

# The Montrose Democrat

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

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## THE UNION.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.  
"The Union—let it be preserved."  
Dissolve the Union—let the blush of shame  
Hide, with its crimson glow, the brazen cheek  
Of him who dares avow the traitorous aim  
'Tis not the true, the wise, the good, who  
Speak  
Words of such fearful import; but the weak,  
Drunk with fanaticism's poisonous wine,  
And reckless of the future, madly seek  
To hold their saturnal at the shrine  
That noble souls have held, and still must hold,  
Divine.

Dissolve the Union!—madmen, would you read  
The glorious motto from our country's crest?  
Would ye defile the stars and stripes, that lent  
Honor, fold protection to the world's oppressed?  
Have ye no reverence for the high bequest  
That our immortal sires bestowed on earth?  
Has sin defaced the image God impressed  
On your humanity, that ye could smite  
To see the lurid flames of Freedom's funeral pile?

Dissolve the Union!—in the day, the hour,  
Ye rend the blood-embroidered tie in twain,  
The fearful cloud of evil war will lower  
On every old blue hill and sunny plain,  
From torrid Mexico to frigid Maine,  
And men will arm, and strange new banners  
Will wave on every hill and vale serene.

And palled woman look on kindred slain,  
Brothers will battle, and the life-blood have  
The threshold, noble sires and husbands died to  
save.

Dissolve the Union!—no, ye cannot part  
With idle words the blessed ties that bind  
In one the interests of the mighty heart  
That treasures up the hopes of all mankind.  
A while, perchance, the blind may lead the blind,  
And men may follow phosphenes ere they find  
From beaten paths to quagmires, ere they find  
The ray that shone so beautiful and so bright,  
Was but a phantom-lure to deeper, darker night.

Dissolve the Union!—never! You may sow  
The seeds of vile dissension o'er the land,  
That man may reap in sorrow; you may show  
The world your disregard of all its grand,  
Eternal interests; but a noble band  
Of patriots, tried and true, will still remain,  
With heart to heart, as if a line had hand,  
To guard, from foul dishonor's gathering stain,  
The jewels God has shined in Freedom's holy fan.

Dissolve the Union!—no, destroy the page  
That gives the human sight the hideous scroll;  
Let not the freemen of a future age  
Read these detested words; they would  
Recall  
Shame, madness, imbecility and all  
That mars the noble glory of our time.  
True to the undivided, stand or fall:  
To waver now is little less than crime—  
To baffle for the right is glorious, is sublime!

Geneva, Switzerland, February, 1858.

## An Adventure in a Rail-Way Carriage.

After I had taken my seat one morning at Paddington in an empty carriage, I was joined just as the train was moving off, by a strange looking young man, with remarkable long flowing hair. He was, of course, a little rude, but he seemed besides to be so disturbed and wild that I was quite alarmed for fear of his being right in his mind, nor did his subsequent conduct at all reassure me. Our train was an express, and he inquired eagerly, which was the first station where we were advertised to stop. I consulted my *Dreadnaught*, and furnished him with the required information. It was Reading. The young man looked at his watch. "Bad luck," said he, "I have but half an hour between me and my terminus. Excuse, therefore, my abruptness. You have, I perceive, a pair of scissors in your work-bag. Oblige me, if you please, by cutting off all my hair."

"Sir," said I, "it is impossible." "Madame," he urged, and a look of severe determination crossed his features. "I am a desperate man. Beware how you refuse me what I ask. Cut my hair off—short, close to the roots—immediately and here is the newspaper to hold the ambrosial curls." I thought he was mad, of course; and believing that it would be dangerous to thwart him, I cut off all his hair to the last lock. "Now, Madame," said he, unlocking a small portmanteau, "you will further oblige me by looking out of the window, as I am about to change my clothes."

Of course I looked out of the window for a very considerable time, and when he observed, "Madame, I need not longer put you to any inconvenience." I did not recognize the young man in the least. Instead of his former rather gay costume, he was attired in black, and wore a gray wig and silver spectacles; he looked like a respectable vicar of the Church of England, of about 64 years of age; to complete that character, he held a volume of *Sermons* in his hand, which—they appeared so to absorb him—might have been his own. "I do not wish to threaten you, young lady," he resumed, "and I think, besides, that I can trust your kind face. Will you promise me not to reveal this remarkable change of mine?"

"I promise certainly," said I. "I will guard and a person in plain clothes looked into our carriage. "You have the tickets, my dear," said the young man, blandly, and looking as though he were my father.

"Never mind, sir; we don't want them," said the official, as he withdrew his companion. "I shall now leave you, madam; I observed my fellow traveler as soon as the coach was clear; by your kind and courteous conduct you have saved my life, and perhaps even your own." In another minute he was gone, and the train was in motion. Not till next morning I did learn from the *Times* newspaper that the gentleman on whom I had operated the hair-cutter had committed a forgery to an enormous amount in London a few hours before I met him, and that he had been traced into an express train from Paddington, but that—although the telegraph had been put in motion and described his appearance—at Reading, where the train was searched, he was nowhere to be found.

## From the New York Mercury.

### THE WANDERING TROUBADOUR, OR, THE PUNISHMENT OF A COQUETTE.

A True Story Written and Vouchered For.  
BY NED BUNTLINE.

It is more than one sketch of my naval life, and especially in that entitled "My First Lesson in Spanish;" I have mentioned "Ned K." the hero of the following story. He was the son of a very popular commodore in the service, who upon his pay reared a large family, but who was fortunate enough to get two sons in the Navy, and thereby to insure their support and education apart from his own expense. He had long since slipped his spirit, and gone to that shoreless sea where none return to report soundings.

Ned had just returned from a long cruise on the coast of Africa, well bronzed by a tropical sun, and with plenty of money in his pocket, for that is one of those fortunate stations where an officer cannot with convenience spend all his pay and a little more.

With a three months' leave of absence before him, young Ned set out on his journey, and he became a very general favorite among the young men by this, for his off-handed, generous way, took their hearts by storm and no one was so popular as he.

Among the lovely Belles of Virginia—front in the city of N.—he spent the first two or three weeks of his "leave"—was a Miss Elsie C., and who was well-known to be as coquettish as she was beautiful. In truth, she was as near heartless as it was possible for a girl to be, who possessed much ambition and some romance in her nature.

Ned's male friends warned him of her character, when they saw how entirely he was yielding himself to her fascinations, but some of them coming near to an invitation to stand up at ten paces for targets, they concluded that let him have his rope, even though he hung himself.

Thus things went for a short time—Ned was with the lady, morning, noon, and night, almost—taking her to ride and sail, presenting her with rich jewelry and many a souvenir of foreign travel, until then kept safely in his cabinet of *tertia*, and giving her, not the least of all as he thought, his whole heart's devotion.

At last, encouraged by hersmiles, and even words, and learning that she was to be one of a party making up for a visit to the "White Sulphur Springs" in the course of a few days, he determined to put an end to his suspense, and declaring his feelings, to propose to her in a very appropriate and *à la mode* manner.

He did so in the most elegant and impassioned terms, quoting Byron's words of fire by the way of conclusion:

of pure and patent blood, who give to merit its due and portion the pride of wealth indulged in, that which spend its quiet and happy summer there among the grand old hills, the stately forests, the refreshing waters of that lovely region.

It was a pleasant evening, and very soon after the arrival of our party from N.—The land descended in its stern and affable and good, behind the blue crags of the western hills and timid twilight was gliding slowly up the path of day with the evening star set bright upon her pale brow. This riding party, which had been going scurrying over hill and dale, had all come in; and now, to enjoy the balmy deliciousness of the hour the many guests were gathered out upon the broad piazzas, and were strolling to and fro on the flowery lawn in front of the hotel.

At this moment, as if to add to the romance of the scene and the enchantment of the hour, a person, by his dress well set by his dark but clear complexion, evidently a foreigner and from a sunny land, approached. His figure was elegant and well displayed in tight fitting breeches and jacket of velvet, which, though somewhat worn and tarnished by the dust of travel, yet, in its richness and embroidery looked well on its comely person.

As he approached the hotel, he passed in front of the piazza, and laying down his staff and knapsack, he sat on a bench, and after playing a pious and surprising sweetness, he sang in such a voice as few that company had ever heard before, several songs in Italian, Spanish, and French. And while he sang, those upon the piazza gathered to its front, and those who were walking clustered up around him, and all listened with breathless attention until he was through.

Then there was a clapping of fair hands, a waving of kerchiefs, and most of the gentlemen hastened to offer the musician, toward which such liberators usually expect for their services. But to their surprise the musician refused all recompense, speaking, however, only in his native tongue, and taking up his lute and knapsack he entered the office of the hotel.

Here after trying in Italian, Spanish and French, he found a person who could understand and speak a few words of his language, and through his aid he obtained for a room, saying, that though a traveling musician, he was no beggar, but had money to pay his way. With some hesitation—for he was quite as aristocratic as many of his guests—the landlord assigned a room to the stranger, and at his request, had supper sent him.

Meantime among the ladies, especially the ladies, curiosity with its thousand and one conjunctures, was busy. "Who can he be?" "Who can he be? What can he be?" was the cry. "No common musician ever had an air so haughty, a look so noble. And such music, not a lute in the land, nor even a professor could draw such harmony from the guitar." "That was a voice so finely modulated, naturally so full of melody, and so evidently so carefully cultivated, it was hardly almost unanimously that he was a nobleman in disguise, who had *traced*, chosen to visit the beautiful scenes of Virginia's sweet valleys and hills.

After the ladies had dressed for the evening, they were permitted a committee of gentlemen, among whom were two or three who spoke French, sat upon the stranger, and to invite him to the ball room.

He received them with grave courtesy, in a manner which at once told them that he was a gentleman by birth and breeding; but declined their invitation, declaring it to be his intention to rest for a few days only at the watering place, and then to pursue his journey toward the far west, where he said he would be back in a few months. He was the Indian tribes, where truth dwell and treachery was not! His tone like his words, was mysterious. The committee returned to the ladies, and made report. Many a heart fluttered while its owner listened, for had not a picture of five romance suddenly sprung up in their midst. Ned had been sent for the land, with the *will* of midnight, after the guests had all retired, the voice of the stranger was heard in a low and delicious serenade upon the piazza—one which thrilled every listening ear as if it were a song from heaven. Was it by chance that the song, so low and plaintive, so full of melody, was song beneath the window of Elsie C.—? Was it accident which fell the stranger there?

from his room, the dust cleanly brushed from his well fitting clothes, his ruffled wristbands and best collar as white as the driven snow. His guitar was left behind, but carried instead, a neat portfolio. Was he an artist as well as a musician?

This was the question when he was seen walking slowly and thoughtfully along a path which led to the most romantic scenery in the neighborhood. And there after a sudden fancy for taking a forenoon promenade induced all the *bellas*. The hotel was deserted—ditto, the billiard room and bowling alleys.

When the stranger was next seen, he was seated high upon a rocky peak, with his portfolio on his knees, evidently engaged in drawing. Below him stood a group of ladies, perceiving thinking that he might include them in his landscape.

A sudden gust of wind swept a paper from his portfolio. Like a leaf torn from its native branch by the strong autumnal wind, it rose in the air, whirled and fluttered away, and finally fell near the group of ladies, who in a second made a rush for the precious prize.

"Elsie! Elsie! Elsie! it is a likeness of yourself!" cried the one who was the first to grasp it. "So it is," cried the rest as they examined it. "Let me see it!" said Elsie, and her blushes came and went like the hues of a dying opium as she spoke, and the beating of her heart could be plainly seen through the building of her dress.

And she not only saw it, but she kept it, it bore the merry jabs of her company, upon the subject in the most philosophical manner, seeming to say: "Of course he couldn't help falling in love with me!"

The day passed without anything of particular note occurring, but at the dinner-table the landlord exhibited a splendid landscape drawing, representing the scene and the group of ladies as described in the foregoing paragraphs. It was so well done, and so true to nature, that it elicited warm encomiums from every one who saw it.

That evening, the landlord without difficulty persuaded the stranger to visit the ball-room. As many of the ladies, including Elsie C., understood French, he was made quiet at home amongst them, and they found him a very agreeable companion, and that they were in music and art. No gentleman of all their set was so easy and so graceful.

As he was a free lance, and to her he paid very particular attention. Together they glided through the slow and graceful waltz, through the rapid and exhilarating polka, and many was the delicate and tender compliment which he looked and spoke during the evening.

As the factor reached her side, a low scream broke from her lips, for at that moment the light snaffle bit in her horse's mouth snappet in the center, and the reins coming home in her hand, told her that she had lost all power over the animal. Keeping his horse close by the side of her ungovernable steed, the stranger, still talking in French, and as cool as if he were in the ball-room yet, told her to be calm and to disengage her foot from the stirrup, and to clear her horse from the horn of the middle. Languor, awe, death itself, was close before her, for only a few hundred yards in front, the road made a sudden elbow to the left on the brink of a fearful chasm, and turned up over a hill to avoid the dark ravine below.

Both saw the danger. "She was as pale as snow," she, quiet and easy as he had been when entering by her side. Bidding her to yield entirely to him, and bracing his right foot firmly in his stirrup, he passed his right arm around her waist, and with a strength that to her seamed superhuman, lifted her from her saddle, and while he rested her upon his right thigh, he drew his own bridle rein, and in a moment his own horse was brought to a stand, as he checked his head with a long snaffle.

The rest of the party were far behind, but near enough to see this graceful and gallant deed, and to see the horse of Elsie, which could not make the sudden turn of the road at its speed, pitch wildly over the ragged precipice, at the foot of which it fell mangled and dead.

"You have saved my life!" murmured Elsie, in grateful tones, as she pressed, and even kissed the stranger's hand.

"I have only done my duty!" he replied. "And perhaps would have done as much for another!" sighed Elsie.

"Most certainly!" was his reply, still in the French language. Elsie felt like a dream, though she was confident that the stranger loved her, but she had no opportunity for further conversation with him at that time, as a seat was offered her in a carriage which was returning to the hotel, and she was rather too nervous to take saddle again, had another horse been at hand.

The stranger's praise was now upon every tongue. His daring act, his grace, his surprising skill, was commended upon every one—yet he seemed not to think that he had done anything extraordinary. More than one of the fair ladies in that bright carriage would have gladly taken him to her heart and home forever, all unknown as he was; many a one envied Elsie that she had been so fortunate as to receive such knightly service at his hand.

That evening, by general consent, his guitar was brought down from his room, and instead of the usual hop in the ball-room, music in the parlor was the "order of the night." The stranger, in the variety of his talents, and in many respects so difficult and beautiful which he played upon his guitar, exceeded all of his previous performances. All who heard him were in ecstasies, and none so much delighted as Elsie, who, entirely recovered from her fright, and dressed with unconscious taste, looked far more beautiful than she had ever before appeared to her friends.

The stranger seemed to be touched with Elsie's admiration, and he tried to exhibit every charm which she possessed to fasten him to her side. She was a proficient in music, and had a fine voice, and touched the piano with a skillful hand. The evening passed on delightfully. Elsie had just finished a song, and remarked that the room was too hot for her, when the stranger politely offered to escort her to the piazza. Gladly she took the arm, which that day had saved her life, and went out, where in the balmy air they could look at the attendant stars of night.

## An Army of Monkeys.

On one occasion, in company with the assistant magistrate of the district, I started in a buggy, for a morning's drive to Deobund, from which we were some twelve miles distant. We were attended by two sowars (native horsemen or mounted police), and having a swift mare, we got over the ground at a rapid rate. When about two miles from the bungalow, we overtook a tribe of large monkeys. I should say there was a party of four hundred, and each carried a stick of uniform length and shape. They moved along in ranks or companies, just, I should say, as though they were imitating a wing of a regiment of infantry. At the head of this tribe was an old and very powerful monkey, who was, no doubt, a chief. It was a very odd sight, and I became interested in the movements of the creatures. There could be no question that they had either some business or some pleasure on hand; and to the fact of each carrying a stick, led me to conclude, that it was the former upon which they were bent. Their destination was, like our own, evidently Deobund, where there are some hundreds of monkeys fed by a number of Brahmins who live near a Hindoo temple there, and perform religious ceremonies. They (this monkey regiment) would not get off the road on our account, nor did they themselves in any way; and my friend was afraid to drive through their ranks, or over any of them, for when assailed they are most ferocious brutes, and armed as they were, and in such numbers, they could have annihilated us with the greatest ease.

There was no help for us, therefore, but to let the mare proceed at a walk near the rear of the tribe, the members of which, now that we were past Deobund, began to chatter fruitfully. Just before we came to the bungalow, they left the road, and took the direction to the temple. Pain would we have followed them, but to do so in the buggy would have been impossible, for they crossed over some very rough ground and two ditches. My friend therefore requested the sowars to follow them, and report all they might observe of their actions. Meanwhile we moved off to the bungalow, on arriving at which we mentioned the proprietor, a very old but very active and intelligent man, the sight we have seen on the road—the regiment of monkeys.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, "it is about the time." "What time?" "Well, Sahib, about every five years the tribe comes up the country to pay a visit to this place; and another tribe comes about the same time from the hills—the hills. They meet in a jungle behind the old Hindoo temple, and there embrace each other as if they were long separated friends. The Brahmins who had been planted for a length of time, and had seen the tribe, had been so far as to receive such knightly service at his hand." "The evening, by general consent, his guitar was brought down from his room, and instead of the usual hop in the ball-room, music in the parlor was the "order of the night." The stranger, in the variety of his talents, and in many respects so difficult and beautiful which he played upon his guitar, exceeded all of his previous performances. All who heard him were in ecstasies, and none so much delighted as Elsie, who, entirely recovered from her fright, and dressed with unconscious taste, looked far more beautiful than she had ever before appeared to her friends.

The sowars who had been deputed to follow the tribe, now rode up, and reported that in the vicinity of the old temple, there was an army of all ages—an army of forty thousand! One of the sowars, in the true spirit of Oriental exaggeration, expressed himself in the effect that it would be easier to count the hair of a pig's head than the number there assembled.

"Let us go and see them," I suggested. "But we will not ride the sowars' horses. In the first place, I have an instinctive horror of apes, and should like to have the means of getting away from them quickly, if they become too familiar or offensive. In the second place, I do not wish to fatigue myself by taking so long a walk in the heat of the day."

We mounted the horses, and were soon at the spot indicated by the sowars. There were not so many as had been represented; but I am speaking very far with bounds, when I state that there could not have been fewer than eight thousand, and some of them of an enormous size. I could scarcely have believed that there were so many monkeys in the world if I had not visited Benares, and heard of the tribes at Gibraltar. Their sticks, which were thrown together in a heap, formed a very large stack of wood.

"What is this?" my friend said to one of the Brahmins, for since his appointment he had never heard of the gathering of apes. "It is a festival of theirs, Sahib," was the reply. "Just as Hindoos, at stated times, go to Haidwar, Bagpore, and other places, so do these monkeys come to this holy place." "And how long do they stay?" "Two or three days; then they go away to their homes in different parts of the country; then attend to their business for four or five years; then come again, and do the festival, and so on, sir, to the end of time. You see that very tall monkey there with two smaller ones on either side of him?"

"Yes." "Well, sir, that is a very old monkey. His age is more than twenty years, I think. I first saw him fifteen years ago. He was then full grown. His native place is Meerut. He lives with the Brahmins, at the Sooh Khan, near Meerut. The smaller ones are his sons, sir. They have never been here before; and you see he is showing them all about the place, like a good father."

Having at length seen enough of these "sacred animals," we returned to the bungalow. —*Scene in India.*

## THE HYENA.

These animals are so numerous in South Western Africa, that it is no difficult matter to find hundreds of their holes in the space of half an hour, and not a night passes without their proximity being betrayed by their disagreeable howl. By dint of exertion the hyena is able, in the course of a few hours during the night, to burrow into the loamy soil, which is hardened by the heat of the sun, and to prepare for itself a subterranean dwelling. In the most busy parts of the town, such pits or burrows are often found in the morning, left in an unfinished state, the animal having been disturbed by the noise of the stirring population. The aversion of the hyena for the light of day is so great, that you may tread upon a den or pit in which it is reposing, without any apprehension; you were not able to induce it to leave its den, either by hallooing or throwing stones, while it was in the act of burrowing. Often found in the morning, left in an unfinished state, the animal having been disturbed by the noise of the stirring population. The aversion of the hyena for the light of day is so great, that you may tread upon a den or pit in which it is reposing, without any apprehension; you were not able to induce it to leave its den, either by hallooing or throwing stones, while it was in the act of burrowing.

The hyena very rarely makes its appearance in the country. It is to be seen in Benguela, one of them actually laid down in an open space in front of our house, which was situated in the very heart of the town, and was shot at five o'clock in the afternoon. After it was shot, it bit the iron lance which was thrust into its jaw, with such fury, that it broke three of the strongest joints of the lance. It struck me, and the hyena, and my companion, with great cruelty. It made inquiries, but nobody could induce a profit to substantiate the accusation. From the concurrent testimony of the inhabitants, the hyena, when not provoked or assailed, never attacks a living man; but the churchyards are its favorite resort, and corpses its favorite food. —*Travels in South Africa.*

## WHAT COUSINS SHOULD NOT MARRY.

In the annual report of the Superintendent of the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, we find the following conclusive argument against the marriage of cousins: "From ten to twenty percent of deaf mutes are the children of cousins. It is greatly to be regretted that the law forbidding the marriage of first cousins did not pass the recent Legislature. Their marriage is a violation of a law of nature, as is evidenced by the afflictions visited in almost every case upon their offspring in deafness or idiocy; and ought to be a violation of human laws also. The Commonwealth has the clear right against the ill-starred matches, whose offspring it has to maintain, too frequently for life. It may be hoped that this important subject will be taken into consideration by the Legislature many years hence. It is cordially believed that by forbidding marriages of this kind and by proper attention and care of infants laboring under the diseases stated, the number of deaf mutes in the community might be diminished one-half in a generation."

## EARLY PLANTS—A FIRST-CLASS WAY TO START THEM.—

A very convenient method of starting early corn, sugar-corn, cabbage, tomatoes, cucumbers, and indeed almost any kind of plants, is the following:—Take an even sized (not too green) or tender cucumber and cut into cubes just an inch each way. Insert one or more seeds in the centre of each, and then place the pieces closely together, and firmly down upon a box of earth, to be kept moderately moist. This box can be set in the cellar on frosty days and nights, and be carried out into the sun at other times.

When the seeds are up and the plants are admitted, take up the cubes and transplant them to the open ground. This can be done without disturbing the roots, or scarcely retarding the growth of the young plants. Seeds of cucumbers, melons, tomatoes, &c., are sometimes planted in soil placed in old or cheap baskets, with rather open work, and they hang up over the sides of the basket, being exposed to the sun during the day. At the proper time, these baskets are simply imbedded with the hill level with the surface, and left there. The roots will find their way out into the soil through the open work of the sides. A few hills (thus started, with little trouble, will indeed produce a crop some weeks in advance of those started in the open ground.—*American Agriculturist.*

## A SCHOOL WITHOUT A MASTER.

In the annual report of the Board of Education, Secretary Bondwell gives the following account of a self-governing school: "In Chillingworth there is a high school which, until a master, it contains about seventy pupils of both sexes, whose ages average between fifteen and sixteen years. They assemble together in a hall, where the studies assigned by the teachers are pursued. The recitations take place in adjoining rooms. Two recitations are opened by the Postmaster in the hall of Public Schools in the city; the others by teachers appointed for that purpose. I entered the school room unobserved, and though there was no teacher present, there was no appearance of disorder or neglect of study. The school has been managed upon this plan for two years, with entire satisfaction to the teachers and the public. I had no opportunity to become acquainted with the intellectual character of the pupils; but a school in which the power of self-control is so early and thoroughly developed, cannot be unworthy of public notice."

## DEFACIATING UNCLE SAM.

In accordance with the recent instructions from Washington, the Postmaster throughout the country are looking up the frauds which are every day committed to avoid lawful postage. The *Boston Herald* thus summarizes the contents of 28 papers opened by the Postmaster in Chatham, within three days: "I saw written upon 3 contained drug patterns, 3 three skins of silk each, 3 contained letters, 2 had pieces of black silk, I contained a landscape drawing, 1 a letter and a 33 bank bill, 1 a child's apron, 1 a roll of ribbon, 1 a worked ladies collar, and 1 a China baby. The amount of postage paid for these 28 papers was but 25 cents, while the amount which should have been paid was \$7.17."

## SNOW-BALLING.

It is stated that in the town of Glaris in Switzerland, a man was shovelling at a window when a snowball rolled down the side of the house, and struck the man on the forehead. The man struck the razor and cut his nose, and he died from the wound. Since then the authorities have decreed that whoever throws a snowball shall be sentenced to six years solitary confinement.