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THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

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THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

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The Sailor and the Jew.

Saturday used to be a happy night to poor Jack. Then it was that as the end of the week brought him nearer to the port of his destination, he looked forward with pleasure to the time when he should be released for a while from the hardships of another voyage, and anticipated the fun of a frolic ashore. On such occasions the steward regularly came forward with a bottle of rum, and the compliments of the captain, when the little half gill cup would be handed around, and as each man tossed off his grog, preceded by some quaint and original sentiment, a hearty laugh would follow—such a laugh as only sailors can give. Then came the anecdote and the yarn, while others employed themselves in their watch on deck, in scrubbing out a pair of trousers for the coming Sabbath—for sailors always "dress up" at sea of a Sunday, provided the weather will permit. It was on a Saturday night then, when it was expected that the ship would make the land during the next week, and the crew had been speculating on what "high old times" they would have when they got ashore, that Sam spun the following yarn:

"Did any of you messmates, ever know old Jack Ringbolt?" asked Sam.

"I've heard of him," replied one of the sailors.

"Well," continued Sam, "he was a chum of mine the first voyage I ever went to sea, and he used to be the life of the whole ship. There was not a port in the world, I believe he had not been to, and if any sailor ever knew "the ropes" it was Jack Ringbolt, for there wasn't anything but what he was up to. He said he came home once in one of our frigates—it was a long time ago—after a three years' cruise, in which he had served as captain of the fore-top. The frigate arrived at Philadelphia, and he was paid off there. In those days there was no railroads; and so Jack, after having a regular spree, concluded to take the steamboat and stage coach to New York, and go to Boston to see his friends. On leaving his landlord he called for his bill, and told him he wanted to pay double, "for fear that when he came back he might have no money."

"But I might forget you," said the landlord.

"Oh, no you won't" said Jack, holding up a stick in his hand; 'you see this stick,' and he took off his tarpaulin and put on it, at the same time giving it a whirl, and winking at the landlord; "well when I return you shall know me by this sign."

So off Jack went, and on the boat, and in the stage coaches, taverns, &c., as he travelled along, he did the same thing, paying double for everything and giving the countersign of recognition, telling them that he expected to return shortly, and would prefer standing a double shot, as he might not have anything left in the locker when he wanted to come back. Jack arrived at Boston under a full press of sail, with all colors set, as he left, expending some time with his friends—the result he had anticipated having taken place, for he was completely cleaned out—he thought he would return. So he up stick and made a straight wake for the Delaware.

As the stage stopped at a farm house in New Jersey, a Jew who was a fellow passenger, had observed that Jack never paid for anything as he travelled along, but merely gave a whirl of his hat on his stick, and a wink to the coachman or landlord, who immediately recognizing old Jack, sung out "all right." The Jew was taken all aback at this, and thinking that he had some mermaid's charm about his hat or stick, was dying to find out the mystery. At last the Jew could stand it no longer, and itching with curiosity, he opened his guns upon Jack to find out his secret.

"How is it, Jack," asked he, 'that you don't pay for anything on the road?"

"What do you want to know for?" said Jack, eyeing the Jew as one of the many land sharks that fleece us ashore.

"Why," said the Jew, seeing that he was not going to get any thing out of Jack easily, 'why, I'd give something to know.'

"Well," said Jack, with a wink at the balance of the passengers, whose attention had been attracted to the conversation, "d—n me if I care; here, do you see this hat?" and 'Jack put his tarpaulin on his stick and gave it a twirl. "That's the ticket you can travel all the world over with."

The coach soon after stopped at a tavern to change horses and give the passengers a chance to dine. The Jew watched Jack to see if his hat really had the magical effect which he was gradually becoming a believer in. Jack called for liquor on entering the tavern, which he tossed off, and after smacking his lips, perceiving that the barkeeper recognized his colors, said nothing. After dinner the driver blew his horn, and the passengers hurried to get in the stage.

"Stop! stop! you sailor man; you havn't paid," said the landlord.

"Avast there a bit, old Blowhard," said Jack, taking off his hat and giving it a turn on his stick, at the same time winking at the landlord, who responded "all right," to the utter astonishment of the Jew.

On re-entering the stage, the Jew asked him what he would take for his hat and stick. "Why," said Jack, "I wouldn't part with them. I got this hat and stick at Shanghai, from a Chinese Princess, who gave them to me for saving her child, who fell out of a boat, from a shark, and she told me that I never should want for any thing as long as I kept them, and bless her beautiful top-lights if it hasn't proved true."

They were near the end of their journey, when the Jew, who, having seen such strong and unmistakable evidence of the magic of Jack's hat and stick, determined to purchase it at any rate.

"What would you take for your hat and stick?" asked the Jew again. "Oh, more than you can give. Why, blast your old clothes," said Jack, 'you haven't got money enough to buy them.' 'You don't know that,' said the Jew, pulling out a well-filled pocket-book and showing its contents to Jack. 'Come,' said the Jew, holding up the money temptingly, 'what do you say, what price do you ask?'—'Blow me,' said Jack, 'if Uncle Sam's got money enough to buy *this* hat and stick.' 'Well, let me look at them,' said the Jew, attempting to take hold of the stick.—'Hands off,' cried Jack, 'or I'll knock seven bells out of ye. You'd steal the charm, if you ever got your pickers and stealers on them.'

"Here's the money," said the Jew, perseveringly, again showing his bank notes, 'name your price.' 'No,' said Jack, 'I'm going to stop at the next town, and I know you won't give me what I'd ax.' 'How much?' asked the Jew, eagerly. 'Why I was reckoning, that as I was going back to the East Indies, shortly, and could get another, I'd take two hundred dollars.'

'Done,' said the Jew, 'here's the money,' and he counted out the sum, while Jack took off his old tarpaulin, and handed it over with the stick.

"Here," said he, 'take my hat & give us your bank notes.' The Jew received them eagerly, and gave Jack his cap in the bargain.

At the next stopping place Jack got out and bade the Jew good-bye, who continued on his way. As the stage drove off, Jack burst into a fit of laughter, & slapping his hands on his thigh, turned to the jolly host and said, 'I wish I may never see land again, if I didn't sell my old hat and stick to that Jew for two hundred dollars!' and Jack roared again, and asked the landlord to join him in a drink, as he inquired when the next stage would come along.

The Jew soon arrived in Philadelphia, and, exulting over his fortunate purchase, with a ravenous appetite he entered an eating-house and determined to have a glorious dinner. Having called for the best of everything, and drunk a bottle of wine, he rose to depart, and putting Jack's tarpaulin on the stick, he gave it a turn and winked at the landlord, in imitation of Jack. 'What do you mean by that?' asked the host. 'Why don't you know?' said the Jew, going through the motions again. 'Come, come, none of your cursed nonsense,' said the host, 'but pay for dinner.' 'Pay for my dinner!' Jew, in surprise, and think[illegible] he had not done the th[illegible] it over again, and co[illegible] gave the landlord ar[illegible] the devil do you n[illegible] lord, who now got "you needn't thin[illegible] with your wink'r[illegible] me for your dir[illegible] taken up." A[illegible] by the throat, [illegible] if they would [illegible] and carry a[illegible] The Jew su[illegible] explain by a[illegible] the landlord [illegible] another twir[illegible] lord, boiling [illegible]

"Tell tha[illegible] Sam's messm[illegible] nearly to sp[illegible] not make us s[illegible]

"It's true [illegible] just as old Ja[illegible] when he go[illegible] Jew had bee[illegible] on his being [illegible] told the story, [illegible] tions, which ra[illegible] ment among [illegible] judge, who cam[illegible] sheets out of th[illegible] the Jew was cra[illegible] free." Another [illegible] when Sam was c[illegible] the wheel.—*N. O*[illegible]

THE SHUNK MO[illegible] our possession a be[illegible] by N. LeBrun, Esq. [illegible] the monument in [illegible] tion over the remai[illegible] Shunk. Should th[illegible] monument will be [illegible] feet high, of Gothic a[illegible]

Norris[illegible]

The number of deaths [illegible] ring the last year were [illegible] 1,057 were colored persons. [illegible] sons died above the age of 100[illegible]

From the Phila. Daily News, Jan. 6

THE DREADFUL EXPLOSION AT NEW YORK. TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE.

The New York papers of yesterday bring us additional particulars of the deplorable catastrophe in that city on Monday morning, resulting from the explosion, about 8 o'clock, of a 200 horse power boiler in the printing press and machine shop of A. D. Taylor & Co. 5 and 3 Hague street, near Pearl. By the explosion the *whole building, which was six stories in height, was actually lifted from its foundation to a height of six feet, and when it reached that elevation, it tumbled down, crushing in its ruins a vast number.* So great was the force of the explosion, that fragments of the building were scattered in every direction; the windows in the neighborhood were broken; and a large portion of the front wall of the fated building was thrown with tremendous power into the houses opposite. In fact the building was completely wrecked, hardly one brick being left standing on another, with the exception of a solitary piece of wall eight or ten feet high. The force of the explosion dashed in the windows, frames and doors of several of the adjoining buildings, and seriously endangered the walls of Hall & Sons' large soap and candle factory, which adjoined the ruined building.

The windows and doors across Hague street, and in the rear of houses in Pearl street, were burst in as if with cannon shot, and everything around indicates that the explosion was one of the most violent that could occur. So powerful was the explosion that the shock, like the trembling of an earthquake, was felt in some of the stores in Broadway, a distance, in a direct line, of about a quarter of a mile, and was probably felt at a greater distance. The floors of Messrs. Hull & Sons' building were lifted up, and the thick walls, both those adjoining Mr. Taylor's establishment and those fronting on the next street, were bulged considerably, although built of unusual thickness, with reference to the possibility of fire or other contingency.

The first and second stories of the building were occupied by A. B. Taylor & Co., as was also the basement, and the other stories by Messrs. Burr & Co., hat-body manufacturers, and the number of persons in the employment of the two firms was about 120, all of whom were at work at the time of the explosion. There were also several females employed in the factory of Burr & Co., but only two of them had arrived, and they it is believed escaped.

The fireman had started the fires under the boiler at an earlier hour than usual, on account of its getting cold while standing unused over Sunday, and hardly had steam been raised, and motion communicated to the shafting, when the explosion took place. The bolter had been manufactured about two years since for Mr. Taylor, as he stated in his evidence before the coroner, but for some reason he did not take it, and it was sent to Havannah where it was used as a steamboat boiler, but not generating steam fast enough for a boat, it was sent back and exchanged with [illegible]

Mr. Ma[illegible]ell, chief of police, was also at [illegible] all the just a minute—we can stand it—the man's alive," the firemen replied. And they did stand it, and saved the man, though themselves much scorched and nearly suffocated.

Next to this man, wedged in an angle between two floors, were two other men, who also by the noble efforts of the firemen were ultimately rescued. One of these cried out soon after 11 o'clock that he was not much hurt, but that they were freezing him with water.

In the front of the building, on Hague street, men were diligently removing the bricks, voices being heard underneath, calling for help. Two men were rescued here at about 12½, injured severely but not mortally. The cries of others were still audible.

Mr. C. O. Jessup narrowly escaped with his life. What became of him at the moment of the explosion he could not tell, but on coming to himself he found himself in the eastern part of the building, with much of the ruins laid upon his shoulders and head, but his feet comparatively at liberty. By struggling he freed himself, and when we saw him, though much bruised about the head, had sufficiently recovered to give the names of nearly all the persons employed in Burr & Co.'s establishment. His clothes were mostly torn off his back.

[Here follows a list of the names, occupation and residence of about 50 persons who were taken from the ruins, 10 of whom were dead, and several others mortally wounded.]

One boy was saved by the lodging of some thick boards angularly against the wall above him, thus keeping the bricks from striking him in their descent. While in this condition he could thrust his hand through a crevice and shake the hand of another boy. We believe both were finally rescued.

One of the most painful cases was that of a boy, named Tindle, we understood. He was found alive, but his feet and legs were so firmly wedged in that it was necessary to move an immense heap of timber and bricks to extricate him. While in this condition he was fed with bread and milk, and made as comfortable as possible, while the slow work of digging him out went on. We fear he was not saved after all, for about 10 o'clock in the evening he ceased talking, and it was thought that he would die soon.

The two females, the only ones who had arrived, were rescued. One of them was very badly bruised.

Shortly after the explosion, Mayor Woodhull, though in very feeble health, arrived on the ground, where he remained hard at work until nearly dark. He instantly gave orders for all the men of the police, and others who could do any good, to be set at work to remove the ruins. He also ordered relays of men to work through the night, and set a number of carts to assist in carring away the rubbish. Provisions were got for the men, so that they need not lose a minute from work while a timber remained that could hide a body.

now be accounted for. It was supposed that there were yet at least twenty bodies buried in the ruins, for from all accounts there were from ninety to one hundred in the building at the time of the explosion, and many are still missing who would have been heard from had they been alive.

The coronor had summoned a jury, and was yesterday to enter upon a full investigation in relation to the cause of the explosion. In the meantime, Messrs. Hoe & Co. have kindly volunteered all the aid they can render Messrs. Taylor & Co. in their business, and have sent $100, as have also Beach, Brothers, of the *Sun* to be distributed among the families of the sufferers.

The building was owned by Harper & Brothers, and valued at $10,000. No insurance. In the machine department there were tools, patterns and machinery, to the value of $50,000, on which there was an insurance of $20,000. St. John, Burr & Co. were partially insured. Their loss is estimated at $12,000 or $15,000.

From the Tribune.

The scene of the station-house in Oak street was of the most painful description. Nearly a score of mangled and horribly disfigured bodies were lying at one time in an empty house adjoining. Some have had life at once crushed out, their heads being now a shapeless mass; others seem to have endured intense agony before their spirits departed. Only a few could be recognized by their blackened and disfigured features, but generally the remnants of their garments was all that enabled their anxious and weeping friends to know them. So painful was the scene, and so touching the agony of the poor women who bent over the mutilated remains, to discover by some shred of clothing whether a son, a husband or brother lay before them, that even the police, accustomed to sights of suffering, shed tears and grew sick at heart. Nearly every one who has thus far been rescued, whether alive or dead, had his shirt sleeves rolled up, showing that he had already commenced work for the day.

Mr. Edward Chapin, the book-keeper of Mr. Taylor, is among the persons saved. Mr. Taylor employed fifty-seven men, and as their hour for work was 7 a. m. and it was 7½ when the accident occurred, nearly all are supposed to have been in the building. The principal foreman in Mr. Taylor's establishment, Charles Ford, continues missing, and is doubtless killed.—It is impossible that any person can be alive under the ruins. The boy Tindale was the last person rescued while living.

We understand from an officer on duty at the ruins, that there are indications that some of the victims have by the intensity of the fire, been totally consumed; so that no vestige remains by which any thing more can be told, than that, from the peculiar appearance of the rubbish in certain places a body had lain there.

From Noah's Sunday Times.

THE DOWNFALL OF TURKEY.

The mighty power of the Ot[illegible] which for so many cen[illegible] controlled with an iron hand European Turkey, together with Greece, the islands of the Archipelago, the provinces of Wallachia, Moldavia and Servia, the fortresses on the Danube, and other important possessions and positions which made her a second rate power, is destined at last to be overwhelmed by Russia, the only enemy which the Sultan has feared from the time of Catharine the Great, and the only power which the Musslemen believe is destined to crush them. Since the death of the Emperor Alexander, his successor, Nicholas, by far a man of more sagacity, bravery and talents, has been actively preparing for that final blow which is now at hand. The campaigns in Circassia, carried on for several years by Russia, were mere preludes to the great drama—experiments to test the skill and bravery of the Moslem army, and to become familiar with the mode and manner of its approaches and attacks. All the wars between Turkey and Russia for the last 30 years have been mere skirmishes on the outposts—feelers as it were to ascertain where the real strength lay, and the wars ended as Nicholas desired, by the friendly mediation of the European powers. Now, however, the time has arrived to meet the great struggle in earnest, and the storm is nearly ready to burst upon the head of the Commander of the Faithful. As Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, could approach as near as Adrianople, in a meditated attack on the city of Bysantium, the Emperor of Russia is convinced that he can accomplish something more in the great effort to carry out the ultimatum of Catharine.

The new railroads will bring from distant territories regiments free from any debilitating or painful service. Commanding the resources of a country with a population of 60 millions, where his will is law; popular among his people, moving in every direction, and superintending everything in person; with skilful generals and soldiers, trained as such from infancy, with abundance of means and Europe tranquilized, the attack on Turkey will be mar[illegible] 500,000 men, and a squadron from the [illegible]ck Sea larger than th[illegible] power except Great Britain, backed also by the powerful alliance of Austria, if necessary. Constantinople and the towers of the Dardanelles must therefore fall.—What power, what influence, can be bro't against Russia to avert a calamity which England and France will sensibly feel?—France is in no condition to aid the Turks or any other nation. England is aware that a reliance on her navy alone is but a feeble hope against a military despot so exceedingly and alarmingly powerful and popular as the Emperor of Russia.

In vain will the Sultan appeal to the Christian powers to assist him with an army, the United force of which would enable him to check the rapid advances of the Cossacks. Neither France nor Germany, nor any of the northern powers, can be brought to unite in a war against Russia, having to pass through Austria to reach the confines of Turkey. In vain will the Sultan proclaim a religious war, and unfurl the standard of the Prophet. He will secure the multitude, but not a disciplined force to stand up against the powerfully organized troops of Russia.

If the Emperor delays or postpones the final action, he loses strength, for he gives time and efficiency to diplomacy, but if he is ready when the ice breaks up on the Danube to push forward his columns, Constantinople falls, and the Sultan crosses into Asia, the natural boundaries of the Moslem race. But it will be asked, will the European powers consent to allow Russia to occupy a position so dangerous and controlling! That is not his intention.—He prefers having a new empire created out of Turkey in Europe, including Greece and the Islands of the Archipelago, which he can control, having the Greek church as its organ and spiritual head. The Emperor Nicholas will thus release himself from continental jealousy and interference, while he controls the Dardanelles and the Black Sea, and directly the commerce of the Mediterranean.

This result, which we feel convinced will follow the capture of Constantinople, will derange the political relations and balance of power both in Europe and Asia. The Sultan may for awhile make Damascus his residence, but to retain his maritime power, he must have a seaport and maritime resources, and he will fall back on Egypt, over which he exercises a Suzeraine right, which will give him the key to the commerce of the Red Sea and the Arabian Gulf, and when he collects his forces, as numerical as they were when Abou Bekre, father-in-law to Mahomet, with his General Kuled, swept their enemies out of Asia like a simoon, the attack will again be made on Constantinople.—Then that series of bloody wars will take place shadowed forth in the prophecies of the Bible, as the wars of Russ, Meshec and Tuball, in which all the Christian powers will take part. This is destiny and cannot be averted. Of[illegible] see the lingersia has sufficient; but [illegible] ple have been [illegible] Catharine: "This is the road to Constantinople!" and over that road they must go. This advent—this opening of another seal—will surely take place during the present year, and will be pregnant with greater events than the flight of the Pope or the downfall of Hungary.

Scene at the Gate of Paradise—A poor tailor being released from this troublesome world and a scolding wife, appeared at the gate of paradise;

"Peter asked him if he had ever been in purgatory?"

"No, said the tailor, but I have been married."

"Oh," said Peter, "that's all the same."

The tailor had scarcely got in, before a fat, turtle-eating alderman, came puffing and blowing.

"Halloo! you fellow," said he, "open the door."

"Not so fast, said Peter, "have you ever been to purgatory?"

"No," said the alderman; "but what is that to the purpose?" "You let in that poor half starved tailor, and he had been no more in purgatory than I.

"But he has been married," said Peter.

"Married!" exclaimed the alderman, "why I have been married twice."

"Then please go back again," said Peter, "paradise is not the place for fools!"

THE POOR BOY'S COLLEGE.—The printing office, says the New York Globe, has indeed proved a better college to many a poor boy—has graduated more useful and conspicuous members of society—has matured more intellect, and turned [illegible] practical, useful channels, awakened [illegible] mind, generated more active and ele[illegible] thought, than any of the literary co[illegible] of the country. How many [illegible]