

materials, the men there, how they are supported; their tools, &c. Indeed you must allow me to say again, that there is no end to the matter.

*Mrs. K.* You are more than half right, my son; and yet Martha thought me quite out of the way because I supposed hundreds of things and persons were more or less concerned in making us happy at a single breakfast.

Besides, we are not through yet. In order to have our water on the table, we are obliged to depend on the well. But wells cannot be dug and walled and covered, without workmen and tools and labour. The bucket requires a cooper, if not a blacksmith.

In order to have a loaf of bread, there must be wheat, and it must be raised. And then a great many persons and implements are concerned in raising it, and harvesting it; after which it must be threshed, winnowed, carried to mill, ground, &c.

And to have a spoon, how many workmen must have been employed first and last! And so of the knife and fork. Take the knife, for example. The iron must be dug, carted, melted, formed into steel, properly shaped and ground. It must have a handle; and this too, whether of horn or bone, requires workmen. And so we might go on.

*M.* I see I must give it up mother. I think you might have said thousands when you said hundreds—perhaps tens of thousands. I had no idea, till now, how society was tied together.

*Mrs. K.* I presume not. Many talk about wealthy people, and say they are independent. Now which do you think are most dependent on those around them, the poor or the wealthy?

*M.* The wealthy, I suppose.

*Mrs. K.* Will you tell me why they are so?

*E.* Because they have the most things at table and elsewhere: and the more they have, the more persons are concerned in making or furnishing them.

*Mrs. K.* You reason very correctly. We are all mutually dependent on each other, and to a surprising degree; but the rich, or at least those of the rich who are extravagant or luxurious, are the most so, by far. For you probably know that there are a few rich people who are as plain and simple in their habits and manners as the poor.

You may learn two things from these lessons, my children. First, you learn our dependence on each other, in the world, as I have already told you. Next, you learn how much there is that you have never thought of concerning things immediately about you.

*Julia.* I hope I have learned another thing by the lesson, mother; which is, how to value society. Like Martha I am sure I never saw before, half so clearly, how people are bound together, and are dependent on each other. But this conversation has made an impression upon my mind which I trust I shall never lose.

*Mrs. K.* I trust you will not. I trust moreover that it will teach you to think more than you have been accustomed to do; and especially on things immediately about you. It often surprises me to find how little people think, but more particularly the young, on things of every day's occurrence, and every day's observation. Many boys and girls, for example, who have been to school a few years, and studied geography—recited it rather, for they do not really study it much—can tell far more about Europe and Asia, or even the sun and moon, and stars, than they can about the things in the parlor, or bed-room, where they have spent a large portion of their lives.

Ask them what the stove was made of, where it was probably made, and how the iron was procured and formed into its present state; and could they tell you? Ask them where the Lehigh coal which is burnt in it daily is procured; and how few can tell whether it was brought from Canada, Pennsylvania, Georgia or Mexico.

Again; inquire about the chairs and tables; of what wood the various parts of them are made; how the paint and varnish with which they are coated over was prepared, and of what materials; and ask them if they know whether there are any chair factories in Massachusetts; and can they answer your inquiries?

Or suppose you ask them about the carpet;—where carpets are made, what they are made of, and how often, and in what manner wool is procured from sheep;—how wool is spun, how the carpet is coloured, wove, &c.; and can one boy in a dozen tell you?

Perhaps you ask about the looking glass. There is the mahogany, the gilding, the glass, and the quicksilver. How many

boys and girls in a hundred, who are under fourteen years—I might say sixteen years of age,—can tell where all these materials came from, how they are procured, and how they are formed into the shape of a looking glass? Are there not some who would be as likely to say that mahogany came from Switzerland, and quicksilver from Africa, as to say that either is found on any part of the continent of America?

But once more. You well know that whole loads of coal have been put into the stove in the course of the year, but the ashes that remain in the pile amount to only a few bushels. Do you know what has become of the rest? "Burnt up," you will say; and so people generally say. But do you mean that from being something, it has become nothing? If you do, you are greatly mistaken. Not a single particle of what we burn is ever reduced to nothing; it is only changed. It becomes smoke, and gas of various kinds, as the chemists call it; and they have names of all the gases thus formed, and can tell us all about them.

And yet is not all this truly valuable knowledge? Is it not the want of this knowledge which so often leads people who are accounted truly wise into very great blunders? Is there any thing in the whole compass of our education which is more universally overlooked than these very common things? I have known several men in the learned professions—ministers or lawyers perhaps—who had been all their lives at school, and yet were as ignorant as young children of these very things?

But where are they to be learned, if you do not teach them to yourselves? You will not learn them at school. No such subjects are studied and taught there, except by here and there a teacher; and he is usually considered an odd fellow. Nor have teachers time for conversation with their pupils in the manner in which we converse at home; at least they think they have not. No; you must learn to observe and think and inquire for yourselves.—*The Mother in Her Family.*

## NEWS.

The Ten Hours Factory Bill has aroused a vehement agitation. Leeds, Halifax, Huddersfield, Bradford, and other places, had had their meetings of operatives—and unanimous has been the voice of each in favor of Lord Ashley's proposal. Mr. Oastler, on this occasion, the missionary to the workmen, and it would be injustice to him to deny either his ability or his zeal.

The appointment of delegates to the great Anti-State Church Conference, to be held in London on the 30th of April, was progressing with much spirit.

The liqueurs of the late Duke of Sussex have been exposed to sale. The competition was most animated, and the sum realised was between £800 and £900. The first lot put up consisted of two pints of very extraordinary sherry, 100 years old, which, after much competition, were knocked down at £1 4s. per bottle. The whiskey, which his late Royal Highness preferred to wine, fetched remarkably high prices. Two dozen, presented by Mr. Fox Maule, sold for 10s. per bottle.—*Eng. Paper.*

[The Duke was president of, we know not how many, religious and benevolent societies! What can be expected from the people when the princes set such an example?—Ed.]

GREAT DINNER AT CORK.—The grand banquet to Mr. O'Connell, given by the inhabitants of Cork, took place on Monday, the 7th ult. Upwards of 800 persons were present. Speaking of the splendor of the demonstration, he said, "No man who ever stood upon the threshold of a prison, received such a compliment [Hear, hear, and cheers.] No man who ever stood on the steps of a throne was honored, as I have been honored, though on the threshold of a prison; but I would not change that prison, with the compliment, for the throne of any monarch in the universal world."

The weekly meeting of the Repeal Association was held at Conciliation Hall, on the 16th instant. The rent for the week amounted to £670.

SPAIN.—Hitherto the appearance of Christina in Madrid has had the effect of oil on the troubled waters. The Literary Society of Madrid propose to publish the life of the Queen Dowager, Christina of Bourbon.

Accounts from Madrid of the 8th inst. mention the occurrence of a frightful catastrophe at Felantix, in the Balearic Islands. On the 31st ult., a large crowd of people having assembled to hear a sermon in the old cemetery of the village, the wall which separated