

The Montrose Democrat.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

George A. Chase, Publisher.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penna., Thursday Morning, July 31, 1856.

Volume 13, Number 32

Choice Poetry.

From the Harbinger Crisis.
Shout, Freeman, Shout.
—An—"Dearest Mac."
Arouse, ye sons of liberty,
And gird your armor;
The contest is for truth and right—
The battle must be won.
Arouse! and let your banners wave
In every passing gale,
With Buck and Breck to lead you on,
There's no such word as fail.
CHORUS—Shout, Freeman, shout!
Awake the glorious strain,
Till every hill shall echo the sound,
And send it back again.
Your line extends far to the North,
Where heroes shed their blood,
And lengths to the sunny South,
Where swells the terrible flood.
The East is ready for the fray,
Where Aroostook is rolled,
And strong, brave hearts fill up your ranks,
Far in the land of gold.—**CHORUS.**
Let Union be your battle cry,
And for the contest ready,
Proclaim in tones that rend the sky,
That it shall be preserved.
Then up and fling your banners out
To every passing gale;
With Buck and Breck to lead you on,
There's no such word as fail.
CHORUS—Shout, Freeman, shout, &c.

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Sunday Times.
The Ranger's Ride.
DECIMATION OF THE MEXICAN PRISONERS.
On the evening of the 25th of December, 1842, a small army, or more properly a company of Texas troops crossed the Rio Grande and moved to attack the Mexican town of Mier, but, viewed in a very national light, and even to the wildest imagination, their hopes of success seemed utterly forlorn.—Their regular commander, Gen. Simmerville, with one half the invading force, despairing of the enterprise, had abandoned a few days before, and the remainder chose a new leader determined not to retreat ignominiously without striking a blow. The bold resolve was sheer desperation, for they had neither ordnance, nor baggage, weapons, nor provisions—nothing but their rifles and their unconquerable courage of hearts which knew no fear.

At the distance of a short league stood the ancient town of Mier, so strong in itself, with almost every house a fortress of stubborn stone, and the citizens the bravest subset of the frontier; while in front of the suburbs lay the camp of General Canales, Ampudia, and the chivalrous La Vega, with a powerful artillery and two thousand soldiers, the elite of the Mexican army.
The sun sat in a huge bank of black and stormy clouds, and a hoarse peal of far-off thunder muttered ominously as the last Texan landed on the hostile shore. The great majority of visages looked stern and gloomy as the tempestuous face of that cold December sky, and every hand clutched its trusty rifle with nerves of iron and awful energy; while a low yet terrible murmur ran along the column.—Vengeance on the traitor Canales, whose falsehood has brought us here!

In the angry, rushing ranks, however, there was one youth of some twenty summers, who betrayed a very different feeling from that which actuated the mass of the crowd. He laughed, jested, and gave way to the wildest ebullitions of mirth, as if merrily going for the amusement of a frolic, until his two elder brothers rebuked his merry maddest.
But Jack Phelps only answered in his usual vein—"What would you have me to do? Are we not bound for a battle instead of a funeral? And I see no need of long faces, unless it be to frighten the enemy!"

Indeed, the young man looked the personification of the highest human prowess, with his tall, handsome form, springy and powerful as a tiger, and his beautiful, fair, almost feminine features, beaming with radiant smiles and bearing the impress of reckless bravery, while his keen blue eyes twinkled with gay humor, and overflowed with sparkling, irrepressible animation, and his rich yellow locks waved round his fine shoulders like the golden sun-god. The two elder brothers, James and William Phelps, also presented a noble physical appearance; and the three, with the famous ranger, Capt. Lewis, marched at the head of the advancing column.
Very soon the deepest darkness descended to the earth, and every object became invisible, save when the fitful flashes of lightning lifted up the pall of sable clouds, but to drop it the next instant, and thus render the gloom more intense.
"Captain Lewis, lend me your sword," said Jack Phelps in a serious voice.
"For what purpose?" inquired the other.
"I want to cut open the fog, so that we can see our way!" answered the wild jester, with his merry, musical laugh.
"Hush!" said the officer, "we must be near the enemy's line."
Scarcely had he spoken, when a brilliant sheet of crimson flame burst a few paces before them, and the deafening roar of a whole platoon of musketry reverberated on the still night air. The Texans uttered a yell wild enough to wake the dead—"Vengeance on the traitor Canales!" and rushed to meet their foes.

After a brief struggle they drove in the picket guards, and, without a moment's pause the three hundred heroes flew to battle with the three thousand. At the instant the storm broke forth in all its fury, and the Mexican cannon and the dread artillery of heaven opened together. Mingled grape-shot, bullets and lightning bolts rattled among the chivalry in fearful rivalry as if man and nature had joined in fearful combat; while the shrieks of the wounded and moans of the dying could be heard only at rare intervals, amid the more tremendous peals of appalling thunder. Such was the scene of rage and horror, nearly, if not quite unequalled in the annals of the world.
Ampudia hurled mass after mass of infantry against the little band of desperate adventurers, thinking to crush them by the mere weight of numbers; but, firm and unyielding as the solid rock in the ocean, they resisted and rolled back every billow in broken waves. Canales charged upon them with five hundred horse; but the rifle and revolver proved too much for the Mexican lance as well as bayonet; and still slowly, steadily, and ever onward, the Texans forced their way into the suburbs of Mier, and about midnight effected their lodgment in several of the strongest stone houses, when the contest ceased.

The following morn came bright and beautiful from the dew-dripping chambers of the golden orient, and the sunny air teemed with smiles and blushes, as if no tear had ever stained the blue eye of heaven, and no blood had ever crimsoned the glorious earth.
But with the first flash of burning sunbeams Ampudia and Canales renewed the terrors of battle. The Mexican artillery, arranged in suitable positions during the previous darkness, opened with round shot on the buildings where the rangers had taken refuge, and continued to thunder for hours; but the deadly aim of the American rifle, picked the cannoneers off one by one, until at last every gun was deserted, and the enemy had recourse to the protesting parapets of the flat-tops in the neighborhood.
The officers urged on, by alternate threats and promises, column after column to the tremendous strife; yet still they melted away like snow beneath a burning sun, at the fierce fires of the Texan sharpshooters, until the Mexican force withdrew from the fatal range of the unerring rifles, leaving more than five hundred dead in the streets and on the stone roofs of the houses.

Ampudia, then, with the customary craft of his countrymen, resorted to stratagem, and sent a white flag with Gen. La Vega, urging the Texans to capitulate, and offering highly favorable terms; and as it was known that a few additional force had arrived in the vicinity, the rangers accepted the proposition, and laid down their arms.
Nevertheless, every article of the solemn agreement, by which the prisoners had been induced to surrender, was violated in a few days, and a powerful guard marched them off for the city of Mexico. Their sufferings and privations during the journey almost surpass belief, and many of them sank under the crushing burden of melancholy, hunger, and fatigue, and were butchered by the way.
But still the youth, Jack Phelps, who had especially distinguished himself in the battle and bitterly opposed the capitulation, maintained his habitual flow of spirits and sang and joked as merrily as ever. However, beneath the glittering crust of his levity he concealed a deep and daring design, and having communicated the desperate plan to the other captives, they suddenly assaulted and overpowered their armed guard, although nearly twice as numerous as themselves, while they were entirely without weapons.

They then started to retreat homeward, but the whole country arose around them, and meeting the troop of lancers commanded by the traitor Canales, they were all again made prisoners.
For this attempt to escape, the Mexican government ordered the bloody sentence of decimation, which was executed on the summit of a lofty mountain between Monterey and Saltillo.
A little before sunset, two hundred Texans were ordered into a line to draw lots for death. The cruel Canales, with the smile of a demon, counted out into his hat a number of beans, equal to that of the captives, every tenth bean being black, while the rest were white. He then shook the hat thoroughly, and carried it along the line, for each man to thrust his fingers under the cover of a handkerchief, and by the award of impartial chance, exact his own doom.

Suspense and horror of the scene defied all the powers of pictorial description. Features grew livid that never had paled in the most perilous crisis of burning battle, and brave nerves shook, like leaves in the wind, which would not have quailed before the fiery hail of a hundred pieces of artillery. The strange uncertainty of the novel contest with the merciless fates produced general and fearful agitation. Many of those who drew the color of death uttered involuntary moans, while some screamed wildly as if they already felt the cold lead in their hearts!
But at length the ominous hat approached the three brothers, who stood near the center of the line. Jack put in his hand and remarked in laughing tones: "Captain Lewis, I'll bet you a hundred dollars that I draw a black bean!"
"Done!" replied that officer in a careless tone.
"I have won it!" exclaimed the youth in accents of blended joy and triumph, as he held up the hue of death and added—"Such is always my luck!" but whether he referred to the black bean, or the result of the wager, the horrified spectators could not well determine.

William also extricated the unfortunate color, while Captain Lewis and the third brother drew the bean of safety.
Immediately, the twenty doomed prisoners were placed in a separate line with two hundred loaded muskets aimed at their hearts, while the last red rays of the setting sun reflected from the glittering snowy tops of the distant mountains, illuminated the awful scene. The atmosphere, though chilly, was clear and calm, and ribbons of fleecy clouds floated in the weak, like wings of a rainbow, while some hardy birds sang sweetly among the neighboring trees, naked and leafless as they were.

All at once Jack Phelps called out eagerly: "Captain Lewis, I'll bet you another hundred dollars the rascals cannot hit me!"
But even the reckless ranger, who had never before been known to refuse a wager, answered with an icy shudder—"Good heavens, Jack! how can you jest at such a moment?"
The ruthless Canales now proclaimed—"Prisoners, say your prayers, for you die in three minutes!"
Some turned their eyes upwards, and muttered with pale lips their last petitions; some gave their friends mournful commissions for their families far away; while others shouted fierce curses in the faces of their foes; and a few cried simply a fond farewell to their more fortunate comrades.

At length Canales sounded the final signal—"Fire!" A loud roar reverberated among the mountains, and when the smoke cleared off, nothing appeared of the doomed band but a score of bodies stretched upon the bloody earth.
The order was immediately given to march a mile farther into the valley, before encamping for the night, while a small body of soldiers remained to bury the corpses. But when one of these advanced to strip the form of young Phelps, the ranger bounded to his feet, knocked over the astonished Mexican, sprang upon his horse, and effected his escape. It seems that at the word "fire," he had thrown himself forward on the ground, but so brief an instant before the others fell, he did not attract notice, and thus he avoided the common fate. The utmost exertions were made for his recapture, but without success.

Three months afterwards he reached San Antonio, in company with a very beautiful Mexican girl, to whom he was chiefly indebted for his final deliverance from the pursuit of his enemies.

ORATION.
Delivered at the recent exhibition at St. Joseph's College, by W. R. McNary.

The Glories of the Constitution of America.
The Constitution of America is loved by every friend of true liberty. This love has bravely struggled on through the storm of Know Nothingism; but now as that storm has passed away, this love still burns in the breast of every true republican. There was a time, I must confess, when the foreigner's faith, in our free institutions, was somewhat staggered. Nor can we well blame his want of faith. Everywhere he went his ears were assailed by that fiendish cry: "Down with the foreigner—down with the Catholic citizen."

From Maine to Florida and from Lake Champlain to the Chesapeake Bay, this anti-Christian cry was raised; and the green fields of America were covered with the foul oaths of Know Nothingism. It was hard for a foreigner to respect a Constitution that was spit upon by every rowdy in the country; and few foreigners to respect the senators who insulted the holy Nuns of Massachusetts, and who booted after Badini in the streets of New York.

But we are not to stigmatize the Constitution of the United States, on account of a crazy political sect. In the best and the holiest society a few bad members may be found. A Judas was found among the Apostles. Bad men appeared in the purest ages of Christianity. At the pure fountain of Catholicity reproaches have often dared to slake their thirst. But as the pure fountain of religion cannot be tainted by the breath or polluted by the lips of the reprobate; or as the divine tread of Catholicity loses none of its glory on account of the unnatural children that recline beneath its shadow, neither can the glory of the old tree of liberty at Boston, be defaced by the men of Elsworth or the brawling followers of the "Angel Gabriel."

Long after the natural demise of these political sects; long after the heroes of Elsworth shall have been forgotten, the glorious tree of liberty shall stand affording shelter to the children of all nations and of all creeds. Yes, our Constitution grants liberty to all. This constitution still breathes the spirit of Washington. That glorious spirit which animated the hearts of the heroes of the Revolution is not yet dead. Side by side during the great Revolution, on the field of Lexington and by the waters of the Brandywine, did the Protestant and the Roman Catholic, the native born and the foreigner-citizen battle. The American and the foreigner marched out to do battle for his native or adopted land. Together they rallied under the American flag. Together they confronted the Saxon tyrant.

Together they drew the sword that gave freedom to millions; and grasping with the foe, the Catholic and the Protestant, the American and the foreigner fell bleeding on the same red field together. Who ever knew Washington to ask the brave soldier that bled by his side, from what country he hailed or what creed he professed? Who ever dared to question the patriotism of the great Montgomery, who fell before Quebec, and whose relics are still held in veneration by the grateful children of the Republic? Who ever dared to stigmatize the sword that the German emigrants of Philadelphia unsheathed after the battle of Breed's Hill near Boston? What native American would insult the old men's company as they marched down Chestnut street, and drew up before the State House, playing the same martial airs that so often had cheered them on to victory in their own native land? Who, I ask, would spurn the aid of these old German soldiers who with honorable scars on their bronzed cheeks and with the wrinkles of a hundred years on their brows, marched out to devote themselves on the red field of Germantown for their adopted land? Not one. For all admired, all revered the German soldiers of the Revolution, and when the Quakers of Philadelphia saw these old warriors marching to the field of glory, they spurred the olive branch, they laid aside their hereditary patience and submission, and burning with the same fire that shone from the old German soldiers' eyes, the peaceful children of Wm. Penn. pledged themselves to smite every English soldier with the edge of the sword.

The sword of Lafayette was not drawn in vain. The blood of Frenchmen has watered the roots of the tree of liberty; and under the American flag or on the fields of Mexico has the blood of Irish Generals and of Irish soldiers been freely shed. Honor then and glory to that Constitution that guarantees civil and religious liberty to the children of every clime! Honored forever be these glorious stars and stripes, which has ever afforded shelter to the faithful patriot and under whose august shadow the foreign emigrant has ever found a happy home. Honored forever be the flag of Columbia! Long may it wave over land and ocean. Long may it remain to encourage the friends of liberty all over the world. Never shall this sacred flag be stained by the breath of tyranny. Never shall a feather of our immortal eagles be touched. Never shall the tomb of Washington be desecrated. Never shall the invader tread upon the ashes of the heroes of the Revolution. Never shall the dirty old Union Jack float in the pure breezes of this western world; and never, while we have stout arms to brandish the sword on high, or while a drop of American or Irish American blood flows through our veins, shall an English, Anglo-French flag blacken our waters or threaten our tea-bearded towns.

A Business Young Man.

A young man of the country became betrothed to a young lady residing in the city, the only child of a widow who is possessed of some property. We will suppose the young lady was here at school and the mother was much in the country, occasionally visiting the daughter here. At all events, as the report goes, the young fellow addressed a note to the widow desiring an interview in the city if she were soon to be here, otherwise he would meet her in the country, saying he had some important business to transact with her. As the day for the nuptials had been fixed by the young people without obtaining the mother's final consent, she supposed very natural that it was with the view of gaining her approbation of the match in due form that the interview was sought. The young man was punctual. In a business like manner, and without unnecessary ceremony, he made known his business. He coolly informed the lady that his object in meeting her was to ask her to make the deeds of her property to her daughter before the union with her, which had been fixed for the next day, could be consummated. At the same time he made some remark indicating to her that he knew what property she had. The lady desired to know how he could have obtained so accurate an account of her property, and asked whether her daughter had informed him.

"Oh! no," said he, "I employed a lawyer for that purpose."
"Ave," said the lady, with great self expression, "you really seem to have quite a business turn. Play air, what else did you suppose I would do with my property, but give it to my daughter—my only child!"

"Indeed," said he, "I don't know but you might marry again, and then you'd keep the property away from us."
The lady at a glance saw the coolness, impudence and business-like qualities of the young scamp, and at once informed him that although she had intended to give her daughter her portion on the day of her marriage, and had not had heretofore the least idea of making any objection to their union, she had now decided that the nuptials must be indefinitely postponed.
The mother and daughter, we understand, consider themselves exceedingly fortunate in having made a timely escape from one who could manifest so much cool impudence and heartlessness.—*Louisville Courier.*

The Irishman and the Deacon.

A few months ago, as Deacon Ingalls, of Swanton, R. I., was travelling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, and who was in quest of a new home. The Irishman, who was a brother that came on before him and settled in some of the diggings in that vicinity.

Pat was a strong, athletic man; a true Catholic; and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. It was a pleasant Sabbath morning that Brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired for the road that was nearest to church.

Ingalls was a good pious man. He told Pat that he was going to church himself, and invited him to make acquaintance to a company him thither, his place of destination being a small Methodist meeting-house near by. There was a great revival there at the time, and one of the deacons (who, by the way, was very small in stature) invited brother I. to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat, who looked in vain to find the altar, &c. After he was seated, he turned to brother I., and in a whisper that could be heard all round, inquired—

"Sure, and isn't this a heretic church?"
"Hush!" said Ingalls. "If you speak a word they will put you out!"
"Devil a word will I speak at all at all!"

The meeting was opened with a prayer by the pastor. Pat was eying him closely, when suddenly an old gentleman who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted "glory!"

"Hush, ye clear devil," rejoined Pat, with his loud whisper, which was heard by the minister, "be decent and don't make a blackguard of yourself!"

The parson grew more and more fervent in his devotion. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan.

"Hush, ye blackguard, have ye no decency at all at all!" said Pat, at the same moment, giving the deacon a punch in the ribs, which caused him nearly to lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped, and extending his hand in a supplicating manner, said—

"Brethren we can't be disturbed in this way; will some one be kind enough to put him out!"

"Yes, your reverence," shouted Pat, "I will!"

And suiting the action to the word, he colored the deacon, and to the utter horror and astonishment of the pastor, brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, dragged him through the aisle, and with a tremendous kick, a posterior, as the logicians say, he headed him in the vestibule of the church.

A friend sends us some bills that are so old that we shall turn them out immediately.

A traveling gentleman, looking for the house of an acquaintance in Dublin, inquired of a native born Irishman:

"Who lives in that house over the way?"

"Johnny O'Brien, to be sure," replied Patrick; "but he don't live there now, for he is dead, he is."

"Ah! how long has he been dead?"

"And, your honor, if he had lived till next Monday he would have been dead a fortnight."

Our traveling friend pursued his walk and his inquiries, and seeing a very large funeral procession, he asked another native whose funeral that was.

"Be gorish, Sir," said Pat, with a most innocent look, "it's myself that cannot say, for certain, but I'm after thinkin' it's the man's in the coffin."

That is very well for Patrick, but the other is a real *John Bull*. An English barber in the season of the epidemic, remarked to one of his customers that there was "cholera in the hair."

"Then I hope that you are careful about the brushes you use."

"Oh," said the barber, "I don't mean the hair of the ed," but the hair of the atmosphere."

Speaking of "seamless skirts," which are now advertised, the Times says that "anything that will make skirts seem-less will be grateful to gentlemen, and to ladies, too, who desire to pass through hoop-frequent streets."

A NIGHT-WATCH WITH A DEAD INFANT.
Moored thus by bark so soon, little voyager! Though those infant eyes, with a prophetic vision, sawest though life's great battle-field, swarming with fierce combatants! Fell upon thy timid ear the far-off din of its angry strife! Drooped thy head wearily on the bosom of the *Sinless, fearful of earthly taint!* Flattered thy wings impatiently against the bars of thy prison-house, sweet bird of Paradise!

"God speed thy flight! No unerring sportsman shall have power to ruffle thy spread pinions, or main thy soaring wing. No Sheltering nest had earth for thee, where the chill wind of sorrow might not blow! No garden of Eden where the serpent lay, no coiled beneath the flowers! No 'Tree of Life,' whose branches might have sheltered thee for aye."
"Warm fall the sunlight on thy pillow, sweet human blossom! Softly fall the night-dews on the blue-eyed violet above thee!—Side by side with thee are hearts that have long since ceased hoping or aching. There lies the betrothed maiden in her inappropriate lovelessness; the bride, with her head pillowed on golden tresses, whose rare beauty, even the Great Spoiler seemed loath to touch; childhood, but yesterday warm and rosy on

its mother's breast; the loving wife and mother in life's sweet prime; the gray-haired pastor, gone to his reward; the youth of ripened locks and brow unfurrowed by care; the heart-broken widow, and fearful orphan, all await with folded hands, closed eyes, and silent lips, alike with thee, the resurrection morn.

Shopping.
"It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he is gone his way, then he boasts."

[Prov. xx. 14.]
Buying and selling have each its perils.—The seller is tempted to praise his goods.—"This is a very fine article. It was manufactured expressly to please old customers, and I think it cannot fail to please you. And this—it was bought at auction, hence I can afford to sell it low; don't believe you can find its equal in the market at the same price! And this you shall have for a dollar and a quarter, great concessions have been made on the article. Just look at the fineness of the texture, and see how beautifully it takes the light and shade! It will make up splendidly. Only one dollar a yard! Since it is you, though I can't afford it, I will take off an eight. No lady can afford to be without one. You shall have one very cheap."

So much for the salesman, and if he cannot set off a piece of satin as ever was manufactured, if he cannot turn everything good in the eye and the estimation of the buyer, he is said to want tact, and the essential qualifications for a successful merchant. In plain English if he cannot skillfully practice deception, and cheat the buyer in to the belief that he is not cheated, he will never make a good salesman, and is politely informed that after the end of the month his services will not be wanted.

But now he next turns to the table, and shows to the buyer. "I can buy it cheaper elsewhere, besides I want a better article. This may do however, if you will say two dollars! Suppose it did cost more, you can better afford to take two dollars than to keep it on your shelf."

Next comes the scene at home. "See here, what a splendid piece of cloth I've bought. Was it not a bargain." At two dollars when it cost two dollars and a half! It is not Franklin who says that a penny earned is a good bargain, and is politely informed that after the end of the month his services will not be wanted.

Now the preacher will not put the buyer and seller in the scale to determine whose sin is the greatest, but he has a word for you jointly and severally. To you both let him say, "You are pursuing a course and forming a character contemptible in the eyes of all honorable men."

To the seller let me say: Never sell your goods on a sliding scale, between the lowest figure you can afford and the highest you can extort. Let your price be your rule.

And the buyer: Never add injustice to insult in cheapening goods, when dealing with an honest man. If you like not his goods nor his price, make room in his store for some one who will; and never add your name to the number of persons who are to mean either "to live or let live." And if you have made "a good bargain" at the expense of another, beg pardon, and equalize the scale of justice rather than go away and boast it.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

WITS ON SHAKING HANDS.—At breakfast Sidney Smith enumerated and acted the different sorts of hand-shaking there are to be met with in society. The *diplomatic* or one finger, exemplified in Brougham, who puts forth his forefinger and says, in his strong northern accent, "How are you?" The *sympathetic* or mortmain, which was Mackintosh's manner, laying his open hand flat and volly against yours. The *high official*, the Archbishop of York's, who carries your hand aloft on a level with your forehead. The *rat or vigorous* shake, etc. In talking the remarkable fact that women in general bear pain much better than men, I said that, allowing everything that could be claimed for the superior patience and self-command of women, still the main solution of their enduring pain better than men was their having less physical sensibility. This theory of mine was immediately exclaimed against (as it always is whenever I sport it) as disparaging, ungenerous, unfounded, etc. I offered to test it by bringing in a hot teapot, which I would answer for the ladies of the party being able to hold for a much longer time than the men. This set Sidney off most comically upon my cruelty to the female part of the creation, and the practice I had in such experiments. "He had been all his life (he said) trying the sex with hot teapots; the burning ploughshares were nothing to it. I think I hear his terrible tone in a *tele-tele*. Bring a teapot!"

APPLES AS AN ARTICLE OF HUMAN FOOD.
The importance of apples as food has not hitherto sufficiently estimated in this country or understood. Besides contributing a large proportion of sugar, mucilage and other nutritive matter, in the form of food, they contain such a fine combination of vegetable principles, and the nutritive matter, as to act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerant, tonic, and antiseptic; and when freely used at the season of ripeness, by rural laborers and others, they prevent debility, strengthen digestion, correct the putrefactive tendencies of nitrogenous food, avert scurvy, and probably maintain and strengthen the

powers of productive labor. The operators of Cornwall consider ripe apples nearly as nourishing as bread, and more so than potatoes. In the year 1801, a year of scarcity, apples, instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor, and the laborers asserted that they could stand their work on baked apple without meat; whereas a potato diet required either meat or fish. The French and Germans use apples extensively; indeed it is rare that they sit down, in the rural districts, without them, in some shape or other, even at the best tables. The laborers and mechanics depend on them, to a very great extent, as an article of food, and frequently dine on sliced apples and bread. Stewed with rice, red cabbage, carrots, or by themselves, with a little sugar and milk, they make both a pleasant and nutritious dish.

GARRICK AND THE CRITICS.—Edmund Keane was a favorite of Mrs. Garrick, the widow of the celebrated actor. Whenever it was desirable that a new performer at Drury Lane should make a hit, the committee used to bring the venerable old lady out to her private box, to say he reminded her of David. She said so, and this went the round of the papers accordingly. In the case of Keane she spoke honestly. He did remind her of her husband, and was nearer to him by many degrees than any actor she had ever seen, although both agreed he could not play Abel Druggan. Once in conversation with her, he complained that the papers made terrible mistakes as to his conceptions of character, reading, points, and other peculiarities. "These people (said he) don't understand their business; they give me credit where I make no effort to deserve it, and they pass over the passages on which I have bestowed the utmost care and attention. They think, because my style is new, and appears natural, that I don't study, and talk about the sudden impulse of genius. There is no such thing as impulsive acting; all is studied beforehand. A man may act better or worse on a particular night from particular circumstances, but the conception is the same. I have done all these things a thousand times in country theaters, and perhaps better, before I was recognized as a great London actor, and have been loudly applauded; but the sound never reached as far as London." "You should write your own criticisms," replied the old lady; "David always did."

THE IDEAL WOMAN.—The true woman, for whose ambition is a husband's love and for children's admiration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative exercise themselves in making laws for her nurse, whose intellect has held enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful, who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and a neat fitting gown; who eschews rents and revealed edges, slippers, shoes and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, and intelligent, and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love to be blind; who never scolds and never argues, but adjusts with a smile; such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives and is the mother we still worship in the back distance of the past.—*Charles Dickens.*

YOUNG LADIES AND SINGING BIRDS.—That there is something more than commonly winning and attractive in the company of innocent birds, may be considered proven. No wonder, then, that so many of our innocent young maidens—God bless them!—take delight in superintending the extension of so interesting a race as the canary, a bird whom all must love who know his excellencies. We rejoice to see young ladies thus rationally engaged. Their many preparations in the way of cages, nest-boxes, nest-bags, the proper selection of amiable birds, etc. Well can we understand the delight they feel in their anticipation of soon being able to "assist" the happy parents in rearing their expected little families. It is gratifying, very. And how infinitely better than the silly, childish manipulation of that everlasting crocheted, and that still more absurdly ridiculous introduction from France, potichamaise, or "stick-jar."

An editor out West says:—If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our career, let him send us a new hat, and say nothing more about it. Very cool that.

"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly make him a parson." A clergyman, who was in the company, calmly replied, "You think differently from your father."

IT IS A singular fact that a woman cannot look from a precipice of any magnitude without becoming dizzy. But what is still more singular, the dizziness departs the very moment somebody puts his arm around her waist to keep her from falling. Quakerism it is!

An elderly gentleman, traveling through the State, was asked by a woman if he knew anything about a certain man. He said he did not. She then said, "He is a very good man, and I am sure you will like him." He replied, "Well, no man—I have been married upwards of twenty-eight years!"