

Even Dr. Lardner, no mean Philosopher, ridiculed the idea of a steamer crossing the Atlantic; and now they proceed almost daily, with the regularity of clockwork. Casting our eye upon a gigantic War Steam Ship—the Warrior for instance—what an idea presents itself of its being the impersonation of power and grandeur—more like a fabled monster of the olden time. And can we behold the dashing, raging engine, with its stupendous train, as it thunders through our forests, without being struck with surprise and admiration?

I shall repeat to you a few lines written as an eulogium on Mr. Watt, by his distinguished friend Francis Jeffrey:

“ Mr. James Watt, the great improver of the Steam Engine, died on the 25th April, 1820, at his seat of Heathfield, near Birmingham, in the 85th year of his age.

“ This name, fortunately, needs no commemoration of ours; for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honors; and many generations will probably pass away before it shall have gathered all its fame.

“ We have said that Mr. Watt was the great *improver* of the Steam Engine; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its *inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was regulated; so as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivances it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility,—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease and precision and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, which can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it,—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift up a ship of war like a