid, they proceeded along a narrow ledge of projecting stone on the face of the cliff, about 120 feet above the level of the sea, which provisionally happened to be at full flow. In passing round a projecting angle, which, for ages has frowned on all below, the professors and the revenue officer had rounded the point, and the young man was in the act of doing so, when the rock suddenly breaking from under his feet, he was whirled round with his face towards the sea, and as he descended, he seized with one hand the ledge beneath his uncle's feet, whilst he extended the other hand to him, and it was firmly clasped by the revenue officer, who held him suspended for full five minutes, during which time he with great difficulty maintained his position, there not being more than six inches to stand upon. At length a breathless pause ensued, whilst Mr. Miller gazed upon a rugged projection of rock about 90 feet below them, and on which he concluded the unfortunate youth was inevitably doomed to be dashed. But the uncle (who calls himself an awful coward) at length said, with all the calmness imaginable, 'Tom, there is but one way for it; I'll save you, or we will both perish together,' and with a firm voice, he commanded the young man to loose his hold of the rock, which was mechanically obeyed, with a faint reply, 'Yes, uncle.' At this awful moment Mr. Miller horizontally sprang into the air, carrying the young man with him; and such was the force with which he leaped, that the check caused them to perform several somersets over each other as they descended linked together. With the rapidity of a flash of lightning, they disappeared beneath the foaming billows, having cleared the craggy ledge, which projected more than six feet from the perpendicular of the point over which the youth was suspended. To the delight of their companions, who were momentarily horrorstruck, they rose about 20 yards apart, buffeting the heavy swells of the flowing and returning waves; at length they struck out for a rock that lay about seventy

yards in the sea, on which they were shortly seated, and from which they gave three hearty cheers. Their companions attempted to procure their rescue by obtaining a boat, but, owing to the breach in the ledge, found it impossible, and had to proceed onwards for three hours before they were able to extricate themselves. To their delight, the geologists then found that their brave and dauntless companions had once more committed themselves to the deep, had swam to an accessible part of the cliff, and returned to Llanrhystid, where with the exception of the loss of hats, the officer's boots (which he had taken off on first starting on the ledge) and a few slight bruises, they appeared not a whit the worse for their perilous adventure.

PATHOS.

When one comes across a charming little bit of pathos, says the Picayune, wrought up in smooth flowing rhyme, it pleasantly excites all the better feelings of the heart. We find in the Boston Post the following touching little affair:—

SHE NEVER SMILES.

She never smiles, no happy thought
Lights up her pensive eye:
The merry laugh from lip to lip,
Passes unheeded by.
Frozen forever in her heart,
The sparkling fount of gladness;
And o'er it pours a rapid flood,
The ebon waves of sadness.
She never smiles—as frowning grief
With his stern magic bound her brow;
Has care her long lean fingers raised,
To cast her fetters round her;
Has one so young the lesson learned
That love is oft betrayed?
Ah no, she never smiles because—
Her front teeth are decayed!

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

Nor, while speaking of the Schoolmasters, in whose hands the Printing Press is such a powerful agent of public instruction at the present time, must we forget the Newspapers of Great Britain. Whether we regard them as the guide or echo of popular opinion, and in some sort they partake of both characters, we are lost in amazement and admiration at the quantity and quality of mind, and that of the highest order, now to be found in the columns of the daily, weekly, and provincial press. From being a mere chronicle of passing events, a dry register of dates and facts, the newspaper has grown into one of the leading schoolmasters of the day. Its articles amuse us with their wit, and instruct us with their wisdom. They exhibit the wisdom of the classical scholar, and the close reasoning of the logician. It is an encyclopædia in itself. It reviews all books, and treats of all science. It is familiar with all Geography, and at home in all history. It is the Cædipus to read the riddles which every political Sphinx may set before. It dives into Cabinet secrets, and anticipates the purposes of Statesmen. It has the hundred eyes of the ever wakeful Argus, the hundred hands and fifty heads of Briareus. And as omnipresent, as omnipotent, as ubiquitous, as versatile, it is here, there, and everywhere, from the Indus to the Po, from China to Peru, compassing the world with its correspondents, and with its express, and the electric telegraph, racing against time to communicate its intelligence of mankind in every region of the earth. The ancients counted up seven wonders of the world. If they had possessed a newspaper press like that of England, they would have had an eighth, more marvellous, and more worth than all the rest together.

SCIENCE.

In the granite quarries near Seringapatam, the most enormous blocks are separated from the solid rock by the following neat and simple process.—The workmen having found a portion of the rock sufficiently extensive, and situated near the edge of the part already quarried, lay bare the upper surface, and mark on it a line in the direction of the intended separation, along which a groove is cut with a chisel, about a couple of inches in depth, above this groove a narrow line of fire is kindled, and this is maintained till the rock is thoroughly heated, immediately on which a line of men and women, each provided with a pot of cold water, suddenly sweep off the ashes, and pour the water into the heated groove, when the rock at once splits with a clean fracture. Some square blocks of six feet in the side, and upwards of eighty feet in length, are sometimes detached by this method. Hardly less simple and efficacious is the process used in some parts of France—where mill-stones are made; when a mass sufficiently large is found, it is cut into a round form several feet high, and the question then arises—how to divide this into pieces of a proper size for mill-stones; for this purpose grooves are chiseled out, at distances corresponding to the thickness intended to be given to the mill-stones, into which grooves wedges of dried wood are driven; these wedges are then wetted, or exposed to the night dew, and next morning the block of stone is found separated into pieces of proper size for mill-stones, merely by the expansion of the wood consequent upon the absorption of the rain; an irresistible natural power accomplishing, almost without any trouble, and at no expense, an operation which from the peculiar hardness and texture of the stone, would oth-

erwise be impracticable but by the most powerful machinery, or the most persevering and tiresome labour.

SINGULAR PROPHECY.

At a meeting of the Institute of Actuaries, held in London a few days since, Mr. Nelson referred to a prophecy, made in 1829, by their newly elected president, Mr. Finlayson. Many years ago their president prophesied that in 1849 Europe would be in a state of commotion. He need not tell them how fully his prophecy had been verified. Mr. Finlayson in reference to this said, 'He had no wish to be considered a prophet, but the circumstances actually took place.' He merely arrived at the opinion he had given by calculation, in a committee which sat in 1829, on the subject of friendly societies, before whom he was examined as to the probable rates of interest on an average of many years henceforth. He (the president) answered that the rate on a medium of peace and war would range at four per cent; on which Lord Althorp asked if he allowed nothing for the increase of philanthropy, believing firmly that the state of peace was itself nothing else but a state of incapacity to make war. The committee seemed astonished at this doctrine, and one of them (Mr. Pusey) asked 'was war the natural state of man?' He answered that all his history showed that the number of years of peace and war, from any given era, was precisely equal and not only so, but that the duration of each succeeding peace was in exact proportion to the sacrifices of the antecedent war, and when the exhaustion so occasioned is repaired war will immediately follow.

On this dictum, he and his son completed from many elements, an estimate of the exhaustion which Europe had sustained in the 25 years of war which ended in 1816, and he confidently predicted that the peace of the world would not be disturbed by any great commotions until after the year 1847. Many of most of his literary friends have been aware of his prediction for at least 15 years or more; it has often been discussed but not in print. He regretted to find the result he anticipated had occurred.

From Dogg's Instructor.

LYING TO CHILDREN.

The Rev. Robert Hall had so great an aversion to every species of falsehood and evasion, that he sometimes expressed himself very strongly on the subject. The following is an instance, stated in his life by Dr. Gregory: Once while he was spending an evening at the house of a friend, a lady, who was there on a visit, retired, that her little girl, a child of four years old might go to bed. She returned in about half an hour, and said to a lady near her, 'She is gone to sleep; I put on my night cap, and lay down by her, and she soon dropped off.' Mr. Hall who ever heard this, said, 'Excuse me, madam; do you wish your child to grow up a liar?' 'Oh dear, no sir, I should be shocked at such a thing.' Then bear with me while I say, you must never act a lie before her; children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not, is a lie, whether acted or spoken.' This was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence, yet with a seriousness that could not be forgotten.

DIAMOND AND PASTE.

'Really, my dear,' said Mr. Jones to his better half, 'you have sadly deceived me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman, but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste.' 'Then, my love,' was the reply, 'console yourself with the idea that it is very adhesive, and I'll stick to you as long as I live.'—*Spirit of the Times.*

ABSENCE OF MIND.

In the Dublin University Magazine, we have a biographical sketch of Peter Burrows, the celebrated barriester, and among the personal anecdotes told is the following: A friend called upon him one morning in his dressing room, and found him shaving, his face to the wall. He asked him why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was—'to look in the glass.' 'Why,' said his friend, 'there is no glass there!' 'Bless my soul,' cried Burrows, 'I did not notice that before!' Ringing the bell he called the servant, and questioned him respecting his looking glass. 'Oh, sir,' said the servant, 'the mistress had it removed six weeks ago.'

A gentleman who frequented a circus, noticed a boy among the audience who happened to be asleep every time he came in. Curious to know why the urchin should resort to such a place for somniferous purposes, our friend went up one evening and accosted him—

'My little fellow what do you go to sleep for?'

'I can't keep awake,' rejoined the other: 'It's a terrible thing to see them doing the same thing every night.'

'But why do you come?' asked the gentleman again.

'Oh, I can't help it—I must come—I've got a season ticket!'

WHAT A HAPPY MAN HE MUST BE.—The 'Morning Post' says that in a monastery of the Levant there is a monk, thirty five years of age, who has never seen a woman!