

by a Frenchman, named M. Brad, for making paper from rotten wood, upon a process similar to that of the wasp. The later dignitary, the wasp, manufactures only for the necessities of his own family. You will see him gathering his material by rolling up the soft, woody fibres which the weather had decayed, into a small ball, with which he flies away. The chemical process by which they are afterwards reduced to a pulp, and spread out into a leaf, are probably different from that pursued by M. Brad, but the result is nearly the same in the production of a paper that answers the purposes to which it is intended to be applied.

SCENE OFF THE CAPE.

The sea birds held their holiday in the stormy gale. The lordly and graceful albatross, whose motion is a very melody, swept screaming by upon the blast. The smaller Cape pigeons followed as fast, passing and repassing across the vessel's track. At last one of them spies a fragment on the waters, which has been thrown overboard; a moment it hovers above, then plunges down. But the other birds have seen it too; and all, pouncing on the spot, move their wings confusedly, and seem to run along the waters with a rapid and eager motion. Now is there discord wild amongst them. A screaming and diving, swimming and running, mingled with a chattering noise. No sooner does one gain a morsel, than another tears it from him. Who will be the victor here? The albatross; for he sweeps triumphantly over all, swoops down, and with a scream, allures off the timid little multitude; whilst high above his head he holds his arching wings; and now in pride and beauty he sits upon the waters, and drifting fast astern, gradually fades in the twilight.

What wonder that a sailor is superstitious. Separated in early youth from his home; ere he has forgotten the ghost stories of his childhood, and whilst the young and simple heart still loves to dwell upon the marvellous, he is placed in such scenes as these: in the dark night, amidst the din of waves and storms he hears wild shrieks upon the air, and by him float huge forms, dim and mysterious, from which fancy is prone to build strange phantoms. And oft from aged sailors he gathers legends and wondrous tales suited to his calling; whilst the narrator's mysterious tone and earnest voice and manner attest how firmly he himself believes the story.

From Longworth's Year among the Circassians.

CIRCASSIAN HORSES.

The Cabardian race is the most esteemed, and some of them would disgrace a field day in Leicestershire. Ten pounds is the price paid here for a good horse, three to six for an ordinary one. The horses are on the whole a hardy and docile race, well adapted to the services in which they are employed, involving frequently, in forays and excursions, great privation and fatigue. The Circassians treat them with care, and even with affection; and though they are rarely seen to caress their children, they will kiss and fondle their horses; nor are they less solicitous about their winter stock than that of their families. They have all, to distinguish their pedigree, some marks on the haunches, a sabre, a horse shoe, &c., and the proprietor of many a sorry buck consoles himself by pointing to this evidence of its latent good qualities.

From Graham's Magazine.

TO A SPIRIT.

Nor the effulgent light
Of that bright realm where live the blest departed,
Nor the grave's gloom, Oh! loved one and true hearted,
Can hide thee from thy sight.

Thy sweet angelic smile
Beams on my sleep. I see thee, hear thy voice,
Thou say'st unto my fettered soul, 'Rejoice
Wait but a little while.'

Sometimes 'mid cloudlets bright,
The sunset splendours of a summer's day,
An instant thou'lt appear, then pass away
From my entranced sight.

Up in the blue heavens clear
A never-setting star hast thou become,
Pouring a silvery ray, from thy far home,
Upon my pathway here.

Where tears ne'er dim the eyes,
Shall we not meet in some far blessed land?
Shall we not walk together, hand in hand,
In bowers of Paradise?

My soul, though chained and bent,
Sore of a future glorious career,
In all its God-appointed labor here,
Toils on in calm content.

JAMES ALDRICH.

I NEVER COMPLAIN.

LIFE is nothing without a touch of the pathetic; a joke is very well in its way, and as a man is the only animal that laughs, he ought to indulge himself now and then in this his peculiar faculty and privilege—but we cannot be always laughing. Moreover, it shows a want of dignity to be everlastingly on the broad grin, the titter, the giggle, or the chuckle; we owe it to ourselves to look solemn and to wear a serious countenance occasionally—or if we are particularly fond of dignity, we may always have a solemn look. There is something more interesting in crying than in laughing: people may laugh, and nobody cares for that—you might see half a dozen people laughing, and it would be impertinent to ask what they are laughing at; but if you saw as many crying, your sympathy would lead you to ask what they were crying for. If, on inquiry, you would find that their tears were flowing from an inadequate or unworthy cause, you would feel that the dignity of grief was much abated. What then? Why then if there be a want of dignity in giving way to the expression of grief, when the cause is trivial, there must be a great dignity in not grieving when there is an abundant cause of grief,—hence the dignity of those persons who never complain,—hence the pleasure which they have in letting all the world know that they never complain,—and in talking of their exemplary patience and unparalleled fortitude in bearing such a burden of woe without a word of complaint.

Either it occurred in some farce, or I read in some jest book, that a man afflicted with an irresistible propensity to prating, went into an inn or tavern, and calling for the landlord, forthwith overwhelmed him with a deluge of words, saying at every third sentence, 'Now, Mr. Landlord, I am a man of few words.' The same sort of thing occurs frequently in our courts of justice; a barrister, for instance, when he is desirous of persuading a jury to visit a case of libel with heavy damages, is sure to preface his speech with a protestation of his great love for the liberty of the press, and is sure to be the very last man who would think of imposing any restriction on free discussion. So also it is with those who never complain, they are the greatest and most grievous of all grumblers. With a face as long as your arm, and a voice as melancholy as the sound of an empty wine cask, they will go through the whole catalogue of miseries to which poor humanity is subject, and wind up with the nasty, croaking lie—'But I never complain!'—Oh, bless them, what paragons of patience they are! Now if an intimate or unimpeachable friend should lay hold of you by the button and say, 'My dear fellow, I am the most miserable wretch that ever lived, do lend me your ears for an hour, and you shall hear such a list of ailments and grievances as will tire you to death,'—your ready answer would be, 'Really, my good friend, I have a few troubles of my own, which are quite annoyance enough, and as I never bother you with my complaints, I will thank you not to torment me with yours.' But when the growling pest comes to you under false colours, assuming the fortitude which uncomplainingly bears the greatest troubles, you are not upon your guard against the nuisance. The world is metaphysical enough by this time to know that the interest of tragedy does not arise from the sufferings which are represented, but from an admiration of the fortitude with which the sufferings are borne; for if any one of the characters in a tragedy should exhibit a peevish and fretful impatience the exhibition would be rather ludicrous than serious; he therefore says 'I never complain,' exhibits himself to you as a hero demanding admiration, not as a poor oppressed creature begging for pity.

This never complaining very much resembles what is called 'silent contempt,' a thing about which some people make a great noise. The fun of silent contempt is, that the party who is silently contemned cannot know anything about it unless he be informed, so that the silent contemner is forced, for the display of his own dignity, to make an advertisement of his contempt. I have an indistinct recollection of a story told something to the following effect:—there was at some public meeting, a most political orator declaiming with much fury, screaming with passion, and almost foaming at the mouth—'Pray what is the matter with that gentleman?' said a stranger; 'He is treating his adversary with silent contempt,' said one of the hearers. Thus it is with the man who never complains; he wears all his friends and neighbours with sad stories and countless grievances thrice told and nine times repeated, and then winds up with a lack a daisical look, and 'I never complain.'

can't write a farce, but I can easily imagine one written on this hint; and I fancy I see Liston—he was an actor in my play going day—performing the part of the interminable bore, who croaks all his friends to death, and then concludes with—'But I never complain.' We may suppose him to represent the character of a hen pecked husband, silly enough to advertise his calamity; we may suppose him mercilessly pouncing upon some acquaintance or almost stranger, drawing him mysteriously aside, though there is no one in the room but themselves, we can see this stranger, looking the very picture of distress, and preparing to submit to the nuisance of a bore with about as good a grace as a convict prepares himself for Jack Ketch. Now observe the tormentor's look; you see a face artificially lengthened, a look of ludicrous despair beaming in the lacustral eye, the corners of the mouth drawn down as if by button hooks,—and the conference then begins with a sigh, after which the tormenter says, 'Beg pardon, sir, but I presume you are not a married man.' 'I have not that happiness,' says the other, rather abruptly and snappishly, as much as to say, 'what business is that of yours whether I am married or not?' 'I thought so,' says the tormenter, 'you don't look miserable enough.'—'Miserable!' says the other in a tone of astonishment.—'Ah, that's what the devil says in Paradise Lost,' replies the non-complainer, yet the devil was not married. The victim writhes, but on goes the non-complainer with the narrative of his woes—'You can't think, sir, what I have to endure, I don't tell everybody.' No, he does not tell everybody, because he has not time to tell everybody and it is not everybody who will listen to him; but he tells every one that will listen to him.—'I lead such a life, sir—but I never complain—I bear it with the patience of Job. My wife is another Xantippe. Is it not enough to provoke a saint?'—'Oh yes, very provoking—very—I wonder you bear it so patiently,'—very patiently, indeed; I never complain; indeed, as I often say, what would be the use of complaining? Don't you pity me sir?'—'Very much indeed.'

In good truth, they who never complain, but plume themselves on the patience with which they bear their troubles and persecutions, are the most abominable and pestiferous of all grumblers. Your regular, straightforward, downright, honest growlers, who make a business of snarling at everything, are a blessing to society, and are right merry dogs compared to your puny, sentimental pseudo Jobs, who make a merit of never complaining. 'I never complain,' is the very concentrated essence of croaking—it is the whole art of grumbling made easy to the meanest capacities. When a grumbler grumbles right heartily, and laments his sad lot with a loud sadness, he is always endurable, sometime amusing, but when he once gets it into his head that he never complains, he becomes a downright bore and a nuisance, for in proof that he has good cause to complain, he must set out his grievances at full, and without extenuation. If I go forth to the world with a fine fat laughing face, and say, 'I never complain,' the world very naturally replies, 'To be sure you don't, why should you? You don't look as if you had cause to complain.' But if you put on a lank jaw, lack a daisical look, sighing like an autumn wind in a plantation of willows, and pour forth a list of complaints as long as an auctioneer's catalogue, and wind up the whole with the lying climax—'but I never complain!'—then I am the most marvellously pathetic, and of course I awaken the sympathies of my friends who pity my sorrows, admire my fortitude—and wish me hanged for making myself a nuisance to them. In fact, when a man says he never complains, his meaning is that he is always complaining. Such people revel in the delights of grumbling: they are not satisfied with the troubles and annoyances of life unless they can make everybody as miserable as themselves.

CELEBRATED OAKS.

The oldest oak in England is supposed to be the Parliament Oak (from the tradition of Edward I. holding a parliament under its branches) in Clipstone Park, belonging to the Duke of Portland, this park being the most ancient in the island; it was a park before the conquest, and was seized as such by the Conqueror. The tree is supposed to be 1500 years old. The tallest oak was supposed to be the property of the same nobleman; it is called the 'Duke's walking stick,' was higher than Westminster Abbey, and stood till of late years. The largest oak called Calthorpe Oak, Yorkshire; it measures 78 feet in circumference, where the trunk meets the ground. The 'Three Shire Oak' at Worksop, was so called from its covering part of the counties of York, Nottingham, and Derby. It had the greatest expanse of any recorded in this island, dropping over 777 square yards. The most productive oak was that of Gelonox in Monmouthshire, felled in 1810. Its bark brought £200, and its timber £670. In the mansion at Tredegar Park, Monmouthshire,

there is said to be a room 42 feet long, and 227 feet broad, the floor and wainscots of which were the production of a single oak tree grown on the estate.

From the Boston Uncle Sam.
RELIGION.

What subject is there, which, if well considered, impresses the mind more deeply with a sense of its vast importance than Religion? Without Religion we cannot be happy. There is, it is true, in the fleeting and transitory amusements of this world, a degree of pleasure which some call happiness. But such happiness is like the breeze of the summer. It passes by, and we feel its breath for a moment, and then it vanishes away, and we perceive it no longer. There is no true, lasting happiness except in the enjoyment of religion. When we possess this treasure we experience a calm and holy delight in viewing the hand of God in the beauty of nature, as it is displayed before us in the various changes which this life constantly endures. By religion we are led to look to God in every undertaking, for divine assistance. It sweetens the poor man's toil, and is his comfort in adversity. It causes the rich man to bless God in his prosperity, and rejoice in his gratitude for the blessings he is daily receiving. Religion also tends to refine and enliven society. How happy is a christian community! Joy and gladness beam upon their countenance, and peace dwells within. The family circle too is made happy by it—the bands of reciprocal affection are drawn still firmer, and rendered still more lovely. Through the influence of religion, peace, love and unity dwell around the fire side of the Christian.

INSANITY.

The following touching case of Insanity is related by Mr Forbes Winslow, in an essay on the Wanderings of the Imagination:

'A young divine was one wintry day engaged in snipe shooting with a friend; in the course of their perambulations a high hedge intervened between the companions. The friend fired at a bird which unexpectedly sprang up, and lodged a part of the shot in the forehead of the clergyman; he instantly fell, and did not recover the shock for some days, so as to be deemed out of danger; when he was so it was perceived that he was mentally deranged.—He was to have been married two days subsequent to that on which the accident happened, from this peculiar combination of circumstances the phenomena of the case appeared to rise, for all sanity of mind seemed to make a full stop, as it were, at this part of the current, and he soon became a mild, pleasant, chronic lunatic. All his conversation was literally confined to the business of the wedding; out of this circle he never deviated, but dwelt upon everything relating to it with minuteness, never retreating or advancing one step further for half a century, being ideally still a young, active, happy bridegroom, chiding the tardiness of time, although it brought him gently, at the age of eighty, to his grave.'

THE FAMILY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

How vain re often our most cherished hopes and ambition! Sir Walter Scott expected and toiled to have found a family which he hoped would rival any of those of the border chiefs in the olden times. It seems now certain that the direct succession will not continue beyond the present generation. His eldest son has no family, the second has died in a foreign country without issue, and both his daughters are dead. Misfortune and death have lowered the crest of Abbotsford, and the halls which Sir Walter took such pride in rearing will scarcely ever again be trod by one of his children. The only survivor is now in India.

From Hunter's Expedition to Syria.
THE COURTESIES OF WAR.

In the midst of the firing a white flag being seen hoisted in the town, hostile proceedings were immediately suspended, and on a boat proceeding to the shore, the Indian mail, which had arrived by the way of Bagdad, was handed to the officer with Sulaiman Pacha's compliments to the admiral. The latter, on his part, immediately forwarded a warm letter of thanks to the Pacha's and accompanied it with a packet, which had been seized in an Egyptian vessel directed to Sulaiman. Fire was then at once resumed.

PLANET CERES.

This planet was discovered on the 1st of January, 1810, at Palermo, in Sicily, by the celebrated astronomer Piazzi, in the following manner:—While making his noble catalogue of stars, he, every night, made his observation through a telescope, as each passed the meridian, while an assistant wrote down from his dictation the times and polar distances. On the 2d of January, in reviewing the stars observed the evening before, one did not conform to its recorded position. This was attributed by Piazzi to an error of his assistant. The observation being again repeated on the 3d, it was found to disagree with both the preceding records. Piazzi immediately perceived that this star was a new planet, which was fully proved by his future observations. This discovery led to efforts by other astronomers, in consequence of which, pallas was discovered by Olbers, March 28, 1802—Juno by Harding, September 1, 1804—and Vesta by Olbers, March 29, 1807. They all four lie between Mars and Jupiter, being very nearly equi-dis-