

## THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

## SELECTED.

*Death* having occasion to choose a prime minister, once summoned his illustrious courtiers, and allowed them to present their claims for the office. Fever flushed his cheeks; Palsey shook his limbs; Dropsy inflated his carcass; Gout racked his joints; while Asthma half strangled himself. Plague pleaded his sudden destruction; and Consumption pleaded his certainty. Then came War alluding to his many thousands at a meal. Lust came Intemperance, and with a face like fire, shouted, Give way, ye sickly ferocious band of pretenders to the claim of this office. Am I not your parent? Does not your sagacity trace your origin to me? My operations ceasing, whence your power? The grisly monarch here gave a smile of approbation, and placed *Intemperance* at his right hand, as his favorite and prime-minister.

*If we were to drop asleep*, without warning, in the midst of some active operation, it is easy to see how many daily occurrences, of the most disastrous nature, would ensue. Struck by the unexpected visitant, the seaman, as he ascended the top-mast, or clung on the yard-arm, would relax his grasp, and be plunged into the sea, or dashed to pieces on the deck. The coachman, in the middle of his stage, would drop his reins, and fall senseless from his box. The builder would tumble with his trowel from the wall. The orator in the senate, at the bar, or in the pulpit, would falter, and sink with the unfinished sentence on his lips; and, in one, the fire of his patriotism; in another, the acuteness of his reasoning, or adroitness of his statement; and, in a third, an exhibition of the holy doctrines of the gospel, or of impassioned eloquence in a heart full of zeal, would expire in a sudden drawl, a closing eye, and a countenance in an instant relaxed into an expression of drowsy insensibility.

*We know of nothing so swift as light*, which moves at the rate of 12,000,000 miles in a minute; and yet light would be at least three years in passing between the sun and Sirius.

*Many of the double stars* exhibit the curious and beautiful phenomenon of contrasted or complementary colours. In such instances, the larger star is usually of a ruddy, or orange hue, while the smaller one appears blue or green. The double star in Cassiopeia, for instance, exhibits the beautiful combination of a large white star, and a small one of a rich ruddy purple. Sir John Herschell, in mentioning these combinations, indulges his fancy in the following somewhat amusing remarks:—"It may be easier suggested in words, than conceived in imagination, what variety of illumination two suns,—a red and a green, or a yellow and a blue one,—must afford a planet circulating about either; and what charming contrasts and grateful recessitudes,—a red and a green day, for instance, alternating with a white one, and with darkness,—might arise from the presence, or absence, of one or other. or both above the horizon."

*Politeness.*—The manners of professional men are too frequently blunt and slovenly. Why are not professional men among the most refined and polite in their manners? It is because their profession is their character. Upon this they rely, and upon this wholly. If the lawyer would have his skill and eloquence remembered, let them be associated with manners refined and inviting. No station, rank, or talents, can ever excuse a man for neglecting the civilities due from man to man. When Clement XIV. ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the several States represented at his Court waited on his holiness with their congratulations. As they were introduced, and severally bowed, he also bowed. On this the master of Ceremonies told his holiness, that he should not have returned their salute. "Oh I beg your pardon," said he, "I have not been pope long enough to forget good manners."

*Music.*—Language for the soul's longings; softener of man's stormiest passions; sweet disseminator of joy and peace; a voice from the spirit world comforting earth's sorrowing ones. *Sound.*—It widens, and widens in continuous circles, until at last it seems to blend, and be lost.