

credentials consist in their abuse of all other orders of society. It is the province of these men to feed the spirit of antagonism, for their power would and with the hostility which dissevers their followers from a better guidance and a truer wisdom. It has been said, and with a greater show of truth, that if the Radical party were to become Chartists and men like the Marshalls were to adopt the five points, the O'Connors and O'Leans would go further still, and establish a cause of disunion. We are not prepared to subscribe to this belief: we are at least confident that neither then nor now could they maintain the severance of the two cases, were it not for the disunion in feeling subsisting between them—a disunion perilous as well as pernicious, for on it is based the strength of the monarchy of monopoly, and the powers of misgovernment. The working classes must be appeased, and in order to this they must be approached and humanized. Their affections must be gained, for their averseness have access to their minds. We know of few cases where these means have been tried but we know of none where they have failed. An instance occurs to us in a northern county, where the employers of a mining population have adopted a complete system of moral and physical elevation. They have opened schools both in the evenings of the week days and on Sundays for the instruction of the children. They have a large room devoted to the purpose connected with their own house. This room serves also, on certain days, for the instruction of young men, and also for recreation. Chess, dominoes, the reading of periodicals, and music are among the chief of these amusements. The latter is an essential feature of the whole system. Several even of the young men and women who are employed in the collieries are proficient in singing. Members of the family themselves instruct them. Concerts are occasionally given, at which they take their parts, along with the first chorus singers of the county. A horticultural society is established. Prizes are given thrice every year at an exhibition; this tends to create a love of horticulture, and the habit of gardening in great measure acts as a substitute for the alehouse. A play-ground has been likewise opened, and this operates most favorably in a similar manner, as well as by affording a healthful muscular exercise. They do not hold their workpeople at arm's length but fraternize and sympathize with them just as if they were their fellow beings,—a solecism which monopolists will deride, but which those who know the real interests of society will hail as the only true means of securing them. To Mr Greg, of Ashton, high praise is due for setting a similar example. Rich results have attended both these efforts. Repellent roughnesses have been encountered, but these seem to have shown to those who are seeking to soften, how great the duty of perseverance. Certainly the success has been great, and a really civilized population is growing out of a very few years culture, promising a far richer harvest in prospect, and, in both cases, from a rugged soil. We have thus exhibited what we believe to be the cure, and the only cure for the existing gangrene praying on the vital of society, for such is the evil of a disaffected working class. The two elements of a nation are discovered. Labour and capital are antagonist.

**THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.**  
The following beautiful passage is extracted from the late Thanksgiving sermon of Rev. Mr. Peabody, of Portsmouth, N. H.  
'Ours, it is to be feared, is an irreverent age and land. The number of those who neither fear God nor regard man, is greatly multiplied. The whole providentially arranged system of things seems to be reversed,—and if there is any one motto, which might be inscribed on the surface of society as it now is, or as modern innovators and radicals would have it, it would be this—'The elder shall serve the younger.' Youth no longer hangs upon the counsels of age and experience, or designs to ask of the former times,—but the less one knows of the past, the surer and wiser guide for the future is he esteemed by man. Men often talk of the past, as if God had never worked, virtue never lifted a finger, and wisdom never given a true response, until now. We hear much concerning the *dead past*, and are bidden to let it *bury its dead*. Oh how soon, if our children are no wiser than ourselves, will they be talking the same unmeaning cant about our boasted present.'

**SONG.**  
The following humorous song, was composed by Mr Field, and sung by him at the Dinner given to Mr Dickens, at Boston.

**THE WERY LAST OBSERVATIONS OF WEL-  
LER SENIOR.**  
Remember vot I says, Boz,  
You're goin' to cross the sea,—  
A blessed vay avay, Boz,  
To vild Ameriky,—  
A blessed aet of savages,  
As books of travels tells,—  
No Guv'ner's eye to vach you, Boz,  
Nor even Samivel's.

They've 'tablish'd a steam line, Boz,  
A w'lent innovation;  
It's nothin' but a trap to 'tice  
Our *flotin'* population:  
A set of blessed cannibals—  
My warnin' I repeats—  
For ev'ry von they catches, Boz,  
Without adothey *eats!*

They'll *eat* you, Boz, in Boston! and  
They'll *eat* you in New York!  
Wherever caught, they'll play a bles-  
-sed game of knifs and fork!  
There's prayers in Boston now that Ca-  
-nard's biler may not barst.  
Because their savage hope it is,  
Dear Boz, to *eat* you first!

They lately caught a *prince*, Boz,  
A livin' van, from France;  
And all the blessed nation, Boz,  
Assembles for a *dance!*  
They spares him thro' the ev'nin', Boz,  
But with a hangary stare,—  
Contrives an early *supper*, tho',  
And then they *eats* him there!

Just think of all of yours, Boz,  
Devoured by them already,—  
Avoid their greedy lares, Boz,  
Their appetites is steady,—  
For years they've been a featin', Boz,  
Nor paid for their repast,—  
And vont they make a blessed feast  
When they catches you at last!

Lord! how they gobbled 'Pickwick'—fats  
Which 'Oliver' befas,—  
And waterin' mouths met 'Nic' and 'Smike,  
And waterin' eyes as well!  
Poor 'Nell' was not to tender, Boz,  
Nor ugly 'Quip' too tough;  
And 'Barnaby'—and blest if e'er  
I thinks they'll have enough!

I'll tell you vot you does, Boz,  
Since go it seems you vill;  
If you vould not expose, Boz,  
Yoursel' their maws to fill;  
Just 'Marryatt,' or 'Trollope,' Boz,  
Within your pocket hem;  
For blow us if I ever thinks  
They'll ever *swallow* them!

**A PARA-DUN.**  
To dun—or not to dun? That is the question.  
Whether 'tis better that the parae should suffer  
(From lack of cash) by baneful emptiness,  
Or by a gentle dun to fill it up?  
To dun? To get the money, and to be enabled  
To live, and pay our debts—'tis a consumma-  
-tion  
Devoutly to be wished. To dun—to be de-  
-cided—  
Denied—with 'call again'—ay, there's the  
rub,  
For in that 'call again,' what evils come,  
What disappointments, sore chagrin, and woe,  
What time is wasted and shoes worn out  
In consequence must give us pain;  
'Tis this  
That makes so many debts not worth collect-  
-ing;  
'Tis this that sickens business to despair,  
And keeps from honest labor its reward.

**ODDS AND ENDS.**  
'Why are the floating ladies like a spoon in a cup of tea? Because they are in-tearesting.' 'What nation is like a bird taking a ride? Turkey in A-shav.'  
'Why is a duelist like an obliging man? Because he is always ready to give *sati-faction*.'  
'John, are you a good boy?' 'Yes, I 'pose I is one of the kinds o' goods. Mother used to say there was too kinds, the goods for nothing, and the goods for something. I guess I belongs to the goods for nothing.'

Do you see anything green,' has given way to the more scientific interrogatory of, do you perceive upon an inspection of my optics, any admixture of the primary colours, blue and yellow.  
When is a pig like a paragraph? When he is *penned*.  
'Has the cookery book any pictures?' said a Miss C. to a bookseller. 'No Miss, none,' was the answer. 'Why!' exclaimed the witty and beautiful young lady, what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner if they give us no *plates*.'  
We know a chap so temperate, that he threatens to cut off his toes the next time they get *corned*.

**WONDERS OF SCIENCE.**

We extract the following paragraphs from a Lecture delivered by Professor Hitchcock, in New York.  
The Sciences of Anatomy and Physiology abound in facts the most wonderful and interesting. Comparative Anatomy has of late been a subject of close attention; and so perfectly have its principles been established that from a single bone or tooth the character of the animal may be inferred, with its food, habits, haunts, and all the circumstances of its existence. Comparative Anatomists have, from a single tooth described and made drawings of the extinct creature to which it belonged; which has been found to agree exactly with a skeleton afterward discovered. We cannot fail to be struck with the change as we go from the Anatomy of the human body to that of the lower animals, and with the perfect adaptation of the organs to the circumstances and character of the different animals. Looking at the eye, for instance; we cannot see in water, while on the other hand fishes are blind in air. By the use of every convex spectacles, however, our vision may be distinct in water; and there is little doubt that a skilful optician could furnish a Whale who might wish to travel on the continent with glasses which should enable him to see as distinctly and observe to as much purpose as many of our own species have done. Some insects which live upon the surface of the water are furnished with two pair of eyes—one for seeing through the air and the other through the water. As the eyes of insects are usually fixed in the head, so that they can easily be directed to different objects, they are made polygonal—furnished with an almost infinite number of plane surfaces; and each of these surfaces is in fact a distinct eye. The common house fly has 7,000 of these surfaces in each eye, and the butterfly 17,000. The crystalline lens of the codfish which is never half an inch in diameter, is made up of above five millions of fibres held together by more than sixty two thousand millions of teeth. We find it difficult to conceive how animals can exist without heads; but there is a class of animals, which live in shells, which for the very reason that they are headless, are named *acephalous*. The skill these headless creatures evince in constructing the shells they inhabit, moreover, throws completely into the shade the skill of the biped that not only boast of having a head, but of being absolutely the head of the whole creation. The construction of their nests by wasps—a single queen of whom frequently rules over 30,000 subjects of her own children, too—is worthy of our highest admiration. The character of the spider, too, as ascertained by the great naturalist HURDER who placed them under glass cases and examined them closely with highly powerful microscopes, is especially wonderful. This insect, so long as it remains in possession of the cocoon it has spun will defend it with desperate valor against all assailants; but when this is taken away it will so perfectly simulate death that all its limbs may be torn off and it will evince no life; but if its web be brought again within its reach it grasps it with the fiercest energy. The trap-door spider, found in the West Indies, digs a hole in the ground some six inches deep, lines it with a thick coating of silk and closes its mouth with a lid which springs down so as to shut out all enemies. The transformation or metamorphosis of animals which change their form is also curious and interesting. Thus serpents throw off their skins annually; frogs at first are tadpoles and butterflies and other insects of the same kind are first hatched in the *lova* state, appearing as a caterpillar or grub, and only emerge into their final beauty through the *pupa* or *crysalis* state.  
The number of species of different animals that had been discovered on our globe is a subject of no little interest. Of the mammalia there have been found 4,000 different species; of birds 6,000; of fishes 8,000; of insects 120,000; of shells 9,000, and of polypi 3,000, making in all 150,000 different species, which is probably not half the number that really exist. The number of individuals belonging to a single species is also most astonishing. Capt. Flinders once observed in Van Dieman's land a flock of petrel, containing not less than 150,000,000 individuals; and ARDUBON saw near the Ohio river a single flock of pigeons which must have numbered at least 90,000,000,000, requiring at least 9000,000 bushels of grain for a single day. The galeinuous animals on which the whale lives, called *medusa*, so abound in parts of the Arctic Ocean, as to color the water for miles around; and a cubic foot of water contains at least from 80,000 to 1,000,000 of them.—Several shoals laid down on charts of the South Seas have been found to be nothing more than these *medusa*, discoloring the water so as to produce the desep-tion.  
The number of produced by certain species of animals is most surprising. The queen of the *termites* in four months deposits 80,000 eggs; that of the *cyclops* 4,000,000,000; the carp deposits 200,000

eggs at once, and the *tench* and *flounder* likewise have most wonderful powers of reproduction.  
Of the *infusoria* or animalcula, which, except the vinegar eel, are all microscopic, even hundred species have been described, the smallest of which comprises animals not more than one twenty four thousandth part of an inch in diameter; and a single drop of water will contain 500,000,000 of them, and still allow each an abundance of sea room. Yet every one of these is provided with all the organizing of animal life; and naturalists by giving them colored food—as pure indigo—have been able to trace their nerves and circulating vessels. In high northern regions and upon the Alps the snow is often seen to be tinged with red; and it has been ascertained that this is caused by the presence of living animalcula, which can only exist in the temperature of snow and perish as soon it melts. Many of the animalcula called *hydatina*, are covered with a shield of pure silex, which, when the animal dies, is deposited at the bottom of the water forming beds of feruginous matter many feet thick. Whole rocks have been found by geologists entirely made up of these skeletons. In Germany these beds are often fourteen feet thick; forty one thousand millions of these skeletons will only fill a cubic inch of space. Prof. BAILY of West Point has found under peat bogs in this country, a substance which was long mistaken for magnesia; but which is found to be nothing but the skeletons of minute animals living in the water.

**From the World of London, in Blackwood's Magazine.**

**THE SCOT.**  
For almost every situation of active and business life he is well qualified, but there are pursuits which he monopolises and makes exclusively his own. He is the gardener and practical agriculturist of the eastern and the western hemisphere; he carries the art of production over the globe, and leaves a comparatively niggard soil to fertilize lands more fertile by nature than his own. He is the sheep farmer of the boundless pastures of Australia; in Canada, the pioneer of civilization; he is the confectioner and baker of the three kingdoms, and in London we are mainly indebted to him for our daily bread. He is the working engineer, too over half the globe; the gigantic power developed, nay for practical purposes, created by one of his own countrymen, he delights to subserve,—he is the architect, the controller, and the *vault* of the steam engine. He is a labourer, and a successful one, in science, literature, and the arts: trite and tedious would be the task to enumerate the catalogue of eminent persons who claim kindred with him, in the range of the learned and other professions. In the Church alone do we find Scotland tenacious of the talents and virtues of her sons: physicians, lawyers, merchants, she gives us in abundance, and even presents London with a Lord Mayor: her Chalmers, on the contrary, she refuses to part with, and retains for herself alone.

**GOLDEN INDIA.**  
Such has been the accumulation of the precious metals and stones in India, where the mines are indigenous, that it is generally estimated that Nadir Shah, in 1740, carried away not less than £400,000,000 or £500,000,000 sterling. In Jahanqueir's autobiography he relates that a golden platform around his throne and diadem were worth £2,000,000. When he married his minister's daughter, he presented her with as many lacas as amounted to £3,000,000 and with a necklace of forty beads, each bead costing him £2,000. The province of Beran on one occasion furnished about £4,000,000 of gold, and the same sovereign spent besides nearly £2,000,000 on the tomb of his father Akbar, which formed one of the wonders of Golden India.

**LITERARY RECIPES.**

**How to Cook up a Fashionable Novel.**  
Take a consummate puppy, M, P's preferable (as they are generally the softest and don't require much pressing,) baste with self conceit,—stuff with slang, season with macdlin sentiment, hash up with a popular publisher, simmer down with preparatory advertisements. Add six reams of gilt edged paper, grate in a thousand quilts, garnish with marble covers, and morocco backs and corners. Stir up with magazine puffa, skim off sufficient for preface. Shred scraps of French and small talk very fine. Add 'superfine coats,' 'satin stock,' 'bonquets,' 'opera boxes,' 'a duel,' 'an elopement, St George's Church, silver bride favors, eight footmen, four postillions, the like number of horses, a 'dredger' of smiles, some filtered tears, half mourning for a dead uncle (the better if he has a twitch in his nose,) and serve with any thing that will bear 'fritter'ing.'

**A Sentimental Dito.**  
Take a young lady,—dress her in blue ribbons,—sprinkle with innocence? spring flowers and primroses. Procure a Baronet (a Lord if in season,) if not, a depraved 'younger son,' trim him ecarte, rouge et noir, Epsom, Derby, and a slice of Crockford's. Work up with rustic cottage, an aged father, blind mother, and little brothers and sisters in brown holland pinafores. Introduce moek abduction,—