The Democratic Watchman.

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Original Poetry.

For the Watchman.

PRIDE.

BY MAU.

Ho, fellows! why thus pass me by
With proud and stately tread?
Are we not brothers, one and all,
Best marching to the dead?

While Providence, in wisdom, gave
You riches without stint,
Did He design your heart to be
A heart as hard as flint?

Did he design that poverty,
Should be a foul disgrace—
That you, from such, should turn away
With scorn upon your face?

Does not our conqueror, stern old Time,
His trophies, faded, lead?
And is there not, 'mon yon and I,
One common doom decreed?

Grim Death's our executioner,
And when within his power,
Will all the wealth you worship now
Avail you in that hour?

And when, on Mother Earth's domain,
You've had your little day,
Will loathsome worms, less merry, hold
Their banquet on your clay?

Away with homage to your wealth!
'Tis base servility;
The pride of good and honest worth
Is true nobility.

CLAY HILL, Jan. 4th, 1864.

For the Watchman.

A PRAYER FOR HATTIE.

BY JOE W. FURBY.

On her, O God! look down
With Thine All-pitying Eye;
On her, a holy Crown
Of glory, from the sky,
Bestow!—and let her shine
Among thy JEWELS rare,
A star of love divine,
With blessed angels there!

To her pure heart let sin
And sorrow be unknown;
Oh, may the good within,
Mark her as of Thine own!

While angels guard her bed,
Sweet be our Hattie's rest;
And gently, o'er her head,
May visions of the blest
Float softly 'round and 'round,
Till life itself shall seem
A dwelling of joyous sound,
And sorrow, but a dream!

A Pleasant Story.

CARRYING A NOTE.

OR

How Frank Winters got his Wife.

BY BELLIE BEACH.

"Why, what now, Fred? You look as if you had swallowed a fish bone, or something else full as bad."

"Don't ask me Frank,—I'm ruined completely, ruined."

"Well, Well. 'Don't take on so; but out with it, and let a fellow know the worst.—Why, this suspense is horrible! Is there a woman in the case?"

"A woman!' exclaimed Edgar Hazeltine, hastily. 'A perfect Hebe.'

'If that is the case,' replied Frank Winters, turning and looking out of the window 'there is no help for you—you're a doomed man.'

'Yes, a doomed man! Would I were dead!'

'Come, come, Ned, don't be so foolish. What troubles you?'

'Why, Frank, you see Maggie Grafton has always shown a decided preference for me, until lately. I have proposed, and expected, of course to be accepted; and, instead, she has rejected me, and adds, that she esteems me as a friend, and nothing more.'

'In love, eh? But you are a foolish fellow to be carried away with anything as fickle as crinoline. Nine cases out of ten, they will get you into trouble, and leave you—with a heart in the best possible State for mince meat.'

'Do you speak from experience? inquired, Edgar Hazeltine.'

'For my faith, I do, and now (if you never breathe it to a living soul—nor a dead one either) I'll tell you how I know.'

'Trust me for that, Frank. We have been friends too long to let anything come between us now.'

"Well you see, when I went to Australia, I fell desperately in love with a pretty girl, as I thought, and she succeeded in making me believe she loved me in return—which did not cost much of an effort on her part for I should have been loth to have believed to the contrary. I lived along, cheered by her presence occasionaly, and her protestations of unchanging fidelity. The world never looked so beautiful to me as then—I was perfectly at peace with all mankind as long as I believed she loved me. There is no use of my stopping to explain the sensation, perhaps you know as you are there yourself, Ned. Ha, ha, ha.'

'Never mind stopping to ridicule me,' replied Edgar, gloomily.

'You know I went there to get rich—what the world calls rich. When I made a good strike, it of course was not long kept a secret from my intended bride, who listened attentively to every word pertaining to my success, which I attributed to her anxiety and interest in my future wife (for she objected to our union, saying that her father would not give his consent until I was better able to make her a comfortable home.—) Her father, besides was a widower, and she an only child—and, therefore, she did not wish displease him, or leave him in his old age. You see, Ned, she was more obedient and thoughtful than most of girls, and then I thought I was winning a prize. After many months of toil, I accumulated quite a little mine of gold, and laid it (with myself, of course) at her feet, and gained the consent of her father, as I supposed, to our union.

'Here the speaker hesitated.

'Proceed, Frank; don't keep me waiting.

'Wasn't this old man her father?'

'Yes—curse him,' replied Frank Winters, falling desperately back in his chair. 'I've told enough—too much—already; for, Ned, I was blinded—confounded, I, I was a fool—yes, a fool!'

'Well go on, Frank; don't be so long telling a short story.'

'You see, I gave my money over into her care, with the assurance from her that we were to be married the following week. Another thing, Ned—never trust a woman with your money, for in less than twenty-four hours after, she and her husband (the old man was her husband) fled left parts unknown and I was without a red cent in the world. Ah, ha.'

'Why did you not try to recover it?'

'What, let my comrades know how foolish I was. Not I! I left, as soon as possible, in the first steamer bound for this port. I—I thought then, I would never have anything to do with woman, but, confound it, a fellow can't help it!'

'You were a big fool for trusting her with your money.'

'Ay—a bigger one for trusting her with my heart, for Ned; if a woman won't make hash out of it, they wont out of anything—that's all.'

'So you have loved since?'

'I don't know as you could exactly call it love. I was considerably taken in' a few months ago down South, by a pretty face, I met, and before I was aware of it, I told her I loved her, when two bullets came in whizzing about my head, (there is the scar of one of them); for she had a husband, who happened to be in hearing distance. And so I left that there place as quietly as possible and now I vow I'll never love another woman.'

'Say that after seeing Maggie Grafton Frank. Supposing you carry a note to her for me?'

'I have seen her, Ned—I'll own she is a beauty. I'm willing to do anything for you Ned, but there is a girl in the case, and I almost know I will have something awful happen to me. Write the note, I'll venture to take it, but I don't think you are very brave. Let me see. We are nearly of a height—I could be easily mistaken for you. So I'll don your clothes, hat and cane, and see what luck; and mind you, if I woo and win, you are not to complain, but bear it like a brave man, as you are.'

Here the speaker laughed heartily.

'If you can get her father's too, you mean to say?'

'Thank you, Ned; I forgot it takes three in this case to make a bargain.'

That evening Frank Winters started for the residence of Mr. Grafton. At the gate he met Miss Grafton, supposing it was her friend—Ned Haseltine—accosted him with a pleasant "good evening,' and Frank taking the advantage of her mistake, concluded the best thing for him to do was to pass as his chum.

'I hardly expected to see you again,' she said timidly, while Frank Winters thought her voice music the birds could not rival.

"Why did you not expect to see me again? inquired Frank.

'I will be candid with you, Ned (Frank smiled secretly at the idea of a woman's being candid,) but you must not be offended!"

'Have no fears of that, Miss Grafton, for I already understand that your affections are bestowed upon another.

'They are. Ned, as a friend I love and respect you—nothing more.'

'Who is the happy man that has your heart's deep love?'

'Frank Winters.

'This is decidedly pleasant thought the deceiver—a young lady, with a large fortune telling me boldly, plainly, that I have her thoughts. She had a mighty sweet voice, and it don't sound very disagreeable.'

'You will still be my friend?' she continued.

'Hem! hem!—yes oh yes! Frank I know loves you in return!'

'Are you positive!'

'Quite positive.'

'Did he ever tell you so?'

'He will tell you so to night, for Miss Grafton, I am Frank Winters.'

Maggie gave a slight scream, of course, which was soon silenced, as Frank related his errand, and said many other things which I am not going to tell purposely to let people know that a 'woman can keep a secret.' I will tell, however, that a few hours after, a couple were seen near a Reverend's dwelling, and a little note lay on Ned Haseltine's table, which read something like this:

'Dear Ned:—I am much obliged for the use of your clothes, and, to-morrow, if you will call at Mr. Grafton's I will present you to Mrs. Frank Winters—much to the Grafton family's astonishment, as well as your own.

FRANK.

Of course, Ned Hazeltine received this news as any young man would who had not courage enough to deliver his own notes, but as he is married now—to Mary Finch—I hardly think but that he has forgotten the time he was so infatuated with Maggie—Winters now. And I shall say nothing more about it, for fear Mrs. Ned Haseltine might not continue to think Mrs. Frank Winters the dearest little soul in the world.

——In the City of Patterson, N. J. there are a large number of children, who have been made orphans by the war. The ladies connected with the Catholic Church got up a fair in the principal hall of the city for the purposes of raising funds to provide for these children in the Orphan Asylum. While they were thus engaged Mr. Lincoln's assessor, a man named Lane, walked in and informed the ladies that they must pay a license to the Government, or he should confiscate all their goods and sell them at auction.—And the wretch absolutely compelled the payment of a license to sell articles to raise funds to feed and cloth the children who have been made orphans by the abolition war. This fair would go with a supper and ball which added largely to the orphan fund, and the next day the Abolitionist paper, a scurrilous sheet, published at Paterson, sneered at the occasion, saying it was a wake for the dead of Bishop Hughes. This paper is owned by a company of all the leading Abolitionists of Patterson, and is the particular organ of their sentiments and character.—*Day Book.*

——The generality of men more easily forgive a rival than a faithless woman—unlike woman, who always hate the female rival more than the faithless lover.

——The Cincinnati *Gazette* says that the Republican party is dead. If so the Republicans will not be a mighty mourning corpse in Hell.—*Louisville Journal.*

——A "Political Union paper" is now understood to be a paper which favors the Union except the Democrats or Mulligans.—*Ib.*

Educational.

For the Watchman.

POTTER TOWNSHIP DISTRICT INSTITUTE.

FAIRVIEW SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Mr. Editor:—Having been informed that there was an Institute to be held at the above-named place, commencing on Friday evening, January 15th, and to be continued on Saturday, and being myself an advocate of Institutes, if properly conducted, or anything else which is calculated to enhance the interests of education, I, therefore, concluded that I would attend it, which I did; and being one among the first, I had every opportunity of hearing and seeing all that was going on. I would here give those who were not in attendance, a short account of it in the form of a letter. The House was called to order by the President. Prayer by one of the citizens. The roll being called, the teachers present responded with spicy sentiments, after which one of the teachers delivered an able and interesting lecture, which was listened to with marked attention. Subject—"Motives to Intellectual Culture." The discussion of the following topics was then engaged in by the teachers:—"Are the Outline Maps a Benefit in the School-room?" and "Should Scholars be Advanced for the Sake of Encouragement?" After these subjects had been ably debated, the Institute adjourned to meet at 10 o'clock A. M. But now came the time. The citizens all wanting teachers to entertain, one man (we say it to his credit) even offered to entertain all. Oh, how I wished to be a teacher! But ——

Morning Session.—House called to order. Prayer by one of the teachers. Among the proceedings of the forenoon session, most worthy of our notice, were two class-drills in Written Arithmetic—one, in Interest, conducted by a lady; the other, in Proportion, by a gentleman. He, in drilling his class, used a work called the "Western Calculator," supposed by some of the teachers to have been used by Noah in making calculations for the building of the Ark.

The afternoon session was almost entirely spent in discussing various topics. The question, "To What Extent should a Teacher Associate with His Pupils?" was the subject of a lengthy and spirited debate, as well as all the other topics discussed.

On motion, a vote of thanks was tendered to the citizens of Fairview for their kind hospitality in entertaining the teachers.—And also a vote of thanks to the citizens of Fairview and vicinity for their good attendance. A teacher, in commenting on this motion, before the vote was taken, said that he believed the way to make an Institute interesting, was to have a large number of citizens in attendance; which we believe to be true.

To sum up: this was one of the best Institutes I have attended in three years, the teachers all being alive to their performances. Great credit is due to the teachers in attendance, and to the profession in general.

A SPECTATOR.

Miscellaneous.

OUR NEIGHBOR'S SINS.

Some persons are talking of procuring from the Boston public institutions three or four of the children whose backs are said to be fearfully marked with the scars of whippings cruelly administered there, and also some of the cart whips and other instruments of punishment which are described in the report as in such common use in those institutions for the purpose of exhibiting them in New York and other parts of the country, to arouse the attention of the people to the wrongs which are done, and the importance of a reform. We heartily disapprove of the idea. These exhibitions of individual instances of cruelty are never to be commended. If used to excite sectional animosity, as they generally are, they are deserving of the severest reprobation. They are always exceptional cases, and the people of the section or State in which they occur are never properly chargeable with their guilt. There would probably be no difficulty in finding instances in New York of severe and cruel punishment administered by officials who are disgraces to humanity but every one knows that the people of New York need only know the fact and they will apply the remedy. So of every State in the country. Instances and examples of outrage, wrong, cruelty and oppression, unfortunately exist everywhere. But if we go to parading around the country the sins of other sections than that in which we live we shall soon have all the people attending to the sins of their neighbors and neglecting their own. There is already too much of this in the country. We have all of us enough to do in correcting our own social, domestic, as well as public evils. The average of goodness and purity does not differ materially in any of the States. Massachusetts is no worse that New York, or South Carolina, nor is either of those States any lower in average morality or benevolence than Massachusetts. It may be, and it is doubtless true, that the people of Massachusetts have eyes to bind attention what they think the sins of other States, that they have neglected home affairs. But they do not need the interference of New Yorkers to quicken them now to a sense of the condition of their home charity. There are already, we understand, some white children in the hands of parties who are exhibiting them in this city and about the country, showing marks of severe whipping. We do not know whether it was done in Boston or in some Southern city. Possibly it was done in New York. We place no confidence in the statements of men who travel about engaged in exhibiting examples of other men's wickedness. They are too plainly self-righteous, or else mere speculators, seeking to make money. We need in this country to learn the lesson of minding our own affairs, and not bringing out exposures of real or imaginary sins by attempting to make money or political capital out of the sins of our neighbors.—*Journal of Commerce.*

——Causing—The Fourth Estate at ...

THE AWFUL DISASTER IN CHILI.

One of the most horrible calamities that has ever fallen upon any people occurred in the city of Santiago, the capital of the Republic of Chili, on the night of the 8th of December last. The Church of the Jesuits, in which was being celebrated the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, was destroyed by fire, and with it were burned and suffocated over two thousand women and children, numbering among them the flower of the beauty and fashion of the capital. The *Mercurio Del Vapir*, of the 17th, gives the following account of the catastrophe:

On the commemoration of the Immaculate Conception, the last of the festivities of the month of May, the most popular and frequented of all our solemnities, thousands of fair devotees thronged to the last performance which was to eclipse all that had preceded. At six in the evening the spacious steps and part of the open place before the church swarmed with ladies in veils frantically struggling to enter a temple where not one more could be made room for. A few minutes before seven, and when the religious performance was about to commence, they were still lighting the last lights in the chancel, when the portable gas in the half moon of canvas and wood that formed the pedestal of a colossal image of the Virgin Mary, began to burn one of the extremities of that apparatus. Some one rushed on the rising flame and succeeded in smothering it, but by a fatal rebound, the gas, compressed by the effort, burst out with redoubled vigor at the other extremity of the false half moon. Immediately a fierce flame rushed up. The persons who thronged the chancel flew towards the sacristy, crying "water, water," whilst the women, who filled the nave, arose in tumultuous confusion, screaming for help.

The fire spread with wonderful rapidity, to the *revados* of wood and hangings, and thence, attracted by the current of air that always circulates between the upper boarding and the roof, rolled through the church. In a few moments all overhead was a mass of flames. In the meantime the men had succeeded in escaping; for in this church the sexes were separated by an iron grating, and the women had fled as far as the middle of the church, in a state of the most terrible confusion. But the headlong hurry, the fainting, the obstruction of the bell-shaped dresses, and the frantic eagerness to gain the street, formed an impenetrable barrier before the two doors, which, by a culpable imprudence, gave access to the free air only towards the open space in front and the small court of the west side of the church. That obstacle was the barrier of death.

Help was all but impossible; a Hercules might have strained his strength in vain to pull one from the serried mass of frenzied wretches, who, piled one above another, as they climbed over to reach the air, wildly fastened the grip of death upon any one escaping, in order that they might be dragged out with them. Those who longed to save them were doomed to hear the most harrowing sight that ever rented human eye-balls—to see mothers, sisters, tender and timid women, dying that dreadful death, that appalled the stoutest heart of man, within one yard of salvation, within one yard of men who would have given their lives over and over again for them. It was maddening—the screaming and wringing of hands for help as the remorseless flames came on; and then, while some already dead with fright, were burned in ghastly indifference, others in their horrible agony—some in prayer—were tearing their hair and battering their faces.

Hardly had the noble men who had devoted themselves to save lives at the peril of their own, seized by the arms or clothes of a prostrate form, than the other women, mad with terror from the nearness of the fire, clutched the victim about to be saved, and in some cases dragged those who came to help them into the fiery vortex. It was almost impossible to extricate even one from that heap of despairing wretches and undo that ghastly knot. But the fire accomplished that which baffled man, and the passage into the doomed church was not cleared until that impenetrable phalanx of precious, beautiful life, was a handful of cinders.

The fire, imprisoned by the immense thickness of the wall, had devoured everything combustible by ten o'clock; and then, defying the sickening stench, people came to look for their lost ones. Oh, what a sight the fair, placid moon looked down upon!—Closely packed crowds of calcined, distorted forms, wearing the fearful expression of the last pang, whose smile was once a heaven; the ghastly phalanx of black statues, twisted in every variety of agony, stretching out their arms as if imploring mercy; and then of the heap that had choked up the door, multitudes with their lower parts entirely untouched, and some all a shapeless mass, but with an arm or foot unscathed.

The silence, after those piercing screams were hushed in death, was horrible. It was the silence of the grave, unbroken but by the bitter wail or fainting cry—over two thousand souls had passed through that ordeal of fire to the judgment seat of God.

Heroic acts of sublime daring have not been wanting. Enduring gratitude has been excited in every Christian heart by the gallant efforts of Mr. Nelson, the Minister of the United States, his countryman, Mr. Meiggs, and several other foreigners. There were generous men who defied the fury of the flames to save lives, and some of them died martyrs to their noble hearts. An Englishman or an American, it is unknown which, was seen to rush through the flames, to seize in his powerful arms a lady, stride with her a little way, and then, with his hair in a blaze, and choked with smoke, fall back into the volcano, never to rise again.—A young lady named Ovello, having in vain implored some bystanders to save her mother, rushed in, and shortly afterwards issued forth with her parent in her arms, saved.—A young lady of the name of Solar, just before the smoke suffocated her, had the presence of mind to tie her handkerchief around her leg, so that her body might be recognized.

The priests are much censured for their part in the affair. It is alleged that they confined their efforts to the saving of a few of the valuables of the Church, and aided in no way in ministering to the sufferings of the few who were saved. The following, from the *Mercurio*, gives an idea of the class of persons that perished in the deplorable accident: "Although many heroic men performed prodigies of daring and strength in tearing some from the death grasp of the phalanx of bodies that choked the door, in some cases literally tearing off their limbs without being able to extricate them, the number of saved by this means falls short of fifty. More than five hundred persons of our highest society have perished, the greater part young girls of fifteen to twenty years of age. One mother lost her daughter with her five daughters. ... which neither age nor sex spared. Bodies have been found by the police as empty because all their inhabitants have perished.'

The latest information says that seventeen hundred bodies have been recognized, between four and five hundred were beyond recognition, and many were nothing but a shapeless mass. Three thousand at least were in the building, and it is not yet known how many have escaped. No names are given. One hundred and fifty cart loads of unrecognized corpses were, on the 9th and 10th, carried to the cemetery. The beauty and the wealthy and the proud Spanish aristocracy all had their representatives in that awful cortege.

A reaction has taken place here against the clergy. Public opinion demanded at once the conversion of the church site into a public square. This has been and is violently opposed by the clergy and their formidable party.

A decree has been issued ordering the entire demolition of the remains of the Church of the Compania, in which the accident occurred.

Select Poetry.

The following poem from the pen of our friend and contributor, JOE W. FURBY, we republish from an old copy of the *Jersey Shore Republican*, an ably edited paper, published in Lycoming county, some years ago, for whose columns it was written. The *Republican* has since become incorporated with the *West Branch Democrat* at Williamsport. This poem is one of the best that "Joe" has ever written.—*Ed. Watchman.*

THERE IS NO GOD!

BY JOE W. FURBY.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."—*Bible.*

Within his heart the fool hath said,
"Behold, there is no God!"
And lo! aghast creation stands,
Shock'd at the impious word!

Go, cringing wretch, blaspheme no more!
Or else may o'er thee roll
A crushing weight of God-like wrath,
To blast thy very soul.

Think ye high Heaven will thus brook
Thy insults and thy sneers?
Ah, no! thy soul will one day be
O'erwhelmed with guilty fears.

And then unto the rocks that tower,
High o'er the raging sea,
Affrighted at His mighty power,
In horror thou shalt flee.

IS THERE NO GOD?

The forest, with its leafy boughs,
Points upward to His throne,
And with a silent tongue avows,
The work is all His own!

The brooklet, as it murmurs by,
Repeats his wondrous name;
The stars that twinkle in the sky,
His glorious works proclaim.

The birds that sing in sweetest lays,
Or carol 'mong the trees,
Send up to Heaven a hymn of praise
On every passing breeze.

The sun that from his "blazing throne,"
Flings down his golden ray,
Moves, (glad the Almighty's power to own)
Obedient to his sway.

The moon's serene and gentle light
Speaks of our FATHER'S love;
And whispers to the weary soul
Of yon bright Heaven above.

Old ocean, too, whose billowy waves
Like tallest mountains tower,
But speaks the awful majesty
Of GREAT JEHOVAH'S power.

And yet will man—vain man, provoke
Th' Almighty's vengeance dire,
To sink his soul down to the depths
Of hell's accursed fire!

O, simple fool! a cup of woe
Is filling up for thee,
Which thou shalt drain unto the dregs
In long Eternity!

And when to hell thy soul be cast,
To feel the burning rod,
With horrid, groaning anguish, thou
Wilt shriek—"THERE IS A GOD!"

SOME DIFFERENCE.—The Salem *Advocate* gives the following incident showing the difference between white men and negroes, in Abolition estimation:

"Last week we had occasion to mention that at a meeting in the Methodist church in that place, a collection was taken up for the runaway negroes by an agent of the "Freedman's society," amounting to twenty-one dollars and a half.

A few evenings afterwards, a collection for the benefit of soldiers' families and destitute white people, was taken up at one of the churches in town and we are told the magnificent sum of *six dollars* was raised.

Thus it goes—twenty odd dollars for the negro and the enormous sum of six dollars for the *white man!*"

——It was announced by telegraph a few days since that the President had so far recovered as to be enabled to visit the Theatre nightly. The time was when it would have excited the righteous indignation of the clergy throughout the whole land, but now the President may violate what they call the laws of morality, and set the Constitution at defiance. Yet scarcely a person can be found among them who does not approve of all he does. We may expect theatres to be attached to churches in a short time. If the President should issue his proclamation to that effect, abolitionism, including clergy and laity, would respond in a hearty manner.—*Lewistown Gazette.*

——It has been found, while firing at the running man target at Wimbledon, England, which is scarlet on one side and gray on the other, that the scarlet dazzles the eye, and hence is difficult to hit, from leaving a red streak behind it, which unsettles the aim. The gray side was struck seventy-four times, and the red only forty-two times. It is a noticeable fact, too, that men with gray eyes shot better than those with eyes of other color.

——The Fayette County *Pioneer*, Iowa, says:

"An eminent lawyer entered one of the principal dry goods stores here this morning, and asked the price of cotton yarn, and was told by Esq. (one of the firm,) that it was worth $5, 25 per bunch, when the lawyer proposed to trade $5 worth of that for tobacco, whereupon Squire ... [illegible] ... they did not wish to trade ... [illegible]

Much in Little.

——Deer are more numerous in Elk, and the adjoining counties, than they have been for several years.

——WHO BELIEVES IT?—There is said to be an old maid in New Orleans with such a sharp face, that she uses it to pare apples.

——The most direct method of determining horse power: Stand behind him and tickle his hind legs with a briar.

——It is said that Admiral Farragut has at in a claim for the modest little sum of twelve million dollars prize money.

——A Battery in Virginia the other day shelled a nigger funeral, thinking it was a body of rebels throwing up entrenchments.

——Three years ago not a pound of salt was made in Saginaw Valley, Mich. There has been exported from the valley during 1863 not less than 8,000,000 barrels.

——A BANKRUPT LAW.—The Washington *Chronicle*, John W. Forney's paper, says Congress will undoubtedly pass a general Bankrupt law during this session.

——The Halifax citizens say that a demand will be made upon the English authorities by the Confederates for the surrender of the steamer Chesapeake.

——The man who imagined himself wise, because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper, has been trying to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

——"Ma, get down on your hands and knees a minute, please."

"Why, what shall I do that for, pet."

"'Cause I want to draw an elephant."

——An Irishman complained to his physician that he had stuffed him so much with drugs that he was sick a long time after he got well.

——An exchange exults cheeringly over the vast increase in the number of marriages since the outbreak of the war—no allusion is made to funerals.

——Congress is trying to legislate against the importation of gold. If it will wait another year, no legislation will be necessary, as there will be none left to send away.

——A cotemporary says that "marriages have increased five per cent. under Mr. Lincoln's Administration." So have funerals increased *five thousand* per cent. under his administration.

——Pouring cold water on the face and head destroys the effect of narcotic poisons. A girl poisoned with laudanum in England, was saved in this way after all other remedies had failed.

——To get rid of corns, rub them with toasted cheese, and let your feet hang out of bed for a night or two, that the mice may nibble them. If the mice do their duty the remedy will be sufficient.

——A convention of Bloomer damsels is said to have resolved that they will wear short dresses on nothing. What an awful thing it would be if they shouldn't wear short dresses.

——GEO. A. HANSBY, a musician of the 8th New York artillery regiment, while skating near Fort McHenry, Baltimore, on Tuesday morning, broke through the ice, and was drowned.

——Some "stupids," bantering a fat companion, remarked that, if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "I suppose I am," said he, "from the way you asses nibble at me."

——In a country churchyard we find this epitaph: "Here lies the body of James Robinson and Ruth, his wife;" and underneath, the text—"Their warfare is accomplished."

——The most extensive coal field in the world commences near Carrollton, Kentucky, and runs north through Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, containing about 80,000 square miles, of which a tenth part, or 8,000 miles, is in Indiana.

——The Bangor *Democrat* says: "John Morgan has escaped; but it is some comfort to know that now we shall not have to take Neal Dow in exchange for him. It is less vexatious to lose a thing than to be cheated out of it."

——Forney says, "the wretches who cry peace ought to be crucified." That would be nothing new; for more than eighteen hundred years ago Crist was crucified for preaching peace by just such another set of scoundrels as you are.—*Dayton Empire.*

——The editor of a blazing Black and Red Republican paper in Massachusetts, says, "we had rather have our head in a vice than not to make an end to slavery now."—You have so long had a vice in your head, that the change you speak of might be a relief.

——The Utica *Observer and Democrat* says: "The President offers the assistance of the army of the United States to enable one-tenth of the voters of any rebellious State to govern the other nine-tenths; and this he calls guaranteeing a republican form of government."

——The reclamation claimed by the French Government from that of the United States for damages sustained by French citizens during the war—mainly during Butler's administration at New Orleans—amounts to the million odd of dollars of dollars!

——English papers are calling attention to the fact that victims of Lincoln's despotism are creeping into Canada for protection and liberty.

To these a British Colony is a land of freedom—an asylum from the tyranny of Abolitionists.

——James Gordon Bennett, in his recent lecture, says you can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear, and that you can't make a Democrat of a Black Republican. That may be true enough, but we have seen Democrats made into Black Republicans, and we know that it is easy enough to make a sow's ear into a silk purse, by simply skinning the sow.

PLAIN QUESTIONS FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.

Have you ever known a Democratic Judiciary a violation of the Constitution?

Have you ever known a stamp tax imposed under a Democratic Administration?

Have you ever known a Democratic President to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus?*

Have you ever known a Conscription Law to be passed under a Democratic Administration?

Have you ever known a Confiscation Law to be passed under a Democratic Administration?

Have you ever known a Democratic Administration to form a new State in violation of the plain provisions of the Constitution?

Have you ever known a time, saving the present, when a citizen could be incarcerated in a dungeon without the authority of Law?

Have you ever known a Democratic Administration to compel the people of a State or the District of Columbia to sell their property whether willing or not?

Have you ever known any Administration except Abraham's, to create a National debt of $3,000,000,000 in the short period of three years?

Have you ever known a citizen to be sent into banishment and exile under Democratic rule?

Have you ever known a time under Democratic rule, when the greatest crimes and outrages have been committed by our rulers under a plea of "military necessity" or "reasons of State?"

Have you, before this, known a time when the military was made superior to the civil power?

Have you ever known a Democratic Administration to tax the people of the whole country to buy negroes of the border States?

Have you ever known a Democratic Administration to tax the people to pay the expenses of stealing and educating the negroes of the Southern States?

Have you ever known a Democratic Administration to ignore the rights of the States?

Have you ever known an Administration in opposition to the Democracy, to leave the affairs of the country in as flourishing a condition as it found them?

EXECUTION OF A CONFEDERATE SPY.

A correspondent writing from Pulaski, Tenn., gives a graphic description of the trial and execution of a young, talented and brave Confederate spy, by the name of Sam'l Davis. When he was taken there was found upon his person a pass signed by General Braxton Bragg, stating that the bearer was a member of Captain Coleman's scouts, and not to be interrupted—other documents giving valuable information relative to the number, strength and position of the Federal army in and around the post, were also discovered upon him.

He was tried by Military Commission.—He denied, on trial, that he was a spy, but plead guilty to carrying mails to persons in arms against the Government of the United States. The Commission, after due deliberation, pronounced him guilty, and sentenced him to be hung. It appears that he was quite a young man, about medium height, rather slightly made, active, impulsive and intelligent. While sitting upon his coffin, in full view of the scaffold, with death even before his eyes, he was proffered a full and free pardon, if he would only give information of his Captain's whereabouts, for the gentleman's capture was a military necessity." Davis received the offer with indignation, and replied scornfully, addressing the officer who made it:

"Would *you* betray a friend? I had rather die a thousand times."

Only a moment before he ascended the scaffold, he remarked to Captain Armstrong who stood near him as his executioner, and laughing as he spoke:

"Well, Captain, you'll have to fight these battles alone, hereafter for I'll soon be out of your way."

With a quick firm proud step, he ascended the stairway to the platform, and there he actually stopped, as if to place his head within the noose, supposing he was to be "by his legs" in a twinkling.

THE LOYAL TENTH OF LOUISIANA.—The efforts making by the radicals to obtain the loyal tenth of Louisiana to constitute Mr. Lincoln's idea of a republican form of government, has disclosed the fact that the negro is to be made the controlling element in the composition. It appears that, after many months of canvassing prior to and since the proclamation, they have succeeded in organizing a convention, though the enrollment of one-tenth is not complete. Two whole parishes were represented in the convention, by the admission of negroes as delegates, who voted and participated in the proceedings.

PROGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY.—We extract the following from the report of the proceedings of a religious body now in session at Springfield, Ill., as published in the Chicago *Tribune:*

"In the Illinois Methodist Conference to-day the case of Rev. W. Bassett, who is charged with being a Democrat, was taken up, and a committee appointed to define charges against him.

What a country!

——Dr. Gwinn, of New Haven, a contractor for supplying printing presses to the Treasury Department has been arrested, charged with using the position for Abolitionist purposes. There is to be a further publishing of evils connected with this Department, and many expectations of disgraceful tribunals, may be anticipated, if strict justice is coolly intended, which is very doubtful.

——Punch says: "Parliament wants to know why the Alabama claims include the French in the last move as in everything else. Why not submit the claims in arbitration? She is sure Mr. Lincoln is arbitrary enough for anything."

——Wendell Phillips is not satisfied that slavery is dead until he sees it buried. The New Haven Register says if he will visit the Freedmen's camps along the Mississippi, he will see it buried at the rate of ... hundred per day.

——The New York Evening Post ... "We ... Old Abe ... have ... him, ... in every way, but one ... [illegible]