

Day unto Day Uttereth Speech.

All nature sings aloud to Him
Whose worship lies in Nature's praise;
And human glories wax but dim
To eyes refreshed with Heaven's gaze.

We need not delve, we need not soar
To learn the omnipresent tale,
For things diurnally passed o'er
Weigh denser in Creation's scale.

The humblest gratitude, that draws
Its fullness from an honest heart,
Proffers to God a nobler cause
Than tomes of polished strains impart.

Benighted is the sophist's might,
Who, Titan-like, would war with Heaven,
Compared to yonder ray of light
Which hold in one the hues of seven.

Look on this boundless universe,
And own with reverential awe
How great the forces that disperse
To meet in one harmonious law!

The vivifying beams that raise
To Heaven their adoring strain;
The fury of the lightning blaze,
Which rends the blackened sky in twain;

The soft and sunlit summer skies,
The azure curtain o'er our sleep,
The thousand starry argosies
That twinkle in the midnight deep,—

These swell the universal chords
Of praise that all His works express,
Compared with which the studied words
Of worship are but meaningless.

The same sweet song, thro' changing years,
To One on high Creation pours;
In Nature's shadow she reposes,
In Nature's brightness she adores.

—[Liverpool Albion, Oct. 1857. L. H. F.]

[From Household Words.]

An Experience of Austria.

On the tenth day of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-four, I entered the Austrian capital, and took up my abode at a certain hotel. I had no particular business in Vienna. My object was to amuse myself; and at my leisure, see the many works of art of which the imperial city can boast. My name, reader, is Jenkins—Alfred Jenkins. My passport, according to the regulation, was deposited with the police, and I was presented in lieu thereof with a pass, or permission to remain one month; this pass was renewable, provided the authorities had no objection.

On the third day after my arrival I called to the keller to bring me the Lloyd (the Times newspaper of Vienna.)

The keller approached me, rubbed his hands, shook his head, and smiled:

"The Lloyd," I repeated.

"It is suspended, sir," said the keller.

"How?"

"Not allowed to come out, sir."

"Why?"

"For abusing the Emperor of Russia."

"For how long is it suspended?"

"Cannot say, sir. It may be for one month, or for ever—the minister of police will settle that!"

Here I was guilty of a slight indiscretion. I remarked to an English officer, with whom I had established an acquaintance, and who was seated at the same table with me,

"Only fancy, if the Times, the Daily News, or the Post, was suddenly cut off from us! Imagine Sir Richard Mayne riding down to Printing House Square, and putting a padlock on the premises!"

"Be careful," said my companion, in a whisper,

"Do you see that little man at yonder table?"

"Yes. Who is he?"

"He is a spy. No one knows whether he is a German, an Italian, an Englishman, a Frenchman or a Spaniard, for he speaks all languages with equal facility and elegance. Not that he ever opens his mouth in this room except to eat. He gives himself up to listening; and, by long practice, his ears are peculiarly acute." I took the hint; and discoursed on the weather and other equally harmless topics.

At five o'clock I seated myself at one of the small tables, and ordered dinner. My companion had left Vienna for Trieste, and I was now alone; but not far from me, I espied the little man to whom my attention had been called in the morning.

Now, if there be one thing in the world that I detest more than another, it is having no one to talk to after dinner. To sip wine in silence, is to me insupportable, so I called out in a very great voice:

"Keller!"

The keller, an intelligent, well-mannered—indeed, a gentlemanlike person—came; and I made several enquiries touching the public amusements for the evening, and concluded by saying:

"Bring me the London Times, please."

"The Times has not come to-day, sir—it has been stopped."

"The Times stopped! How?"

"At the frontier, sir."

"Why?"

"It has got something bad in it, I suppose, sir."

"O! Well, bring me the Daily News."

"That paper is forbidden in Vienna."

"Why?"

"It abuses the Austrian government."

"Indeed! Then serve it right to exclude it from the Austrian dominions." Here I glanced at the little man, who was now smoking a cigar. The keller then volunteered the following piece of information:

"When an English paper says anything bad, there comes a telegraphic message from London,

and when that paper comes to the frontier it is seized and burnt."

"Does this often happen?"

"Sometimes, sir," was the reply.

That evening I received a letter from a friend in Brussels, who required me to answer several questions by electric telegraph. I proceeded to the office, and was furnished with a paper, which I filled up thus:—'Number One—Fraser's Magazine, October, one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight. Number Three—Let it stand as written. Number Four—Send no money till you hear from me.'

Having paid two pounds ten shillings for these messages, and having been furnished with a receipt, I returned to my hotel, and subsequently went to the opera. At about nine o'clock on the following morning, whilst dressing, I heard a knock at my door, and called out:

"Come in!"

A person in a semi-military uniform entered my apartment, and, looking at a paper in his hand, pronounced something like my name. I bowed; I was immediately presented with an invitation to attend at a certain office—an office connected with the police department—at the hour of two o'clock.

"What on earth have I done?" I began to ask myself; and forthwith summoned my commissioner, who pulled his moustache, and quietly suggested:

"Perhaps it is nothing," adding, by way of consoling me, "English gentlemen who come to stay here are mostly sent for and asked their business."

At the hour of two, precisely, I was at the place appointed, conducted thither by the commissioner; who, having other business to attend to, left me in a long and gloomy passage which I paced for about three quarters of an hour. The weather was bitterly cold, and I was half-frozen when the individual who had served me with the summons came out at a door, and beckoned me to approach him. I obeyed the movement of his finger, and was shown into a room where sat an official at a desk, writing. I made a bow on entering the room; but of this, no sort of notice was taken. As I was not asked to take a chair, and as I could never stand still for any length of time, after a few minutes I began to walk up and down the room, slowly, and almost noiselessly.—This appeared to annoy the official, who still kept on writing; he frowned awfully, and once or twice uttered something like *Donnerwetter!* I know exactly how long I was kept waiting in the official's room, because I consulted my watch several times. I was there eighteen minutes before my attention was called to the business on hand.

"Your name is Jenkins?" at length greeted my ears.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well!—What do you come here for? To Vienna, I mean."

"To see the city, and what it contains."

"Bah!"

This rather startled me. A long pause ensued. "This is your passport?" resumed the official, holding up the document before me.

"Yes."

"Where is your servant mentioned in this passport? He is not at the hotel."

"No, he is not. I was informed at the frontier at Badenbach, that, as his name was not written in the passport, he could not enter Austria. I had, therefore, to send him back to his own country, Belgium, at great inconvenience, and some pecuniary loss."

"Why do you correspond in cipher?"

"I do not, that I am aware of."

"What! Then you tell me what is false (lügen)."

I felt indignant on hearing this; but I contrived to stifle my wrath, and remarked, calmly, "What I have asserted is the truth. I do not correspond in cipher."

"But I have the proof."

"Then produce it!"

My telegraphic dispatch of the previous evening was exhibited.

"There!" exclaimed the official, triumphantly.—"There! Yes! Forty-eight! Forty-eight! I see. So will you see! What business has an Englishman with Forty-Eight?"

I began to inform the official that they were replies to certain questions forwarded to me by a literary friend in Brussels. I told him that the first question concerned the date in which a certain article had appeared in an English periodical—an article to which my friend desired to make immediate reference; that the second question referred to the year in which a new edition of a certain work had been published; that the third question was about a sentence that my friend wished to alter in a work of mine, the proof sheets of which he was then correcting; and the fourth question was simply this—Should he, my friend, remit me from Brussels, or from London, (to which last mentioned place he was about to proceed) a sum of money I had left in his hands.

I felt that I might have spared myself the trouble of making this explanation; for, the official did not listen to one word of it. He had made up his mind that I had come to Vienna as the agent of all the exiles in England; and that I was, therefore, a dangerous character in the Austrian capital.

"You are then a literary man?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Well I must see your papers."

"I trust I may be spared the indignity of having my papers searched."

"Indignity! What indignity? Many correspondents of English journals have had their papers searched in Vienna. Where do you prefer the search to take place? At the hotel—or here?"

"In my own apartments," I replied.

"Very well. I will send a person with you.—You will meet there another person who will examine your papers and make the report to me." I was then given to understand that I was not in custody, though an agent of the police would "wait upon" me pending further inquiries.

On arriving at the door of my apartment I found it open, and two soldiers seated on my sofa. They were in possession of my baggage. I produced my keys, and handed them to the officer who accompanied me. He first opened my desk. The first letter that he examined, was from a late Indian Brigadier General, the last epistle he ever penned. It was dated Ramnagar, and was posted just before the fatal charge in which he fell. Over the superscription of this letter were several words in Persian character, signifying that 'the postage had not been paid in camp, and was payable on delivery.' There was also on the superscription, a few words in Bengallee, written by the Baboo in the Meerut Post-office. These words signified my name and address, and were intended as a guide to the native postman, who could not read English. This letter was put aside.

The next document into which the officer peered, was a letter from my mother, and related entirely to family affairs. I now became acquainted with the fact, that the officer was able to read our language; for, after he had got thro' the first page, he remarked, 'this is nothing,' and handed me the letter.

A Grand Lodge manuscript certificate now caught his eye, and he opened it out. He was not a Freemason, and had never seen a piece of parchment of the like character. He asked me what it was; I told him. Nevertheless, he put it aside with the Brigadier's letter.

The fourth document that came to his hand was a letter from a German gentleman, holding an office in the Prussian Embassy in London.—In that letter he had facetiously alluded to my intended visit to Vienna, and recommended me to take care that they did not lock me up. No sooner did I see the officer take the epistle in his hand, than I felt it was all over with me, and I dare say that I turned pale. Albeit, I laughed heartily, for the whole affair struck me as somewhat comical. My laughter was soon changed to gravity, when I beheld the officer put back the papers into my desk—lock it—and hand it to one of the soldiers, and request me to 'come along.'

It was now nearly five o'clock, and I suggested that I would like to dine. This favor, however was not accorded. My levity had disgusted the authority charged with the inspection of my papers. He was now convinced that I was not only an intriguer, but a reckless intriguer.

I had not called on the English Ambassador, because his lordship was seriously ill when I arrived at Vienna; and his son was absent in England. To no other members of the Corps Diplomatique was I personally known. I made up my mind not to trouble any of these gentlemen; and resolved to undergo imprisonment patiently, until the return (which was daily expected) of the Ambassador's son, or his lordship's restoration to health. I was quite prepared to suffer an infinity of hardships, such as herding with felons—sleeping on bare stones—feeding on black bread and water—and having my rest disturbed by the shrieks of prisoners undergoing the punishment of *Spießruthen-laufen*.

Perhaps a description of this punishment may interest, as well as disgust, the general reader.—An avenue of soldiers is formed. Each soldier holds in his hand a sort of knout, peculiar to Austria, I believe. The knout is formed of three leather straps, attached to a wooden handle. At the end of each strap is a bullet pierced with two spikes, crossways. The prisoner passes through the avenues, and each soldier gives him a blow. The length of the avenue, and the number of times the prisoner has to pass through it, is determined by the character of the offence which has been committed. Sometimes, death speedily follows the infliction of the *Spießruthen-laufen*. Some few years ago, several Austrian soldiers in the garrison at Mayence gave up the ghost during this diabolical operation.

In justice to the Austrian authorities, I am bound to admit, that I had, in prison, an apartment to myself; an apartment in which there was a bed—a hard bed to be sure, but a comparatively clean bed. I was also permitted to have, at my own cost, whatever food I thought proper to order; and a bottle of Hockheimer from the hotel. Nor was I subject to the slightest inconvenience in respect to my toilet.

I had left my card with the commissioner of the hotel, and had requested him to present it to the son of the English Ambassador on his return from England; and inform him of the place where I should always be found 'at home,' whenever he might call upon me. Meanwhile I reconciled myself to my temporary loss of liberty, thanking my stars that I had withstood the importunity of my sister, who wished to accompany me to Vienna. To tell the real truth, I regarded my wrongs as a mere adventure; of which the reminiscence, in after life, would be, at all events, amusing.

On the third morning of my incarceration, I asked my attendant, in a light-hearted tone, how long he was likely to have the care of me. This man, who (I have the vanity to believe) had grown to like me, he replied confidentially, that it would be difficult to say; but that he knew my passport had been forwarded to the Austrian minister at Brussels (it was at Brussels that I had obtained my passport) with a request that inquiry should be made respecting me and the person to whom my telegraphic message was addressed. He further informed me, that several of my letters and papers had been sent to Brussels, for the purpose of aiding the Austrian officials in finding out who I might be, and what my object in coming to Vienna.

It was eleven o'clock. I had finished my breakfast, had lighted a cigar, and thrown myself upon my bed, to smoke and think, when suddenly the door of my room was opened, and in walked the official whom I had seen at the bureau, and who had behaved so rudely to me. As soon as I recognised him, and observed his countenance, I was satisfied he had discovered his mistake; rising from my bed, I made him a very

low bow, and requested him, in the politest manner imaginable to be seated. (By the way there was only one chair in the room.) He was a good deal embarrassed. I could see that he felt the contrast of my conduct towards him, and his towards me, in point of 'receiving' one another. It would have gratified him—at least my experience of human nature teaches me to think so—had I been guilty of any vehement demonstration. Rudeness at that moment, would have delighted him, while civility galled him to the quick, and made him ashamed of himself; and, before he had time to pour forth the excuses and apologies with which he was literally pregnant, I began to expatiate on the excellence of the prison arrangements in Austria, and thanked him for the consideration I had received during my stay in my apartment.

"Herr Jenkins," my visitor said, 'I have been bungling.' Here I conceived I might indulge in a little silent satire—and simply bowed assent, smiling blandly the while.

There was my snuff box on the table. My visitor took it up, and requested my permission to take a pinch. My animosity, whatever amount thereof lurked within my breast, was speedily dissipated. Ah! It is not in words that these foreign diplomatists overreach us. It is by the delicacy, the tact, and the prettiness of their manners, when they think proper to display them, that they achieve with Englishmen such immense ends.

"You will forgive my stupidity? It is proverbial that the English are as generous as they are brave."

"Yes. I will forgive you," I replied. "But on one condition."

"Which is?"

"That you never visit England."

"Why that condition?"

"I will cause you to be received by the English draymen, and you may have heard how reckless a race they are. I said this jocularly. He lifted his hands aloft and laughed loudly. General Haynau was evidently no favorite of his; or else (which was most probable) he indulged in meriment to conceal his real sentiments. It is needless to enter into particulars which led to my restoration to freedom.

A CONGLOMERATION.—A part of the population of a great and mighty nation assembled in congregation to hold a consultation on the apparent prevalence of so much intoxication. One speaker, whose oration created a deep sensation, said, without hesitation, 'that most of the degradation arose from the operation of the distilled potation which was drunk for stimulation, or rather, beastly gratification.'

Another, with great gesticulation, said, with deep humiliation, 'that the temperance association was in great tribulation, surrounded with temptation, trials, sorrow and revelation.' He gave them a meek condemnation, and said, 'nothing but reformation would save them from damnation.' 'Resist,' said he, 'the first invasion of lewd speech and conversation, but seek always after salvation and the soul's glorification, which he hoped would be the destination of their expectation.' 'And,' said he, 'in continuation, for the edification of this confederation, the temperance denomination, a wise system of education to the rising generation, would be the ruin of all abomination, and strike consternation in the haunts of dissipation.' 'That's a lying fabrication,' cried some in provocation; 'and in my estimation, your base insinuation will meet a just refutation from many; and in relation to your qualification of giving us admonition, it ain't worthy of notification, for some of your supplication ain't worth a consideration.'

After this expostulation against the subject in debate, the man quickly left his station and made his evaporation with thunderin' precipitation. This sudden denunciation aroused the indignation and loud exclamation of the whole deputation. They vowed that amputation, or famine's desolation, with quick devastation, or bodily examination would be a wise consideration and a just termination for such audacious affirmation. At length the agitation and commodious animation received a slight modulation; just then, a deputation from the abstinence delegation arrived with a declaration that if the promulgation of the temperance revelation were given manifestation or newspaper publication, of their utter abomination against drinking or moderation, without any equivocation, would settle much disputeation to their justification. Then, in joyous ratification, the whole demonstration agreed to that consideration with evident gratification.—Then, without ostentation, but harmony in prevalence, this great congregation agreed to a separation and a temporary cessation of their present deliberation. Then, like a tide of emigration, this part of the population of that great and mighty nation, returned with great precipitation to their respective habitation, and thus, without any hesitation, I close my conglomeration.

THE following fish story, says the Belvidere Journal, was told us by Frederick Searles, of Belvidere, who vouches for its truth:

On December 3d, while a couple of Searles' little boys were playing on the banks of the race which leads into the water power, they discovered an old boat lying at the bottom of the race which they determined to fish out. After some trouble they succeeded in their endeavors, when they were astonished to find it literally packed with fish.

It contained twenty-two sun-fish, large enough for the table, over thirty smaller ones of the same variety, a dozen shiners, and about the same number of little cat-fish.

Searles says it would have been impossible to have replaced them in the boat.

BEET PAPER.—It is now found that the residuum of beet root, after pressing for syrup, is an excellent material for conversion into paper.