

Twist. I have no doubt but what it requires as much genius for a George Stephenson to construct a locomotive, a Morse to invent telegraphy, or an Eli Whitney to make a cotton gin, as for the most divinely inspired sculptures and painters of Greece and Rome to adorn the Acropolis and Vatican, with their celebrated statues and paintings.

Genius must be strengthened by exercise—just as the muscles of a blacksmith's arms are strengthened by the continual strain upon them. I care not how brilliant the talents may be, without labor and practice they will accomplish nothing. But if genius is strengthened and brought out by labor and exercise, is it not possible that labor may beget genius?

To a certain extent it will. The more a man labors in pursuit of some special object, or in some particular branch of knowledge or industry, the keener does his sense of its beauties or imperfections become. His ideal model, though rude and indistinct at first, becomes more perfect and clearly defined as he continually looks upon it; just as the eye, from long observation, can see at a distance an object which at first it could scarcely distinguish. The genius loves his calling; labor in its behalf is a pleasure. So, too, will industry in pursuit of any object, though it may be irksome at first, become a pleasure as our sense of its beauties becomes keener, and its true worth is better known and understood. URIEL.

Our Political Virtues.

It is a very common occurrence to hear some one, almost every day, boasting of our political virtues. We can scarcely pick up a newspaper without finding a labored article, calling our attention to the long succession of eminent public men in the United States: how, although we have begun with fair selections, we have continued to grow better, until finally, our whole force of officials, executive, and legislative, national, state and

municipal, have summoned into their various callings a band of high-souled and unblemished men.

We teach our children to list their distinguished deeds and public excellencies. We have taught them of their suspicionless, disinterested and translucent purity, of their extreme modesty and patience, and, in short, we have crowned them with starry coronals of virtue, whose bright luster might befit a white robed choir of angels.

There is a little maxim familiar to every one of us,—“Give the devil his due.” This we have always found pleasure in following, and, not wishing to be thought prejudiced against those who have stood at the front of our country, who have managed the affairs of our government; we would say that we are ever willing to give honor to whom honor is due, to bestow praise where praise is due, but, at the same time, it affords us that extreme satisfaction to notice the inconsistency of the glory of those men, who to-day undeservingly live upon the pages of our history.

There are very few men to-day, we dare say, but what will maintain that our political virtues are progressing, that they are each day being raised to a higher, nobler, and purer condition.

And, although Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison and others, left an impression decidedly favorable to their reputation as statesmen, thinkers and citizens, we can not think of stopping to compare those quaint, obscure, old-fashioned virtues of theirs, very good in the slow and easy times of our early history, with the advanced condition of a later day. No, the virtues and deeds of the fathers of our country are to the sparkling glories of Young America tedious and comparatively insignificant, compared with those of the gigantic men, who, at a later day, shed all their splendor over a people of bright intellects and wonderful achievements.

Not for an instant do we stop to compare the dull, square-toed worthies that played with the political fixtures of the early