

Upon this universal flower-bed. And the sun never sets the summer long without having opened more fully some demasell's rose-tree, or heightened the tulip's glow. No traveller visits us, but he sees the garden immediately. He cannot wander far without seeing the happy cotter and his hoe, and the maiden with her posies; bowers and roseries, grottoes and hedge-rows, all green and flowery, captivate him wherever he journeys. Linnæus found a garden in our country commons, amongst the wild turse bushes, that wave like a sea of gold. And we will lay it down as a truth that England cannot but be happy if she prosper in her gardens. The more flowers and fruit, the more crebards and potatoe-grounds, the more cultivated plots for vegetables and for amusement, and the more peace. What need has a nation for the sabre or the bomb when the delight of her sons is the pruning-hook?

There's something about an old garden that is wonderfully fascinating; and, let me say, never alter an old garden merely to make it look newer. If you require a new garden, make one, but don't touch the old one. England is one of newer design, but let it remain eligible for a walk where one can breathe the odour of lag-syne flowers. Once touched by the plough, or uprooted by the careless hand, and its glory is departed for ever. It is treasured with the dearest memories, and no art can again make it what it was. It is pleasant to retrace on the spot that is hallowed by happy days; where every shrub is a romance of the actual in life. Many a maiden that our youth loved sat under the weeping ash in the moonlight. The tree that has sent its boughs so high, was planted on an early birthday with a wooden shovel. The round, quaint grass-plot was mown by the old gardener, who is withered like his own flowers; but we recollect how one summer's morn he took us to see the fairy thing of a bird's nest in the standard thorn. In that sycamore shade stood the swing, and the old figures and names that the penknife graved on the bark are perceptible even yet. Sancho and Wallace played here among our nine pins and blue-ribbons. A brother, now in heaven, perhaps, planted that tuft of London-pride just where it is—it would be like sacrilege to steal it away; and the fairy fingers of a sister, delicate as the flower itself, placed those lilies of the valley under the Portugal laurel,—who would remove them? Here the father walked, and there the mother encouraged our jollities; and is it puerile to remember those puerile times? Must they be recognised in our manhood, or perish with all their tender influences with our boyhood and girlhood? No! the botanist is not worthy the name who can forget his rocking horse and his childhood while counting the stems of the marigold that decked his bonnet when a child. Such thoughts are designed to make us more manly, and to render us pure like the flowers that were sent to be our prototypes.

It is not Green or Linnæus, therefore, with their quarto pages and illustrations, that open the garden-gate for us so regularly. We take our hearts into the garden. The tedious monadrias and genera of the books is not all we want. We wish to handle the pot and mingle the mould with our own hands, and find amusement in the upspringing bud, the aroma, the new creation, the chalice from which the wild bee drinks its nectar. We love the flowers because they are beautiful, because they are of the few things which man cannot infect or spoil by his thoughtiness.

We have no sympathy with those who talk of old-fashioned flowers, and are anxious to get rid of them because it is fashionable to have something newer. You may call the daisy old-fashioned—so much the better; it grows no sicker for an epithet; it is no common thing to us; to us the blue-bell is a delicious blossom; and the pretty little hedgerow celandine is not the flower which

is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Many a time, in my country rambles, does the field hyacinth ask me why it is refused the more cultured nook of the garden, and why might it not shake hands with its sisters of a foreign soil? I have often pulled it, and wondered why emigrants should lie snugly under the bo-house leaves, and this wilding be called too common. Common! We have to much taste to scandalize a flower with such a name, and why cannot some kind hand bring it in triumph to the flower-bed, and why should we think it unworthy such a place because it has happened to become more plentiful than the darlings we tend with such consideration and partiality?

So we will love our garden. New or old, small or large, stocked with proud evergreens or growing its one white rose-tree, we will love it. We will not be anxious about its size, or age, or shape, if it can make us happy; but it shall be formed as tastefully and cared for as regularly as circumstances will permit. Here we will take our Endymion and our Milton, our Shakespeare and our Cowper, and find

Society where none intrudes.  
After a toilsome day many a bright thought will come to us in the garden. Weared to limb the flowers will refresh us. And those of us who possess no garden should assuredly get one, if it be only four yards square. The garden will then haunt our fancies and dreams; we shall ever find something to re-arrange or dress afresh; every ann will put a new value on our dahlia; every dew-drop will second our efforts; and we shall return to our desks and studios with a rose upon the cheek that never bloomed there before, and our lives will magically become a GARDEN.

True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written—writing what deserves to be read, and making the world happier and better for having lived in it.

From the London People's Journal.

DAY IS BREAKING.

BY G. LINNÆUS DANKS.

Day is breaking

On the mountain-tops of Time,  
As they stand, head-bared and hoary,  
Watching, from their heights sublime,  
The new Morning upward climb  
In its resplendent glory.

Day is breaking!

Like a bubbling sea of light  
Stretching over Time's dark ocean;  
And the darkness of the Night  
Melts before its gathering might,  
Like a spectral thing in motion.

Day is breaking!

As, when in some pleasant dream,  
The Soul goes forth exploring,  
And heaven's pavements windows seem,  
Through which, in one eternal beam,  
Its light on earth is pouring.

Day is breaking!

Like a host of Angels beat  
On some Divine commission;  
And o'er the cloudless firmament  
It spreadeth, as a rainbow sent  
On its Angelic mission.

Day is breaking!

In the valleys, on the hills,  
The earth is as an infant awathed in bright-  
ness—  
And the rivers and the rills  
With a sparkling joy it fills,  
As to lyric measure turns their rippling light-  
ness.

Day is breaking!

And the glad some early bird,  
As a ray of morn, distilled in music, sing-  
ing;  
Through the welkin far is heard,  
Thrilling, like the parting word  
Of a lover, to his earthly idol clinging,

Day is breaking!

And the wicket of the Soul  
Thrown back, that they may enter, while it  
proudly  
Drinks in the sun-waves as they roll,  
And pointing to the Past's dark scroll,  
Calls on the Future loudly.

Day is breaking!

The Mind's flood-gates are opened wide,  
And Light, in torrents rushing,  
O'erpowers the gaze of Pomp and Pride,  
Hurls Wrong and Ignorance aside,  
With its impetuous gushing.

Day is breaking!

And, from the grave of other years,  
In new birth Man is waking,  
Who o'er the dust of Death appears  
His face bedecked, with smiles, not tears  
For Mankind's Day is breaking.

Day is breaking!

And, with a giant-conqu'ring shout,  
Released from gloom and danger,  
The spirit of true Men leaps out,  
Beyond the paths of fear and doubt,  
To Good no more a stranger.

Day is breaking!

In the dark unhealthy mine;  
Around the fact'ry wheel and laborers dwell-  
ing,  
Bright hopes and great achievements shine,  
Inspiring energy divine,  
With which his breast, for purpose pore is  
swelling.

Day is breaking!

A crimson rust feeds on the sword,  
Devoured with blood of its own shedding,  
And, where the cannon thund'ring roared,  
To sober Peace and Self restored,  
Man, by the Light of God, is treading.

Day is breaking,

As a vast earthquake, on the world,  
Fraught with a mighty shaking;  
Grim Prejudice is downward haled,  
And Truth's bright banner, wide unfurled,  
Proclaims the 'Day is breaking.'

From the St. Louis Reveille.

INCIDENT BEFORE MARRIAGE.

"THEREBY HANGS A TAIL"

By Solitaire.

Walker's celebrated exchange, in Louisville, is the favorite resort of the citizens of that burgh—and its gentlemanly proprietor enjoys a popularity there, which would almost elect him Governor of the State, if he would but consent to run for the office. Strangers, of course, go to Walker's, and he takes them in, but sometimes he puts them out—a case of the

latter kind was related to us the other day, which deserves to be chronicled.

A young gentleman arrived in Louisville about two weeks since, on a matrimonial visit, and of course he donned his best suit to visit his dory. He made his call, arranged the preliminaries, passed a delightful afternoon and evening, sipped a honeyed kiss from the lips of his fair inamorata at parting, and started down to his lodgings at the Galt House. The wedding was set for the next day, and the happy young dog tripped along, so buoyed up by anticipation, that you would have guessed, to have seen him, that he had, mercury-like, wings to his heels. On his way down he observed that the light was still burning in 'Walker's,' and the large placard at the door of 'fresh oysters in the shell,' was too tempting an invitation, at that interesting period, to be stochastically passed by, so he thought he would just step in and taste a dozen by way of invigorating his dreams. He entered, a dozen was called for, served, tasted, and washed down with a glass of the proprietor's choicest madeira. The general good feeling of the youngster was immeasurably heightened! He turned to leave, and as he was the last customer, the barkeeper followed him to the door to lock it after him. At that moment a jolly crowd came around the cotter singing—

Piecyune Butler's come to town!

The barkeeper knowing the crowd was making for Walker's, and it being already after midnight, he desired to shut them out, so he politely hurried the young stranger through the door, slammed it to, locked it, put the bar across, and retreated with his lamp up stairs. Presently there was a tremendous rapping at the front door, but the barkeeper, satisfied that it was the noisy company he had barred out, rolled himself up in the quilts, and turned over to take his 'winks.'

'Mike, will you open this door, you d—n fool,' shouted one of the crowd, with scintillating lungs.

'I want no such fool,' grumbled Mike, as he pulled the covering tighter around him.

'Will you open this d—o—o—r?' was yelled again.

'I want—that's flat!' growled Mike to himself, in answer, and off he dropped into the land of dreams. He slept as it might be supposed a soldier would, who was listening to the storming of Chapultepec.

An amusing scene was transpiring all this time on the outside. The young stranger, in hastily passing through the portal, brushed up one of the tails of his new coat, and the barkeeper in shutting one half the door, securely fastened the coat tail in the opening. Supposing, of course, that he would observe it, and instantly release him, he stood still for a moment, and the noisy party surrounded him.

'Stand aside, stranger, and let us in,' said the foremost of the party.

'I would like to do so, gentlemen, if I could,' was the reply, 'but upon my word, just at present, I am unable to comply.'

'Well, we'll help you,' said another, and seizing him by the arm, he slung him, minus the coat tail, out upon the pavement.

Here was a fine opening for a small fight—but one of the party perceiving the difficulty at a glance, interposed with a thousand apologies for his impetuous friend, stated that the torn garment should be paid for, &c., and offered to lend him his own coat until the morning. The destruction of the wedding garment was very unfortunate, and the young stranger lost temper at the idea of his being so awkwardly fastened to the door by the bar-keeper, but what was his further horror, to find that a package of money, amounting to \$500, intended to bear the expenses of himself and bride to her future home, was in the coat tail pocket, and like it, fast in the door. He did not exactly know whether it was prudent to let the present crowd into a knowledge of the fact that such an amount was in the pocket, but to get the door open he told them that the marriage certificate was in the wedged-up-coat-tail. On this announcement, all vowed they would rescue the precious document, or tear the tails of their combined under garments in the effort, and accordingly they assailed the barred portal in a mass. They were preparing to follow up their fruitless efforts of assault with feet and fists, by substituting an awning post for a battering ram, when a watchman interfered, inquired the cause of the trouble, and volunteered to visit the rear of Mr Walker's premises, and have the rear of the gentleman's wedding coat released—this arrangement was generally agreed to, and watchy started. In the meantime, the outsiders held a small caucus of condolence with the groom, during which several animated resolves were passed, that they would victimize the barkeeper, when they got in, by keeping him up until daylight! The banging of the door behind them, and the shock of the bar closing in the iron hasp aroused their attention, but it was too late!

The barkeeper, on learning the trouble, had quietly descended, opened the door, pushed out the coat tail, and fastening the entrance, beat a retreat again. The outsiders stormed, but it was no use; they therefore concluded to pick up the trophy, bear it along to some open establishment, and hold a jollification over its rescue. The owner recovered his package of money, and wished to retreat, but they were in no mood to part with him—they wished to heat all differences before they separated, drink the health of the lady named in the recaptured document, and fill out an order for a new wedding suit. The stranger was forced to yield, and we need not add, that he got home very late the next morning.

The day had grown old before the victim was able to visit his bride, and of course she pouted a little, but on his promise to assign sufficient cause after the wedding, the arrangement was allowed to proceed.

Political.

Kossuth's Letter to Lord Palmerston.

The following affecting letter from the above named patriotic individual, is copied from a late London paper.

WIDDIN, (TURKEY) Sept. 30.

Your excellency is, no doubt, already informed of the fall of my country—unhappy Hungary, assuredly worthy of a better fate. It was not prompted by the spirit of disorder, or the ambitious views of faction; it was not a revolutionary meaning which induced my native country to accept the mortal struggle maintained so gloriously, and brought by nefarious means to so unfortunate an end. Hungary has deserved from her kings the historical epithet of 'generous nation,' for she never allowed herself to be surpassed in loyalty and faithful adherence to her sovereigns by any nation in the world. Nothing but the most revolting treachery, the most tyrannical oppression, and cruelties unheard of in the records of history—nothing but the infernal doom of annihilation to her national existence preserved through a thousand years, through adversities so numerous—were able to rouse her to oppose the fatal stroke aimed at her very life, to enable her to repulse the tyrannical assault of the ungrateful Hapsburgs, or to accept the struggle for life, honor and liberty, forced upon her. And she has nobly fought that holy battle, in which with the aid of Almighty God she prevailed against Austria, whom we crushed to the earth, standing firm even when attacked by the Russian giant, in the consciousness of justice, in our hope in God, and in our hope, my lord, in the generous feelings of your great and glorious nation, the natural supporter of justice and humanity throughout the world. But this is over—what tyranny began has been by treachery concluded; on all sides abandoned, my poor country has fallen, not through the overwhelming power of two great empires, but by the faults, and I may say the treason of her sons. To these untoward events, I pray God that my unhappy country may be the only sacrifice, and that the true interests of peace, freedom, and civilization through the world, may not be involved in our unhappy fate. Mr Francis Pulsky, our diplomatic agent in London, has received ample information as to the cause of this sudden and unlooked-for change in the affairs of Hungary, and is instructed to communicate it to your excellency, if you are graciously pleased to receive the same. It is not sympathy to Austria, though so well merited at the hands of every Hungarian, but a true conviction which makes me say that even Austria has lost far more by her victory, gained through Russian aid, than she would have lost in merited defeat though honorable arrangement. Fallen from her position of a first rate power, she has now forfeited her self-consistency, and has sunk into the obedient instrument of Russian ambition, and of Russian commands. Russia only has gained at this sanguinary game; she has extended and strengthened her influence in the east of Europe, and threatens already in a fearful manner, with outstretching arms, not only the integrity but the moral basis of the Turkish empire.

May it please you, my lord, to allow me to communicate to your excellency a most revolting condition which the Turkish government, at the suggestion of Russia, is about to impose upon us poor homeless exiles. I, the Governor of unhappy Hungary, after having, as I believe, as a good citizen and honest man, fulfilled to the last my duties to my country, had no choice left me between the repose of the grave and the inexorable anguish of expatriation. Many of my brethren in misfortune had preceded me on the Turkish territory. I followed thither in the hope that I should be permitted to pass to England, and there, under the protection of the English people—a protection never yet denied to persecuted men—allowed to repose for awhile my wearied head on the hospitable shores of your happy Island. But even with these views I would rather have surrendered myself to my deadliest enemy than to cause any difficulties to the Turkish Government, whose situation I well knew how to appreciate, and therefore did not intrude on the Turkish territories without previously inquiring whether I and my companions in misfortune would be willingly received, and the protection of the Sultan granted to us. We received the assurance that we were welcome guests, and should enjoy the full protection of Padisha, who would rather sacrifice 50,000 of his own subjects than allow one hair of our heads to be injured. It was only upon this assurance that we passed into the Turkish territory, and according to the generous assurance we were received and tended on our journey, received in Widdin as the Sultan's guest, and treated hospitably, during four weeks, whilst waiting from Constantinople further orders as to the continuation of our sad journey to some distant shore.

Even the ambassadors of England and France, to whom I ventured in the name of humanity to appeal, were so kind as to assure me of their sympathy. His Majesty the Sultan was also so gracious as to give a decided negative to the inhuman pretensions of our extradition demanded by Russia and Austria. But a fresh letter from his Majesty the Czar arrived in Constantinople, and its consequence was the suggestion sent to us by an express messenger of the Turkish Government, that the Poles and Hungarians, and in particular myself,