

they inhabited better houses; and if people were only more careful in their habits than they are, and husbanded their means, they might get into better houses. If And when I hear persons advocate temperance, which I, as one of the most temperate men in the world, always like to hear advocated, I say the best way is to afford them some other occupation or recreation than that which is derived only through their senses—the best way is to give them education. If the working man is deprived of those recreations which consist of the intellectual and moral enjoyments that education and good training give, he naturally falls into the excitement of sensual indulgence, because excitement of all human beings must have it. If Therefore, when you wish to make them more temperate, and secure moral and sanitary and social improvements among the working classes, education, depend upon it, must be at the bottom of it all—Gentlemen, I see in different parts of the country a great social movement going on between different classes of the community. For instance, in the town of Preston you have 20,000 to 30,000 persons out of work, and there is in that place not a chimney but is cold and cheerless—neither smoke nor steam cheering your eyes. Look at the destitution and misery caused by having a town in this state for a month or six weeks. Why is this? I answer, it springs from ignorance. (Hear, hear.) Not ignorance confined to one party in the dispute. (Applause.) It is ignorance on both sides, and deplorable is its result. (Renewed applause.) But do you suppose that when the world becomes more enlightened you will have such a scene as this, of a whole community stopping its labours for a month or six weeks, and creating misery, immorality, and destitution, that may not be remedied for five or six years to come? (Hear, hear.) When masters and men understand the principles upon which the rate of wages and profits depend, they will settle their matters and arrange their differences in a less bungling way than that which now brings so much misery upon all parties to the quarrel.—[Applause.] Even now, however, we see great progress in this respect. I remember the time when the cessation of labour by 25,000 persons would have led to riot and disturbance, and the sailing out of the military. This is not to be seen now. [Hear, hear.] We see passive resistance and firmness to an extent which, if they had policy and propriety at their back, would be highly desirable and most commendable. [Hear, hear.] But, gentlemen, we shall probably live to see the time when another step will be taken onward. You will live to see the time when men will settle these matters, not by resorting to blind passion, by vituperation, and counter-vituperation—when the question of wages will be left to the master and man to arrange according to their own interest—when the whole question of wages and the rate of wages will be settled just as quietly as you now see the price of any article fixed in the public market. [Hear, hear.] They did not find that people who went to market with cattle, potatoes, or anything else, struck against the buyers of those cattle or potatoes. They did not find that the seller of the cattle struck against the seller of the potatoes, and that the buyers and the eaters of the potatoes stood quietly by and starved while the potatoes rotted. They did not find men doing such things; but they found that it was by the higgling of the market that they tranquilly decided its price; they thus fixed the price of the day, and the whole thing was quietly settled without the irritation and waste of property, without that misery and suffering which I consider most painful, and as a sign of the intelligence of the day, the most discreditable—that struggle between master and work-people which is passing in our time.

In the course of his speech Mr. Cobden made the following reference to the United States:

I went to that country 20 years ago, and I published a record of my opinions. That was written in 1835, and I stated that England would be brought to the consciousness that it was to that country she would have to look with apprehension as to manufacturing rivalry; and now I am delighted that it should turn out as I have stated, that it has come from a quarter—from a person so well qualified to procure correct information that no one will question the truth of his report when it comes out. I say I am delighted, because I want England to know her danger, if there is one. [Hear, hear.] Napoleon used to say to those in communication with him, "If you have any bad news to tell me, awake me at any hour of the night, for good news will keep, but bad news I cannot know too soon." (Hear, hear.) I say, then, I am delighted with this, for let but Englishmen know of a danger to face, and of a difficulty to surmount, and there is nothing within the compass of human capacity which they will not accomplish; but the great misfortune is that Englishmen are too much given up to and incensed with their insular pride and prejudice,—a sort of Chinese notion of superiority,—that they will not awaken up and use their eyes as to what is going on in other countries until it is too late. (Hear, hear.) I am glad, therefore, that this question is to be brought forward; but why should America be better educated than England? Do you think that a new country which has the wilderness to cultivate, primal forests to level, roads to make, and every bridge and church to erect—do you think such a country is in a position to rival the old country, if that country will only do its duty as its people? [Hear, hear.] No, an old country has greater advantages and facilities at command than a new one; and if you find a new country beating an old one in this matter, depend upon it, it is because of some fault in the old one. (Hear, hear.) We don't read in ancient Greece, when she sent forth her colonies, that they became the teachers of the mother country. No; Athens always remained the teacher of the whole world. And it is a shame if a new people, sent out from us only yesterday, is to be held up for our admiration and example, and that too in the matter of education. [Hear, hear.] Now, I hope that it won't be said that there is anything in these remarks which is out of place in an assembly such as this. It appears to me that if there can be a meeting at which each a subject as this should be discussed it is just such a meeting as this. [Hear, hear.] We are all here, at all events, presumed to feel a great interest in the subject of education, and therefore anxious to promote it. [Hear, hear.] And I don't despair even now. I should not despair of this country, if the people of this country would only resolve to do it, surpassing all the world in a generation or two. [Hear, hear.] and applause. But we must not refuse to adopt the improved machinery of other countries. [Hear, hear.] We must not be like the Chinese with their junk, who refuse to build their ships after our improved model; we must not refuse to copy what we see in other countries if better than our own. If we see the Americans beating us in their spinning-jennies and in their sailing-boats, we adopt their improvements; if they send

over a yacht which beats ours, we wind over and build one which will beat them; if a man comes over and picks our locks, we may wonder how it is he makes better locks than we do, but we buy them; and so it is in other matters of this kind. But, on the question of education, they have in the United States adopted a system which we in this country have not adopted, except in Scotland to some extent; and which is so natural as that we should follow the same rule in this matter as we do in the manufacture of our machines for spinning cotton, and in the construction of our ships? (Hear, hear.) I take it that, the result being in favor of American education, it proves that they have adopted better means than we have, and, if we would rival them, we must not be ashamed to adopt their plan, if better than our own.

Humorous.

A fair one-time was and was, Is relished by the worst men.

EPHRAIM SMUG.

Ephraim Smug was a trader smug,  
A Quaker in faith and feeling,  
Little given to heed distinctions or creed  
In matters of worldly dealing,  
And as sharp a blade, in driving a trade,  
As lives between Bow and Ealing.

He'd a horror of war, and he'd sell the Czar,  
Steel or powder for Turk or Tartar;  
The slave-trade did hate, but would send a freight  
Of handcuffs for African barter.  
And though peas himself would have furnished for pelf  
The faggots to roast a martyr.

His stock in hand to suit each land,  
Was various in assortment;  
In game and grace he thrived apiece,  
Till quite dignified grew his deportment;  
And he kept a strong box, with three patent locks,  
And he knew what taking "a shot" meant.

A FAST STORY.

A Yankee was bragging of the speed on Yankee railroads to an English traveller, of a "fast train," in the United States. The engine bell was rung as the train neared a station. It suggested to the Englishman an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Englishman.

"We are approaching a town," said the Yankee. "They have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in England yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Englishman: "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so deuced fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound. No use whatever; the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Yankee.

"Fact," said the Englishman, "had to give up bells. Then we tried steam-whistles—but they wouldn't answer either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried. We were going at a tremendous rate, hurricanes were nowhere, and I had to hold my hair on. We saw a two horse wagon crossing the track, about five miles ahead, and the engineer let the whistle on, screeching like a trumpet. It screamed awfully, but it was no use. The next thing I knew, I was picking myself out of a pond by the road side, amid the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon and dead engineer, lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along mixed up with some frightful oaths that I had heard the engineer use when he first saw the horses. Poor fellow he was dead before his voice got to him. After that we tried lights, supposing these would travel faster than sound. We got some so powerful that the chickens woke up all along the road when we came by, supposing it to be morning. But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in the darkness, with the light close on behind it; they couldn't sleep with so much light in the night time. Finally we had to station telegraph telegraphs all along the road, with signal men to telegraph when the train was in sight; and I have heard that some of the fast trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes every forty miles. But I can't say that is true—the rest I know to be so.

Some years since, there resided in R. an eccentric but most worthy divine of the Baptist persuasion, by the name of Driver, but more familiarly known by the name of Tom Driver, who loved a good joke, no matter what it hit, provided it wounded not too deeply.

One day, while returning from a visit to a broker clergyman of an adjacent town, meeting a man with an exceedingly poor yoke of oxen, and an unusually large load of hay, which was so deeply in the mire that the united efforts of the cattle could not start it from its position, he accosted him with:—

"Well friend, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough! I'm in the mud and can't get out."

"Your oxen are too lean for such a load. You should give them more to eat, for you know that the Bible says, 'Wiseo geth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.'"

The farmer replied, "That is not the reason."

"Well, what is it then?" asked the divine.

"Why, they are just like the North Baptist Church at R.," replied the farmer peevishly: "they want a darn'd sight better driver than they've got!"

An Irish sailor fell from the mizzen-top of a ship. Every person on the quarter deck thought he must have been killed by the fall. The poor fellow got up, apparently but little hurt. The captain who was near him enquired where he came from. "Plaze your honor," replied he, all the while rubbing himself, "from the North of Ireland."

A droll fellow, who had a wooden leg, being in company with a man who was somewhat credulous, the latter asked the former how he came to have a wooden leg. "Why," says he, "my father had one and so had my grandfather before him; it runs in the blood."

Ladies' Department.

SWEET FANN.

Sweet Fanny, you were pretty once,  
Your eye was very blue,  
Your cheek had just enough of  
rose,  
Your lip enough of dew;  
Your form was like a fairy's fan,  
Too beautiful for words,  
And when you spoke, 'twas  
sweeter than  
The melody of birds

But, Fanny, you are ugly now  
Your cheek hath lost its hue,  
And though your eye is gentle,  
Fan,  
It does not look so blue;  
Your form no more with grace  
accords,  
Your time to win is o'er,  
And when I heard thy music  
words,  
Their music charms no more

And, Fanny, we were lovers once,  
Oh! those were lunny 'ys,  
But when to make you lov' me,  
Fan,  
I had so many ways;  
When to my earliest suit delay'd,  
A thousand times and one,  
So condescendingly you said,  
At last your heart was won.

Poor Fanny! (for I sung the  
lay,  
Not meaning nought on earth,  
Than just to give my fancy play,  
And give my nonsense birth.)  
Poor Fanny turn'd away at this,  
I saw the words were kept,  
And when I asked her for a kiss  
She sat and only wept.

And, Fanny, we were wedded  
once,  
Aye, to my arms you came,  
A wild and winsome creature,  
Fan,  
Too beautiful to name,  
And then, of all the charms pos-  
sessed,  
Confidingly and free,  
I follow'd on thy gentle breast,  
Did dream of heaven and there.

I saw—I was myself in tears,  
And fast they fell and free;  
And should I live a thousand  
years,  
The truth will present be—  
I saw an idle look can pain,  
An idle word can sting;  
It struck me, and I've thought  
since then,  
Love is a holy thing

LUXURIOUS KISSING DESCRIBED.

Almost any writer can describe emotions, joy, anger, fear, doubt, or hope: but there are very few who can give anything like an adequate description of the exquisite, heavenly and thrilling joy of warm, affectionate kissing. We copy below three of the best attempts that we have ever seen. The first is by a young lady during her first year of courtship:

"Let thy arm twine  
Around me like a zone of love,  
And thy fond lip, so soft,  
To mine be passionately pressed,  
As it has been so oft."

The next is by a lady shortly after her engagement. It will readily be seen that her powers of description are far in advance of the one quoted above:

"Sweetest love,  
Place thy dear arms beneath my drooping head,  
And let me lowly nestle on thy heart;  
Then turn those soul-lit orbs on me, and press  
My parting lips to taste the ecstasy  
Imparted on each long and ling'ring kiss."

But the best thing we have seen is the following, by Alexander Smith. We quote again, however, with a contemporary in thinking that when a man so freely indulges in esculant nectar as to imagine he is 'walking on thrones,' he should be checked off. Hear him:

"My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss;  
What then to me were thrones,  
Or pain, or death? Earth was a mound of bliss:  
I seemed to walk on thrones."

A THIRTY-SIX MILLION HEIRESS.—The Southern papers mentioned, some time since, a rumour that the wife of the Rev. Samuel Clawson, of Virginia, had fallen heir to an immense fortune in England. The Western (Va.) Herald says the facts of the case are as follows: There was originally the sum of thirty six millions of dollars in the estate of the Earl of Lancaster, in England; and upon the death of the Earl and his brother, a dispute arose between the house of York and the house of Lancaster, (instituted by the former,) because of an intermarriage between the two houses, the house of York suing for the heirship. The suit was protracted from the lower to the higher courts, from fifty to a hundred years, and was finally decided at the Exchequer, (the Queen's Bench,) in favour of the house of Lancaster. After this decision, advertisements were scattered abroad over the world for the heirs of the Lancaster estate; and the mother of Mrs. Clawson, wife of Rev. Samuel Clawson, is one of the heirs. Attorneys are employed by the heirs to secure their interests, and it is supposed that the whole affair will be settled up during this winter, when the heirs will receive their portions. The above sum of thirty-six millions has been at interest for more than sixty years, which interest will pay the cost of law and leave the original clear.

John Walker a Cincinnati brewer, recently deceased, left an estate estimated at \$200,000, of which \$70,000 in real estate. By will he devised to his wife in cash, \$10,000, but dowry of one-third in all real estate, for her natural life, &c. This, it is alleged, would give her in interest about \$2,500 a year. She claims, as they were childless, she being a second wife, that she, as next of kin, is entitled to the whole of the personal estate besides her dower in the realty. The minor heirs of Walker claim that if Mrs. Walker elects not to take by the will, she relinquishes the \$10,000 legacy, and all the personal property, and can only take her dower in the realty. The case is in court.

There is only one stone in the Washington monument contributed by the fair sex for insertion in the column, and that bears the inscription:—

"From the ladies of Lowell, Massachusetts,  
"Here industry her grateful tribute pays,  
To him whose valour won us prosperous days"

They have got a queer law case in Citrus, Massachusetts. A young lady, who married a rich man under promise of being beautiful, is discovered to have painted, with henna, and other wise disguised her natural imperfections. Her husband sues her for obtaining money under false pretences.