The Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Centre County Penna., Friday Morning, February 5, 1864.

Original Poetry.

For the Watchman.

IN MEMORY OF HARVEY LINGLE.

BY JOE W. TYRE.

Lay the bow down to rust,
Fold his arms across his breast;
Young and noble, was he tried,
Why should such as he have died?

Far away from home and friends,
Thus his young life ended;
None to whisper how he bled—
None to soothe his dying head.

All, had but his mother's care
Soothed his dying moments there,
Kissed his pale lips as he sank
Under the fever's withering rank,

Would there been some comfort, this,
Than his mother's loving kiss
On his purple lips had press'd,
Ere his soul had dared to rest:

Some comfort that his poor, cold face
Had rested in her loved embrace;
Some comfort that her anguished prayer
Had sought the Throne of Mercy there.

Alas! no loved arms there upheld
His dying form, while from it welled
The gurgling blood, to fatally
Now bind it was for him to die.

But out upon that battle-plain
With many a gallant soldier slain,
He perished, as his comrades say,
The bravest of the brave, that day.

O, mother, weep! thy gallant son
His course on earth hath nobly run;
And, sister, pray—no more thou'lt press
Upon his lips thy fond caress.

But yet be proud—for in thy grave
He sleeps as sleep the noble brave;
Dispelling all its dismal gloom,
A ray of glory shrouds his tomb.

Thus let him rest—no braver soul
Hath stood where battles surge and roll;
And yet he's dead, his honor'd name
Shall live to glory and to fame.

Midnight, Monday,
Feb. 1st, 1864.

For the Watchman.

LET ME DIE AT HOME.

BY JOHN P. MITCHELL.

Though wide my footsteps chance to stray
From home and friends my heart holds dear,
With none to kind me in life's rugged way,
Or drop a sympathetic tear,
I still have faith to struggle on,
Hoping for brighter scenes on high,
If, when life's sands are nearly run,
My footsteps lead me home to die.

When fresh time's mild and lifeless eye
My humble ashes is rudely torn,
May friends press round to see me die
On whom I looked in childhood's morn;
On my cold brow pray no hard hand
Be matching unmeaning to lain,
When spirit friends around me stand,
And feebly throbs the weary brain.

When earth is fading from my sight,
And dull the shadows of the tomb,
My glazing eye beholds the light
Of spectral tapers in the gloom,
May trembling fingers on me beam,
And lovingly close my latest breath,
When I may mingle dose life's dream
In the realities of death!

'Tis said that when the dying lay
Has turned to thoughts with life's warm tide,
No matter how its home away,
Or who, or what lies by its side;
But could I close in peace for ye,
With [illegible] but strangers slumbering near,
Whom [illegible] friend would ever stray,
Above my grave to shed a tear?

Oh, let my days pass where they may,
But when to time I say farewell,
May my last hour of earthly day
Be passed where first life's sunbeams fell;
Let [illegible] smile o'er my head [illegible]
When youth's fresh ferns were blooming
Be breathing round my dying bed,
As breathe for me a parting prayer.

The path of life is dark and drear,
Pass changing as we may,
And light and shade alternate meet
At twilight, midnight, night and day;
I look of this, that or yon bloom,
Where'er in life I chance to roam,
Thus, when Death's hand [illegible] in its gloom,
My last of earth may [illegible] home.

Miscellaneous.

THE FEDERAL EXPENDITURE AND THE MEANS OF PAYING THEM.

We [illegible] some remarks upon the immense amount that awaits the people of the Northern States as the inevitable result of the present Government expenditures. The figures startled most of our contemporaries, and we hope not some of them to thinking. At any rate, it is quite time the people had earnestly to meet the alternative now inevitably before them, of instant cessation hereafter, or a tolerably certain bankruptcy. The frightful evils of national bankruptcy, and a repudiation of the national debt. The debt, if paid, must be discharged at the cost of the population and wealth of the country. It matters, so far as the payment goes, very little, if at all, whether the means are extracted from a direct tax on property, or from taxes on consumable goods, the people will in either case be compelled to pay the whole amount in the ratio of truth, and in the proportion of the consumption of life. The taxes on consumable articles are the most popular, because they are disguised in the prices of things bought, and because they may to some extent, be avoided by the non-use of the taxed articles. This tax, for does not be excessive, within a certain limit, because the necessary amount of money must be raised, and if the articles were not consumed, [illegible] would be [illegible] to pay it. The expenditure per annum, on the return of peace, will be $[illegible],000,000. This sum must be raised out of the net profits of the industry of the country. The proportion of this which must be raised in the city of New York, may be given in illustration. The Federal debt, should peace be restored in eighteen months, will be, according to the official estimates $2,850,000,000, which will give an annual interest, of $180,000,000 in gold. We know it is stated by the Administration papers that no more stock payable in gold will be issued. But that is simply a threat of repudiation, because if the country exists and pays its debts at all, it must be in gold. Every greenback and scrap of paper now so recklessly issued will be placed on precisely the same footing as the Revolutionary stock. Whether that is paid or repudiated, we now assume that it will be paid, and the amount required will be as stated. The national list will be over fifty millions [illegible] $[illegible],000,000. We assume that it will be [illegible] millions. The army, in 1860, numbered twelve thousand men and cost $18,000,000. It will never again be under one hundred thousand men, or its expense less than $120,000,000 per annum. The navy was composed in 1860 of eighty vessels, partly in commission, and cost $12,000,000 per annum. It will be some hundred vessels and will cost $50,000,000. The army of tax collectors, civil list, miscellaneous, et cetera, will cost $80,000,000, or thus:

Civil list, foreign, etc.	$30,000,000
Army	120,000,000
Navy	50,000,000
Interior, pensions, etc.	10,000,000
Interest on debt	180,000,000
Total	$410,000,000

This must be raised by taxes. The customs, revenue, excise, income, direct, or in any other shape, will only have the ultimate effect of being paid by the producers of wealth. There is no other mode of paying.

The Federal Constitution prescribes that no direct taxes shall be levied except in proportion to representative numbers. Now according to representative number, the relation of New York to the existing debt is as follows:

		Interest and Expense per annum.
Federal debt	$124,000,000	$22,000,000
State debt	8,000,000	
City debt	20,510,000	14,000,000
Total	$152,510,000	$37,000,000
Personal estate	174,624,206	43,000,000

Thus the amount required from the city will be $238 per family of five persons, and the income of the city is $250 per family at the highest point. The real amount of surplus capital that accumulates in a year it is difficult to determine. The capital that is produced in a year is nearly all expended in its production. Taking one year with another, however, a small portion is saved for permanent investments in stocks, goods, real estate, &c. The amount of these savings in the city of New York may be approximated by taking the assessed value in, say 1846, and comparing it with 1861, as follows:

	Valuation.	Population.	Value to head.
1846	$244,952,064	434,000	$564
1861	571,678,722	844,000	678
Inc. 15 yrs.	$326,126,774	410,000	$112
Inc. per an.	21,741,755	29,000	7½

It is no doubt the case that the assessed value is short of the true value, but this was the case at both periods. The undervaluation was less, however, at the last than at the first period, owing to more thorough means adopted of reaching the property.—It results, then, that the increase of property in fifteen years was $326,126,774, or $112 per head of the population. In the same time $88,411,755 were paid in taxes, which would make the real increase $414,538,249. This was in a time of immense prosperity. The large exports of breadstuffs from this city began in 1847, followed by the discovery of gold in 1850, which swelled the commerce of the city to an enormous extent; while the immigration was nearly 3,000,000 of souls into the country through the city, and new Western railroads were constantly opening new commercial connections with the city. All this sufficed to increase the city wealth 22,000,000 per annum.

If now the same state of prosperity is restored in its full vigor, the accumulated wealth in the next ten years will be $217,000,000; but the required taxes will be $370,000,000—deficit $153,000,000. In other words the whole of the existing personal property will be swallowed up. The property cannot be restored, however, for a century to come. With the war, the present Government expenditure of $3,000,000 per day will cease. What then will be the condition of the South, which was our former customer for $300,000,000 per annum? The probability is that the city earnings will be less than half what they were before the war, and that the payment of the debt will be entirely impossible, even at this focus of the national wealth.

Mr. Chase urged in favor of the issue of paper money and of his new national bank scheme, that the paper would bind the people to the cause of the Union. The Confederacy had the same reason for paper money issues, and the two together have issued $5,500,000,000, or the official value of all the personal property in the country. This is the price paid by the country to force the rule of a domineering minority upon the majority of the people. The great mass of the people were always on the defensive against those who wanted banks, or protection, or bounties, or internal improvements, or special privileges of some description. The minority people presented a solid phalanx called the Democratic party. The battle has lasted now nearly sixty years, the Democrats upon the Constitutional and popular rights. For twenty years the stability cemented that sectional division which was intended to give them power in any post. The Constitution, the whole wealth of the country, the liberties of the people were as nothing in the scale against their criminal ambition, and when, in 1861, the Peace Congress was packed with delegates from Republican cliques pledged to defeat any peace measure that might be offered, the whole property of the country was offered up to cement in blood the ill-gotten power of a party born in treason and fostered in treachery.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

Dog Trains.—Between Fort Snelling, Minnesota, and Crow Wing, a distance of 250 miles, the U. S. mail is carried by dog trains. They have regular harness, faithfully manufactured, and the drivers in tandem style, at the rate of upon forty to fifty miles a day.

Counsels made of the liberty of the press. That man is critical of the times that has grandmothers of public importance. If, because taken it down, there would be, in our common grief, the liberty of the subject, and the security of the people.

RALLY TO PRINCIPLE.

To divide what seems to be united, to hoped faction or promote discord, is abhorrent to our inner soul, as little foreign to our habits. Therefore, while "the Democratic party" has "a *name* to live," even if it has died with the Union that, under Jefferson, it saved at the beginning of this century, it grieves and distresses us to act as one that would disrupt it. We cannot do it. We will not do it. Apostatize you, whoever, and however many, that will, but we will stand by the old landmarks!

The Democratic party was not formed by a clique or combination of men for private advantage. It was formed by MEN agreeing on traditional *principles*. Principles, with men pledged and determined to carry out those principles, formed the Democratic party. Jefferson's Kentucky Resolution, substantially sustained by Madison in the Virginia Resolutions, and accepted by the whole American people for sixty years were to the American Constitution what Magna Charta, or the 'Petition of Right,' was to the English Constitution. They were *declaratory, explanatory* of what the people—the sovereign—in their corporate capacity intended and meant by the Constitution. In this respect these resolutions, thus adopted, and sanctioned by so long a *user*, may be said to be more authoritative than the paper-Constitution which the people, ten years after adopting it, found necessary thus practically to explain. The Federal Constitution was an attempt to *unite* States and yet to preserve the institutions, ways, and modes, upon which the people of the several Colonies had grown into *States*. For eight years during the experiment went on, because of the grand personal patriotism of George Washington. Then New England, in the person of her foremost man, John Adams, tried a hand at it, and, *in two years*, it was proven a failure. Jefferson came forward, in 1798, with the Kentucky Resolutions, as an American "Petition of Right"—the *Magna Charta* of the United States. The people, and, finally, ALL the people, accepted the United States Constitution in the sense, and with the conditions, set forth by him, and *in no other*. This was the "foundation of the Democratic party." By adhering to this, and "carrying it out in its plain meaning and signification, the Democratic party became the *only* party of the "Union."

And now, of this Democratic organization thus glorious in traditions, thus successful in fact, some money changers, some gamblers in Rail-road stocks, some pettifogging tricksters, with a horde of speculators lacking principle, lacking character, lacking weight or respect in society, bought and sold like slaves of the money power—think they seized the control. Therefore, they think they can twist the staunch Democracy who have been the substance and the power of the Organization, into the denial of its fundamental principles. One same neglect, by the people, of their own public and political affairs, has shipwrecked the Union, and the Democratic party. While men of capacity has been avoiding politics, a low set of creatures with *animal* cunning, but void of all *manly* qualities of the higher intellect—creatures of whom the vulpine Seward is the unenviable type, have combined and seized on the Federal Administration of these States—and destroyed it. While men of capacity have withdrawn from the necessary attentions to the management of the Democracy, men of the Van Buren stamp got control of it, and the Democratic party has dwindled down to be the spoil of gamblers, bawdy-house boys, and common swindlers, who are now 'Judges' and, 'Congressmen' and 'Brigadiers,' or 'Major Generals.'

We 'revert to first principles!' Were there nothing but custom and usage to plead for it, we would be justified. We might cry: "remove not the landmarks your fathers have set up!" John Adams and Puritan New England, in four years, at the close of the last century, troubled the peace of our fathers, and imperrilled their political future, by departing from the landmarks of freedom, and substituting the wavering ligaments of Puritan fanaticism. Jefferson restored our peace, and secured sixty years of unexampled political success, by gaining the acceptance by the people of all States of the traditional principles set forth in the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798—our *Magna Charta*.

Learn these principles, ye ill-instructed! Return to them, ye misguided! *Our part*, is to build up—never to destroy—to unite, never to distract. We cling to, and insist on, the ancient groundwork of our American prosperity, because it is the wisest of follies to try and unite on men.—*Omnis homo mendax.* Let no more be heard of confidence in man, but bind him down from mischief by the chains of the Constitution—of tried and approved law. 'Principles, not men,' must be the point of our rally.

But besides this, had we never had a *written* Constitution, had we not this potent evidence of our 'Petition of Right'—the Kentucky Resolutions, accepted by the whole of the people of the States, we would have the FACT to insist on, that these were the principles on which the colonies grew into States and the States grew to their once envied prosperity.

Beyond this, we have to urge to no people or peoples CAN part with their past, and go to, and change the genius and nature of their political administration, without permanent disaster.

A *people* is no merely human creation. It is the sublime work of the Author of men, and the Supreme Ruler of nations. To each to every people, He gives the laws of their being. That people obey cast these aside, or they perish, or they sink. It is only by remembering their present with their past that they can mature in steady progress towards a wholesome and satisfactory future.

O, men of serious thought, it is to you we cry. We ask you Pause to tell us the weakness of work, to talk on paper, into *photographs* of the times—to convey ideas, and to plant principles. But these printed words may your Sacred Principles—you have them already. For our country—what avail it besides, or of how many, or how few States—for the military of the future, and of our part this struggle, of freedom, they will surely also fall. The sabre of the president, even through us, personally, would not protect you to stand firm in this crisis, where so many prevaricate. The tricksters and trimmers who are urging specious reasons for your support of secession Democrats who openly desert our traditional principles seek only, with short-sighted selfishness, to advance their own fortunes for a few years to come. Hold you fast principles, support, as far you do it but with principles, support, as far you do it but with principles of Democracy, as it was, years ago in the days of Jefferson, when State *sovereignty* was asserted, and the claim of any number of States to secede other States or a single State, was scouted at and repudiated. This is the *principle* for which our grandfathers fought. This is the system that alone is worthy of freemen. Make the trimmers come up to your standard. You cannot slip down, with them, to expediency and grovelling slavery.—*Syracuse Journal*

From the Jeffersonian.

REVELATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM IN A DREAM.

Who was the first Abolitionist?
The Devil.
What did he wish to effect?
Peace and eternal happiness;
Where did he make his first attempt?
In Heaven.
Who were his aids?
Fallen spirits,
What was the effect?
War,
What kind of war?
Fratricidal war.
What was the aim?
Usurpation of power.
How to be attained?
By a proclamation for confiscation.
What was the result?
The usurpers were overpowered and driven out.
Where to?
To Hell.
Did they ever establish a similar party?
Yes.
On earth.
What division?
The Western Hemisphere.
What part?
The Northern.
What is it denominated?
United States of America.
Who were the agents?
Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and the Devil, with others.
What proves the Devil in it? By promises of great good, but yield greater evil.
Were these pious men? Anything but pious.
Do they act with pious men? Never with the truly pious.
Do pious men act with them? A kind of pious so called.
What did these men formerly call the clergy? Wolves in sheep's clothing.
How did they succeed with the clergy? By cloaking their infidelity.
Any other way? Yes: by influencing the laity through popularity.
Was there any other method? Yes: favoring large salaries.
How do such generally preach? To please Abolitionists.
Do they all believe in the Bible? They realist stubborn facts.
What are some of them? Bible view of slavery by Bishop Hopkins.
Any other? Yes: St. Paul's commendation of the "Bereans."
What was that? In searching the Scriptures daily to see if these things were so.
Do they object to what Paul did? Yes, in part.
Wherein? In his returning Onesimus to his master.
What is the effect in Church and State? Discord, division, disunion.
What is the result? War.
What kind of war? Fratricidal war.
How will it terminate? The LORD only knows.

What difference is there between the agitators of the above war? Just the difference that was between the two sides of Sambo's elephant.

What was that difference? Sambo said—"De elephant, from he nose to he tale, all one side, he black." When asked what color the other side was—"Oh," said Sambo, "toder side black too!" MORPHEUS.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES WELL AND CLOTHED.

A writer in the Richmond *Sentinel* takes the rebel Senator Foote to task as follows:

A member of Congress (Foote), in the House of Representatives, on the 6th instant, is reported to have said:

"The members of Congress represent every part of the country. They are presumed to know what is going on in every part of the country: and are advised of the necessities both of the people and of the army, to the fullest extent. These gentlemen, coming fresh from the bosoms of their respective constituents, know the wants of the country far better than any individual who is located in Richmond." "The object of the bill," (relating to exemptions), he further said, "is, in fact, to increase the army: and yet, the army in Virginia is to-day without a pound of meat, and has been without it for a month."

If the gentleman knows more than any individual in Richmond, I can assure him that he can assure him that *if* can find soldiers "fresh from the bosoms" of their tents cabins and bivouacs—fresh from the advance and outposts of the Virginia army—who know that he knows nothing about the army, or the facts whereof he affirms. This gentleman rails us and proclaims to our enemies, who will only be ten times more encouraged, that we are starving in their very sight; and yet, while he is speaking, our commissaries are issuing to us beef, pickled pork or bacon, and are also giving us genuine coffee, sugar, and apples and peaches, and occasionally rice; and a short time ago, potatoes. These rations, besides the regular quantity of flour, were drawn by the private soldiers who making this statement, on the 3rd inst., this month, and that from the Commissary, not distant from the railroad where the supplies are stored.

Why do members of Congress allow such assertions to go forth uncorrected and unrebuked? But if can specular take courage from these statements to persevere in their plans of starvation, let them go on with the delusion. They have a hard task to perform. We admit, and if they succeed we will give them credit for it. But whether they have one only creditable outcome, we have too. We will either gain our independence, and maintain a free country, or do the other thing, equally glorious. When the Phillistines have bound us, scourged us, and put out our eyes, we will then call for the pillars, and like Samson, we will shake the house with our terrible shout, which shall not only fall DOWN the house, with all those on the roof, but totter many an edifice whose foreign location renders it apparently safe.

Hon. Thos. Van Buren, of Brooklyn, N. Y., speaks of backbiting people who stamp their enemies in a bag, shake their bags, and the sins of others in a bag before them.

Select Poetry.

LIGHT.

The following exquisite poem by William Pitt Dymmes, was some years ago pronounced by one of the most eminent of European critics, to be the finest production of the same length in our language:

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I grove him a rest for his Ethiop breast,
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its silver spars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And with the dyes of the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fiend's art on the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of its first born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accurs'd,
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the Ark's lone few, tried and true,
Came forth among the dead,
With the wondrous gleams of my bridal beams,
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll,
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
Where shepherds watched on the Bethlehem plains,
Their lonely vigils kept.
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright,
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Savior born—
Joy, joy to the outcast man!

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and the unjust I descend;
I kiss the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
Feel my smile the blest smile of a friend.
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of kings;
At the chrysallis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly's wings!

The dissolute morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the night hours chase the night from her flowers,
And lead the young day to her arms;
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for a lover,
And finds to her balmy repose,
I wrapt the soft rest by the zephyr fanned west,
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel sleep, by the night brooded deep,
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the brightest star of the mariner
Is blotted from out the sky;
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His compassless, dark, lonely, weltering bark,
To the haven home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
As they bask in their matinal sheen.
Oh! if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the Deity's smile!

OH, BE NOT THE FIRST!

Oh! be not the first to discover
A blot on the fame of a friend,
A flaw on the faith of a lover,
Whose heart may prove true to the end.

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
Then let us speak well of our brother,
Or speak not about him at all.

A smile or sigh may awaken
Suspicion most false and undue;
And thus our belief may be shaken
In hearts that are honest and true.

How often the light smile of gladness
Is worn by the friends that are met,
To cover a soul full of sadness,
Too proud to acknowledge defeat.

How often the sigh of dejection
Is heaved from the hypocrite's breast,
To parody truth and affection,
Of kill a suspicion to rest.

How often the friends we love dearest,
Their poorest emotions conceal;
And bosoms the purest, sincerest,
Have heaves they cannot reveal.

Leave base minds to harbor suspicion,
And midll ones to trace our defects
Let ours be a noble ambition,
For base is the mind that suspects.

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
Then let us speak well of our brother,
Or speak not about him at all.

PHRENOLOGICAL KARACKTER, by Mr. MARK MILLBERRY, Esq. *Given at the office of Prof. Josh. Billings, practical phrenologist, price* $1.

Amativeness—Bigg. Sticks out like a hornet's nest. You bought tew be able tew luv the hole human family with yure bump at once. Ye will never be a widdower long not only.

Philoprogenitiveness—Yu have got the natural. A splendid bump. It feels like a disembarkt bump, too. Many a man has got to be sociable with half yure bump.

Concentrativeness—Skeletonal, very much. Yu make a good wife, but tuff husband. I shud like to set on the woman. This bump wants poultricing.

Philoprogenitiveness—What a bump! I shud think yu cud cache lions and part, and chase the driver thru a mile, without many problems. Thunder and Lightning! what a bump! what a bump! Set harder, put his hat on this bump and your fortune made. What a bump!

Adhesiveness—Well developed. A generous bump. A forfin tew many men. Yu heart holds but little rizzen, if this bump don't go back on yu. Generous bump! Sounds mean! did when you feel like it. Bah. Well, hev many strongers for yure friendships than this bump gives yu credit.

The New York *Herald* says: "We abandon 'Old Abe' as a hopeless case. We have pulled him and we have praised him, and have helped him in every way but cash, yet no good has come of it." Well, we will try and do it.

Gold is again gradually going up.—On Saturday it was quoted at 157@159 in Philadelphia.

Much in Little.

——Heaven gives us enough when it gives us opportunity.

——The most common crafts on the sea of love are smacks.

——Faith is the ring of light around the eclipse we call death.

——Negligence is the rust of the soul that corrodes her best resolutions.

——Cleanliness of person is next to godliness; cleanliness of soul is godliness.

——A jester will often boast of, "a good hit," when, if it isn't all in his eye, it ought to be.

——Melancholy is the putrefaction of stagnant strife, and is remedied by exercise and motion.

——Talkers will refrain from evil speaking when listeners refrain from evil hearing.

——Listen to the flatterer who understands his trade, and then try to be what he says you are.

——Rain contributes vastly to the wealth of mankind. A fine shower in dry weather will always 'down with the dust.'

——Don't undertake to use big words without first being sure as to the exact calibre of your mouth.

——The habit of snuff-taking seizes and holds its victim by the nose as St. Dunstan did the Devil.

——Why is a rudder of a steamboat like a public hangman? Because it has a stern duty to perform.

——A lady describing an ill-tempered man says, 'He never smiles but he feels ashamed of it.'

——Sportsmen must remember that any one killing a patridge after the first of January is liable to a fine of five dollars.

——Consider rather the consequence of an argument than the consequence of who delivers it.

——Some people's heads are externally, like churches, the bump of self esteem on the top representing the steeple.

——An honest man heeds his bond. No bond can bind a dishonest one unless fastened to his scales or stables.

——It is evident from the history of woman's creation, say what you will for her, that she is only a side-issue.

——Some men keep savage dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

——Admit that horse races improve the breed of horses, it may be a fair question whether they improve the breed of men.

——Because you can't get all you want don't neglect what you can get. Squeeze out of the world all that there is in it.

——A fellow with a pug nose may be as unnatural as he pleases. As nature has snubbed him, he has a right to snub Nature.

——The Newark Daily *Mercury* one of the most vituperative of the radical Republican papers of New Jersey, has died the death of the wicked.

——The Portland *Argus* says, the 'President's last proclamation is a serious muddle. He purposes to form States exclusively of pardoned criminals and niggers.

——The condition of a nation may depend upon one man's stomach, from pickled salmon and cucumber pay bright fresh to a desolating war.

——A lady looks older for not confessing how old she is. If she never allows her age to be upon her tongue, it will show all the more in her face.

——A disloyal exchange paper says that, according to President Lincoln's amnesty proclamation, whole States may be brought into the Union under the government of negroes?

——It is said that a flea can draw fifteen times its weight. A little man is stronger, generally drawing a hundred others after it, each perhaps bigger than itself.

——It is published as a religious fact that the Secessists have all their praying done by machinery. But praying matches seem quite common everywhere.

——Don't try to be always spot the whip with the Angels, though wearing heavenly pinions, choose to descend and dound upon Jacob's ladder.

——Rich men have cattle and sheep upon a thousand hills, but many poor dogs have corn and potatoes in several thousands.

——The State of Illinois claims to have the largest or known stone the World. He is five years old, forty inches high, thirteen and a half feet in length, and weighs thirty-six hundred pounds.

——At the 22d ult. [illegible] meeting at Cooper Institute, Rev. Dr. Bellows, a Yankee Unitarian Minister, said—that Almighty and not the President of the United States, is author of the Proclamation of Emancipation! Indeed, strange to say, there are people in New York who go to hear such a blaspheming creature preach!

TORTURE-PEN IN NEW-YORK CITY.

It may surprise some of our staid and generous-hearted citizens to know that for some weeks past a torture-pen, worse than the Black Hole of Calcutta, and equalled only by the most abhorrent cells and dungeons of the ancient inquisitions of Spain, has been in full operation in the very "city of this city" of New-York, immediately in front of the City Hall and within a few rods of the statue of Washington. In this place fifty-eight soldiers were confined, suffering last night, and the abominable history of their condition can hardly be imagined, even by the few who have seen them. That part of the barracks built in Park row, has been used by the provost marshal for some time past for the confinement of deserters and other prisoners under military rule. Near the Broadway end of it a portion has been boarded and partitioned up so as to make a perfect cage, twenty feet and [illegible] long and fifteen feet wide. The outsides are boarded up tight, air-tight, and the inner side is fitted slats about three inches wide, with intervals of two inches between them. In this pen, more like the cage of a wild animal and not half so clean, are thrown the prisoners that are caught by the provost marshal's detectives and there they are compelled to stay, gasping with the intolerable stench that arises from the unclean prison, and actually lying upon each other in heaps, for want of sufficient room upon the floor. There are no beds of any kind, except that the undermost of the crowd are obliged to sustain the weight of those who lie upon them in this pile of humanity. Some have blankets, but they are almost unnecessary, as the vaporous heat arises, stifling and suffocating to any one who comes in from the fresh outer air. The place is also reeking in dirt and vermin, and the intolerable stench must in a very short time destroy the physical constitution, as the situation must all self-respect and morals of every one who enters in a prisoner that occurred hole. Just inside the cage is a stove that heats the confined atmosphere to a terrible temperature. Our reporter visited this place last night to see whether the rumors that had reached him were true, and found that the half had not been told. Captain Sieber, who is in command of the prisoners, was not present, but the officers who were in charge refused to denouncing this method of treatment as a shame to humanity. Their reflections were called to an item in the Post which read thus:

"A part of the old Park Barracks is now used a prison for the detention of soldiers who arrest for various infractions of military discipline, and thoroughly paid by the whitewashed sepulchers. Little thought of the suffering within."

In a cage twenty feet two inches long and fifteen feet wide, boarded up on three sides, with the other arrayed with slats, like the hyena in the menagerie, fifty-five men are now confined, without banks, or beds, or any accommodation whatever, but the floor. At night, [illegible] on the floor with their heads on each other's breasts. This, with the most [illegible] spoon arrangement, accommodates for [illegible]. The rest are brought out and chained around a tree.

These men have been in there just being some as long as two months, for the red tape, is to be spun by the [illegible] tiously and dread which is [illegible]. It is a disgrace to humanity and to the age."

On asked if it was exaggerated, he replied that it was not only true, but the state of things had been even worse. Said one of the detectives, "We have had [illegible] seventy men in that very cage." When it was first made, months ago, it was strong large enough for the small number then in it; but lately they have got to sending us prisoners from the Invalid Corps and from the hospitals. Sometimes the [illegible] to take them out and chain them [illegible] they may find room to lie upon the ground." It is also stated that Captain Sieber has again and again reported this state of affairs to the Provost Marshal General Fry, but nothing has yet been done to make the condition of these men one in which there is a chance for them to maintain the [illegible] comparative degree of health. It [illegible] sickening spectacle to see prisoners [illegible] and lying dead upon another, in [illegible] and wretchedness, and sickening indeed to catch a breath of the fetid air [illegible] the whole vicinity of the prison cage, in the interior of the barracks. This cage, it was stated, has hardly been cleaned [illegible] months, as the dampness would not dry so that the prisoners could be put in it [illegible] at night."

A GLORIOUS CREATURE.

She was a glorious creature—[illegible] a [illegible] of the rough thing she [illegible] drawing a silken train. Her robe was very costly, her train was very long, and [illegible] nating demarkation swelled out [illegible] thing giddle swelle and [illegible] the pavement, as she swept on who [illegible] taverns and corners of the street.

And thus promenaded through many [illegible] squares, astonishing the people with her grand and lofty aire. But at length [illegible] train grew heavy and with labor we [illegible] streets, while her garment, like a [illegible] dockins, belonging of the road. Oh she struggled till she fainted, her train [illegible] quite around, and two neat-at-hand [illegible] and tried to bear her from the pavement. But, though well and able bodied, [illegible] strength was all in vain; they could [illegible] gentle damsel, but they couldn't [illegible] train. At last her skirts was lifted [illegible] terrible mess by weltering there, [illegible] the frame of the lady fair.

There were quids of tobacco and [illegible] of segars, "old segers" that surely [illegible] "been through the wars"—a dead rat and a [illegible] carcass, an old "degertype," [illegible] lives spiders, and pieces of [illegible] all [illegible] together with foulest air—a pretty [illegible] appendage to an elegant skirt!

They lifted her tenderly—handling [illegible] care—on her lady's back and sent her home, and it is to be hoped she will not again be guilty of promenading in he evening.

Punch says:—Mrs. Partington wants to know why the Americans [illegible] imitate the French in the last [illegible] anything else. Why not submit [illegible] to arbitration? She is sure [illegible] ambiguity enough for anything.

—Wendell Phillips is [illegible] slavery is dead until he sees it. The New Haven Register says: "[illegible] he will see it buried in the [illegible] hundred pay day.

——There may be occasions [illegible] for women to hear; he knows [illegible] his wife all.