

The Montrose Democrat

WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION.

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Choice Poetry.

LABORER'S WAR SONG.

Up, brethren, up! the world is not
So bad as some would make it;
Although we till a stubborn lot,
The plough of toil can break it.
And wheat—a sea of amber froth—
With apple bloom and blushing cherries,
Will soon replace the thistle growth.
And bitterumble berries.
For life's a field, a golden field,
Were skill and length of lever
Can make the barren wilderness
An Eden world forever.
Wherever reason bids you go
Be firm, resolved to follow!
No'er build a house on Age's snow—
Tradition is but hollow.
With eyes that never shut the light,
Although it shows your past misdeeds,
Ride down the phantom brood of night
With troops of gallant fancies?
For life's a fight, a stubborn fight,
Where hope and fresh endeavor
Can overcome the host of care,
For ever and for ever!

Resigned in youth's despised retreat,
With friends and funds but scanty,
Fling overboard the bread you eat,
That men may think you've plighted;
'Tis thus the Goth was driven from Rome;
And 'tis a maxim broadly Roman—
Though luller tears may fall at home,
Laugh loud before your foeman!
For life's a siege, a long drawn siege,
A fierce, protracted trial,
Where faith forever gives the palm
To hope and self denial.
Should those you've friends in distress
Forget you—'tis the fashion—
Ne'er let them know their worthlessness,
And power to move their passion!
Be cool and smile—the war of life
Again may smite you far above them;
And should you chance to meet in strife,
Then prove how much you love them!
For life's a fight, a varying fight;
Defeat and victory blend—
Though Wright may triumph for a while,
Right wins ere all is ended!

Should she who shared your summer lot,
Now shun your cold embraces,
Oh, blame her not!—oh! hurt her not!
But lose her golden tresses;
She never loved, no power on earth
Can change a woman's true affection;
Nor is the haggard frown on
A moment's sad dejection;
Forget her frailty in the light,
Where brain and blood endeavor,
Still win at will a changeless crown
For ever and for ever!

Avoid the fruitless strife of creed,
You cannot turn or guide it;
Let's steer toward the victor's mead,
And Priest with Priest decide it!
Believe that life is fleeting breath,
Be just to men and love your neighbor,
And ask this ritual for your faith—
"Truth, Temperance and Labor!"
And thus the error-clouds that veil
The heaven of life will sever,
And God's approving eye look down
On faith and firm endeavor.

Miscellaneous.

MY FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

"I love my love with an L," said I, and
my wife went the long apple paring over my
shoulder. There was a rush and a scramble
to see if my letter had formed upon the floor,
and shouts that it was not; but, instead, al-
most every other letter in the alphabet.
All the time I sat still, feeling extremely
shy and awkward, and not at all relieved
when the point was discussed, as I was
in favor of the L, although I had chosen that
letter because so far as I knew it did not
form the initial of any one of the young men
present. But I began to be afraid that I had
not chosen wisely after all, and that I might
be called upon for some of the ridiculous for-
feits of the game, how I trembled then, when
I heard the shouts:
"Here is the L. Leander Holmes, Miss
Kate has chosen you! Look! see the L
upon the floor."
Somebody was coming toward me. Some
body said:
"Miss Betty—Mr. Holmes."
A tall figure bent before me and sat down
silently by my side. All this I saw dimly
under eyelids that were cast down in real, not
affected shyness. How grateful I was not to
find myself pulled into the center of the room
and kissed boisterously, as happened to many
under the infliction only blushed a little and
tittered a good deal.
This was my second party. I had suffered
torment at the first, and expected to suffer
torment at this. I felt that I had escaped
happily, if I might but be allowed to sit quietly
in the corner. I had chosen. Even the very
silent person at my side did not particu-
larly annoy me so long as the noisy group
in the center of the room would allow me to
be quiet.
I had been reared from childhood in the
house of a wealthy, childish uncle in the city.
I was young and had no idea of society, ex-
cept what I had gained by being a looker-on
at my aunt's semi-annual stiff and formal
parties, where company was very decorous
and exclusively stupid.
My uncle had died very suddenly, without
a will, and his heir-at-law had taken posses-
sion of his property, leaving my aunt with a
comparatively small income, while I, after
having been reared until the age of sixteen in
the midst of wealth and luxury, was left en-
tirely unprotected.
My aunt went to live in lodgings, and I
was sent back to my father, who was a poor
man with many children, and a latterly
scolding wife, who was not my mother. My
own mother had died when I was in my in-
fancy, and it was said my father had never

been himself since. He had become disas-
tured, lost his habits of business, which were
fast bringing him wealth, and at last quitting
business entirely had gone to live on a little
farm in the interior of the State, had married,
and was now surrounded by a large disorderly
family.
Into this unenviable house I was sudden-
ly thrust from refinements of life in the house
of a wealthy citizen. I was shy and unhap-
py. I never had been accustomed to the
compassion of children, but I soon found
whenever I shrank involuntarily from the
dirty, noisy crowd around me, I gave offence
to the mother, and through her representa-
tions, to my father, who seemed completely
under her influence.
Every instinctive indulgence in the tastes
and habits to which I had been reared
was looked upon as an evidence of pride, and
I soon found all the influences of home arrayed
against me and my wishes.
I had shrank, through shyness from at-
tending the first party, but had gone because
I could not resist my mother's sneers and my
father's commands. And so much had I
been terrified by the good-natured boister-
ousness of the young people assembled, that I
mentally resolved never to go again.
Notwithstanding I found myself once more
in the same circle after a very trying sojourn at
home, and in my dream the very pair of
eyes fixed upon me had been drawn into their
games.
I had not yet glanced at the face of the
young man at my side, nor had a word been
interchanged when a noisy group in the
center of the room broke up. They came
crowding around me uttering broad but good-
humored jests that I felt sent the blood flush-
ing and burning into my face. My compan-
ion must have felt me trembling too, for he
suddenly leaned forward and whispered to me:
"Do not be afraid, Miss Kate, they do not
intend any harm, and I will see that they
do not much annoy you."
I gave him one grateful glance, for I was
too near crying to dare trust my voice, and
I met a pair of brilliant, dark eyes, fixed full
upon my face, very truthful, yet a good deal
compassionate in expression. Suddenly he
rose up, and drawing my arm within his,
turned to the bantering group.
"Miss Kate has chosen me this evening and
I take her under my protection. I shall be
a very great tyrant, and no one of you must
speak to her without my permission."
So saying he led the way to an opposite
corner of the room. There, seeing that, be-
tween shyness and the annoyance just passed,
he was still unable to control my voice, he
placed his hand on my shoulder, and in a
pleasant voice and quiet manner soon
helped me to control my agitation, and then
he sat down beside me. I was amazed at
myself talking gaily with this stranger, and
still more amazed to find myself happy for
several hours of the evening to which I looked
forward with so much dread, and which I
had commenced so suspiciously.
And when he brought several of the bright
ruddy looking girls to speak to me in the
course of the evening, I found what foolish
shyness had prevented me from learning be-
fore, that they were amiable, warm-hearted
creatures, in spite of their lack of refinement.
So, on the whole, the evening passed off
pleasantly, and I was never afraid to go again,
especially as, when they found I was not too
proud to join in their sports, they never at-
tempted to drag me away I did not like.
But cherishing the memories of that evening
was the kindness of Leander Holmes.
A pair of dark eyes hailed my thoughts
for many a day, and I never forgot the sooth-
ing impression of his calm voice and pleasant
manner.
Leander Holmes was the son of the only
rich man in the neighborhood. He had been
well educated, and that alone would have
rendered him infinitely superior to those a-
round him, even if his winning manner was
not the result of a perfect gentleman—refined,
courteous and manly.
Of course, no one will wonder that I be-
came deeply in love with Leander Holmes.
His devotion has never wavered from the first,
and long before the first winter in my father's
house was passed, I had promised to become
his wife. It would have been a dreary and
miserable winter without his presence and his
love, but with all this, at all times, my
heart has reason, I think that, only long-
ing for the time, and never of the comforts
that had, in the fullness of my happiness,
ceased to make me miserable.
My father and his wife were all smiles and
approval. But when, toward spring, my en-
gagement came to the knowledge of Leander's
father, he at once announced his decided dis-
approbation. I heard that he asserted that
he would never consent that his son should
marry the daughter of a lazy, dissipated man,
and he said that my father was scarcely
a better representation of the duties of mis-
tress of Holme's Place, than I should have received
at the hands of that brawling slatternly
father's wife.
Leander was firm and talked of the future
and patient waiting. But I felt that I had
been scorned, and my indignation was un-
bounded. I wrote to my aunt, telling her
all in no measured phrase, and begged her
to send for me to live with her again if possible.
Her answer was to come at once, and I de-
parted, much to the consternation of my
father, and the ill concealed delight of his
wife, who hated me more than ever, since she
heard of Col. Holmes's remark.
I left a little note for Leander, who was
absent at the time, saying that the engage-
ment had better end, and released him fully
and unconditionally. I wrote and sealed the
note without hesitation or faltering, though
it cost me a severe pang to do so.
I did not know until I had been in my
aunt's home a week, and my letters in a
package directed in Leander's hand, arrived
without a line from him, how I hoped through
all that he would not consent to be released,
but would still cling to me.
But he, too, had his indignation—he was
hurt that I should have arranged for my de-
parture without consulting him, and pinned
at the coldness of my note. So, through the
faults of others and misunderstanding of their
own hearts, we were severed. Alas! that
we two hearts had so many counterparts!
My aunt's income supported us, and I had
enabled us to retain our place in the society
to which we had been accustomed. It had
been more than she anticipated when she had
sent me home to my father, or she would

never have exposed me to the trials I have
passed.
As the time passed on, I had lovers, as any
pretty girl will, for I might believe my
mirror and my friends, I was not without at-
tractions, but none touched my heart.
On looking back I can see that I was al-
ways waiting, waiting for something that
never came. Was it for Leander that I
waited! If it was, I never acknowledged it
to myself, but it was with a terrible pang
a dumb, but real sorrow that served as an
excuse for illness, it was so like it, that I
heard after two or three years that he was
married.
My step-mother wrote to me this wedding
news—dilating maliciously on the wealth
and beauty of the bride, who had come from
a distant city to reside at Holme's Place.
Upon the planting and fencing, the painting,
glazing and beautifying of the old house, and
upon the funds of beautiful furniture, which
the bride's father had sent to refurbish the
old rooms.
I answered very calmly that Leander
Holmes was worth the hand of any lady, and
had a right to be congratulated in my name, if
she saw him; hoping thus, to disarm her sus-
picion and convince him that I had forgotten
my love for him.
It was some time after this, and it
was some time after this, and it was some
time after this, that I was made to feel
that I was no longer the same person as I
formerly been. I was not aware of it. I
only knew that I was striving to forget; I had
no other object in life now, the years seemed
very long and weary. Society did not satisfy
me, and I came to be looked upon as a
coquette, when, one after another I rejected
the suitors whom my gaiety and brilliancy
brought to my feet. I became restless, un-
easy, with a craving from some object for
thought and duty that would not find satis-
faction in the life led.
At that time my aunt had a severe illness,
and the new cases which then developed upon
me were very good for me. From this illness
she never fully recovered, and for two or three
years before death came to relieve her from
suffering, and while I was busily engaged in
ministering to her comfort, I grew more
patient.

By-and-by I was alone. I laid her who
had been all that a mother could have been
to me for many years, in the grave, and I
was left without care or duty. My means
were now ample, for my aunt had bequeath-
ed her property to me, and except a tender
sorrow for the dead, I should have been very
happy.
But I was not.
I brought one of my little sisters to live
with me, very glad to receive her from such
a home. I went for her, and while on my
visit attended the village church, and beneath
my black veil saw Leander Holmes and the
woman that occupied the place that should
have been mine. It was said she was un-
happy, and that her husband treated her,
though always courteously, with great cool-
ness. I felt a miserable, choking feeling,
half delight, bitterness at the thought that
he did not love her, but I baffled even my
step-mother's curiosity by my impenetrabil-
ity. I am sure she did not learn whether I
took any interest in the dwellers at Holme's
Place.
More years passed, I still had offered, though
no longer young. At last I determined to
accept one.
Arthur Meriden was a man worthy of my
esteem—worthy of my love, only that I
did not love him. He was satisfied when I
told him all, and I promised to become his
wife.
But as soon as I had promised, the old
wretched feeling came back. It seemed as
if I vaguely expected something to interpose
and prevent the consummation of that unholy
engagement. And as the day approached I
grew more and more wretched, till finally on
a sudden impulse, determined to go down
to my father's to look once more upon the
old familiar scenes of the village church and
the Holme's Place, before I should have prom-
ised away my freedom, miserable as it made
me thinking of the past love.
I went, and the first sound that greeted
me entered the village was the tolling
of the bell, and the carriage drew up beside
the road as a long funeral procession passed.
I had the first carriage at Leander Holmes's
palace, but when I was with the woman whom
I had always thought as occupying my place—
that they were conveying to the tomb.
I remained at my father's for many days,
not that I hoped or wished to see Leander
Holmes, but because I literally lacked the
strength and energy for my homeward jour-
ney. My sole thought was that now Leander
is free. If he loved me he might at some
future time seek me, but I was almost in
place of one whom I now knew more than ever,
could not love.
At last, as the day came that I was to
start on my return, and I felt that I had gone
too far to retract, and must fulfill the promise
I had voluntarily made to an honorable man,
I little knew the freedom I would have almost
have given life itself to secure, was already
mine.

I had scarcely reached my home when a
messenger arrived to beg me in the name of
Arthur Meriden, to go at once to his home.
He had been thrown from his horse that
afternoon and fatally injured. He was still
living and sensible, and most anxious to see
me once more. God only knows how I re-
proached myself for the first intense feeling of
gladness that flooded my soul as I heard these
terrific tidings.
I stood beside him to the last, determined,
as a penance for my unfeeling joy to pre-
pare for him, not one of his painful, but very
short sufferings. In a few hours, on the very
morning that was to have dawdled upon our
wedding, he breathed his last. His death set
me free.
Yes, I was free, but my freedom did not
bring me any hope. Leander had gone to
Europe immediately on the death of his wife.
Holme's Place was closed, and it was said the
farm was getting in a ruinous condition as
years passed on and his mistress with any
one else, except in the briefest business letters,
he held no correspondence with any one.
So, more years passed away. I buried my-
self in the education of my sister and intro-
ducing her into society, as she grew up a
brilliant and beautiful girl, while I ceased to
feel sensible of the title of "old maid," and
took my place placidly among the elders,
and brushed my still luxuriant hair, now
thickly streaked with gray, beneath a taste-
ful cap.

I had become satisfied with my lot, and
had ceased to think very frequently of Leander
Holmes, when I was startled from my usual
placidity by hearing that he had re-
turned to his home. The letter that brought
these tidings stated further that he was mak-
ing many alterations and improvements in the
old place, and it was conjectured that he
was again about to bring a bride hither.
"That old man!" exclaimed my pretty
sister, as she read the item; "sister Catharine
can you conceive of a man marrying of his
age?"
I smiled, and reminded the blooming little
beauty that the man she called old could not
be over forty-five, although it seemed a great
age to her. I sighed a little as I glanced at
the mirror, and saw my faded features as re-
flected from its surface.

Soon after my sister married. I gave her
the man she had chosen, well pleased, for I
felt that he was worthy of my treasure. But
it was with a very lonely, saddened heart,
that after the wedding breakfast was over,
and the newly wedded pair and all the guests
had departed, I went to shut myself in my
room.

I went a little, for I was growing old and
was all alone, and the future seemed very
dark and dreary to me as I thought what
might have been had I been loyal to my
heart's allegiance.
My maid knocked at my door. A gen-
tleman was in the parlor and wished to see
me.

"Did he send his card or name?"
"No, madam," he said he was a few min-
utes, and would detain you but a few min-
utes."
"Go back and say that I can see no one to-
day, except on very important business—"
I told him that my sister had just left me—that
I am not well."

The gentleman came and I listened as I lay
for the clang of the street door. But, with a
feeling of verity in that I heard foot-
steps returning. She came in, and, per-
haps, seeing my impatience of interruption,
laid a card in my hand and retired without
speaking.

LEANDER HOLMES.

The letters swam before my eyes, and I
tried to adjust my cap before the mirror.

At length and with unsteady steps I de-
scended to the parlor; I opened the door and
stood in the presence of the man I had loved,
and from whom I had been separated so
long.
His hair was gray; there were lines of suf-
fering over his face, only the bright, dark
eyes were unchanged. I gave him my hand;
he looked at me steadfastly a little
while. Then he drew me towards him,
and without a word, I lay sobbing upon his
bosom.

"At last—at last," he murmured.
"This was reunited to my first and last
love. I am happy now. It is good and noble
and my life is spent in ministering to his hap-
piness, and in trying to fill a mother's place
to the long neglected children of the wife he
had never loved."

Terrific Adventure in the Mammoth Cave.

From the Louisville Journal.
At the supposed end of what has always
been considered the longest avenue of the
Mammoth Cave mine from its entrance,
there is a pit, dark and deep and terrible,
known as the Maestrom. Tens of thousands
have gazed into it with awe, whilst beam-
ing lights were thrown down to make its fearful
depths visible, but none ever had the daring
to explore it. The celebrated guide, Stephens,
who was deemed insensible to fear, was offer-
ing to descend to the bottom of the
pit, but when he reached the top of the
six hundred descent to the bottom of it,
he had shrank from the peril. A few years
ago, a Tennessee Professor, a learned
and bold man, resolved to do what none else
had done, and, making his arrange-
ments with great care and precaution, he had
himself lowered down by a strong rope a
hundred feet, but at that point, his courage
faltered, and he called aloud to be drawn
up. No human power could ever have in-
duced him to repeat the appalling experi-
ment.
A couple of weeks ago, however, a young
gentleman of Louisville, whose nerves never
tremble at mortal peril, being at the Mammoth
Cave with Prof. Wright of our city and others,
determined, no matter what the dangers and
difficulties might be, to explore the depths of
the Maestrom. Mr. Proctor, the enterprising
proprietor of the Cave, sent to Nashville and
procured a long rope of great strength ex-
pressly for the purpose. The rope and some
necessary timbers were borne by the guides
and others to the point of proposed explora-
tion. The arrangement being soon completed,
the rope, with a heavy fragment of rock
affixed to it, was let down and swung to and
fro to dislodge any loose rock that would be
likely to fall at the touch. Several were thus
dislodged, and the long cones of water, gen-
tly rising up like distant thunders from the
chasm, proclaimed the depth of the horrid
abyss. Then the young hero of the occasion,
with several hats drawn over his head to pro-
tect it as far as possible against any masses
falling from above, and with a light in his
hand, and the rope fastened around his body,
took his place over the awful pit and directed
the half dozen men, who held the end of the
rope, to let him down into the Cimarran
gloom!

We have heard from his own lips an ac-
count of his descent. Occasionally masses
of earth and rock went whizzing past, but
none struck him. Thirty or forty feet below
the top, he saw a ledge, from which, as he
judged by appearances, two or three avenues
led in different directions. About a hun-
dred feet from the top, a catarrh from the
sides of the pit went rushing down the abyss,
and as he descended by the side of the spray,
water and in the midst of the falling, he felt
some apprehension, but his care prevented this.
He landed at the bottom of the pit, a hun-
dred and ninety feet from the top. He found
it almost perfectly circular, about 18 feet in
diameter, with a small opening at one point,
leading to a fine chamber of no great extent.
He found on the floor beautiful specimens of
black siles of immense size, vastly larger than
were ever discovered in any other part of the
Mammoth Cave and also multitudes of argu-
sitous formations of pure and white as virgin
snow. Making himself heard, with great
effort, by his friends, he at length asked these

to pull him partly up, intending to stop on
the way and explore a cave that he had ob-
served opening about forty feet above the
bottom of the pit. Reaching the mouth of
that cave, he swung himself with much exer-
tion into it, and holding the end of the rope
in his hand, he incautiously let it go, and it
swung out apparently beyond his reach.
The situation was a fearful one, and his friends
above could do nothing for him. Soon how-
ever he made a hook to the end of his lamp,
and by extending himself as far over the
verge as possible without falling, he succeeded
in securing the rope. Fastening it to a rock,
he followed the avenue one hundred and fifty
to two hundred yards to a point, where he
found it blocked by an impassable avalanche
of rock and earth. Returning to the mouth
of this avenue, he beheld an almost exactly
similar mouth of another on the opposite of
the pit, but not being able to swing himself
into it, he refastened the rope around his
body, suspended himself again over the abyss,
and shouted to his friends to raise him to the
top. The pull was an exceedingly severe
one, and the ropes, being ill adjusted around
his body, gave him the most excruciating pain.
But soon his pain was forgotten in a new and
dreadful peril. When he was ninety feet
from the mouth of the pit and one hundred
feet from the other, the rope, swinging in his
mid-air, he heard rapid and excited words
of horror and alarm above, and soon learned
that the rope by which he was upheld had
taken fire from the friction of the timber over
which it passed. Several moments of awful
suspense to those above, and still more awful
to him, ensued. To them and him a fatal and
instant catastrophe seemed inevitable. But
the fire was extinguished with a bottle of
water, and then the party above, though most
exhausted by their labor, succeeded in draw-
ing him to the top. He was as calm and self-
possessed as upon his entrance into the
pit, but all of his companions, overcome by
fatigue, sank down to the ground, and his
friend Professor Wright, from over-exertion
and excitement, fainted and remained for a
time insensible.
The young adventurer left his name carved
in the depths of the Maestrom—the name of
the first and only person that ever gazed upon
its mysteries.

Correct Speaking.—We advise all our
young people to acquire in early life the
habit of using good language both in speak-
ing and writing, and to abandon as early as
possible any use of slang words and phrases.
The longer they live the more difficult the
acquisition of such language will be; and if
the golden age of youth, the proper season
for the acquisition of knowledge, be passed
in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neg-
lected education is very probably doomed to
talk slang for life.

It is as necessary to procure this
education. He has merely to use the
language he reads, instead of the slang which
he hears, to form his taste from the best
speakers and poets of the country; to treas-
ure up choice phrases in his memory and to
habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the
same time the pedantic precision and bombast,
which show rather the weakness of a
vain ambition than the polish of an educated
mind.

How beautiful and exalted are the
following sentiments of De Witt Clinton:
"Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity,
and power a pageant; but knowledge is ec-
static in enjoyment, perennial in fame, un-
fading in scope, and indelible in duration.
In the performance of its sacred duties it fears
no danger, spares no expense, omits no exer-
tion. It scales the mountain, looks into the
ocean, perforates the earth, encircles the globe,
explores sea and land, contemplates the
distant, ascends the sublime. No place too
remote for its grasp, no heaven too exalted for
its reach."

How it felt.—A lady friend of ours
says the first time she was kissed she felt
like a big tub of rags swimming in honey,
cologne, nutmegs, and cranberries. She
also felt as if something was running through
her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by
several little Cupids in chariots, drawn by
angels, shaded by honey-suckles, and the
whole spread with melted rainbows. Jerusa-
lem! what power there is in a full breast
kiss!

Be Just and Fear Not.—This is a motto
to which our very souls love. It is a noble,
manly and encouraging motto—adapted to
all classes and conditions; to the young, to
the middle-aged and the hoary headed. Young
men, we would persuade you to adapt it as
you grow; it will be a source of comfort—a stay
and prop to you through all the trouble,
trials and anxieties of life. When you are
convinced that you have done right, and
that you have acted justly—you can confi-
dently trust the result to the all-wise
Ruler.

Everything must have altered very much
in a short time; only a few years since, Gen.
Jackson, being seated between two ladies,
said he felt like a thorn surrounded with
roses. V. B. M'assey, a few days ago while
riding in a omnibus and being seated between
two ladies, he felt like a steve in a loghead
of molasses, surrounded by hoops.

"Why, doctor," said a sick lady, "you
give me the same medicine as you are giving
to my husband—how's that?"
"All right," replied the doctor; "what is
sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander!"

An editor received a letter, in which
weather was spelt "weather." He said it was
the worst spell of weather he had ever seen.

Pretty excuse for a Wife Beater.—The treas-
ure which we value most, we hide.

The tobacco-chewer is said to be like a
goose in a Dutch oven—always on the spit.

Early Rising.—I hold that it is not
natural. With me as with peas, early ris-
ing is all a matter of forcing.

"What are the chief ends of man?" asked
a school teacher of his pupils. "Head and
foot," was the reply.

A lady was taken by surprise in Mis-
sissippi lately. John B. Surprise was
married to Sally A. Stock—"fancy stock,"
we presume. They will probably have little
surprises occasionally.

Agricultural.

Cultivate the Farmer, as well as the Farm.

How to make good Cider.
There is hardly a stick of cider made now
that was made forty years ago. Many of
the old orchards have died out and the temper-
ature reform has prevented their renewal.
The market for fine fruits has greatly ex-
panded, and nearly all the trees now planted
are for the production of market apples. It took
eighty barrels of apples to make a barrel of
cider, and the barrel sold for only \$1. Apples
now bring every year from 60 cents to \$1 a
barrel. Fruit growers have hardly been expect-
ed to lament the change that is so much for
their pecuniary interest.

Yet cider is still made all over the country
in small quantities, some for the apple butter,
some for vinegar, and still more for a bever-
age. When bottled and properly handled,
it is as palatable and much more wholesome,
than most of the wines of commerce. In af-
fections of the kidneys, it is an excellent
remedy, and should have a place in every
well appointed cellar. It is a matter of some
importance, that what cider is made, should
be made in the best manner.

The apples should be well ripened, but not
in the least decayed. Every apple with the
least speck of rot in it should be removed, if
you wish a first rate beverage. The decayed
and inferior apples may be reserved for mak-
ing vinegar. Perfect cleanliness should be
observed in the grinding process, which should
be performed two days before pressing, and
the pomace be permitted to stand and mellow
in the vat, until it assumes a deep red color.
Clean dry straw should be used in forming
the cheese. If the straw be rusty, the flavor
will be communicated to the juice. If water
be added, it will make it hard and unpleas-
ant to the taste. The cheese, also, in which
it is put for fermentation should be thor-
oughly cleaned, and finished off with a fumigation
of brimstone. This is done by burning in-
side the barrel a few strips of canvas, dipped
in melted brimstone. The fumes will pene-
trate all the pores and destroy the must and
correct the sourness.

After the fermentation is over draw off in-
to clean barrels and clarify it. This can be
done by mixing a quart of clean, white sand
with the whites of half a dozen eggs and a
pint of mustard seed and pouring it into the
barrel. It may stand in the barrel, or in a
nice article is wanted it should be put into
quart bottles and corked.

This cider will be fit to drink in case of
sickness, and will always bear a good price
in market. It retails at twenty-five cents a
bottle, and would at least bring two dollars
a dozen, by the quantity. This is much bet-
ter business than to make a poor article from
decayed apples, in a slovenly manner, and
sell it for two dollars a barrel. *American
Agriculturist.*

Keeping Fruit.

The best method of keeping fruit was dis-
cussed at the meeting of the Chemical and
Agricultural Society on Saturday evening.
Mr. Weaver deemed the subject of much im-
portance, as from certain atmospheric causes
the fruit of the present season seemed in-
clined to ripen much more rapidly than
usual; and premature ripening is uniformly
attended by premature decay. He had found
it beneficial to gather the fruit in the morn-
ing, while cool, and keep it in a cool, airy
place, for keeping in a dry, open situation
before fully ripe, and allowed to mature af-
ter pulling. The best position was in a cool,
clean, sweet cellar. Fruit should not be in
masses, nor even in double tiers so as to press
upon each other. Mr. Motter last year tried
two methods of preserving his pears, one by
putting them in oats in barrels, the other
by first wrapping in paper separately and
placing them in boxes. These two paper and
boxes keep much the best. Mr. Buchanan
supposed the best method of keeping fruit
was in a tin box, in a cool, dark cellar. He
had now, in the middle of August, the Vir-
ginia greening apple, perfectly sound, of last
year's growth, kept in this way in his wine
cellar. Dr. Warder said that fruit being
placed in a dark cool place, nearly completed
its isolation from the usual causes of de-
composition, viz: light, heat, air and mois-
ture. He did not know that old newspapers
were especially dry, but at all events, he
would not erub put his prescription of
calomel and jalap in bits of old newspapers,
much less fruit he expected to offer as a
delicacy to his friends. Mr. Labouzeux stated
this method of packing in separate papers
had been practiced with great success by
those who put up and shipped apples to
southern latitudes. One gentleman had pur-
sued this course with great profit shipping
apples to our southern coast.

Raising Chestnuts.

When ornament and utility combine in a
shrub tree, it deserves universal recommenda-
tion. This is the case with the chestnut.
Its fruit is desirable, its timber is valuable,
and its form and foliage are pleasing to the
eye. The tree is also of rapid growth.
Many persons, however, fall in their attempt
to cultivate the chestnut. Their failure is owing
doles, to their allowing the nuts to be-
come dry before planting. A sufficient ex-
posure to the sun and air, is sufficient to
shrive the germ beyond recovery. The only
safe way of growing them, is to plant them
as soon as they are gathered from the tree,
or at least to cover them with moist sand
until the ground is prepared for planting. In
planting cover them an inch and half deep,
if the soil is heavy, or two inches if it is
sandy. Some recommend to follow nature a
little more closely and to bury the seed only
under an inch, and then to spread over the
surface a coat of rotten leaves, to keep the
ground moist and soft.

It is better to put up for fattening as
early as possible, as they gain more from the
same amount of food in warm, or moderate,
than in cold weather. The yards and pens
should be fitted, weeds pulled up before the
seed's feet, and other matter which may be
wrecks up into manure. It will help to
pay the expenses of making pork.

If farmers would sow their wheat earlier
it is generally done, and upon deeply
ploughed, finely pulverized and well manured
ground, there would be less complaint of
wheat killing and of the ravages of the field
weevil or midge.

Nonsensical.

There is much good sense in nonsense.

Arctus's Season.—An Eastern paper gives
the following as a recent speech of a Rep-
ublican candidate for Congress. "We sup-
pose the name of the speaker and of the
theatre of his eloquence:
"Gentlemen, I have a very bad cold, and
my lungs are affected. I have been to New
York on business, and when I returned I was
indignant at seeing my name posted with
others to speak. Yes, I was almost indig-
nant. I am no public speaker. The nomi-
nation was thrust upon me. You are a good
looking set of men. I was once a good
walking down this road to see your houses.
They are a good deal better than the huts in
the South."
"Here the speaker broke down, and turn-
ed round to Elder Peck, in a fit of temper.
Elder Peck gave him a sledge-butt, though evident-
ly scared, Keaton says."
"I have seen a black woman on a planta-
tion in the South, holding a plow when it
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