

lower part, for about two feet, with long hollow sword-shaped leaves, which fold over each other like scales, and defend and strengthen the stem. It grows to the height of ten or fifteen feet. It has one root, large and strong, of the thickness of a man's arm, and so hard and firm, that it works well with the turning-lathe, as it did formerly, when cups were manufactured from it. In the middle of this long root rises the stalk at right angles, so that when inverted it has the figure of the letter T; and on each side of the large floating root are smaller elastic ones, which descend perpendicularly from it, and, like the strings of a tent, steady it, and fix it to the earth at the bottom. In preparing of the papyrus for use, it was divided into three parts. They first cut off the head and smaller parts of the stem; next the lower woody part, together with the root; and then there remained the middle part. All these had separate uses. The flowering heads served to adorn the temples of the idol gods of the Egyptians, to wreath their statues, and to crown their heroes. The upper tender portion of the stem was masticated for the sake of the sweet juice contained in it; a practice which still prevails in Abyssinia, not only with the papyrus, but also with the root of Indian corn, and of every kind of cyperus, and a portion of the lower part of the stalk was eaten after being roasted. The woody part of the plant was used for binding books; and Bruce gives an account of a book in his possession made of papyrus, and bound in this manner. The process of making paper from the reed of Egypt is probably so little familiar to the reader, as to make a description of it not unacceptable. The thick part of the stalk being cut in two, the pellicle between the pith and the bark, or perhaps the two pellicles, were stripped off and divided by an iron instrument, which probably was sharp-pointed, but did not cut at the edges. The pellicle, thus separated, was squared at the sides so as to be like a riband, and then laid on a smooth table, after being cut into the length the leaf was required to be (the book mentioned by Bruce, eleven-and-a-half inches long, and seven broad.) These strips or ribands of papyrus were lapped carefully over each other by a very thin border, and then pieces of the same kind were laid transversely, the length of these answering to the breadth of the first; and after the whole had been moistened, a weight was placed on it, and it was left to dry in the sun. It was imagined that the waters of the Nile possessed a gummy quality, which served to glue these strips together. But this was altogether an erroneous idea, as has been fully proved. The saccharine matter contained in the plant caused the portions to adhere together when pressed and dried.

In allusion to the papyrus, the Greeks had a proverb, variously written, viz.: "The fruit of the biblos is not better than an ear of corn;" or, "The flourishing biblos bears no ear of corn." In the former case they applied the proverb to themselves, who, living on good corn, were a superior race to the Egyptians, who supplied its place with the papyrus. The other form of the adage was intended to intimate that the tall and vigorous plant, bearing no fruit, resembled persons who, with a fine appearance and many advantages, made no profitable use of the golden opportunities presented to them.—*S. Waring.*

NAPOLEON AND DE MENNEVAL—At a subsequent period, when the first Consul had become Emperor of the French, and when he had learned to appreciate the talent, fidelity, and exertion of his private secretary, it chanced, as was indeed by no means uncommon to the impetuous Conqueror, that business was infinitely more rife than time; and that M. de Menneval had been at the desk during three days and nights, snatching a hasty meal, but quite unable to indulge the feeling of weariness which had grown to positive pain.

The Emperor, to whom it had never occurred that nature could not hold out beyond a certain point, had not reflected on the sufferings of his zealous amanuensis; and was pacing the apartment on the evening of the fourth day, with his arms folded behind him, dictating in an unimpassioned and monotonous voice, as was his custom, without once looking towards the baron, who had long learned never to expect the repetition of any sentence from the lips of his impatient master; when suddenly missing the sound of the rapid pen, which now failed for the first time, Napoleon paused, and turned towards the desk.

There sat M. de Menneval, bending over his papers; the pen had dropped from his hand, and he was fairly asleep. Only a few moments, however, elapsed, when the baron in his turn, amid his uneasy slumber, missed the measured tramp of the Emperor, with that extraordinary power of perception peculiar to the fitful sleep of exhaustion; and opening his eyes with a sudden start, he discovered, seated beside him, Napoleon himself, writing most industriously on the very sheet of paper on which he had been engaged; the Emperor having taken up the subject where the overpowered secretary had resigned it.

The confusion of the baron may be imagined. "Pardon, sire," he exclaimed with clasped hands, as he started from his seat, "do not blame me for want of zeal—I was not master of myself."—"Monsieur," retorted the Emperor, "why do you go to sleep while I am dictating?"—"Sire!" said De Menneval deprecatingly, "I beseech your Majesty to forgive my involuntary fault, and to remember that this is the fourth day that I have spent

at the desk, without one hour of rest—I was exhausted, and my weariness overpowered me."—"M. le Baron!" said Napoleon earnestly, as he looked up for an instant from his occupation; "why did you not remind me of this? Allez vous coucher, monsieur; allez vous coucher."

De Menneval needed no second bidding; he at once withdrew, and the Emperor worked during a great portion of the night; and when they resumed their united labours on the morrow, he made not the slightest allusion to the circumstance.—*Miss Pardoe's River and the Desert.*

From the Metropolitan.

THE WORLD.

By Eliza Cook.

Talk who will of the world as a desert of thral, /
Yet—yet, there is bloom on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

We murmur and droop should a sorrow-cloud stay,
And note all the shades of our lot;
But the rich scintillations that brighten our way,
Are bask'd in, enjoyed, and forgot.

Those who look on mortality's ocean aright,
Will not mean o'er each billow that rolls,
But dwell on the glories, the beauties, the might,
As much as the shipwrecks and shoals.

How thankless is he, who remembers alone
All the bitter, the drear, and the dark,
Though the raven may scare with its woe-boding tone,
Do we ne'er hear the song of the lark?

We may utter farewell when 'tis torture to part,
But in meeting the dear one again,
Have we never rejoiced with that wildness of heart
Which outbalances ages of pain?

Who hath not had moments so laden with bliss,
When the soul in its fulness of love
Would waver, if bidden to choose between this
And the paradise promised above?

Though the eye may be dimm'd with its grief drop awhile,
And the whitened lip sigh forth its fear,
Yet pensive indeed is that face where the smile
Is not oftener seen than the tear.

There are times when the storm-gust may rattle around,
There are spots where the poison-shrub grows;
Yet are there not hours when nought else can be found
But the south wind, the sunshine, and rose?

O haplessly rare is the portion that's ours,
And strange is the path that we take,
If there spring not beside us a few precious flowers
To soften the thorn and the brake.

The wail of regret, the rude clashing of strife,
The soul's harmony often may mar;
But I think we must own, in the discords of life,
'Tis ourselves that oft waken the jar.

Earth is not all fair, yet it is not all gloom,
And the voice of the grateful will tell,
That He who allotted Pain, Death, and the Tomb,
Gave Hope, Health, and the Bridal as well.

Should fate do its worst, and my spirits oppress'd
O'er its own shattered happiness pine,
Let me witness the joy in another's glad breast,
And some pleasure must kindle in mine.

Then say not the world is a desert of thral,
There is bloom, there is light on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

Where woman hath endured,
Uncheered by fame, yet silently upborne
By promptings more divine.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

I closed the fascinating memoirs of Josephine with a sigh of regret that the pleasure of reading it was ended. While perusing it, I had identified myself with the amiable and beautiful being, whose varied fortunes my fancy followed with intense interest. I saw her rising from the lot of a peasant girl to become the partner of the dark master-spirit, whose fearful passions she alone could soften and control. The splendored scenes of the coronation rose before my mind's eye. I saw Josephine, radiant in beauty, kneeling before the mighty arbiter of the fate of nations, while he placed the glittering symbol of power on the head of her who was 'once a poor friendless woman.' I shared the emotion which swelled her bosom and dimmed her eyes with tears, as the rapturous plaudits of the countless multitudes burst upon her ear. I beheld her the idol of a gallant, a polished, and intellectual people, diffusing happiness by her smiles, and joy

following her footsteps.—A little while, and the incense of flattery no longer shed its rich perfume for her. I saw her neglected and forsaken—rudely torn from him who was her only hope. Her gentle heart,

"Like a tendril accustomed to cling,"

was withered and blighted, and she quickly sank to the grave in utter brokenness of heart. And is this, thought I, all earth has to bestow? The splendor of her destiny surpassed what the wildest imaginings of her youthful fancy could have shadowed forth; but it was evanescent as the dew-drop which is swept from the rose by the first breath of the morning. She is gone, and her memorial has perished with her. Her kindness and gentleness won the hearts of all who came within the circle of her fascinations. But she won them for herself; for the self-renouncing spirit of the gospel held no sway over her spirit. She moulded at her will those who approached her; but it was for earth and not for heaven. Her heart was indeed 'open as day to melting charity,' but her benefactions were perishing as her own power—held only by the frail tenure of this fleeting life, and where are they? Does one immortal mind who received through her blest influence that pearl, compared to which the riches of Golconda's mines are but dust and ashes, now rise up and call her blessed?

Saddened by these melancholy reflections, I opened a volume which had lain neglected while I followed the varied fortunes of Josephine—the simple, unadorned 'Memoirs of an only and beloved sister.' As I read its quiet details, a far different scene was presented to my view. I saw a young and timid female, scarcely known beyond the limits of her own household band, stretched upon the couch of sickness. Her lot was lowly—and with a frame naturally delicate, now prostrated by a hopeless and excruciating malady—she seems to call for the tenderest sympathy and commiseration.—But not a murmuring word escapes her lips. A heavenly serenity beams in her mild countenance, and she is rendered insensible to bodily suffering by some high and holy purpose which engrosses her whole soul. A few ignorant children are gathered at her bedside, and she is addressing them in low and earnest tones. I cannot catch their import, but the theme evidently awakens all the sympathies of her heart, and illuminates her pale face with the radiance of an angel. Her young auditors, too, appear deeply moved, and feeling and intelligence gradually beam from those countenances which so recently exhibited but the insanity of ignorance and stupidity. Now they fall on their knees beside her, and her eyes and clasped hands are raised to heaven, while her voice ascends solemn and sweet in tones of fervent supplication. Ah, now I learn the high purpose, the undying hope, which has power to triumph over the death-like agonies which torture her frame. She is supplicating the King of kings to place on the brows of these young immortals unwithering crowns, and to clothe them in the spotless robes of her Saviour's righteousness. Her voice is choked with emotion, and the tears fall thick and fast from the eyes of that youthful band who are kneeling before her. I hear no enthusiastic plaudits from mortals like myself. All is silent in that lowly room; but a voice sweet as the music of a seraph's lyre, whispers, there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth. One of those bright 'ministering spirits' sent out to minister to the heirs of salvation, announces there the tidings of one of that humble band. Behold he prayeth, and the abodes of spotless purity ring with the hallelujahs of ten thousand times ten thousand as they cast their glittering crowns before the eternal throne, saying, 'Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.'—*Religious Magazine.*

MAGNIFICENT SUN-SET IN THE VALLEY OF THE NILE.

—Poets and travellers speak with enthusiasm of the sun-sets of Italy, Switzerland, and Greece. I have seen the sun go down in each of those countries, but never with half the splendour which on this day accompanied his disappearance: and could I succeed in reflecting upon the reader's imagination half the grandeur of this gorgeous show, he would unquestionably concur with me in thinking that, but for its evanescent nature, it was far more worth a voyage to Egypt even than the pyramids. No sooner had the sun's disk disappeared behind the Libyan desert, than the whole western sky along the edge of the horizon assumed a colour which, for want of a better term, I shall call golden; but it was a mingling of orange, saffron, straw-colour, dashed with red. A little higher, these bold tints melted into a singular kind of green, like that of a spring-leaf prematurely faded; over this extended an arch of palish light, like that of an aurora borealis, conducting the eye to a flush of deep violet colour, which formed the ground-work of the sky on to the very skirts of darkness. Through all these semi-circles of different hues, superimposed upon each other, there ascended, as from a furnace, vast pyramidal irradiations of crimson light, most distinctly divided from each other, and terminating in a point; and the contrast between these blood-red flashes and the various strata of colours which they traversed was so extraordinary, that, I am persuaded, no combination of light and shade ever produced a more wonderful or glorious effect.—*St. John's Egypt.*