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BY JOHN B. BRATTON, "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM

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Poetical.

SPRING.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
With her sunshine and her shower;
Heaven is ringing with the singing
Of the birds in brake and bower;
Buds are filling, leaves are swelling,
Flowers on field and bloom on tree;
O'er the earth, and car, and ocean,
Nature holds her jubilee.
Soft then stealing comes a feeling
O'er my bosom tenderly:
Sweetly I ponder, as I wander,
And my musings are of thee,

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
With her mornings fresh and light;
With her noons of chequered glory,
Sky of blue, and clouds of white.
Calm grey nightfalls, when the light falls
From the star-bespangled sky,
While the splendor, pale and tender,
Of the young moon gleams on high.
Still at morn, at noon, at even,
Spring is full of joy for me,
For I ponder, as I wander,
And my musings are of thee.

Still on thee my thoughts are dwelling,
Whate'er thy name may be;
Beautiful, beyond words telling,
Is thy presence unto me.
Morning's breaking finds thee waking
Wandering in the breeze's flight;
Noontide's glory mantles o'er thee
In a shower of sunny light;
Daylight dying leaves thee lying
In the silvery twilight ray;
Stars look brightly on thee nightly
Till the coming of the day.

Everywhere and every minute
Feel I near thee, lovely one;
In the lark and in the linnet,
I can hear thy joyous tones.
Bud and blooming mark the coming
Of thy feet o'er vale and hill;
And thy presence with life's essence,
Makes the forest's heart to fill.
Low before thee, I adore thee,
Love creative, thee I sing;
Now I meet thee, and I greet thee,
By the holy name of Spring!

Miscellaneous.

From the Boston Olive Branch

THE PROMISE FULFILLED.

"When shall it be?" asked Charles W—— of a lovely girl who sat beside him; "when shall it be?"

"When shall what be, Charles, and what do you mean by that question?" said Florence N., as she turned her lustrous eyes towards those of her companion.

"Florence, dear girl, why do you reiterate the interrogatory? You must be aware that, in a few days, I am to leave this place, and go to other lands, far away o'er the blue waters of the Atlantic; and yet, knowing this to be true, you pretend not to understand that short sentence, "When shall it be?" We have known each other from childhood, grown up, as it were like brother and sister, but now we are endeared to each other as lovers, and I only await your answer to my question to complete our happiness. "Do you understand me, Florence?" and the youth paused, while his keen black eye eagerly scanned the countenance of his fair companion.

Florence N—— did understand her lover, but as young girls are apt to do, wished to draw from him a conversation before giving a reply.

After musing a short time, Florence raised her large blue eyes, and met the inquiring glance of Charles, who waited to hear his doom.

"Charles," said she, I am afraid you will be vexed at what may be considered an answer to your question. You allude to our union for life, and that is a serious contract to enter upon, more serious than many imagine, yet to you I can and will speak plainly. You are anxious to know when we shall be united in wedlock, and I will answer. At this juncture it were better still to remain in a state of celibacy; in a few days you will leave me, but prior to your departure we shall meet again and I will tell you when we may hope to be united as husband and wife."

Charles W—— thought that the days would never end, indeed, he wondered if the hours had not lengthened, but, like the majority of lovers, he was impatient, and longed for the morning when he was to see Florence, and hear from her lips the words that were to consummate his felicity.

The day, the much wished for day at last dawned, and its sun had not set, ere Charles had arrived at Norton's cottage, and stolen a kiss, yes, actually received an impression from the lips of the fair Florence. We shall pass over the interesting colloquy that resulted from the interview, and notice Charles, as he leaves "the girl o' his heart."

"Now, Charles, you have heard my decision; upon your return every thing shall have been arranged, I shall be yours, and you will be mine."

Charles gazed long and earnestly in the face of Florence, and, as he took the parting embrace, said in tender tone:

"Farewell, Florence, until we meet again, and may kind Heaven preserve thee from the hand of the destroyer;" then mastering the emotion that struggled in his bosom, he strode rapidly away, but—how powerfully attractive is woman—turned again more than once to see if Florence had retired from the gate. The cottage was soon hidden from him, and Charles sighed as he took the path leading homeward, saying:

"Shall she be mine? shall I ever behold her again? God only can tell. I am afraid that something will intervene to mar my happiness."

The day that Charles had fixed for his departure was at hand, and many hours had not elapsed ere he stood upon the deck of one of the ocean steamers.

Fortune smiled upon the voyage. No accident occurred to create confusion, and Charles W. would have been truly happy, had Florence N. stood with him upon the vessel's deck, and with him admired the sublimity, the grandeur of the mighty deep; but poor fellow, he thought of her and of the sweet cottage where she dwelt, until he was half mad with himself for having left home.

Two weeks had glided on, and were lost in the ocean of eternity, ere Charles arrived at his destination. Soon after his arrival, he sat down and wrote to his parents, also addressing a letter to Florence; and day after day did he eagerly await the returning answer. At last it came, and he was gratified to learn that his parents were well, but more delighted with the news from Florence. She was in perfect health, and what more could he have desired? The reader would say, "To see Florence." Well, we think so, too.

Charles prospered in his business, and gained the confidence of those with whom he associated, and as the time drew nigh for his return, they gave him many tokens of their esteem, and wished him a happy voyage.

"Ah! how glad I am," said Charles W——, as he gazed upon the "cradle of the deep." They often speak of home, and I have heard my dear mother sing,

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

but now my heart yearns towards that place, and I too believe that home is the dearest spot, after all."

The days seemed almost as weeks to Charles, but when his eyes rested upon the hills of his native land, he forgot the length of the voyage, and rejoiced as he sprang into the carriage that rolled away towards his father's house.

Charles soon reached the home of his youth, and embraced his dear mother and father. Florence was not there, else we opine that she would have shared a similar fate.

Charles sat down and entertained his parents with a recital of what he had witnessed during his absence, and the night was far spent, ere that happy family retired, to find in "Tired Nature's sweet restorer," a peaceful repose.

The sun had not passed out from the eastern hills, before Charles was up and dressed. He waited impatiently until breakfast was ready, and when the family had finished, he said to his mother, "I am going to the cottage." "Shall I go with you?" asked his mother, but Charles was off, and when she looked out at the little gate, he had turned from the beaten path, and was lost to her view.

Charles arrived in good time at the gate of the cottage, we say in good time, because Florence stood in the door of the cottage, feeding a few chickens. Hearing a slight noise at the gate, she looked up, and the food, to the great delight of the little fowls, dropped from her hands as she ran to hail her lover.

It were useless to attempt a description of the scene that ensued. Tears of joy flowed abundantly, and the old widow, Mrs. Norton, came out and shared in the general happiness.

One week had not passed away, before Norton's cottage was filled with an interesting company. Charles and Florence were about to be joined in holy wedlock, and as they stood up before the village curate, many were the benisons invoked upon them by the admiring assembly; and when those solemn words, "I pronounce you man and wife—those whom God hath joined together let no man put assunder," were spoken, the villagers crowded about the lovely couple, and wished them much joy. The old widow put her hands upon their heads and blessed them, and so did the father and mother of Charles. The father wished him to bring his bride and her aged mother to his own home, but the old widow shook her head, and Charles determined to make Norton's cottage his home, for he told Florence that there she had promised to be his, and there was the promise fulfilled.

The Rag-Pickers and Bone Gatherers of New York.

The deeper one descends in the gradation of social position in this city, the more apparent does it become that "one half of the world don't know how the other half live." The bone and rag gatherers,—answering to the 'Chiffoniers' of Paris—are almost exclusively Germans, and are mostly congregated on the Eastern side of the city, and from their clannish disposition, peculiarity of language and habits, form communities of 'colonies' as distinct as though no other surrounded them. Withdrawn from intercourse with their fellow men, they only emerge with their hooks and pokers, to add to their filthy accumulations. Under the escort of Capt. Squires, of the 11th police district, we were favored with a glimpse of "real life" among the degraded creatures.

For dwellings, they generally select such as are constructed for the accommodation of numerous families under a single roof. These are put up very slightly, at a small expense, and the revenues accruing to the owners, from rents, form a large percentage on the capital invested. One structure on Third Street, owned by a late State Senator, is calculated to yield a monthly income of $168, equal to $2 016 per annum. It is separated in the rear by a court from another building of the same description, yielding nearly the same amount of revenue. Each floor forms twelve appartments, filled by as many families, each of which pays $3 50, $4 50 or $5 per month according to the location. There is no pecuniary motive for putting up houses of any other description in this locality. Though they are often filthy in the extreme, new buildings of a better quality would be filled by the same occupants, with the same habits.

About daylight the colonies are in motion, and the able bodied, equipped with baskets and pokers, sally forth, each emulous to anticipate the rest in reaching the field of gain. Sometimes the city is partitioned off into districts, and it is as much a trespass to overstep the boundaries assigned, as for a fire engine to run out of its district. A few, more favored than the rest, have carts with which to collect the refuse and offal of kitchens and butter shops, and the wife and a good dog, well harnessed, exert themselves in concert, in urging it forward. At the close of the day, when the circuit has been completed, the baskets, bags, and carts are emptied, and a pile formed of their contents. The latter are then carefully sorted, and generally afford, aside from the rags and bones, both food and fuel. The rags are sold to shops adjacent, for two cents a pound for cotton and linen, and sometimes less for woolen, suitable for carpets. The bones are sold for thirty cents a bushel, after having been well scraped and boiled, to secure the nutritious portions for food.—The bones from the gutter, after being washed, suffice to provide for the necessities of the family proper, including the canine dependencies. The food and fuel thus secured are the emoluments received, over and above the income from bones and rags, and are incidental to the main purpose. The processes rendered necessary by the transaction of a business so various, all conducted in the appartment used as kitchen, bed room, sitting and store room—imparts a peculiar odor to the atmosphere, discernable at some distance. It can easily be imagined that the uncleanly mode of living thus described, with unsuitable food, and contracted and ill ventilated appartments, are not promotive of health. The cholera, accordingly, in past years, made fearful havoc among these people.

Notwithstanding the extreme degredation of the German rag pickers, they appear happy, and exhibit no signs of discontent. With many, the Western States is the promised land, and every effort is made to accumulate sufficient funds to enable them to emigrate. A colony of three hundred persons is mentioned, which occupied a single basement last year, living promiscuously together with a common bone heap, to which all contributed, and from which was derived a portion of their sustenance. Though seeming to be in utter destitution, they all started to the West, last Spring, to settle on farms.

Snow storms are among the worst calamities that can befal the rag picker, as his means of livelihood are placed beyond his reach. In such emergencies the girls turn out *en masse* to sweep the street crossings, asking each passenger for a penny, and three or four shillings per day are often thus realized, per head. A mild winter like the present is a blessing they can easily appreciate.

The youth, both males and females, are marked by an unnatural precocity, resulting partly from the early age at which they are compelled to assist in gaining a livelihood, and partly from their addictedness to vice. Though young in years many of them are adepts in vice. Destitution gives temptation an unwonted power, and they early learn to yield to it.

It is gratifying to know that some benevolent and philanthropic individuals are interesting themselves in behalf of this wretched and long neglected population. A mission, established by the Mercer street Presbyterian Church, has been for some time in operation in Avenue D., and other plans are on foot, having in view the intellectual and moral benefit of these people, and others like them. Among other things, a Sabbath school for boys has been established, at which from 130 to 200 boys have been in attendance. Judge Mason superintends it personally, and there is much in the enterprise of an encouraging nature.

Capt. Squires is one of the few police officers who have interested themselves in movements of this kind, though their peculiar duties eminently qualify them, in many respects, to co operate in missionary efforts. It is now contemplated to establish a kind of work house, in which boys may be kept from idleness, and healthful instructions and discipline be administered.—*N. Y. Times.*

PERFUMES.—An article that indolent young ladies make use of to supply the place of water and soap.

Moonlight Scene on Salt Lake.

Captain Stanberry, while surveying Great Salt Lake, was sometimes compelled by the beauty and grandeur of the scenery to turn from science to poetry. The following is one of his descriptions:

"The evening was mild and bland, and the scene around us was one of exciting interest. At our feet on each side lay the waters of the Great Salt Lake, which we had so long and so ardently desired to see. They were clear and calm and stretched far to the South and West. Directly before us, and distant only a few miles, an island arose from eight hundred to one thousand feet in height, while in the distance other and larger ones shot up from the bosom of the waters, their summits appearing to reach the clouds. On the West appeared several dark spots resembling other islands, but the dreamy haze, hovering over this still and solitary sea, threw its dim, uncertain veil over the more distant features of the landscape, and prevented the eye from seeing any object with distinctness, while it half revealed the whole, leaving ample scope for the imagination of the beholder. The stillness of the grave seemed to pervade both air and water, and excepting here and there a solitary wild duck floating motionless on the bosom of the lake, not a living thing was to be seen. The night proved perfectly serene, and the young moon shed its tremulous light upon a sea of profound and unbroken silence. I am surprised to find, although so near a body of the saltest water, none of that feeling which is always experienced when in the vicinity of the ocean. The blank and naked shores, without a single tree to relieve the eye, presented a picture so different from what I had pictured in my imagination of the beauties of this far-famed spot that my disappointment was extreme."

THE MORMONS.

A problem of singular difficulty, and every day growing more and more portentious—than which, if we except African Slavery, none is more difficult of solution—is rising in the distant West, before the American Government and people. Ere long they will have to grapple with it. Whether it can be peaceably solved the future alone can tell.

A new territory carved out of the recent conquests from Mexico, stretching from the summit of the Rocky Mountains on the East, through thirteen degrees of longitude, to the land of gold. A branch of the Indian family, the Pah Utahs—roamed its prairies and called it as their own. But a new tribe [illegible] from State to State, flocing, before an indignant people, from Ohio, from Missouri, and Illinois struggling with cold and hunger, and encountering the most fearful hardships and privations, during the ferocious savages that dwelt along their route, and dragging slowly along their children, goods and domestic implements, at length make their tedious way to the home of the Utahs; and having, as they no doubt supposed, reached the isolated spot, so far from all organized society that they would be free from disturbances for many, many years, they set themselves down in the valley of the Jordan—in the "land of the Honey Bee"—plant their absurd faith and begin a new nation.—Some six years have since elapsed; and the census of the Great Salt Lake City probably enumerates at this day, some forty or fifty thousand people—while in other parts of the world, two hundred and fifty thousand more embrace the Mormon faith. In this far off wilderness, so recently known only to the moccasin, the arts are flourishing in a high degree. Woolen factories, to be supplied by fleeces from the Jordan valley—sugar manufactories, to be fed with beets—potteries and cutlery establishments, send their hum through the astonished land. No such noise did it expect to hear for half a century to come. [illegible] the city, the site of a contemplated university is already laid out and enclosed. School houses are springing up, and are supplied with competent teachers from a central Normal School. Gigantic preparations are in progress to build up a Temple, which is intended to surpass every existing or historic structure in splendor and magnitude. The city is laid out on a scale of magnificent proportions, to which, hitherto, the world has been a stranger—a scale corresponding with the breadth of territory on whose bosom they dwell—corresponding with their expectations of growth, and compared with which the narrow avenues of modern and ancient cities, are but mere mathematical lines—already three miles in breadth and four in length, its streets are regularly diagramed, each eight rods wide, with side walks of twenty feet—every block forty rods square, containing eight lots of an acre and a quarter each, and every tenement obliged by law to retreat twenty feet from the front line, to make room for a delightful margin of shrubbery and trees. A perennial stream flows through the city, and pours its pure waters down both sides of every street, and carries irrigation to their bounteous gardens. A warm spring bubbles from the mountains, and following pipes reaches a public bathing house. A soil of exuberant productiveness stretches around them. Comparitively little *solicitation is necessary from the hand of man to* bring its grains and fruits to perfection and maturity. Twenty miles to the north west slumber the heavy waters of the great Salt Lake. This vast body of the purest brine—so densly impregnated that men cannot sink in it, if they try—fills a basin of thirty by seventy miles, and will, doubtless, be the scene of the exhaustless salt manufacture for those future generations that will inhabit the immense domain between the Rocky Mountains and the Sea. Already a U. States mail route reaches from this city to San Diego on the Pacific coast, near which the Salt Lake Mormons have, thus early, established a colony. Other and out post settlements are planting around them, on the Weber and the Timpanagos. Mormon missionaries are proselyting the world, and converging their converts to the city of Utah. The unconquerable mountains of Wales are sending their hardy sons to preach and practice the Mormon creed in the Western World. And here, between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, over eleven hundred miles from San Francisco, and about two thousand four hundred miles from the city of New York, rapidly grows this incipient community—bound together by a burning enthusiasm and a common faith, compacted by persecutings, wedded by the necessity of self support and self defence,—its founder a sot, and its Bible a theft—one of the strangest phenomena to which the present or any age, has given birth. How far was it from the thoughts of the minister, Solomon Spalding, when at Cherry Valley, in New York, he composed his imaginary history called the "Manuscript Found," that it would be seized by an ignorant and truthless drunkard, proclaimed to have been engraven on golden plates, become the Scripture of a new and numerous sect—in thirty years trail 800,000 zealots in its wake—count its worshippers in England, Germany, Sweden, in the mountain fastness of Wales, in Normandy, the East Indies and the Sandwich Isles—and found a great City and State in that Territory, which at the time he wrote, the foot of white man never trod.

The President of a debating society out West lately decided that the "milk of human kindness" literally meant milk punch with a little nutmeg in it.

If you wish to make a good looking girl take to intellectual pursuits, push her down stairs some day and break her nose. Beauty is a shocking enemy to books, and has no more taste for study than it has for wrinkles and cow-hide boots. As a general thing, girls don't take to Algebra till beaux cease to take to them.

Friendship is a sweet attraction of the heart towards the merit we esteem, or the perfection we admire, and produces a mutual inclination between two or more persons, to promote each others interests, knowledge, virtue and happiness.

DEVOTION.—Standing up to your knees in slush singing songs to a bed room window. We witnessed such a scene lately.

A Sharp Justice.

In one of the remotest recesses of the "Mountain District" of Tennessee, there resides a community in which there lives but one solitary Whig. All the rest belong to the unterrified Democracy, believing still that Gen. Jackson is President of the U. States, and voting for him once in four years. Well, this Whig has, for the last twenty years, it is said, held the office of Justice of the Peace in this community, by a sort of common consent. But this year political excitement being quite stirring, a project was formed of turning the Squire out of office, and putting in a Democrat.

On the day of the election, the people assembled and the voting commenced. The election was held in an old log distillery, and the ballot box was a large gourd. The opposing candidate was the owner of the distillery, and there was whiskey enough on the premises for them all to swim in.

The Squire was early on the ground to watch the proceedings. He came on the ground barefooted, and unincumbered with any other garments than his shirt and pantaloons.

After eyeing the proceedings for some time in silence, he rose up and told the crowd that he wanted to make them a short speech. 'Agreed,' said they all. He accordingly mounted a whiskey barrel and commenced:

"Fellow citizens:—I've been looking on here, and I see plainly what's going on here. Fellow citizens—I've been a Justice of the Peace here for the last twenty years, and a good many of you know that I've saved you from goin' to the Penitentiary, and now you are trying to turn me out of office. But I just want to tell you one thing—I've got the Constitution and Laws of the State of Tennessee, and just as sure as you turn me out of office, *I'll burn 'em up*—if I don't, blame me, and you may all go to ruin together."

The effect of this speech was tremendous, and he was re elected by an overwhelming majority.

The Execution of Major Andre.

The principal guard officer, who was constantly in the room with the prisoner, relates that when the hour of his execution was announced to him in the morning, he received it without emotion, and while all present were affected with silent gloom, he retained a firm countenance, with calmness and composure of mind. Observing his servant enter the room in tears, he exclaimed, "Leave me till you can show yourself more manly." His breakfast being sent to him from the table of [illegible] which had been done every day of his confinement, he partook of it as usual; and, having shaved and dressed himself, he placed his hat on the table, and cheerfully said to the guard officers, "I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you." The fatal hour having arrived, a large detachment of troops were paraded, and an immense concourse of people assembled; almost all our general and field officers, excepting his excellency and his staff, were present on horseback; melancholy and gloom pervaded all ranks—the scene was affecting and awful.

I was so near during the solemn march to the fatal spot, as to observe every moment and particular in every emotion which the melancholy scene was calculated to produce. Major Andre walked *from the stone house in which he had been confined* between two of our subaltern officers, arm in arm; the eyes of the immense multitude were fixed on him, who, rising superior to the fear of death, appeared as if conscious of the dignified deportment which he displayed. He betrayed no want of fortitude; but retained a complacent smile on his countenance, and politely bowed to several gentlemen whom he knew, which was respectfully returned. It was his earnest desire to be shot, as being the mode of death most conformable to the feelings of a military man, and so granted. [illegible] the hope that his request would be granted suddenly in view of the gallows, he involuntarily started back, and made a pause. "Why this emotion, sir?" said an officer by his side. Instantly recovering his composure he said, "I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode."

While waiting and standing near the gallows, I observed some degree of trepidation—placing his foot on a stone, and rolling it over, and choking in his throat, as if attempting to swallow. So soon, however, as he perceived that things were in readiness, he stepped quickly into the wagon; and at this moment he appeared to shrink; but, instantly elevating his head with firmness, he said, "It will be a momentary pang;" and taking from his pocket two white handkerchiefs, the provost marshal with one loosely pinioned his arms, and with the other, the victim, after taking off his hat and stock, bandaged his own eyes with perfect firmness, which melted the hearts and moistened the cheeks, not only of his servants, but of the throng of spectators. The rope being appended to the gallows, he slipped the noose over his head, and adjusted it to his neck without the assistance of the executioner. Colonel Scammel now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it. He raised the handkerchief from his eyes and said, "I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man!" The *wagon being now removed from under him, he was* suspended and instantly expired.—*Chamber's Repository.*

A Beautiful Institution.

And what is that beautiful institution?—the most beautiful of all social contrivances? One answer is The Family! To our mind, there is nothing in the universe, not even the gorgeous planetary system, which bears more distinctly the divine impress, than the Family Arrangement. And in truth it is nothing less than a divine contrivance.

God has chosen that the whole race should be divided into so many little communities, each of which is under the superintendance and government of its natural head, and all its members bound together by the ties of natural sympathy and affection. In order to do this, we are brought into the world helpless and dependent upon parental care; not created in a condition of solitary independence, but so that our very birth is a bond of mutual interest and endearment, and a band of friends meet us at the very entrance upon life.

The parent is invested with absolute authority, but this authority is guarded from becoming arbitrary and harsh by being tempered with love. In every parent's heart is implanted a love for his offspring, which insures tender treatment. Though the parent may never have loved a child before, the moment his own child is laid in his bosom, a fountain of affection is felt gushing up towards it. And this love is disinterested, being irrespective of all considerations of personal profit and advantage, and contemplating only the happiness and comfort of his child.

Under the guidance of paternal authority and love the child grows, and its heart yields in return, reverence, submission, love to the parents. In process of time, brothers and sisters are added to the family group, and new affections are called forth all around the circle. At first this family is the whole world to its members, but when the proper sentiments are imbibed, and the right affections are aglow in the bosoms, they reach out and attach themselves to neighbors, friends, countrymen. Home has educated for wider fields of thought and action, and from the bosom of families come forth the neighbor, the citizen, the patriot, the philanthropist, the Christian. All other social interests depend upon the family, as the stream depends upon the fountain, and as the character of the one, so will be the destiny of the other.

Entertaining such views of the wisdom, beauty, dignity and utility of the family, let not our readers be surprised or weary if we often dwell upon the theme, and strive usefully our mission as editor of a Family Companion. We love the family; the very name of home warms our blood, and we long to see all our fellow men appreciating this divine and blessed institution, and helping to make it what God intended it should be—the nursery of all that is good, and noble, and glorious in humanity.

The Methodists of this country have built churches nearly at the rate of one per week, during the eighty-seven years of their existence as a denomination.

Haynau and the European System.

Haynau is dead, and his perturbed ghost seems to be making the tour of the civilized earth, afflicted by the execrations of humanity upon every side. Haynau, a name that has of late acquired a fearful notoriety in Europe and America; designating a wretch foredoomed to ignominy and scorn and death—forbidden to conceal from the living victim the fate which awaits him at the hands of posterity. Haynau, the cold blooded minion of power, whose name is written in blood all over the Austrian dominions; whose devilish deeds are festering still about the Austrian throne; and whose infamy will be a cherished legacy with the Hungarian people throughout all time.

Yet Haynau was but one man. He could not have done the things for which he is thus cursed of his race, but by the power with which he was endowed. Haynau, then, was but an exponent of a system—a necessity of the remorseless purpose of the Austrian throne. A creature of European despotism, he is but a prominent illustration of its real character. And while the ghost of Haynau passed by, the liberal and enlightened "people" of Europe and America will lavish their indignation in vain, if they forget that the spirit which animated the dead is still living—active, earnest, resolute, and all unchanged—upon the thrones of Europe to this day. Austria, of whom Haynau was but the most faithful and devoted servant, stands at the head of the system; sustained by Russia.—The Czar, by the exercise of his accustomed policy, would share the spoil but evade the shame. But this cannot be. The whole monarchical system partakes in different degrees, of the spirit by which Haynau was moved to action; that spirit is hereditary and essentially so. It is modified by circumstances, restrained by civilization, and disguised by policy. But to what extent soever it may at any time be considered necessary to involve its character and resources, there is not a monarchy in the world, not a throne or system—temporal or spiritual—resting upon other basis than the popular independence, but to that extent will do it.

Some of our statesmen occasionally entertain the public with encomiums upon the British government, and indulge to excess in [illegible] policy. What there is good in Britain or in Austria, we may wisely appropriate; but with our experience, we shall at this age of our history find little to admire in the policy of either. In Austria we have the avowed absolutist, and the relentless despot. In England we have the ambidextrous monarchist, urged to the practice of a two fold policy, professing liberalism, yet holding power from the people as long as she dares. They are alike actuated by the same spirit in different degrees, and both have equally betrayed the disposition to exert it to excess, as occasion demanded. That the practice of England is in many things governed by it to this day, is apparent to all who are familiar with the current history of that country, at home and abroad. And its humiliating influence pervades all the lower classes of life. Indeed it descends from class to class, in perceptible gradation, and all are subject to it, in degree, according to position. A writer, Moran, of Philadelphia, in a work illustrative of English society, the result of a late European tour, says of the rural class:

"Clownishness and stupidity are the natural results of the social and political condition of the rustic population of England; and so long as men [illegible] by their superiors in wealth and position as but little better than swine, so long will the farm hands of Great Britain be held in their present condition."

And again, speaking of the demoralized condition of the operatives of Liverpool and Manchester, he says:

"The poor are a servile, crouching race to their employers, or *masters*, as they call them; and the greater part of the generation just arrived at maturity are indifferently educated, numbers of them being unable to read or write. Their leisure hours are passed at the ale-houses, and it is not unusual to see women and men sitting together in those places sipping gin."

Who that has passed through England, however hastily, but will recognize the truth of these two paragraphs? And this condition, this abject, servile state of the popular mind, is consequent upon the monarchical system—the existence of a power, temporal or spiritual, one or both, absolute and arbitrary, as it is over the mind, if not entirely so over the person of the subject wielded by faliable men, and directed by human ambition.

Monarchy is the Haynau of the world. And wedded to his spiritual bride, the Church, irresponsible power over the bodies and minds—aye, the *very souls of men—is the monstrous offspring of* the unhallowed union. Education, knowledge, light, truth, and the energy of the popular will, are slowly but surely involving an antagonism which shall ultimately triumph under the benign influences of "the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man."—*Baltimore Sun.*

WORK! WORK!!

Yes, young man, work. Work earnestly, determinedly, bravely. It is the only way to get along in this rough and tumble world. Who in it that gets station, honor, emoluments—who occupies the high and golden places in every community? The worker of course. It couldn't be otherwise from the nature of things.

That man don't work? Who is he? Almost the shadow of nothing—less than a cypher, a mere bond stone on the neck of humanity. Men of sense shun him. Women of brains cut him. Society—the *vital and solid part of it*—gives him its hardest kick, and properly too, the man that won't work has no right to ask the good will or word of any one, not a bill of it—not due.

Where would have been your Franklins, your Washingtons, and your Fultons, your Whitneys your Bacons and Newtons, and La Places, Humboldts and Morses? Where a host of kindred worthies, whose names are enrolled on the imperishable column of fame, if they had not toiled and worked? Never one should we have had. They worked sturdily, manfully, hopefully, courageously; and to day science, government, philosophy shed on the world a light and warmth as genial as wonderful.

Young man, who knows but you may do as much? Every one has unlimited capacities planted within him. Work will bring them out. Who knows but a Franklin lives in your brain? Try and see.—Work, dig, struggle, reach and push it. You can do it. Will you? Yes, then work.

The following description of a good wife is given by a down easter:

"She hadn't *no ear* for music, Sam, but she had a capital eye for dirt, and, with poor folks, that's much better. No man never seed as much dirt in my house as a fly could'nt brush off with his wings.—Boston gals may boast of their spinnits and their *gyturs*, and *eyetalian* airs, and their *cars for music*, but give me the gal that has an eye for dirt; she's the gal for my money."

ENERGY OF CHARACTER.—I love the energy that lasts until the end. There is something noble and dignified in it. The man that possesses such a trait of character must be respected, when his energy is employed in a good and worthy cause; and when the busy mind sinks in its loudon sleep, science shall weep over departed glory, and society mourn an irreparable loss.

"Bones," said Ginger, "which had you rather ride in—a stage coach or steamboat?" "Why, I'd rather ride in a coach, bekuse, if it upsets there you is; but if de steamboat blows up, what is you?"

NAPLES AND ITS ENVIRONS.

The beauties of the Bay of Naples have not been exaggerated. The harbor was much smaller than I expected to find it, and the shipping does not equal that of Boston either in the number or size of the vessels. A considerable part of the bay is too shallow to afford anchorage even for small vessels, and it is occupied as the rendezvous of fishing boats and pleasure boats, of which there are many hundreds thus clustered together. In its associations with the commerce of the world, in sweep and depth and majesty, in the roll of mighty rivers and their struggle with ocean tides, in its floating forest, bedecked with the streamers of every nation, in its peopled islands adorned with palaces, and its spreading cities upon either shore or bay, New York very far exceeds the bay of Naples.

But New York bay is not a unit, the eye cannot take it in a glance; from no point can its whole scope be seen from the Hook to the Battery; it has its upper and lower; it is broken by the long reach of Staten Island; it is formed on the scale of the panorama rather than of the picture—a beautiful picture one that you can look upon as a whole from one point and another and then examine it in detail, without being oppressed with its vastness, and without losing its diversities in the sense of its completeness. In this respect—as a picturesque object to be seen and enjoyed the Bay of Naples altogether transcends that of New York,—large enough to meet the conception of vastness, swelling outward into the sea, and, in that direction bounded only by *its horizon*, and yet compact and definite enough to meet the sense of beauty. It has the further advantage of being flanked on either hand by massive mountains, while its islands give to it a pleasing variety without breaking its impression by their own prominence.

The city, too, spreads gracefully around it—as it Brooklyn, New York and Jersey City formed one continuous circuit about the harbor—and rises over it in tiers of buildings crowned with forts and towers. From whatever point it is viewed—whether from the bold promontory of Misenum on the West or the smoking como of Vesuvius on the East, from the castled heights of the city, from the long promenade that skirts its Western margin, or from the deck of the retiring steamer until it is sealed behind the island of Capri, it is still the same same picturesque, beautiful, imposing sheet of water glimmering under the pure shines, through an atmosphere of crystal purity. From some points you command a view at once of Vesuvius and of Misenum, with the city and its suburbs girdling the intermediate bay and this *coup dœil* of the Bay of Naples is the most enchanting picture that immagination can suggest or art portray.

The diameter of the bay is about 12 miles and is surrounded on three sides by an amphitheatre of hills which at either extremity shut down close upon the sea; all along this range of hills on the inner or Northern margin of the bay stretches the city of Naples, with its dependencies, covering an extent of at least 12 miles and embracing a population of nearly half a million. Yet the city proper is compactly built, and as in all the Italian cities, its population is so densely packed that it does not appear to the eye to compete so nearly with New York in its census

The street facing the harbor, free from all the nuisances common to report, broad, well-paved, and in many parts adorned with elegant buildings of a cream colored stone, is one of the most magnificent streets in the world. Here is the royal palace, a building of good architectural proportions, more than 400 feet long, but so connected with it and with the forts as to afford all requisite facilities for egress in event of a popular revolution. In the structure of almost every European palace, the two prime ideas appear to be defence and escape—the luxurious embellishment within only making it a more wearisome prisonhouse. Every palace is a guard house and a prison.

But this sea-bird palace at Naples, with all its adjuncts of barracks and artillery, is a beautiful object notwithstanding. All the princial hotels are built along the same street, facing the bay, and there too stretching for nearly a mile the along water's edge, is the public promenade, well shaded and adorned with statues and with cultivated flowers. But the beauty of Naples lies mainly upon this one street, and upon two or three others in the suburbs. The rest are narrow—many too narrow for vehicles, and interrupted by flights of steps, they are noisome with filth, and teeming with a shiftless population. The business streets are thronged with out door salesmen and mechanics, and in this luxurious climate the whole population seem to in the open air. Gaiety, elegance, poverty, filth, activity and sloth here exist in constant juxtaposition.—*Independent.*

'John,' said a clergyman to his man, 'you should become a teetotaller, you have been drinking again.'

'Do you never take a wee drop yourself, minister?"

'But John, you must look at my circumstances and yours.'

'Very true, sir,' said John; 'but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?'

'No John, I cannot tell that.'

'Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean.'

Snooks possesses an inquiring mind—always wants to know something about something. He is at present prosecuting the inquiry—

'Who will beat in the great human race?'

This is a question of great importance, and should engage the attention of our scientific men.

Two Dutchmen once got into a dispute about the English language, each one contending that he could command the best. They made a bet at length, and appointed a judge to decide—

'Veil Chon,' said the first, 'did it rain to-morrow?'

'I kees it veah,' said John. Wasn't that judge in a quandary?

A priest was called to pray over the barren fields of his parishioners. He passed from one enclosure to another, and pronounced his benediction, until he came to a most unpromising case. He surveyed its sterlic acres in despair. "Ah!" said he, "brethren—no use to pray here—this needs manure!"

Ike Marvel says, after hearing a dull sermon preached by a dandy, he asked a friend what he thought of the sermon? He replied in his usual, quaint, queer style—"if they go on preaching this way, the grass will soon be knee deep in heaven."

A wicked wag of a lawyer, in a country court, recently scandalized the bench by putting the following query to his professional brethren:—'Why is Judge —— like necessity?' The members of the bar present quickly answered, 'because he knows no law.'

The London *Times* states the extraordinary fact, that ninety five out of every hundred letters sent from the United States to Ireland, contain remittances of money to pay the passages of relatives to this country.

A quaint old gent, who is withal one of our most active, stirring men, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse.

'Mr. Jones,' said he to him one morning, 'did you ever see a snail?' 'Certainly,' said Jones. 'Then,' said the old boy, 'you must have met him, for you could never overtake him.'

A distinguished writer says:—There is but one passage in the Bible where the girls are commanded to kiss the men, and that is the golden rule. 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.'

If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

'Hello! mister, have you got any grain to sell?'

'No. Why do you ask?'

'Because I see you have a very wry face.'