

'Take a piece of this cake, Mr. Short, and a glass of wine. The cake is of Zephyrina's own making.'

'Umph.'

'Light as a cork—don't you find it so.'

'Heavy as a grindstone,' muttered Mr. Short.—'Shan't be able to sleep a wink to-night—terrible thing for the dyspepsia. I'll take another glass of wine, if you please ma'am. Confound the cake!'

'Zephyrina, dear, I wish you'd entertain Mr. Short a few moments, while I—'

'I'll take my leave, Mrs. Long. Good night.'

Mr. Short took his leave, and Mrs. Long declared to her daughter Zephyrina, that she thought any further attempt to catch the crabbed old bachelor would be labor thrown away, and that she should presently bait her hook for some smaller fry.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

EXTRACTS FROM PAULING'S TALE OF THE POLITICIAN.

"I was called out of my bed, early one cold winter morning, by a person coming on business of the utmost consequence, and dressed myself in great haste supposing it might be a summons to a cabinet council. When I came into my private office, I found a queer, long-sided man, at least six feet high, with a little apple head, a long queue, and a face critically round, as rosy as a ripe cherry. He handed me a letter, and recommended him particularly to my patronage. I was a little inclined to be rude, but checked myself, remembering that I was the servant of such men as my visitor, and that I might get the reputation of an aristocrat, if I made any distinction between man and man.

"Well, my friend, what situation do you wish?"

"Why—y-y I'm not very particular; but some how or other, I-I think I should like to be a minister. I don't mean of the gospel, but one of them ministers to foreign parts."

"I'm very sorry, very sorry indeed, there is no vacancy just now. 'Would not something else suit you?'"

"Why—y-y," answered the apple-headed man, "I would not much care if I took a situation in one of the departments. I would not much mind being a comptroller, or an auditor, or some such thing."

"My dear sir, I'm sorry, very sorry, very sorry indeed, but it happens unfortunately that all these situations are at present filled. Would you not take something else?"

My friend stroked his chin, and seemed struggling to bring down the soarings of his high ambition to the present crisis. At last he answered,

"Why—y-y, ye-s-s; I don't care if I get a good collectorship, or inspectorship, or surveyorship, or navy-agency, or any thing of that sort."

"Really, my good Mr. Phippeny," said I, "I regret exceedingly that not only all these places, but every other place of consequence in the government is at present occupied. Pray think of something else."

He then, after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messenger to one of the public offices.—Finding no vacancy here, he seemed in vast perplexity, and looked all round the room, fixing his eyes at length on me, and measuring my height from head to foot. At last, putting on one of the drollest looks that ever adorned the face of man, he said, "Mister, you and I seem to be both pretty much alike, haven't you some old clothes you can spare?"

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

But the most stupendous work of this country is the great wall that divides it from Northern Tartary. It is built exactly upon the same plan as the wall of Pekin, being a mound of earth eased on each side with bricks or stone. [The astonishing magnitude of the fabric consists not so much in the plan of the work, as in the immense distance of fifteen hundred miles over which it is extended, over mountains of two and three thousand feet in height, across deep valleys and rivers.] The materials of all the dwelling houses of England and Scotland, supposing them to amount to one million eight hundred thousand, and to average, on the whole, two thousand cubic feet of masonry or brick work, are barely equivalent to the bulk or solid contents of the great wall of China.—Nor are the projecting massy towers of stone and brick included in this calculation. These alone, supposing them to continue throughout at bow-shot distance, were calculated to contain as much masonry and brick work as all London. To give another idea of the mass of matter in this stupendous fabric, it may be observed that it is more than sufficient to surround the circumference of the earth on two of its great circles, with two walls, each six feet high and two feet thick! It is to be understood, however, that in this calculation is included the earth part in the middle of the wall.—*Barrow's Travels in China.*

At a certain age, experience removes the bandage which has hitherto prevented us from seeing reality. This is done by degrees: the illusion does not vanish all at once, but grows weaker, and at length wholly disappears. Fatigued by a vain chase after good, through tortuous paths, strewn with both thorns and flowers, along which the impulse of example and the fever of the passions hurry our steps, we pause: and soon we recall to our recollection a straight and even path, not before tried, that of repose; we seek it, find it, follow it, and obtain our object. Such is the usual progress of human life; and the habit of achieving great things does not make us cease to be men.

"Byron's idea of hope.—What is hope!—Nothing (says Lord Byron) but the paint on the face of existence; the least touch of truth rubs it off, and then we see what a hollow-cheeked harlot we have got hold of."

When rogues fall out, honest men get their dues.

NATURAL HISTORY.

"All are but parts of that stupendous whole, Whosebody Nature is, and God the soul."

"THE OURANG OUTANG.—This singular animal, of whom all have heard, and so much has been said and written, but of whom so little is certainly known promises to afford a subject of much conversation, so soon as the preparations for exhibiting the one lately imported are completed. The Ourang Outang brought to this port in the ship Octavo, Capt. Blanchard, in the year 1825, was a native of Bornco, from whence he was carried to Batavia, and falling into possession of Mr. Forrestier, of that place, he was sent consigned to Mr. Charles Thatcher, of this city, but died on the first night after his arrival. He was three feet and a half high. Dr. Jeffries, who has described him, relates the following account of his habits and manners:—'He was put on board the Octavo, under the care of Capt. Blanchard, who first saw him at Mr. Forrestier's house in Batavia. While sitting at breakfast, he heard some one enter a door behind, and found a hand placed familiarly on his shoulder; on turning round, he was not a little surprised to find a hairy negro making such an unceremonious acquaintance. George, by which name he passed, seated himself at table by direction of Mr. Forrestier, and after partaking of coffee, &c. was dismissed. He kept his house on ship board clean, and at all times in good order; he cleared it out daily of remnants of food, &c. and frequently washed it, being provided with water and a cloth for the purpose. He was clean in his person and habits, washing his hands and face regularly, and in the same manner as a man. He was docile and obedient, fond of play and amusement, but would sometimes become so rough, although in good temper, as require to correction from Capt. Blanchard, on which occasion he would lie down and cry very much in the voice of a child, appearing very sorry for having given the offence.—His food was rich *pudly* in general, but he would, and did, eat almost any thing provided for him. The *pudly* he sometimes ate with molasses, and some times with tea, coffee, fruit, &c. which he was fond of, and was in the habit of coming to the table at dinner, to partake of wine; this was in general claret. His mode of sitting was on an elevated seat, and not on the floor. The directions given by Mr. Forrestier, were, in case of sickness, to give him castor-oil. It was administered to him once, on the beginning of his passage, with eventual relief. He sickened a second time on the latter part of his voyage, and resisted the attempts of the captain and several strong men to get the oil into the stomach. He continued to fail gradually, losing his appetite and strength, until he died much emaciated, soon after the ship anchored."

"The Ourang Outang is generally supposed by naturalists to be exclusively an inhabitant of the larger Islands of the Indian Ocean; and the opinion that this animal is a native of Africa, has probably originated