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Devoted to Politics, News, Science, Literature, Morality, Local Matters, Agriculture, Advertising, &c.

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Poetry.

ANGEL MUSIC.

Angel music, softly stealing
O'er the silent, midnight air:
Angel hosts are chanting anthems—
Chanting anthems sweet and rare.

Softly, softly, ah, 'tis dying,
Like a gleam of light away;
Nearer, clearer, list the music
Of the angels' anthem lay.

Glory, glory, tune your voices
To their richest melody;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Prince and peasant bend the knee.

Glory, glory, sing in numbers,
Universal hymns of praise;
Wake the dead from ont their slumbers,
Sing! an endless anthems praise.

Select Story.

ICHABOD BIBB'S MISTAKE.

Ichabod Bibb sat in his counting room looking over the morning papers. Mr. Bibb was a man of consequence—at least he so regarded himself. And I dare say that you would do the same if like him, you could see your way clear to half a million. Certainly Mr. Bibb had every reason to look complacently upon his worldly position and prospects.

He had just finished reading the financial column, when in walked a good looking young man whom Bibb knew as an artist of some promise, but very little property. His name was the not very uncommon one of John Thompson. Now, Mr. Bibb rather liked to be considered a patron of literature and art, so he looked quite graciously at the young man whom, in spite of his poverty he had met in his own circle, and bade him an affable good morning.

"Good morning, sir," said the young man, without his customary self-possession.

"How do the arts flourish?" inquired Mr. Bibb, with a gracious condecension quite charming to behold in such a money king.

"Very well, sir," said the young man, abstractly.

"Have you finished anything new recently?"

"No, I thank you, sir," was the singular reply.

The merchant looked at the young man over his gold-bowed spectacles in some surprise, and began to wonder what was the matter with him. The artist observing this, rallied and commanded himself sufficiently to say.

"I have called to see you this morning, Mr. Bibb, on an important matter—at least it is important to me."

"Go on, Mr. Thompson," said Mr. Bibb, who conjectured that the important matter might be a request far a small loan, which he concluded to grant in order to keep up his reputation as a modern Mecaenas.

"It is in relation to your daughter Henrietta," continued the artist, looking very conscious.

"My daughter," thought Mr. Bibb. "Perhaps he wants her to sit to him, but feels a little bashful about it. I will relieve his embarrassment by anticipating his request. "I persume," said he aloud, "that you would like to have her sit to you, Mr. Thompson."

"I would like to have her sit *with me*, Mr. Bibb," said the young artist, courageously, "and to walk with me the journey of life. I may be presumptuous, but I have dared to aspire to her hand. Will you give her to me in marriage?"

Mr. Bibb was surprised. I may even go so far as to say that Mr. Bibb was so overcome with astonishment, that he did not feel altogether certain what to do or say under the circumstances, He drew off his gold spectacles, and wiped the glasses with his cambric handkerchief. He then put them on again with firm hand and looked at the young man.

"I—do—not—comprehend you," he at length succeeded in jerking out, with long pauses between the several words.

Mr. John Thompson repeated his proposition. Mr. Bibb assumed a look of sternness, and in a slow and dignified manner, remarked:

"Mr. Thompson, I really cannot entertain your extraordinary proposition. It would not be fitting. But I will drop into your studio at an early day and buy a picture."

Thinking he had done all that could reasonably be expected of him, Mr. Bibb returned to his newspaper, and the young artist left the office feeling a good deal disheartened.

"Quite a promising young artist I am told;" mused Mr. Bibb, after the young man's departure. "If he was wealthy I should be very glad to secure him as a son-in-law, but I am really surprised at his presumption.—It will learn him a lesson."

Mr. Bibb continued his perusal of the morning paper. At length he came to a particular paragraph which evidently moved him to the deepest surprise.

"If I had only seen it half an hour sooner," he muttered. "But perhaps it is not too late. How, strangely things do happen."

The paragraph which excited these comments was from a Liverpool paper, and ran as follows:—"We have to chronicle the death of John Thompson of Dorsetshire. Mr. Thompson had accumulated a fortune of eighty thousand pounds, a large part of which he had invested in a fine estate in Dorsetshire. He was married in early life, but the marriage proved to be without issue. His whole property will therefore go to a distant relative of the same name who some years since emigrated to America."

Of course Mr. Bibb jumped to the conclusion that the young man who had just left him was the fortunate heir of the large property referred to in the paragraph. Nor was this conclusion unwarranted. The young artist was, as he had heard, an Englishman, and his name was the same. His manners indicated that he was of good family. In short there was no doubt that he had become a desirable match even for the daughter of the substantial Mr. Bibb.

Of course Mr. Bibb's first step was to rectify the mistake he had made unwittingly made. He accordingly put on his hat, took his gold headed cane, and walked in the direction of the artist's studio.—Young Thompson had returned, and was sitting dejectedly in front of a half finished picture, with the brush hanging idle in his hand, and his mind occupied with other things. He was roused by the entrance of a visitor. Looking up listlessly to see who it might be, his heart made a great bound when he recognized Mr. Bibb. But it sank again when he remembered that the merchant had promised to call round and buy a picture. In his present state of mind this afforded him very little satisfaction.

'Good morning again, Mr. Thompson,' said the merchant, graciously.

"He wants to soften the pain of his refusal," thought the young man.

"I have called," said Mr. Bibb, slowly, 'to say that your proposal of this morning took me by surprise. Being so unexpected I may have expressed myself inconsiderately. On second thought I withdrew the refusal with which I met your suit. If my daughter favors you I will interpose no obsticle to a marriage."

"You sanction my addresses!" exclaimed the young artist in glad surprise.

'I do.'

"Do I hear aright?"

'You quite apprehend my meaning," said Mr. Bibb. I take it there is no more to say except that, should Henrietta accept you, I desire a speedy marriage.—A long engagement is tedious to all parties.'

'How can I thank you for your kindness, Mr. Bibb?' exclaimed the young man, in in the seventh heaven of ecstacy. He was so far doubtful of the reality of his present happiness, that he was awake. The experiment proved entirely successful.

'I am entitled to no thanks,' said the marchant, benignently. 'I shall be glad to have a son-in-law of such undoubted talent, and such bright promise. And now show me what you have been doing lately. Here is a pretty head, What is it?'

During the fifteen minutes that succeeded the artist answered the merchant's inquiries as well as he could, considering that his mind was wholly given up to a different subject. However, Mr. Bibb was well-disposed to pardon any incoherence in the replies, being very well satisfied with his morning's work.

'I've managed it very well,' he thought with self-complacancy, as he walked down the street with his usual dignified gait.—'Not only is the young man ignorant that I have heard of his good luck, but it is very clear that he does not know of it himself.'

Mr. Bibb mentally resolved to hasten the marriage. Not that there was any likelihood of the young man falling out of love when he came into his fortune, but Mr. Bibb was prudent. He believed that in business as in fishing, when you have got a good fat pickerel on your hook, it is the part of wisdom to lose no time in drawing him in.

It is perhaps scarcely fitting to introduce our heroine so near the close of the story, but circumstances have kept her in the background thus far. It is only fair to say that Henrietta Bibb was a very charming young lady, and that John Thompson was not the only young man that thought so. But thus far Henrietta had exhibited so strong an attachment to her monosyllabicy atronymic, as positively to decline exchanging it for one of four syllables, which was tendered for her acquaintance. She had, in fact, expended a good deal more thought upon him than she would have been willing to acknowledge. She probably was not unaware of the young man's feelings towards herself. Young ladies are apt to have a good deal of penetration in such matters· But she knew her father's pride of purse too well to dream that he would give his consent to what he would regard as a misalliance·

She was therefore not a little surprised when the young man called upon her. and after a warm avowal of his love, concluded by saying he had her father's sanction for his addresses.

'Do I understand,' she asked in charming confusion, 'that my father authorizes your—your suit?'

'He has been so kind as to grant it,' said Thompson.

He then briefly related what has already been done—of her father's first refusal, and subsequent consent. Henrietta was not a little surprised, but did not think it wise to trouble herself with speculations as to the cause of her father's varying moods. When pressed by her suitor for an answer to his question, she replied very properly that since her father was pleased she considered it only right and filial for to be guided by his judgment.

What was said afterwards is of no sort of consequence to you or me, and will not be recorded here. Neither do I feel called upon to give an account of the marriage which speedily followed. Enough that it was conducted with all the pomp and outside show which Mr. Bibb considered justified by his social position.

I cannot forbear, however, chronicling a little conference which took place on the return of the daughter and her husband from their bridal tour.

'By the by, my dear son-in law,' said Mr. Bibb, insinuatingly, 'when do you enter into possession of your estate in Dorsetshire?"

'My estate in Dorsetshire?" repeated the young artist in astonishment.

'Certainly.' was the rather impatient reply. 'Of course you must have heard from the lawyers before now?'

As the young man still looked in amaze, Mr. Bibb somewhat alarmed, exhibited the paragraph that he had cut out of the paper.

'I beg your pardon,' said the young man, after glancing at it. 'This refers not to myself but to a gentleman in St. Louis, who has already gone abroad to look after his interests. I had quite forgotten it.'

A very singular expression found its way to Mr. Bibb's face. He felt that something was wrong, and that he alone was to blame. He concluded, like a sensible man, to make the best of his bargain, and as his son-in-law was not rich to make him so. Mr. Thompson is now junior partner in the well known firm of Bibb & Thompson, and devotes his leisure time to his art.

A Dutchman went into a coopershop and asked for an empty barrel of flower to make his dog a hen-coop.

Wit and Humor.

One of Daniel Webster's Best.—The late Kendal O. Peabody, of Franklin, was accustomed to tell the following.

Mr. Webster and Henry Clay were standing on the steps of one of the Hotels at Washington, and Mr. Peabody was close by and heard what was said. A drove of jackasses were passing by, and Mr. Clay thought it a good opportuntty to get a joke upon Mr. Webster. He patted Mr. Webster on the shoulder—pointing to the long-eared donkeys, and said:

"Mr. Webster, there are some of your northern constituents."

"Yes," replied the great statesman, "going south to teach school."

"I don't say, Mr. Judge, that the defendant was drunk—no, not by any means. But this I will say—when I last saw him he was washing his face in a mud-puddle, and drying it on a door mat. Whether a sober man would do this is not for me to say, although I must confess it looks somewhat suspicious. Now, don't it Judge?"

A doctor down town gave the following perscription for a sick lady, a few days since. "A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a pair of gaiter boots!" The lady recovered immediately. Shortly after the Sheriff prescribed for her husband; two executions and a small red flag. He will not recover.

Not Very Probable.—The Elkhart Ia. Times has the following:

We overheard one of the unterrified get off the following good one, in expressing his private opinion the other day: "Well Bob the Democracy are a powerful nation, but I'll be d—d if I believe they can elect two Presidents in one year, no how."

Doubtful Compliment.—An action was brought in the Bristol county Court a few weeks ago to recover the value of two casks of herrings, supplied in 1854, and on the Judge asking the reason of the unusual delay, the plaintiff said he had lost sight of the defendant for some time, and when he did find him he could get no settlement. He repeatedly asked defendant for payment and the latter at length told him to "go to the devil," upon which, he said, "I thought it was high time to come to your honor;" a remark that was received with roars of laughter, in which the learned Judge joined heartily.

"Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally?" asked a country deacon of a new minister.

"Why, do you understand those languages?"

"No, but we pay for the best and ought to have it."

A Roman Catholic peasant boy in Ireland is reported to have listened attentively to a priest earnestly denouncing the "revival," warning the people against it as the work of the devil. "Ah! thin, your riverence," replied the lad, "it must be a new devil," for that's not the way the ould devil used to make the people behave themselves."

Josiah D—— is a most estimable gentleman, upright, strictly pious, and withal a staunch, thorough-going Democrat. During the Mexican war, he was called upon at a regular church-meeting to pray, and he closed with this addition:—"Be with our army in Mexico; whether it be right or wrong, bless it! We of the Democratic party are charged with making a war of conquest, but we believe it to be war of defence. But we would not enter into argument on the subject, and for further particulars would refer to the President's Message!"

Expected Rise in Leather.—Two pair of shoes were lately made by a shoe manufacturer in Lynn, to fill an order for a southern plantation. They are intended for a slave, who is also a negro driver or overseer, and measure nineteen and a half inches in length, with a corresponding width. We presume those shoes were made at so much a foot.

"There's no peace on this side of the grave," said a clergyman when preaching at the grave of a friend.

"Well; old chap," said a jolly jack tar, "you can come over on this side, we are quiet enough here."

'I can tell you how to save that horse,' said a boy to a man who was looking at the skelleton of a horse attached to a vehicle.

"How?"

"Why, just slip him away while the crows are at roost."

"I've risen from the bar to the bench," said a lawyer, on quitting the profession, and taking up shoemaking.

Miscellaneous.

Beautiful and as True as Beautiful.

The following beautiful sentiments, Jno. B. Gough and other Temperance Lecturers have committed to memory and recite to large audiences as original.

It had its origin in the brilliant eloquence of a man whose life was passed in border life, and who finally fell in a cowardly attack from one who dared not meet him face to face. Fancy may in vain be evoked to furnish as magnificent a description of the beverage which best slakes the thirst, but never intoxicates.

Paul Denton, a celebrated itinerant Methodist preacher and missionary, in the early days of Texas, when that State, then a Mexican province, was the outlaw's home, collected a large crowd at a barbacue he had promised and where the pledge was given that there should be plenty to drink of the best of liquors. Denton did this to collect a crowd that he might preach to them. After the barbecue was over, one of the boldest told Paul that he had *lied*, where is your liquor?—Drawing himself up to his full height, his eye flashing with a strange and unearthly eloquence, and pointing with his finger at the double spring which burst up at his feet, he thus broke forth in a strain that remains usurpassed:

"There—there is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children.

"Not in the simmering still, over smoking fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in haven prepare that precious essence of life, pure cold water. But in the green shade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God himself brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys; where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where hurricanes howl music; where big waves roar the chorus "sweeping the march of God"—there He brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water.

"And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in a dew drop; singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice-gem, till the trees seem turning to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun; or white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding bright snowy curtains softly above the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain of the earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered o'er with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction—still always beautiful, that blessed cold water. No poison bubbles on its brink, its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass, pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths; no drunkard's shrinking ghost from the grave curses in words, of despair.—Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?"

A shout like the roar of the tempest, answered: No! no!

Young Love.

Oh, woe! woe! to the mother, who, serene in a happiness strengthened, while it is tempered by Time, fails to sympathise with the crimson cheek, the fluttering heart the silent tear, that betray a daughter's initiation into a love, which was once the food of her thoughts through anxious nights and days of deep, yet troubled joy. Why not teach our children that the friendships and loves, seen rich and warm, with the early summer glow upon them, are but the foretastes of the divine, all-pervading sentiment, which God would have His immortal creatures know. Have you ever thought; you, who hold that a fit preparation for "Life's realities' (a term hateful as a trite!) is a mastery of judgment over the heart—a thorough subjugation of impetuosity to common sense; an unroofing and undermining and explosion and pulverization, to the last atom, of the castles which children and youths will erect, with only air for foundations and superstructure; you, who would drag into insensibility the generous impulse and ardent devotion of hearts, whose veins run red, fast young blood as the Creator wills they shall; have you ever thought, we ask, of the meaning of that text, "If a man love not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen!" How shall we, in the heaven of love, practice what we are making it the study of our lives to unlearn.—*Nemesis.*

A Capital Trick that Ended Well.

A young man was studying in college.—One afternoon he walked out with one of his instructors, and they chanced to see an old pair of shoes lying by the side of the path, which appeared to belong to a poor man at work close by. "Let us have a little amusement at his expense," said the student. "Suppose we hide these shoes, and conceal ourselves in the bushes to watch his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"I can think of a better trick than that," said the instructor. "You are rich, and suppose you put a silver dollar in the toe of each shoe and then we will hide."

The young man did so. The poor man finished his work soon, and went to put on his shoes. You can imagine his surprise when he stooped down to take out a pebble, as he supposed, from the toe and found it to be a hard dollar, and then his absolute perplexity and astonishment, when he found still another dollar in the other shoe. His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looking up to heaven, and uttered a fervent thanksgiving, in which he thanked a kind Providence for sending some unknown hand to save from perishing, his sick and helpless wife and children, without bread. Do you wonder that the young man stood in his hiding place deeply affected, and his eyes filled with tears?

Milking by Machinery.—Not exactly by a steam engine, nor by water power, though that is in favor by milkmen, but by a machine driven by hand-power. In short a hand pump, moved by two handles, like the hand bellows, and performing the operation by the principle of an air pump suction. The machine is attached to a pail, and set on a stool under the udder, the four teats inserted in four tubes, and the pump operated and the milk drawn, and conveyed by a conductor into the pail, the inventor says, in a marvellously short time: say three minutes for an ordinary cow; milking entirely clean, and without injury to the cows; in fact he says, to her advantage, as it is beneficial to have the work done quickly; and the machine is intended to do it quicker than it is possible by hand. It is said also that cows stand this machine milking more gently than by hand. At any rate the contrivance is an ingenious one, and we have no doubt will work. Its practical utility we can vouch for. We only chronicle the fact of the recent invention of a Milking Machine. The manner of its construction is simple enough. It consists of two diaphragm pumps made of tin and India rubber, so arranged as to be easy taken apart for washing. The teat cups are made tapering to fit any size, and attached by flexible joints, so as to spread apart to suit wide-spreading teats, or those more contracted. It is possible it will prove a very useful invention. If so, we presume that farmers will hear more of it.

Got to Him.

In 1801, Peter Cartwright received what is called 'an exhorter's licence,' and was allowed to 'exercise his gift.' He began to find a little education necessary, and Providence opened his way to a school at which were taught "all the branches of a common education and also the dead languages." Peter's linguistic acquirements are thus exhibited:

"I recollect once to have come across one of those Latin and Greek scholars—a regular graduate in theology. In order to bring me into contempt in a public company, he addressed me in Greek. In my younger days I had learned considerably of German. I listened to him as if I understood it all, and then replied in Dutch. This he knew nothing about, neither did he understand Hebrew. He concluded that I had answered him in Hebrew, and immediately caved in, and stated to the company that I was the first educated Methodist preacher he ever saw.

A FAST MAN AND THE ECCENTRIC PREACHER.—A fast man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher.

'Do you believe,' he said, 'in the story of the prodigal son and the fatted calf?'

'Yes,' said the preacher.

'Well, then, was it a male or a female calf that was killed?'

'A female,' promply replied the divine.

'How do you know that?'

'Because,' looking the man steadily in the face, 'I see that the male is alive now.'

Horace Walpole says—'To act with common sense, according to the moment is the best wisdom I know of, and the best philosophy is to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it whatever it is, and despise affectation.'

As are the heavens, so are our lives—sometimes fair, sometimes overcast, tempestuous, and then serene ca'm. Or like a rose, life has its flowers, and also its prickles. Life may be compared to a fine summer and a hard winter, a drouth, then pleasant showers.

A Quaker, having sold a fine looking but blind horse, asked the purchaser:—

"Well, my friend, dost thou see any fault in him?"

"No."

"Neither will he see any in thee," said Broadbrim.