THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"Poet's Corner."

MEMORY.

Stand on a funeral mound,
Far, far from all that love thee;
With a barren heath around,
And a cypress bower above thee:
And think, while the sad wind frets,
And the night in cold gloom closes,
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets,
Of summer, and summer's roses.

Sleep where the thunders fly
Across the tossing billow;
Thy canopy the sky,
And the lonely deck thy pillow:
And dream, while the chill sea-foam
In mockery dashes o'er thee,
Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
And the kiss of her that bore thee.

Watch in the deepest cell
Of the foeman's dungeon tower,
Till hope's most cherished spell
Has lost its cheering power;
And sing, while the galling chain
On every stiff limb freezes,
Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain,
Of the breath of the mountain breezes.

Talk of the minstrel's lute,
The warrior's high endeavor,
When the honeyed lips are mute,
And the strong arm crushed forever:
Look to the summer sun,
From the mist of dark December;
Then say to the broken-hearted one,
"'Tis pleasant to remember!"

Selected Miscellany.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

"It is inconceivable to the virtuous and praiseworthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectable idleness, what terrible straits are the lot of those scandalous vagabonds, whom fortune has left to shift for themselves!" Such was my feeling ejaculation when, full of penitence for the sin of urgent necessity, I wended my way to the attorney who had swept together, and, for the most part, picked up the crumbs which fell from my father's table. He was a little grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and, fitted their leather-jacket so tightly, that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that he had bought it second-hand, and were pretty nearly out of the elbows. They were completely emblematic of their possessor, whose religion it was to make the most of everything, and, among the rest, of the distresses of his particular friends, among whom I had the happiness of standing very forward. My business required but little explanation for I was oppressed by neither rent-rolls nor title-deeds: and we sat down to consider the readiest means of turning an excellent income for one year, into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose small experienced eye had twinkled through all the speculation of the age, and, at the same time, had taken a very exact admeasurement of my capabilities of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing on earth. For one undertaking I wanted application; for another I wanted capital. "Now," said he, "as the first of these deficiences is irremediable, we must do what we can to supply the latter. Take my advice,—Insure your life for a few thousands; you will have but little premium to pay, for you look as if you would live forever; and from my knowledge of your rattlepated habits, and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance." Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old comorant that there was every likelihood of my requiting his liberality by the most unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance. We shook hands in mutual ill-opinion, and he obligingly offered to accompany me to an Insurance Office, where they are supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour.

We arrived a little before the business hour and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence. In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed certain little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labors of the Inquisition, among whom the surplus arising from absentees would likewise be divided.

From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share, and ogled that of his adjacent neighbor, I surmised that some of my fellow-sufferers would find the day against them. They would be examined by eyes capable of penetrating every crevice of their constitutions, by noses that would smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast-high. How, indeed, could plague or pestilence, gout or gluttony, expect to lurk in its hole undisturbed, when surrounded by a pack of terriers which seemed hungry enough to devour one another? Whenever the door slammed, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going to bark; and if a straggler really entered and seized upon his moiety, the intelligent look of vexation was precisely that of a dog that had lost a bone.—When ten or a dozen of these gentry had assembled, the labors of the day commenced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies upon their natural conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in foundation for such a prospect. In vain did the board endeavor to persuade them that they were half-dead already. They fought hard for a few more years, swore that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that their whole families had been as tenacious of life as cels themselves. Alas! they were first ordered into an adjoining room, which I soon learned was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed that the establishment could have nothing to say to them. Some indeed had the good luck to be reprieved a little longer, but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees; another for an extraordinary circumference in the girth; and a dowager of high respectability who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exhorbitantly. The only customer who met with any thing like satisfaction, was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom Death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

'How old are you, Sir?' inquired an examiner.

'Forty.'

'You seem a strong man.'

'I am the strongest man in Ireland.'

'But subject to the gout.'

'No, the rheumatism. Nothing else, upon my soul.'

'What age was your father when he died?'

'Oh, he died young; but then he was killed in a row.'

'Have you any uncles alive?'

'No, they were all killed in rows too.'

'Pray, sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?'

'May be I shall, some day or other.'

'What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?'

'Oh, never fear; I am the sweetest temper in the world, barring when I am dining out, which is not often.'

'What, sir, can you drink a little?'

'Three bottles, with ease.'

'Ay, that's bad; you have a red face and look apoplectic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly.'

'Devil a bit. My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room.'

'But three bottles——'

'Never you mind that. I don't mean to dink more than a bottle and a half in future. Besides, I intend to get married, if I can, and live snug.'

A debate arose among the Directors respecting this gentleman's eligibility. The word 'row' and 'three bottles,' run hurry-scurry round the table. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demurring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but as my friend was handing me forward, my attention was arrested by the entrance of a young lady, with an elderly maid-servant. She was dressed in a slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instaneous effect, even upon the stony-hearted Directors themselves. The Chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed little more than to show herself, and her title to twenty thousand pounds, for which her late husband had insured his life.

'Zounds!' thought I, 'twenty thousand pounds and a widow!'

'Ah, madam,' observed the Chairman, 'your husband made a good bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage.'

'An elderly, sickly sort of a man! She would marry again, of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favorable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some further transactions, which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause I stepped boldly forward.

'Gentlemen,' said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose, 'allow me to introduce Mr. ——, a particular friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not one of your dying sort.'

The Directors turned their eyes towards me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

'You have a good, broad chest,' said one, 'I dare say your lungs are never affected.

'Good shoulders too,' said another,—'not likely to be knocked down in a row.'

'Strong in the legs, and not debilitated by dissipation,' said a third. 'I think this gentleman will suit us.'

I could perceive that, during these compliments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced; and when I was ordered into another room to be further examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a flaw in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman read that I was warranted sound. The Board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed outright. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down stairs.

'What mad trick are you at now?' inquired the cormorant.

'I am going to hand the lady to her carriage,' I responded; and I kept my word. She bowed to me with much courtesy, laughed again, and desired her servant to drive home.

'Where is that, John?' said I.

'No.——, sir, in ——street,' said John —and away they went.

We walked along, the bird of prey reckoning up the advantages of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

'What are you pondering about, young gentleman?' he at last commenced.

'I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction.'

'How so?'

'Why I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my harum-scarem way of life; drink moderately, leave off fox-hunting, sell my spirited horses,—which you know will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise.'

'But where is the necessity of your doing all this?'

'My wife will, most likely, make it a stipulation.'

'Your wife?'

'Yes, that pretty, disconsolate widow we have just parted with. You may laugh; but if you choose to bet the insurance you have bought of me against the purchase money, I will take you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months.'

'Done,' said the cormorant, his features again straining their buckskins at the idea of having made a double profit of me. 'Let us go to my house, and I will draw a deed to that effect, GRATIS.'

I did not flinch from the agreement.—My case, I knew, was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before, had it not been for the Epsom Races, at which I had particular business; and any additional reason for disgust to the world, would I thought, be rather a pleasure than a pain—provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

Modesty is a sad bugbear upon fortune. I have not known many who have not been oppressed by it, remain in the shade; but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly on the following day, I caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door; and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half way up stairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion.—The drawing room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceiling displayed a little heaven of sportive cupids, the carpet a wilderness of turtle-doves. The pictures were a series of the loves of Jupiter, the vases presented nothing but the hearts ease and love-lies-bleeding; the very canary birds were inspired, and had a nest with two young ones; and the cat herself looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine!—I could not bear to look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side, like so many giants; and would have given the world to appear a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen year's purchase. Nevertheless, I was not daunted, and I looked round, for something to talk about, on the beautiful occupations, which I found were all in a tone with what I had before remarked. Upon the open piano lay "Auld Robin Gray," which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband. On the table was a half finished drawing of Apollo, which was equally, without doubt meant to apply to her future one: and round about were strewed the sedative tomes of Moore, Campbell and Byron. "This witch," thought I, "is the very creature I have been sighing after! I would have married her out of a hedgeway, and worked upon the roads to maintain her; but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus! I was in the most melting mood, when the door opened, and in walked the fascinating object of my speculations.—She was dressed in simple grey, wholly without ornament, and her dark brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead that looked as lofty as her face was lovely. The reception she gave me was polite and graceful but somewhat distant, and I perceived that she had forgotten, or was determined not to recognize me. I was not quite prepared for this, and, in spite of my constitutional confidence felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps, mistaken the breaking forth of a young and buoyant spirit, under ridiculous circumstances for the encouragements of volatile coquetry, and, for a moment, I was in doubt whether I should not apologize and pretend she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful! Angels and ministers! Nothing on earth could have sent me down stairs unless I had been kicked down! "Madame," I began—but my blood was in turmoil, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was however about my late father, and her lamented husband, absence and the East Indies, liver complaints and life assurance with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation, and preter pluperfect impertinence. The lady looked surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention either my father, or his promising little heir-apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Ah, madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural! I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband upon that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he would not last, but he never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage. He had not time, Madam to make his friends happy by introducing them to you."

I believe upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me or not, which when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to Auld Robin Grey, and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced a *chef d'ocurre*. Permit me however to suggest that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of Hercules in the shoulders, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest too, and a trifle stronger in the legs as they say in the Insurance office. The widow looked comically at the recollection which I brought to her mind: her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile; and this in turn expanded into a laugh like the laugh of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty on the stilts; but put us upon fair ground, and I never supposed I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admirable jokes, repeated touching passages from a new poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalised, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away until I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with a wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look, when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of that poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the Pigot Diamond. I kept my eye sedulously upon the pavement to be sure that the coal holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways, to calculate the longer of being run over. When I arrived I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the chance of an ensigncy in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going missionary to New Zealand. I wrote to him in answer, that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by the yellow fever, or devoured by cannibals; but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lily hand, and received me with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her singing exquisite, my anecdote of New Zealand irresistable, and we again forgot ourselves, till it was necessary, in common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul, which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for any increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite miraculous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogised my modesty, till it was well nigh burned to a cinder, and every now and then sharpened her wit, by a delicate recurrence to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules.

The third and fourth and fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality; and, at last, with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was at once, to decide the question of the Insurance office, and determine the course of my travels. One day I found the Peri sitting rather pensively at work, and, as usual I took my seat opposite to her.

'I have been thinking,' said she, 'that I have been mightily imposed upon.'

'By whom?' I inquired.

'By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself.'

'In what do you mistrust me?'

'Come now, will it please you to be candid, and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligable story about your father and the liver complaint, and heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

'Will it please you to let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it!"

'Nonsense! Will you answer me?"

'I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?' I continued, jumping up and leaning over her. 'It should be done so—and then so.—What stitch do you call that?'—

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—so did mine.

'Will you pardon me?' I whispered, 'I am a sinner, a counterfeit, a poor, swindling, disreputable vagabond—but I love you as my soul.'

The work dropped upon her knee.

* * * * * *

In about a fortnight from this time, I addressed the following note to my friend:

DEAR SIR—It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend settling the insurance on my wife, I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me oblige you to become an ensign to the West Indies, or a missionary to New Zealand, you may rely upon my interest there.

Anecdote of Washington.

In the summer of 1776, when the American army was in New York, a young girl of the city went to her lover, one Francis, and communicated to him as a secret she had overheard, a plan that was in operation among the government men to destroy the American commander-in-chief, by poison, which was to be plentifully mingled with his green peas, a favorite vegetable of his, on the following day at Richmond Hill head-quarters, where he was to dine. Francis, who was a thorough whig, although supposed to be friendly to the royalists, went immediately to Washington and acquainted him with the diabolical plan for his destruction. Washington having listened with attention, said: "My friend, I thank you; your fidelity has saved my life, to what reserve the Almighty knows? But now for your safety; I charge you to return to your house; and let not a word of what you have related to me pass your lips; it would involve you in certain ruin; and heaven forbid that your life should be forfeited or endangered by your faith to me. I will take the necessary steps to prevent, and, at the sat the same time discover the instrument of this wicked device."

The next day, about two hours before dinner, he sent for one of his guard, told him of the plot, and requested that he would disguise himself as a female, and go to the kitchen, there to keep a strict watch upon the peas, until they should be served up for the table. The young man carefully observed the directions he had received, and had not been long upon his post of duty, before a young man, another of the guard, came anxiously to the door of the kitchen, looked in, and then passed away. In a few moments after, he returned and approached the hearth where the peas stood, and was about to mingle in the deadly substance, when, suddenly, he shrunk back as though from the sting of the fork-tongued adder, his color changing to the pale hue of death, and his limbs apparently palsied with fear, evidently horror-struck with his own purpose—but soon, however, the operation of a more powerful incitement urged forward his reluctant hand that tremblingly strewed the odious bane, and he left the kitchen, overwhelmed with conflicting passions, remorse and confusion.

"Harold sleeps no more—the cry has reached his reached his heart ere the deed be accomplished," said the youth on duty, in a voice not devoid of pity, as he looked after the self-condemned wretch.

"What, Harold!" said the commander-in-chief, sorrowfully, upon receiving the information; "can it be possible—so young, so fair, and gentle! He would have been the last person upon whom a suspicion of that nature could have fallen, by right of countenance. You have done well," said he to the youth before him.—"Go join your comrades and be secret."

The young man went accordingly, and Washington returned to the piazza, where several officers were assembled, among whom was the hero of Saratoga, who was waiting for further instructions from Congress before he departed for Canada. In a few moments dinner was announced, and the party was ushered into a handsome apartment, where the sumptuous board was spread, covered with all the delicacies of the season.

The commander-in-chief took his seat, placing Gen. Gates on his right hand, and General Wooster on the left. When the remainder of the officers and company were seated, and eager to commence the duties of the table, the chief said, impressively:

"Gentlemen, I must request you to suspend your meal for a few moments. Let the guard attend me."

All was silence and amazement. The guard entered and formed in a line towards the upper end of the apartment.

Washington, having put upon his plate a spoonful of peas, fixed his eyes sternly upon the guilty man, and said:

"Shall I eat this vegetable?"

The youth turned pale and became dreadfully agitated, while his trembling lips faintly uttered.

"I don't know."

"Shall I eat of these?" again demanded Washington, raising some upon his knife.

Here Harold elevated his hand, as if by an involuntary impulse, to prevent their being tasted. A chicken was then brought in, that a conclusive experiment might be made in the presence of all those witnesses. The animal ate of the peas and immediately died, and the wretched criminal, overcome with terror and remorse, fell fainting, and was borne from the apartment.

First Trip on a Railroad.

We have often thought, says the narrator, that to a person who saw a train of cars in motion for the first time, the sight must be most miraculous and astounding. As Jack Downing once said, 'twas so queer to see a hull lot of waggins chuck full of people, and things gyin' off at that ere speed, and no hoss to draw 'em."

A genius of the sort referred to, lately made his experimental trip. He was a greenhorn, a genuine back-woodsman, who feared nothing in the shape of man or beast, but anything that he could not understand puzzled him even more than it did, perhaps, the ordinary run of his fellows. Well, he came to Centersville, a short time since, for the purpose of taking a railroad trip. He'd hern tell on 'em, but didn't, he said, believe half the nonsense folks said about 'em.

When the cars arrived at the place, our hero was there patiently waiting, and much excited and elated in anticipating his intended ride.—As the cars approached, he stood gazing with wonder and awe at the engine, puffing and smoking. Following the example of the others, as soon as the cars stopped he hurried aboard, with his saddle-bags on his arm, and seated himself near a window. Then looking around at the passengers, manifestly much surprised, he put his head out of the window to see the 'critter start.' While in this position, watching with much anxiety, the whistle sounded. Our hero, much surprised and evidently a little alarmed, drew back his head with a motion that might be called a jerk, and turning to a gentleman sitting near him, said:

'Well, stranger, did you ever hear such a snort as that?'

'The engine!' suggested the other.

'Well, I don't know what it is, but—holo how she goes!'

'Guess you are not acquainted with railroad traveling?'

'Hang it, no! hain't they run away? Creation, how it jerks!'

'It's all safe enough, you may rely, the cars are starting.'

'That's all; well, stranger, I ain't afraid, you know, but kinder surprised like, that's all,' said the mountain boy half ashamed. 'I golly! stranger, did you hear that ere snort? it beat dad's jackass, and he's a roarer, and no mistake. Whew, how it does puff, something busting, I'm sure.'

'O fudge, it's all right,' said the other settling himself for a nap.

'I swow! I don't see how you can sleep, darned if I do!'

'Nothing like getting used to it,' said the other. 'You've heard of the eels that had been skinned so many times that they rather liked it, and used to come ashore every few days to get their hide taken off, haven't you.'

'You're gassin, stranger.'

The bell rang, the engine moved off, away went the cars at a rapid speed, and before our hero had recovered from the shock which the 'snort' produced, the cars were moving slowly over Etowah Bridge. Discovering a change in its gait, he popped his head out of the window again, 'to see how it moved,' and seeing that he was some distance from the earth, and supposing the 'critter' was flying, swooned and fell from the seat speechless.

Several gentlemen sitting near, caught hold of him, raised him up, shook him and rubbed him until he revived a little. A hearty laugh rang through the cars, as the cause of the scene was explained to the passengers, which had the effect of arousing him, for his breath began to come and go more regularly, and at last he opened his eyes, as large as saucers, and seeing several of the gentlemen who had just come to his assistance about him, he looked up most beseechingly in the face of one of them, and said:

'Stranger, HAS IT FIZ?'

Anecdote of Mr. Clay.

A highly respectable Baptist minister of Kentucky, still living, related to us the following anecdote: He had just commenced preaching and had for a few years been married and house-keeping. He was in humble circumstances and of limited education—modest and retiring to a fault. It was with great difficulty he could summon resolution to address a congregation. Mr. Clay, in discharge of his duty as a lawyer, came to the neighborhood of our informant, ("Clover Bottom," Woodford county,) to have surveys made of some lands then in litigation. He was accompanied by another lawyer of note. They made the humble cabin of brother B., their home. On the first night they staid with him, our brother was reduced to great extremity. He was in the habit of holding family worship morning and evening; but he trembled at the thought of doing so in the presence of guests so distinguished as Mr. Clay and his friend. His little children were becoming sleepy, and his wife by significant gestures suggested that the time for prayer had come. Brother B. hinted to his guests that "perhaps they would choose bed." But Mr. Clay with great politeness replied, "that he did not feel at all sleepy, and that, unless it was intrusive, would be happy to enjoy his society longer." Of course brother B. could not object. Still the matter of prayer could not be postponed without sending his children to bed in advance, which was contrary to his settled principles of protedure. At last, with considerable trepidation, he stated to Mr. Clay and his friend what was his custom; and said that they could stay and unite with his family in their devotions, or retire at their option. Mr. Clay promptly and with some feeling replied, "that they would remain by all means—that the earliest recollections of life were associated with such exercises—that his father was a Baptist minister, and his mother was still a member of that communion, and that they had taught him to reverence the institutions of religion, and none more so than that of family worship."

Brother B. then proceeded in his wonted exercises, but with much fear and trembling. He says that he never felt so much embarrassment in his life. When the season of prayer was passed, Mr. Clay approached him and said, "Mr. B., never again feel the least hesitation in the discharge of your duty to your God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his Maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feelings than reverence for the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity.' And what are myself and friend here, but frail and feeble mortals like you and your little children—indebted for all that we are to the great Fountain of Good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne and the beggar in his rags are the same in the eyes of the Omniscient. Think of this, Mr. B., and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men." For myself, I would rather know that the prayers of a pious man, no matter how humble his position in life, were ascending in my behalf, than to have the wildest applause of listening Senates."

Mr. Clay and his friend then retired for the night. Brother B. says it was the best lesson of his life. He often afterwards heard the great Statesman in all the grandeur of his resistless eloquence, but insists that in no effort he ever heard was he so impressive as on the occasion named. Brother B. is, as he has long been, a subscriber of ours, and will correct us if in aught we have mistaken or misrepresented what he told us.—*West. Rec.*

The Matter-of-Fact Man.

Here is a very amusing picture of that species of odd fish known as a *Matter-of-fact Man*:

"I am what the old women call "An Odd Fish." I do nothing, under heaven, without a motive—never. I attempt nothing unless I think there is a probability of my succeeding. I ask no favors when I think they won't be granted. I grant no favors when I think they are not deserved; and finally, I don't wait upon the girls when I think my attentions would be disagreeable. I am a matter-of-fact man—I am. I do things seriously. I once offered to attend a young lady home—I did, seriously: that is, I meant to wait on her home if she wanted me. She accepted my offer. I went home with her; and it has ever since been an enigma to me whether she wanted me or not. She took my arm, and said not a word. I bade her 'Good Night,' and she said not a word. I met her next day, and I said not a word. I met her again, and she gave me a two-hour's talk. It struck me as curious. She feared I was offended, she said, and couldn't for the life of her conceive why. She begged me to explain, but didn't give me the ghost of a chance to do it. She said she hoped I wouldn't be offended: and asked me to call: and it has ever since been a mystery to me whether she really wanted me to call or not.

"I once saw a lady at her window. I thought I would call. I *did*. I inquired for the lady, and was told that she was not at home. I expect she was. I went *away* thinking so. I rather think so still. I met her again. She was offended—said I had not been 'neighborly.' She reproached me for my negligence: said she thought I had been unkind. And I've ever since wondered whether she was sorry or not.

"A lady once said to me that she should like to be married, if she could get a good congenial husband, who would make her happy, *or* at least *try* to. She was not difficult to please, she said. I said, 'I should like to get married too, if I could get a wife that would try to make me happy.' She said, 'Umph!' and looked as if she meant what she said. She *did*. For when I asked her if she could be persuaded to marry me, she said, she'd rather be excused. I excused her. I've often wondered *why* I excused her.

"A good many things of this kind have happened to me that are doubtful, wonderful, mysterious.—What, then, is it that causes doubt and mystery to attend the ways of men? *It is the want of fact.*—This is a matter-of-fact world, and in order to act well in it, we must deal in matter-of-fact.

Information for the People.

THE PLAIN "WHY" AND "BECAUSE."

Why is linen disadvantageous for wear next the skin? Because it retains the matter of perspiration in its texture, and speedily becomes imbued with it; it gives an unpleasant sensation, is very rapidly saturated with moisture, and conducts heat to rapidly.

Why is woolen cloth advantageous? Because of the readiness with which it allows the perspiration to escape through its texture, its power of preserving warmth to the skin under all circumstances, the difficulty of making it wet through, the slowness with which it conducts heat, and the softness, lightness, and pliancy of its texture.

Why are blankets so called? Because they were first made in 1340, by one Thomas Blanket, and some other inhabitants of Bristol.

Why are muslins and cottons thrown into pump water after being washed in soft? Because of the astringent properties of the hard water, which gives the fibers a peculiar firmness, whilst the soft water would leave them lax.

Why do the properties of soda and potash differ in soap making? Because with soda, oil forms a hard soap; with potash a soft one.

Why do pearl-ash and water remove grease spots? Because the pearl-ash unites chemically with the grease, forming a species of soap, which easily washes out.

Why is pipe clay used for scouring cloth? Because of the alumni which it contains.

Why is alum used in dyeing? Because it cleanses and opens the pores on the surface of the substance to be dyed, rendering it fit for receiving the coloring particles, (by which the alum is generally decomposed) and at the same time making the color fixed.

Why do combs stained to imitate tortoise shell, soon become dull? Because of the lead used in the dye resuming its usual metallic appearance.

Why, in cementing, should bodies be heated before, and closely pressed together, after the cement is applied? Because very little of the cement may be left between the pieces, as the thinner the cement is spread, the firmer it will hold.

Why should plated articles be kept dry? Because the coating of silver on them is so thin as not to prevent their speedily becoming cankered or rusted by damp.

Why is charcoal the best dentrifice? Because of its antiseptic properties and its de-