

more of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you it would be so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, and examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight malformation of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was put again in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; yet even then imagination superseded the force of fact. It was doubted if it could be done again, or if it could be made, in any case, of any great value." What an affecting picture of the struggles of a great mind, and what a vivid lesson of

encouragement to genius, is contained in this simple narration.

Fulton's steam boat was launched at New York, on the 3d of October, 1807, the trip between that city and Albany is a distance of 140 miles. It was not until five years later that any one was constructed in this country. The first was built in Scotland, and called the *Comet*, in 1812; and soon afterwards steam vessels began to ply in some numbers on the Clyde. They were built at Greenock, Dumbarton, and Port Glasgow, and towed up to Glasgow to be fitted with their engines.

It would occupy a volume of no mean bulk to pursue the history of steam navigation, even from that recent period to the present day, and would therefore be incompatible with our space. Steam vessels are now familiar to every one. They cover the ocean, cleaving their rapid course across the Atlantic; they perform the voyage between our ports and those of the United States of America, in the limited space of a fortnight, seldom varying many hours, which the swiftest vessels cannot effect in less time than from three to eight weeks.

## MORALS FROM THE CHURCHYARD.

[From Tait's Magazine.]

WE have been struck with the tenderness, beauty, and originality of this small quarto for young persons. It is an allegory, and somewhat in the style of the German "Story without an End;" but less mystical, and possessing far more human interest. The graves utter their voices; they hold a solemn dispute. Yet these cheery fables are so managed, that nothing revolting, nor even improbable, is heard. We listen to the vaunting speech of the "Proud Man's Grave," and the tender tale of the "Little Child's Grave," and the "Mother's Grave;" and we have "Sabbath among the Graves," and "The Graves beseeching the Angels to bring them some Rain," and the "Angel of the Little Spring," which are all finely poetical, as, indeed, many of the brief chapters are. We have a sort of consciousness, though no remorse whatever, that, being very good-natured, we may, at some rare times, say

more for little innocent books, whether of juvenile or senile entertainment, than they, perhaps, deserve, were all the pros and cons weighed in the nice scales of criticism. Now, we should be sorry if this "amiable weakness" tended to impair the effect of our serious judgment pronounced on any little work, like the "Morals from the Churchyard." But why call we it "little?"—It is great in every sense, save size. It may help our readers to understand its nature, if, by a short-hand process, we say, in one word, "Here is a book for the young, in the spirit in which Charles Lamb would have delighted! though, at the Suicide's Grave he would have been more gentle." It is steeped in natural pathos and delicate imagination, and in the spirit of that religion whose first principle is love. One specimen we shall give, in proof of the good grounds on which we rest our admiration of this delightful little book.