

name of Fulton was thenceforward destined to stand enrolled among the benefactors of mankind.

The new boat was called the Clermont, in compliment to the place of residence of Mr. Livingston, and shortly after made her first trip to Albany and back, at an average speed of five miles an hour. The successful application of Mr. Fulton's invention had now been fairly tried, and the efficacy of navigation by steam fully determined. The Clermont was advertised as a packet-boat between New York and Albany, and continued, with some intermission, running the remainder of the season. Two other boats, the Raritan and Car of Neptune, were launched the same year, and a regular passenger line of steamboats was established from that period between New York and Albany. In each of these boats, great improvements were made, although the machinery was yet imperfect:

The attempt has been frequently made, by those who were governed by narrow and unworthy motives, to deprive Fulton of the credit due for the greatest achievement of modern times—the actual establishment of steam navigation. The futility of such attempts is sufficiently evinced by the notorious fact, that, in 1807, he had put in practical operation the first steamboat that ever was built, and that no boat was launched in Europe which proved successful till five years after. This was constructed by Mr. Bell, of Glasgow, in 1812. At this time, four of Fulton's boats were running from New York.

It is not contended that Fulton is the first individual who conceived the idea of steam navigation, or sought by experiments to accomplish it. Rumsey is known to have attempted it in Virginia as early as 1787; Fitch made experiments in 1783; Oliver Evans in 1785; and Jouffray, in France, 1792. Indeed, the idea had been suggested by Jonathan Hulls, in England, even so far as the year 1736. But it was reserved for Fulton to perfect and bring into operation what had been conceived by others, but which had baffled all human attempts to reduce it to practice.—*Parley's Benefactors.*

The Child's Dream of Paradise.

BY RUSTICUS.

I SAW a land of beautiful woods and fields,  
A land of hills, with lovely vales between;  
Where every tree its wafted fragrance yields,  
And stands rejoicing in its robe of green,  
The flowers around my path in beauty stood  
Like a sweet band of linked sisters sleeping,  
While the birds' songs within the dark-green wood  
Came amid smiling, though I wakened weeping—  
Mother! what land is that?  
"Was it a land whose goodly trees are seen?  
Where fairest flowers of every clime do meet?  
And hast thou stood upon its hills of green  
To view its spreading beauties at thy feet?"  
"Tall trees were there, whose shadows fall like balm  
Upon the flowers that round their bases grew;  
And in the stillness of that deep, deep calm,  
The music from their branches came like dew.  
And there were silver streams within the vales,  
Whose waters pure, the willows were embracing,  
And Nightingales, that told me wondrous tales  
Far amid the shade of palm-trees interlacing—  
Mother! what land is that?  
"And was it brighter than thine own sweet home?  
And were its flowers the ones thou lovest best?  
And wert thou happy when thy feet did roam  
Far in the valleys, where thy dreams did rest?"  
Methought our home was where the roses twine  
A bow of bloom beneath those summer skies,  
The sweet blue-bell, and lofty eglantine  
Were there, with violets of a thousand dyes;  
Upon the far-off misty hills of blue  
A glory, as of countless suns, was shining,

For the Calliopean.

And in my heart a gush of fondness grew,  
While that deep joy around my soul was twining—  
Mother! what Land is that?  
"And did'st thou see the dwellers of that Land?  
I saw them on the hill and in the grove,  
And white-winged children led me by the hand,  
And press'd around me with their looks of love,  
They sweetly warbled in an unknown air  
Beside a fountain that was ever flowing,  
Till every singer seemed to me as fair  
As if Heaven's light upon each face were glowing—  
Mother! what Land is that?  
"It is the land of Paradise, my child?  
"Of every land the brightest and the best!  
Where sorrow of its tears is all beguiled,  
And weary pilgrims find eternal rest.  
"There may'st thou follow when my steps have gone  
Before thee, to that land beyond the skies;  
And, waking, to behold a brighter sun,  
Thou'lt softly murmur with a sweet surprise  
Mother! what Land is this?"

St George, Dumfries.

The Waverley Novels.

For the Calliopean.

Now as we may in universal homage to the genius of "the great magician of the North," the world has become too utilitarian in its views, to rest silent under his fascination, and forget to call in question the great moral bearing of his works for good or evil. It no longer lies at the foot of genius, and worships it, alike whether ravaging the mental, moral and physical world, or throwing its vast influence in the scale of morality, and right. Witness the opinions of the first writers of the day on that most idolized of mortals, Napoleon. "He was as notorious," says William Howitt, "for his recklessness of human life, for no possible end but his own notoriety; for his private cruelties and murders, as for his insolence and undignified anger; scolding those who offended him like a fish-woman, boxing their ears, kicking them, etc." "It has always been wonderful to me," says Walter Savage Landor, "what sympathy any well educated Englishman can have with an ungenerous, unmanly Corsican." Or read that most eloquent and masterly essay of Dr. Channing on his character, in which, "shearing off, with stern and unflinching hand, all the beams of the false glory which encircled that lofty head, he sees in it the head of a man full of blood, cruelty, and falsehood, like a red and rayless sun." Similar is the ordeal to which Lord Byron has been subjected and found wanting. "Year after year, and month after month," says Sheridan Knowles, "he continued to repeat that to be wretched is the destiny of all; that to be eminently wretched is the destiny of the eminent; that all the desires by which we are cursed lead alike to misery—if they are not gratified, to the misery of disappointment; if they are gratified, to the misery of satiety. His principal heroes are men, who have arrived by different roads at the same goal of despair, who are sick of life, who are at war with society, who are supported in their anguish only by an unconquerable pride, resembling that of Prometheus on the rock, or of Satan on the burning marl; who can master their agonies by the force of their will and; who, to the last, defy the whole power of earth and Heaven." "His vulgar Don Juan," says another, "has, perhaps, done more to corrupt the mind, and weaken the restraints of virtue, than any other book of the past century;" and his Childe Harold, by its cheerless, but sublime misanthropy, has contributed to the most serious local ruptures, and taught thousands to regard every exhibition of generosity and friend-ship as heartless hypocrisy." We mean not to say, that the moral turpitude of Sir Walter Scott is as great as that of Buonaparte or Byron, but that he possessed a kindred genius with them, like them perverted it, and like them is answerable for the results. The talents of Sir Walter Scott were undoubtedly great. In vivid description of scenery, in life-like portrayal of character, and in picturesque-ness of narrative, he is almost unrivalled in the ranks of English literature. It has been well said that in "the battle Marston is the most Homeric strife sung since the siege of Troy," and that "few descriptions have a more complete reality, a more striking appearance of life and motion, than that of the warriors in the Lady of the Lake, who start up at the command of Roderic Dhu, from their concealment under the fern, and disappear again in an instant." His Poems, his Life of Napoleon, and his Scottish History, possess these characteristics in an eminent degree. So also, we acknowledge, do his Waverley Novels; if we did not do so, we should be liable to the charge of extreme literary ignorance. But though they are thus stamped with the impress of genius, they are guilty of the evils incidental to novel-reading and novels, and which cling to them as inseparable as light from the sun. They are like the poems of Byron and the exploits of Napoleon, which we cannot, but admire, but the effects of which we deeply deplore. They are not indeed peculiarly immoral, and both in genius and morality, are far superior to the mass of novels that are flooding our country, but that they are not different from them in the essential points which make them in.