

wonderful art?—Who can cry to the immense stream, even when it seems mingling under the strained vision, in the dim horizon of far away cycles—thereto 'shalt thou go and no farther! and there shalt thy proud waves be stayed!' In truth the effects of Printing are almost infinite; but we may endeavour to make an approach—a feeble approach towards a scale.

And first of the periodicals. How vast the influence of the press in this metropolis alone! Number its millions of dailies; its hundreds of thousands of weeklies; its thousands of monthlies—and their myriads of readers! They sit in every hamlet; they throng the thoroughfares of every town; they wander in every wood, they float on every wave. The sheets of our press are flung on the billows of the deep and wafted by all winds into all ports. Wherever the sonorous Saxon is heard, there are they found—recording the discoveries of science and the improvements in agriculture; uttering the strains of poesy; giving the rich episodes of history; pouring out, like a world-beard trumpet, the bold notes of Freedom, or chronicling our steps in improvement and empire. So wide, and so deep, and so lofty is the power of the Press. To dwell on its usefulness and its necessity is like dwelling on the virtues of the air which we breathe. The press supplies the atmosphere to the lungs of the mind.

[Mr. Wallace then entered into a comparison between the Orator and the Newspaper; after which he continued.]
And books! 'Happy is the man who findeth wisdom and the man who getteth understanding! She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire cannot be compared with her.' 'How great then,' exclaims one who knew the value of books, 'are our obligations to the inventors of printing, who have rendered wisdom easy of attainment and given us an immense advantage over the ancients, who

'Wandering from clime observant strayed, Their manners noted, and their states surveyed.' Like the bees, they were obliged to collect their sweets by roving from flower to flower, but we come at once to the hive and get our fill without difficulty or labor. Indeed the assiduity and wealth required, before the invention of printing, in attaining knowledge, was almost incalculable. Philosophers were known to travel thousands of miles for the sake of perusing a single manuscript, 'but we are contemporaries of all time and the citizens of all nations.'—Books! what companions! what friends! what brothers!—They are with us at the fireside; they accompany us in our travels; they cheer us in misfortune; they solace us in sickness; they walk with us to the grave, and they prepare us for the 'bourne' beyond. When you would wish to estimate the pleasure they have afforded humanity, think of the Waverley novels, or of our own countryman's (Cooper's) romances; of their instruction, number Bacon's *Horum organum*; of their power of producing pleasure and instruction, combined, turn to Shakespeare. But for printing, and all these and all those would be locked up on rolls of parchment in the libraries of the most wealthy. What civilized man is not indebted to the art? Does the christian point to the cross blazing in the land and scattering the clouds of heathenism? The instrument that planted it permanently there was the Press! Does the student start with transport over the process by which Newton

trod Nature's bright pathway up to Nature's God? I point him to the Press which has preserved and circulated the 'PRINCIPIA'! Does the One who would see truth through the golden gate of poesy, glow over that muse which sits high on a throne of royal state which far outshines the wealth of Orms or of Ind, Or when the gorgeous East showers on her Kings Barbaric pearl and gold.— Let him behold the press which has lifted Milton from the gulf of oblivion! Does the lover of liberty rejoice to see her feet gradually pressing every spot of earth? Point him to that power which is sowing over the world History by a Bancroft and a Botta, and Biography of a Hampden and a Sydney; a Washington, a Franklin, a Jefferson and a Henry! Would you venerate that which is one of the greatest meliorators of mankind—that which teaches every human being the importance of his life and the glory of his destiny? Come! come with me and let us hang our brightest chaplets on the Press!

THE EVILS OF THE PRESS CANVASED.
—But some lament the evil which the art has done in giving to bad men a vehicle for their immoral productions; and some have gone so far as to desire the destruction of the press. But with the same reason, they might advocate the destruction of food, because some men are gluttons; or the demolition of vineyards, because some men are drunkards; or the abolition of all orators, because some speakers are demagogues, or the banishment of bards, because some men sing the base pleasures of voluptuousness; or the expulsion of all water from the economy of nature, because inundations sometimes sweep over cultivated plains; or the very blotting out of the Sun from the firmament, because his fiercest rays sometimes produce malaria! What a glorious world, physical, moral and mental, these wiseacres would give us! Whatever evil the press may cause either from malignity or ignorance, the good must far counterbalance it; for the press must always be somewhat, and in the main almost entirely, devoted to the propagation of truth—and she is so exquisite in her beauty; so harmonious in her motions; so eternal in her nature, and so God-like in her majesty, that she must in time win the hearts of all men.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.
THE DYING FLOWER;
BEING A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PASSENGER AND A FADING VIOLET.

PASSENGER.
DROOP not, poor flower—there's hope for thee:

The spring again will breathe and burn,
And glory robe the kingly tree,
Whose life is in the sun's return;
And once again its buds will chime
Their peal of joy from viewless bells,
Though all the long dark winter-time
They mourned within their dreary cell.

FLOWER.
Alas! no kingly tree am I,
No marvel of a thousand years:
I cannot dream a winter by,
And wake with song when spring appears.
At best my life is kin to death;
My little all of being flows
From summer's kiss, from summer's breath,
And sleeps in summer's grave of snows.

PASSENGER.
Yet grieve not! summer may depart,
And beauty seek a brighter home,
But thou, thou bearest in thy heart
The germ of many a life to come.
Mayest lightly reck of autumn-storms;
Whate'er thine individual doom,
Thine essence, blent with other forms,
Will still shine out in radiant bloom!

FLOWER.
Yes!—moons will wane, and bluer skies
Breathe blessing forth for flower and tree;
I know that while the unit dies,
The myriad live immortally:
But shall my soul survive in them?
Shall I be all I was before?
Vain dream! I wither, soul and stem;
I die! and know my place no more!

The sun may lavish life on them;
His light, in summer morns and eves,
May colour every dewy gem
That sparkles on their tender leaves;
But this will not avail the dead:
The glory of his wondrous face
Who now rains lustre on my head,
Can only mock my burial-place!

And woe to me, fond foolish one,
To tempt an all-consuming ray!
To think a flower could love a sun
Nor feel her soul dissolve away!
Oh, could I be what once I was,
How should I shun his fatal beam!
Wrapt in myself, my life should pass
But as a still, dark, painless dream!

But, vainly in my bitterness
I speak the language of despair:
In life, in death, I still must bless
The sun, the light, the cradling air!
Mine early love to them I gave,
And, now that you bright orb on high
Illumines but a wider grave,
For them I breathe my final sigh!

How often soared my soul aloft
In balmy bliss too deep to speak,
When zephyr came and kissed with soft,
Sweet-incense breath my blushing cheek!
When beauteous bees and butterflies
Flew round me in the summer-beam,
Or when some virgin's glorious eyes
Bent o'er me like a dazzling dream!

Ah, yes! I know myself a birth
Of that All-wise, All-mighty Love,
Which made the flower to bloom on earth,
And sun and stars to burn above;
And if, like them, I fade and fall,
If I but share the common doom,
Let no lament of mine bewail
My dark descent to Hades' gloom.

Farewell, thou lamp of this green globe!
Thy light is on—my dying face;
Thy glory tints—my faded robe,
And clasps me in—a death-embace!
Farewell, thou balsam dropping spring!
Farewell, ye skies that beam and weep!
Unhoping and unarmur'd,
I bow my head and sink to sleep!

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

You can hardly be aware how deep may be the impression which you may make on the mind of your child, even in a few moments of time. For one, I can truly say, I have never met with any less so great as that of losing the care and instructions of my mother during my childhood, in consequence of her having lost her reason. But I can recollect that when a very little child, I was standing at the open window, at the close of a lovely summer's day.

The large, red sun was just sinking away behind the western hills; the sky was gold and purple commingled; the winds were sleeping, and a soft, solemn stillness seemed to hang over the earth. I was watching the sun as he sent his yellow rays through the trees, and felt a kind of awe, though I knew not wherefore. Just then my mother came to me. She was raving with frenzy; for reason had long since left its throne—and her, a victim of madness. She came up to me, wild with insanity. I pointed to the glorious sun in the west, and in a moment she was calm! She took my little hands within hers, and told me that 'the great God made the sun, the stars the world—everything; that he it was that made her little boy, and gave him an immortal spirit; that yonder sun, and the green fields, and the world itself, will one day be burned up, but that the spirit of her child will then be alive, for he must live when heaven and earth are gone; that he must pray to the great God, and love and serve him for ever!'

She let go my hand—madness returned—she hurried away. I stood with my eyes filled with tears, and my little bosom heaving with emotions which I could not have described; but I can never forget the impressions which that conversation of my poor mother left upon me! Oh! what a blessing would it have been, had the inscrutable providence of God given me a mother who could have repeated these instructions, accompanied by her prayers, through all the days of my childhood! But, 'even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight!'—Todd.

WESTERN RILLS.

THE Rev. Dr. Beecher said, on a public occasion, that he had had a dream, which, like other dreams, did not wholly explain itself, and in which some of the natural objects had the power of speech. He was travelling near the sources of the Menongahela, and in passing over a rough country, at every short distance met little streams which he could step over; but all of them were going the same way. At last he asked one where it was going. 'Why,' replied the little rill, 'I am going to New Orleans. I heard the people there want a great canal a thousand miles long and fifteen hundred feet wide, and I am going to help to make it.' And pray, what can you do? 'I don't know what I can do, but I shall be there.' And so saying, it hurried on. 'He came to another, and asked the same question, and received the same answer. All were hurrying on to make the grand canal, on which steam-ships of the West, with their heavy burdens, were to be transported. On the heads of the Alleghany, the Scioto, and the Mississippi, he found thousands more of fitful streams, hurried on by the same impulse, and which, while he yet spoke to them, hurried out of sight. None knew what it could do, but all were determined to do something. He passed on the mighty Mississippi, and there he found the canal was made! The noble steam-ships rode proudly on its surface, and as its waters diminished, they were again replenished to the brim by every mountain-spring and every stream. Thus do the little rills make the stream, the stream the river, till the united waters of the whole pour on their way rejoicing to the glorious ocean.'

So is man to the mass, and the mass to the grand tide of human affairs. Each little mortal, weak and weary though he be, can do something in making up the mighty stream of human events as it rolls to the ocean of eternity.—*Christian Treasury.*

Punch's Almanac 1846.

MR CAUDLES TABLE TALK.

CHAPTER II.

How Mr. Caudle begins to show something "of the Fend that's in him."

"It is rather extraordinary, Mrs. Caudle, that we have now been married four weeks—I don't exactly see what you have to sigh about—and yet you can't make me a proper cup of tea. However, I don't know how I should expect it. There never was but one woman who could make tea to my liking, and she is now in Heaven. Now, Mrs. Caudle, let me hear no crying. I'm not one of the people to be melted by the tears of a woman; for you can all cry—all of you—at a minute's notice. The water's always laid on, and down it comes if a man only holds up his finger.

"You didn't think I could be so brutal?" That's it. Let a man only speak and he's brutal. It's a woman's first duty to make a decent cup of tea. What do you think I married you for? It's all very well with your tambour work and such trumpery. You can make butterflies and little-holders; but can you make a pudding ma'am! I'll be bound not.

"Of course, as usual, you've given me the corner-roll because you know I hate a corner-roll. I did think I must have seen that. I did hope I should not be obliged to speak on so paltry a subject—but it's no use to hope to be mild with you. I see that's hopeless.

"And what a herring! And you call it a bloater, I suppose? Ha! there was a woman who had an eye for a bloater, but—sainted creature!—she's here no longer. You wish she was? Oh, I understand that. I'm sure if anybody should wish her back, it's—but she was too good for me. When I'm gone, Caudle—she used to say—then you'll know the wife I was to you." And know I do know it.

"Here's the eggs boiled to a stone again! Do you think, Mrs. Caudle, I'm a canary bird, to be fed upon hard eggs? Don't tell me about

the servant. A wife is answerable to her husband for her servants. It's her business to hire proper people: if she doesn't, she's not fit to be a wife. I find the money, Mrs. Caudle, and I expect you to find the cookery.

"There you are with your pocket handkerchief again; the old flag of truce; but it doesn't trick me. A pretty honey-moon? Honey-moon, nonsense! People can't have two honey moons in their lives. There are feelings—I find it now—that we can't have twice in our existence. There's no making honey a second time.

"No: I think I have put up with your neglect long enough; and there's nothing like beginning as we intend to go on. Therefore, Mrs. Caudle, if my tea isn't made a little more to my liking to-morrow—and if you insult me with a herring like that—and boil my eggs that you might fire 'em out of guns—why, perhaps, Mrs. Caudle, you may see a man in a passion. It takes a good deal to rouse me, but when I am up—I say, when I am up—that's all.

"Where did I put my gloves? You don't know? Of course not; you know nothing."

CHAPTER III.

Showing how Mr. Caudle would go out and enjoy himself.

"By the bye, Sarah, just put half a dozen shirts, and all that sort of thing, in my portmanteau. I'm going—There you are with your black looks again! I can never go anywhere, just a little to enjoy myself, but you look like thunder. What! I might sometimes take you out? Nonsense; women—that is, women when they're married—are best at home. What can they want to go out for? It's quite enough for them to go out to hunt for husbands: when they've caught 'em, let 'em sit at home, and sing with the kettle and the cat; their best place is their fire side.

"Half a dozen shirts, I say, and my shaving tackle. Do you hear me, Mrs. Caudle? Perhaps, when you have done counting the legs of that fly on the ceiling, you'll attend to me. Eh? I think you never want to go out? Quite the contrary; it's my belief you'd always be out. If you wanted to go about like a Junco-fly, why did you marry?

"I should have told you where I was going; but as you've shewn your temper, I won't tell you a syllable. No; nor I shan't tell you who I am going with, or when I shall be back. When you see me then you may expect me; and not before. And mind all the buttons are on my shirts—that's all.

"It's miserable always being left by yourself! Yourself, indeed? Arn't there books in the house? There's capital company on the shelves, if you'd only get acquainted with them. I'm sure you'd be none the worse for 'em. Besides, there's the Cookery Book; read that. A wife can't study anything better.

"The fact is, Mrs. Caudle, I've indulged you too much, I've made a fool of you. No, I haven't? Well, then, who has? If I haven't, somebody has, that's plain. Going out, indeed! I've no opinion of any woman who wants to go out at all. Women were never intended to go out; only the fact is, we've let you have your own way. Ha! they manage these matters better in the East.

"I'm generally a quiet man, Mrs. Caudle, and you know it. Nevertheless, I have a little of the lion in me: just a little. Don't rouse it, that's all.

"There you are, with the pocket handkerchief again. Always hoisting that signal of distress. No, no; I'm not made of sugar, like a twelfth cake image; I'm not to be melted with tears; let them be as many and as hot as they will. Besides, as I say, you can all do it when you like—every mother's soul of you. But I'm not to be washed off my legs by any river of the sort.

"All I say to you is—stay at home. You've a needle and thread, haven't you? and I'll be sworn for it, plenty of things to make or to mend. And if you haven't, cut holes and sew 'em up again.

"Now, see when I come home that my portmanteau's ready. What's o'clock? You want five minutes to—? No doubt: the old story; you're always wanting something."

CHAPTER IV.

Showing how Caudle, having lost money at cards, determines to abridge the house expenses.

"I don't know how it is, my dear, but when I remember that there's only you and myself—just two of us, and I eat and drink next to nothing—and when I see what other people do with half our money, I do think you might be a little more careful. I'm sure I spend no money on myself—none. Nobody can be more watchful of every sixpence; but, of course, a man can save but little when he knows—or, that is, when he fears he knows that everything's going to waste at home. Besides, it's a woman's place—particularly a woman's place—to save. Women are designed for it. Economy is one of the noblest virtues bound up in matrimony. There can be very little real love, Mrs. Caudle, where economy's neglected. A woman can't truly care for a man's heart, unless she has an equal regard for his pocket: the things go together, and always did from the first.

"No, Mrs. Caudle, I did not lose at my whist club last night—that is, only next to nothing; in other words, nothing to speak of. Now, that's like your sex. You always set about hunting for some foolish, shabby motive for whatever your husbands complain about. Because I lose at cards I don't want to get the money back out of your cupboard. No: I want to save money, that, should I be taken