

The Montrose Democrat.

"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."—James Buchanan.

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Select Poetry.

LOVE AND PHYSIC.

A clever man was Dr. Diggs,
Misfortune well he bore;
He never lost his patients till
He had no patients more;
And though his practice once was large,
It did not swell his gains;
The pains he labored for were but
The labor for his pains.
Though "art is long," his cash got short,
And well might Galen dread it,
For who will trust a name unknown
When merit gets no credit?
To marry seemed the only way
To ease his mind of trouble;
Misfortunes never singly come,
And misery made them double.
He had a patient, rich and fair,
That hearts by scores was breaking,
And as he once had felt her wrist,
He thought her hand of taking;
But what the law makes strangers do
Did strike his comprehension;
Who live in the United States,
Do first declare intention.
And so he called—his beating heart
With anxious fears was swelling—
And half in habit took her hand,
And on her tongue was dwelling;
But twice, however he essayed to speak,
He stopped, and stuck, and blundered,
For say, what mortal could be cool
Whose pulse was "most a hundred!"
"Madam," at last he faltered out—
His love had grown outrageous—
"I have discerned a new complaint,
I hope to prove contagion;
And when the symptoms I relate,
And show its diagnosis,
Ah, let me hope from those dear lips
Some favorable prognosis.
"This done," he cries, "let's tie those ties
Which ought but death can sever;
Since 'like cures like,' I do infer
That love cures love forever."
He paused—she blushed; however strange
It seems in first pursuit,
Although there was no promise made,
She gave him a refusal.
"I cannot marry one who lives
By other folk's distresses—
The man I marry I must love,
Nor fear his fond caresses;
For who, when he is in the case,
How strange the case is,
Would like to have a doctor's bill
Stuck up into their faces?"
Perhaps you think, "twist love and rage,
He took some deadly poison,
Or with his lancet leached a vein
To ease his pulsing motion.
To guess the vent of his despair,
The wisest one might miss it;
He reached his office—then and there,
He charged her for the visit!"

Miscellaneous.

DUTY AND KINDNESS.

A Story for Parents.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

There was an angry frown on the countenance of Deacon Jonas Browning. There were tears on the sad face of his wife. "He shall be sent to sea," said Deacon Browning, sternly.
"There was a pleading look in the eyes of Mrs. Browning, as she lifted them to the face of her husband. But no words passed her lips.
"He shall be sent to sea! It is my last hope."
"Philip is very young, Jonas," said Mrs. Browning.
"Not too young for evil, and, therefore, not too young for the first discipline needed to eradicate it. He shall go to sea!—Captain Ellis sails in the Fanny Williams on Monday next. I will call upon him this very day."
"Let the Fanny Williams be a whale!" The lips of Mrs. Browning quivered and her voice had a choking sound.
"Yes," was firmly answered.
"I would," said his wife in a whisper, "thirteen until next April."
"Young Mr. Mary, he's got to go," said the stern deacon, who was a stern believer in the power of law. He was no weak advocate of moral suasion, as it is familiarly termed; he went in for law, and was a strict constructionist. Implicit obedience was the statute for home, and all deviations therefrom met the never withheld penalty.
Mrs. Browning entered into no argument with her husband, for she knew that it would be useless. She had never changed his purpose by argument in her life. And so she bent her eyes meekly to the floor again, while the tears crept over her face, and fell in large drops upon the carpet. Deacon Browning saw the tears, but they did not move him. He was deaf.
Philip, the offending member of the Browning family, was a bright, active, restless boy, who from the start had been a rebel against unreasonable authority, and as a matter of course against authority both just and reasonable.
Punishments had only hardened him;—increasing instead of diminishing his powers of endurance. The particular offense for which he was now in disgrace, was that he had, in company with three other boys of his age, known as the greatest rascals in the village, rifled a choice plum tree belonging to a neighbor of all the fruit it contained, and then killed a favorite dog which, happening to discover them at their wicked work, attempted to drive them out of the garden. The neighbor had complained to Deacon Browning, accompanying the complaint with a threat to have Philip arrested for stealing.

If you don't do something with that boy of yours," he added with considerable feeling, "he'll end his days in the States Prison, or on the gallows."
Hard words were these for the ears of Deacon Browning, the rigidly righteous. He had not a very creative imagination, but in this instance the prediction of his angry neighbor compared in his mind the image of a prison and a gallows, casting a shadow to pass along his nerves, and the cold perspiration to start from his forehead. From that moment the resolution of Deacon Browning was taken. The boy was on the brink of ruin, and must be saved at all hazards. As to the means of doing this, it never entered into the heart of Deacon Browning to conceive of any other than such as involved harsh discipline. The Canaanite was in the land, and must be driven out by fire and sword. With him the word duty had a stern significance—he had always tried to do his duty, moving steadily onward in the path of life, crushing down all vanities and evils that sprang up by the way under a hard shod with iron.
"He shall be sent to sea!" That was the last desperate remedy. In his mind, as in the minds of many like him, some years ago a ship was the great school of reform; and when a boy was deemed incorrigible, he was sent off to sea, usually to have all his evil inclinations hardened into permanent qualities.
When Deacon Browning met his son Philip, after receiving intelligence of his great offense, it was stern, angry reproof. He did not see the look of appeal, the sign of repentance, the plea for mercy, that was in his eyes. A single word of kindness would have broken up the great deep of the boy's heart, and impelled by the warmer impulses inherited from his mother would have done his duty, weeping, into his father's arms. But Deacon Browning had separated duty from kindness. The one was a stern corrector of evil, the other a smiling approver of good.
From his home to the wharf, where the Fanny Williams lay, all equipped for sea, Deacon Browning took his wife, Captain Ellis, a rough, hard-featured man, on board. After listening to the father's story and request, he said bluntly:
"If you put your boy on board the Fanny Williams, he'll have to bend or break, that's certain. Take my advice, and give the matter a second thought. He'll have a dog's life of it in a whaler. It's my opinion your boy'll hank it enough in him for the experiment."
"I'll risk it," replied the deacon. "He's got too much stuff in him to stay here, that's the trouble. The bond or break system is the only one in which I have any faith."
"And as for the deacon, I want another boy when you sail!" was inquired.
"On Monday."
"Very well, I will bring him down to-morrow."
The thing was settled, but the deacon still felt altogether comfortable in mind—Philip was young for such an experiment, as his mother had urged. And now, very opportunely, a leaf in the book of his memory was turned, on which was written the story of a poor boy's wrongs and sufferings at sea. Many years before his heart had grown sick at the record. He tried to look away from the page, but he could not. It seemed to hold his eyes by a kind of fascination.
Still he did not relent. Duty required him to go steadily forward and execute his purpose. There was no other hope for the boy.
"Philip!" it was thus that he announced his determination, "I am going to send you to sea with Captain Ellis. It is my last hope. Steadily lent as you are, on evil, I can no longer suffer you to remain at home. The boy who begins by robbing his neighbor's garden, is in danger of ending his career on the gallows. To save you, if possible, from a fate like this, I now send you to sea."
Very solemnly, very harshly, almost angrily, he thus said. Not the smallest impression did it seem to make upon the boy, who stood with his eyes cast down, an image of stubborn self-will and persistent rebellion.
With sharper denunciation did the father speak, striving in his way to shock the feelings of his child, and excite signs of penitence. "But it was the hammer and the anvil—blow and rebound.
"Very different were the mother's efforts with the child. Tenderly she pleaded with him—extremely she besought him to ask his father's forgiveness for the evil he had done. But Philip said—
"No mother, I'd rather go to sea. Father don't love me—he don't care for me. He hates me, I believe!"
"Philip! Philip! Don't speak in that way of your father. He does love you; and it is only for your good that he is going to send you to sea. O, how could you do such a wicked thing!"
Tears were in the mother's eyes. But the boy had something of the father's stern spirit in him, and showed no weakness.
"It isn't worse than he did when he was a boy," was the answer.
"Well it isn't; for I heard Mr. Wright tell Mr. Freeman, that father and he robbed orchards and hens' nests, and did worse when they were boys."
Poor Mrs. Browning was silent. Well did she remember how well a boy Jonas Browning was, and how, when she was a little girl she had heard all manner of evil laid to his charge.
Very unexpectedly—at least to Mr. Browning—the minister called on the evening of that troubled day. After some general remarks with the family, he asked to have a little private conversation with the deacon.
"Is it true, Mr. Browning," he said after he had retired to an adjoining room, "that you are going to send Philip to sea?"
"Too true," replied the father, soberly. "It is my last hope. From the beginning the boy has been a rebel against just authority; and though the weakness of natural feelings, yet resistance has grown and strengthened with his strength until duty requires me to use a desperate remedy for a desperate disease. It is a painful trial; but the path of duty is the only safety. What we see to be right, we must execute with unflinching courage. I cannot look back, and accuse myself of any neglect of duty towards this boy through weakness of flesh. From the beginning I have made obedience the law of my

household, and suffered no deviation therefrom to be unpunished."
"Duty," said the minister, "has a twin sister."
He spoke in a changed voice, and with a manner that arrested the attention of Deacon Browning, who looked at him with a glance of inquiry.
"She is lovely and gentle, as he is hard and unyielding."
"The deacon still looked curious."
"When the twin sister of Duty is away from his side, he loses more than half his influence, but in her beautiful presence, his faculties are dignified and power that makes his precepts laws of life to all who hear him.—The stubborn heart melts, the iron will is subdued, and the spirit of evil strikes away from the human soul."
"There was a pause."
"The name of that twin sister is Kindness."
The eyes of Deacon Browning fell away from the minister's countenance and dropped until they rested upon the floor. Conviction flashed upon his heart. He had always been stern in executing the law—but never kind.
"Has that beautiful twin sister stood ever by the side of duty—has love been in the law, Deacon Browning?"
"Side by side with the minister stood Duty and kindness—the firm, unshrinking brother, and the mild, loving sister—and so his words had power to reach the deacon's heart, without giving offence to his pride."
"Kindness is weak, yielding and indulgent, and forgives when punishment is the only hope of salvation," said Deacon Browning, a little recovering himself from the first emotions of self-condemnation.
"Only when the strays from the side of duty," replied the minister, "Duty and Kindness must always act together."
"Much more, and to the same purpose, was urged by the minister, who made only a brief visit, and then withdrew, that his admonitions might have the desired effect."
When Deacon Browning came from the front door of his house after parting with the minister, he drew a chair up to the table in the family sitting room, and almost involuntarily, opened the large family Bible. His feelings were much softened toward his boy, who, with his head bowed upon his breast, sat a little apart from his mother. The attitude was not so much indicative of stubborn self-will as suffering.
Deacon Browning thought he would read a chapter aloud, and so he drew the holy book closer, and bent his face down over it.
Mrs. Browning observing the movement, waited for him to begin. The deacon cleared his throat twice, but his voice did not follow the words that were in his heart. How could they?
"I had better give up the idea of reading," said Deacon Browning, in a low voice, "I'm happy for my boy!—had there not been wretched!"
"As a father pleads his children—"
From a hundred places in the mind of Deacon Browning there seemed to come an echo to these words, and they had a meaning in them never perceived before. He closed the book and remained in deep thought for many minutes, and not only in deep thought, but in stern conflict with himself. Kindness was stirring to regain her place by the side of duty, who had so long ruled without a rival in the mind of Deacon Browning, kept all the while averting his countenance from that of his twin sister, who had been so long an exiled wanderer. At last she was successful. The stern brother yielded, and clasped to his bosom the sister who sought his love.
From that instant, new thoughts, new views, new purposes ruled the mind of Deacon Browning. The discipline of a whaler was too hard and cruel for the boy, young in years, and by no means as hardened in his character as he had permitted himself to imagine. A cold shiver ran along his nerves at the very thought of doing what, a few minutes before he had so resolutely intended. Kindness began whispering in the ears of Duty, and crowding them with a world of new suggestions. The heart of the stern man was softened, and there flowed into it a new thing of a father's tenderness. Rising up at length, Deacon Browning said in a low voice, so new in its tones to the ears of Philip, that it made his young heart leap—
"My son, I wish to see you alone."
The deacon went into the next room, and Philip followed him. The deacon sat down, and Philip stood before him.
"Philip, my son," Deacon Browning took the boy's hand in one of his, and looked him full in the face. The look was returned—no defiant look, but one of yielding wonder.
"Philip, I am not going to send you to sea with Captain Ellis. I intended doing so; but on reflection, I think the life will be too hard for you."
Very firmly, yet very kindly the deacon tried to speak, but the sister of Duty was playing with his heart-strings, and their tone of pity was echoed from his voice, that faltered when he strove to give it firmness.
The eyes of Philip remained fixed upon the countenance of his father.
"My son," Deacon Browning thought he had gained sufficient self-control to utter calmly certain mild forms of admonition; but he was in error; his voice was still not under his control, and so fully betrayed the new born pity and tenderness in his heart, that Philip, melting into tenderness, exclaimed, as tears gushed from his eyes—
"O, father! I've been very wicked, and I am very sorry."
Involuntary, at this unexpected confession, the arms of Deacon Browning were stretched out towards his repentant boy, and Philip threw himself sobbing, into them.
The boy was saved. From that hour, his father had him under the most perfect supervision. But the twin sister of Duty ever walked by his side.
A large portion of the swamps of Florida are said to be capable of producing 500 frogs to the acre, with alligators enough for fencing. An emigrant wandering there in search of neighbors would soon meet theirs.
M. S. Sullivan, of Campagna county, Illinois, has a farm of 20,000 acres, 7,000 of which are under cultivation. He employs 100 men.

A Remarkable Story of Garrick.
The celebrated English actor, Garrick, made a trip to Paris in 1775, when he was at the height of his talents and fame. He did not, as many of our artists do now, make the excursion for the purpose of speculation, he did not come to Paris to perform and make money. The family of the English actor was of French origin; they fled the country upon the revocation of the edicts of Nantes. In the mail coach which bore them from London to Dover, Garrick found for a fellow traveler, Sir George Lewis, a gentleman he had met several times before in company, and known for a constant frequenter at the Drury Lane Theatre. They took advantage of his casual encounter, to improve their acquaintance; each was delighted with the other.—After crossing the channel together they came to Paris in the same vehicle, but when they reached the capital, they separated. The actor went to his friends who were expecting him, and Sir George Lewis took up his lodgings in one of those splendid furnished houses of the Quarter de la Chaussee d'Antin, which then began to be a very fashionable part of the town. The two traveling companions had promised to see a great deal of each other during their stay in Paris, but the very different life they led rendered it impossible for them to execute their resolution. Sir George Lewis was a man between forty-five and fifty years old, with a very singular face, whose irregularity and prominent features made his physiognomy most eccentric and expressive.
During the whole journey Garrick had admired that countenance, thinking what an effect it would produce on the stage. Despite his age which should have cooled the ardor of his character, and have engaged him to abandon the follies of youth, Sir George Lewis lived in the midst of dissipation and pleasure, he had come to Paris to amuse himself by spending a large legacy unexpectedly bequeathed to him in Paris, the two-four months of their stay in Paris, the two traveling companions scarcely met above two or three times. Just as he was about leaving for London, Garrick called upon Sir George Lewis, to bid him good-bye, and enquire if he had any commands for London. To his horror, he was informed that the unhappy gentleman had been assassinated the previous evening. His body had been found that very morning in the Forest of Bondy covered with wounds, and lying bathed in blood.
Deacon Browning, in the details of this deplorable event. He found that Sir George Lewis had been one of a party of pleasure to visit a chateau in the environs of Bondy, where a large company of sportsmen and gamblers were assembled. The first evening of his visit he won a large sum of money at the gaming table. In the afternoon of the second day he received a note from Paris, engaging him to a gallant rendezvous, and immediately on receiving it he bade adieu to the company. They tried to retain him, but he was of a high spirit, and the desire of winning back the money he had taken from them, and this desire was so strong, that he immediately carried them to the resolution of dismounting his carriage. But Sir George Lewis was a man of will, and he determined to return to Paris on a lo-back. He leaped on his horse and galloped away. Further than this Garrick could learn nothing.
The police were inclined to believe the catastrophe one of the usual adventures then frequent in the Forest of Bondy; but Garrick pointed out to them the story of Sir George Lewis's death, where a large crowd of sportsmen and gamblers were assembled. He indicated to them that while his purse had been in the holsters, his gold watch, his gold snuff box and diamond ring were found untouched, from whence he concluded, firstly, that Sir George Lewis had not been attacked by banditti, but by some acquaintance, who perfidiously took him off his guard, and secondly, that the personal property lay untouched merely because the society assembled at their chateau was not so strictly guarded as the police, and the suspicion alighted upon an Italian, called the Cavalier Gatan.
Sir George Lewis had his portrait taken by Latour, and Garrick went to Latour's studio to study the portrait and "make up" himself. The police fetched the Italian from the goal, carried him, well escorted, to Sir George Lewis's room, when the chief of police said: "Sir George Lewis is dead. He is coming to you, attempting to assassinate him. I am going to confront you both." The Italian trembled, and he could scarcely speak, his confidence all forsook him. He was carried into the room where Garrick stood; the great actor represented Sir George Lewis to the life; he had his face, features, expression, gesture, and all in every tone of the deceased knight. Garrick exclaimed: "You wretch! and assassin!" To you dare deny your crime before me! The Italian was thunder-struck, and falling upon his knees confessed the crime and begged for mercy. He was hung.

What the Turks eat, and How.
The following is found in a late work on Turkey and its people:
His majesty's meals, according to the custom of the country, are two; one in the morning between ten and eleven, the other at sunset. They are served by the Scheshgi, whose duty it is to break the seals of different dishes intended for the Sultan's repast, and after having tasted, to carry them into the royal presence.
Although the Ottoman is a great epicure, his tastes are very singular. Their dishes are very diversified and numerous, consisting usually of twelve or fifteen, and sometimes thirty courses; sweet and most dishes being introduced in alternate succession; the meal commencing with soup and ending with pilaf. The preparation of rice peculiar to Turkey. They have a species of pastry or *pozkara*, which is remarkably light and delicious; and the mahallabi, or Turkish blancmange, is much liked, even by Europeans. Fruit at Constantinople, is very abundant and delicious, and is partaken of frequently during a repast. Indeed, the grapes of Scutari, called *Telavoush*, are unrivalled, and even more delicious and delicate than those of Madeira or Malaga.
The order in which a dinner is served is as follows:—soup, kabab, (or roast mutton in small pieces) entremet, (or vegetables and meat cooked together) pastry, roast fish, entremet, molahie, entremet, macaroni, fowls, jugs, etc., until at last it winds up with the significant *philaf* and sherbet, or hosh-ah.
No wine or liquor is served at the table, but his majesty occasionally during the day, and his other intimates, "Un-*lutan*," a modern civilization has some vices as well as many virtues; and the fashion of excessive drinking has, among others, lately crept into Turkey, to which some of the elegant are becoming much addicted, and, ere long, they may perhaps excel even the paragon, John Bull.
Although many other innovations and attempts at reform have succeeded in Turkey, the original style of eating has not been much improved. They use neither chairs nor tables; but a low stool being placed in the middle of the room, a large circular copper tray is placed upon it.
No such paraphernalia as cloths, napkins, knives, forks, plates, glasses, etc., are essential to a dinner of fruit, pickles, anchovies, cheese, etc., are indiscriminately scattered around the edges of the tray, in the middle of which the different preparations of food are successively placed by the *ayvaz* or scullion, and the food is eaten with the fingers, excepting the liquid dishes, for which wooden spoons are provided. Around the tray the company sits, and leaning back, and talking and smoking, and all eating from the dish in the middle, reminding us of the customs of ancient times, when it was said, "It is one of the twelve who dippeh with me in the dish."
One long narrow napkin is provided, which goes all around the tray, and lies upon the floor, each person slipping under it as he sits down. Their tables being accessible to their feet, and at all times, dinner parties are never given, except on the occasions of the *East*, and especially enjoined by the Koran, no one is excluded from their board; and if the number present is so large as not to allow them to sit comfortably, they place themselves *side rise*, or in the sort of position as though they were leaning upon one another, and thus illustrating the scene at the Passover.
In some of the houses of the wealthy, and especially of those whose guests have been invited to dine, the European mode of eating is imitated, when the motly company, which is always assembled, sometimes presents a most ludicrous scene.
Once a Turk at such a table, wishing to conform to the customs of civilized life, endeavored to take a piece of meat, and after attempts to take the fork, he resolved to try to overcome his *gaulcherie*, he resolved to hold the fork in one hand, and with the other placing one end of the fork against his breast, stuck the meat upon it with an immense effort, and then carried it to his mouth quite contented with his own success, and the applause of the company. During the sacred month of Ramadan, however, the European mode of eating is never practiced, even by the most enlightened and liberal. Knives, forks, plates and chairs, are then altogether banished.
His Majesty usually breakfasts at the Mabey, and always quite alone; for no one being equal to him can have the honor of his company; and his evening repast is often taken, weather permitting, at some beautiful watering place.
For splitting rocks without blasting.
A method has been adopted by a gentleman of Marseilles, France. The rocks are split by a composition which generates great heat, without, however, causing an explosion. The composition is made by combining 100 parts of sulphur by weight, 100 of saltpeter, 30 of molten oil, 50 of horse manure, and 100 of common salt. The saltpeter and salt are dissolved in hot water, to which four parts of molasses are added, and the whole ingredients stirred until thoroughly incorporated together in one mass, which is then dried by a gentle heat in a room or by exposure to the sun, when it is fit for use. It is tamped into the holes bored for blasting in the rock in the same manner as powder, and is ignited by a fuse. It does not cause an explosion upward like gunpowder, but generates great heat, which splits the rock.
To keep winter apples.—As the season is approaching when winter apples should be gathered I forward to your valuable columns what in my opinion, after an experience of a number of years, is the best method of preserving them. After apples are picked, they are placed in boxes or bins not more than one foot deep, without, however, causing an explosion. The composition is made by combining 100 parts of sulphur by weight, 100 of saltpeter, 30 of molten oil, 50 of horse manure, and 100 of common salt. The saltpeter and salt are dissolved in hot water, to which four parts of molasses are added, and the whole ingredients stirred until thoroughly incorporated together in one mass, which is then dried by a gentle heat in a room or by exposure to the sun, when it is fit for use. It is tamped into the holes bored for blasting in the rock in the same manner as powder, and is ignited by a fuse. It does not cause an explosion upward like gunpowder, but generates great heat, which splits the rock.

Shooting Pigeons Without Shot.
A correspondent at Chillicothe, Ohio, records the following anecdote as a veritable fact:
A week or two since the woods and feeling lots around this city were "perfectly alive" with pigeons—as indeed they are every fall and spring. Among the many who seized their double barreled guns and rushed to the slaughter was my friend K., from Bucks county, an eager sportsman; so eager upon this occasion, indeed, that after driving at 2:40 speed some five or six miles from the town and seeing his horse, properly, put away, he discovered with dismay that he had left his shot bag at home. Here was a dilemma for you. And to make the incident intolerable, the morning was simply perfect, and the birds setting and rising in clouds! What was to be done? That was a question upon which Sam exhausted his ingenuity, without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. Having granted two or three times around the city, he saw to the music of some profane exclamations, he became calm enough to make up his mind for the return trip pigeonless. Just at that moment he saw another sportsman drive up to the fence near by, and soon recognized Cap. R.—"Ah, how lucky!" thought Sam: "I can beg-borrow some shot of him. But—but—what if he has a short supply, and declines to divide in view of the multitude of birds? Ah! I have an idea!"
"Good morning, Cap.—A beautiful morning, this for shooting, and the pigeons are as thick as blackberries."
"Cool'n morgen, Heer K.," responded the new comer, who is one of the most gentlemanly, but not one of the sharpest of kraut and sausage consumers; "me think we have plenty shoten dis day."
"Very good, Heer K.," responded the German, and in a few minutes the corn stalk blind was erected, and the sportsman ensued behind it, ready for business.
On came the long line of birds, circling around the feeding ground for a moment, then settling in the coffee nut tree in tens, fifties, hundreds.
"All ready now, Captain!" whispered Sam.
"Yah!" exclaimed the captain.
"Fire together, then—bang! bang!" went to the guns and a dozen birds were fluttering on the ground beneath the tree, three two or three that were shot.
"Pretty well done!" exclaimed Sam. "But let them lie, Captain; we will gather up the spoils here as we get this day long."
And so they shot all day long, Sam taking especial pains to fire with R., and when one or two occasions, he accidentally fired alone, the *d-d* gun hung fire, or something got in his eye just as he pulled the trigger, and resulted in a clear miss. In the evening they divided some one hundred and fifty birds between them, and devolved in high glee over their good sport and heavy game bag. To this hour, the captain has not learned the fact that Sam did not fire a single charge of shot all that day.

Jerusalem.—The Jerusalem correspondent of the *Doston Post* graphically describes the ruin and desolate condition of the Holy City. He says:
The women, clothed from head to foot in white sheets, with their faces concealed by a black veil, resemble so many ghosts just risen from their graves; and more especially as they have a great fancy for green dresses, where they daily congregated to no sound of youth—there are no more boys in the street—no sound of wheels—there are no carriages—the dogs, many and wolfish snarl and snarl when you disturb them in their daily work as scavengers, and make the livelong night hideous with their contumacious howling. To this hour, the captain has not learned the fact that Sam did not fire a single charge of shot all that day.
Do as I do.—The other morning a fast man from the West End, entered a refreshment saloon, where some fifteen or twenty of his friends are in the habit of congregating, about eleven o'clock. He, with his usual heartiness and generosity, "asked the crowd to smile;" they, nothing loth, stepped up. "You must all do as I do," said the liberal friend. "Oh, certainly, certainly," was the universal response, "what's yours going to be?" "I shall take brandy and water for mine."
"Very well, we'll all take brandy and water," they cried. The party drank, and the wretched inviter retired, whispering in his softest tones, "Do as I do, gentlemen." The party looted at each other a moment, with a most comic expression of face, when one who felt the full force of the idea creeping powerfully through his hair, exclaimed, "Sold!" "Here," he heaved, turning to the bar-keeper, "take my pocket book, and treat freely for the next twenty minutes."
Curling a Dog's Tail.—A funny incident came under our notice the other day. While waiting our turn at the barber's a fellow-peddler "his head in" and asked if they did curling. He was answered in the affirmative, when stepping inside and calling after him a most villainous out, pointed to it saying, "I should like to have you curl that dog's tail then." Now, as he was about to burst of laughter which greeted him, the barber stepped forward and fetching the animal a lusty kick, pointed to the continuation of the now yelping dog, tightly coiled between his hind legs, and coolly demanded his quarter for the job. The dog and his master left amid the yells of the excited bystanders, and the barber unconcernedly called for the next customer.
In one of the interior provinces of India there is said to be a man who every morning goes to a distant town by the roadside, and filling it with water, returns to his daily duties. The caravans are never known to balk their thirst—nor does any "bushman" be blessed, and they never know whom he benefits. He is satisfied that some weary pilgrims are refreshed by his kindness, but who they are is unknown to him. They will never return to reward him personally, but his reward is in the consciousness of having done a generous act. Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than with a blockhead.