

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

"TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHT."—Thomas Jefferson.

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NEW SERIES,

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North Branch Democrat.

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DR. J. C. CORSELIUS, HAVING LOCATED AT THE FALLS, WILL promptly attend all calls in the line of his profession—may be found at Beemer's Hotel, when not professionally absent. Falls, Oct. 10, 1861.

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Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wyoming that they have located at Meshoppen, where they will promptly attend to all calls in the line of their profession. May be found at his Drug Store when not professionally absent.

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Respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Tunkhannock and vicinity. He can be called in the line of his profession—may be found at his Drug Store, or at his residence on Putnam Street.

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WALL'S HOTEL, LATE AMERICAN HOUSE, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

THIS establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House.

T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor. Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL, MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA.

RILEY WARNER, Prop'r.

HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no effort to render the house an agreeable place of sojourn for all who may favor it with their patronage.

RILEY WARNER. September 11, 1861.

MAYNARD'S HOTEL, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING COUNTY, PENNA.

JOHN MAYNARD, Proprietor.

HAVING taken the Hotel, in the Borough of Tunkhannock, recently occupied by Riley Warner, the proprietor respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. The House has been thoroughly repaired, and the comforts and accommodations of a first class Hotel, will be found by all who may favor it with their custom. September 11, 1861.

M. GILMAN,

DENTIST.

M. GILMAN has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.

ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post Office. Dec. 11, 1861.

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SUBPOENAS

EXECUTIONS

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Miscellaneous.

AFTER ALL!

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

He had been a bachelor for forty years, this same Mr. Ellis Harvey, about whom I am writing a story, and he was known among his friends as a "very particular" man, and "hard to please," which last phrase generally means one thing—hard to please in a matrimonial way.

He was sitting before a blazing coal-fire, thinking how distantly cold it must be outside; and he was eating very leisurely his late dinner, and thinking how excessively comfortable it was in his sanctum, when the door opened, and a tall, stylish lady, whose likeness to himself spoke her relationship, came sweeping in.

"Ellis!" she exclaimed, at dinner? Why, it is nine o'clock, and I am ready for the ball at Mrs. Jameson's."

"So I perceive, he said, lazily, looking at her sately figure in its rich evening dress.—"I cannot go for an hour, Hattie, so sit down and be comfortable. Ten o'clock is early enough, just right for a sensation."

"But what makes you dine at this hour?" "I was detained, and gave Mrs. Smith directions to wait for me. Let me offer you something."

"You savage! You want a wife, Ellis, to keep you in order. If Mrs. Harvey ruled the house, you would have to come to your dinner at a civilized hour."

"Let us be thankful then that she does not rule the house! Where is Lawrence?" "In Washington! Went this morning, which accounts for my calling for you. But, Ellis, seriously, do you never intend to give me a sister? I gave you Lawrence for a brother years ago, and as there are only you and I left in the family, it is but fair you should return the favor. You are getting old, too, sir!"

"Am I? How? Hair turning?" "No, you conceited fellow, you are as handsome as ever; but you grow more fussy and bachelory every day. Smith spoils you!"

"Smith gives me all the comforts of a married man, and none of the bother. I will wager that Lawrence himself is not better cared for than I am."

"But, Ellis, surely you intend to marry some time?" "Oh, yes! if I ever find anybody to suit me!"

"There is Fannie Hays, you were very attentive to her at one time."

"Hattie," said Ellis, solemnly, "she paints, I saw it come off, one warm evening, on her handkerchief. Don't tell, but it is a fact!—I was so glad I had not actually proposed."

"Well, Ellis, I am sure Jane Hunter didn't paint!"

"But, Hattie, she was so fearfully ugly.—I tried in vain to be sensible and prefer mind, intellect, and talent, to mere beauty; but she was so frightfully strong-minded, and made such terrific speeches about equal rights and male tyranny, that she fairly frightened me away."

"Well, Louise Holden was not strong-minded!"

"Milk and water!" said Ellis, contemptuously.

"Any Hill?" "Dressed so shockingly. Venus herself could not look well in an enormous red and green plaid, with a blue bonnet. Ugh!"

"Mary Willis had exquisite taste in dress."

"But she had such a voice! She addressed you with tender eloquence, and told her most cherished secrets in the voice of a fish woman crying shad."

"Well, Ellis, one more. Welhelmina Lee!"

"Ah! Hattie, there I was touched. Beauty, talent, feminine graces, every attraction; but she lived next door to a grocery store;"

"Now, Ellis, what could that have to do with it?"

"It was in the summer, and we were at the open parlor window. I was just on the point of offering myself, when the wind blew a strong whiff of salt mackerel between us. You know my aversion to mackerel. The smell made me sick, and I forgot sentiment left, and the next day Moore proposed and was accepted."

"You had better have a wife made to order, Ellis Particular, for I am sure the paragon does not exist who will fill your ideas of Mrs. Harvey. I shouldn't wonder if you married Smith, after all."

"Not a bit of danger. If I ever marry, my wife must be refitted in manner, lady-like in appearance, pretty enough to escape the charge of positive ugliness, at least thirty years of age, and of good birth and position."

"And with sufficient good taste to appreciate your condescension and say, 'Yes, if you will be good enough to have me,' when you propose. Come, you have finished your dinner. Go dress yourself."

Six hours later Ellis was a doomed man.—How it came about he never knew. After all his resolutions never to marry in haste, to weigh well all her perfections and imperfections before addressing any lady; in fact, to walk slowly and deliberately into a

cool, sensible state of affection, he suddenly found himself deeply in love. One look, one word, and he was gone.

"Miss Lois Jones, (he hated the name of Jones,) let me introduce Mr. Harvey. He bowed to Miss Jones, and looked at her.

A little delicate figure, a pair of soft blue eyes, a maze of white lace, and a tiny, delicately gloved hand. These were the first impressions. A voice, low and sweet, modulated like music, well chosen phrases, and a modest yet self-possessed manner, and a graceful deportment finished the fascination.

In a sort of misty pleasure, Ellis waltzed with this wee fairy who had somehow come right into his heart, whose door he fancied so strongly fortified. He called, and found his fascinator in a neat wrapper, teaching two little sisters grammar. He learned that her father was a wholesale grocer, and found she had three strong-minded sisters. He spent a week with her married brother on a country farm, and breakfasted every day on salt mackerel, because she sat opposite to him and did the same. He helped her over a stile when her wrapper was green and her sun-bonnet blue, while a red shawl of her sister's hung over her arm. He heard her scream with terror over her little nephew who fell into the horse pond, and dragged her out, with the boy in her arms, when she faintly sprang in after him. He never noticed that a shriek is not melodious. He saw her lovely face covered with mosquito bites, and he knew that the whiteness over them was powder, and yet—and yet—he never knew how, he proposed, was accepted, and, as Hattie said, "Married a darling little chit of sixteen AFTER ALL!"

"Wal," said the Kernel, "Major, I wish I could see how it is that the Constitution don't apply to niggers just as much as to white men." "Wal," said the Kernel, "you don't look at the Constitution thru constitutional spectacles. That Chicago Platform bothers you."

"Now," said I, "Kernel, of I'll make you a Constitutional Telescope will you promise me to use it? If you will, it will be about as good a guide to you as ef I staid here all summer myself." "Wal," said I, "it will show 'the Constitution as it is, an the Union as it was.'" "When I spoke of this, Linkin sed he'd be tickled eneamost to death ef I would make him one. So I told him I could do it in one day, an that although I was very anxious to get hum, yet I'd fix this up before I started. So I jest went to my room and began to plan. I had a pair of old spectacles which General Jackson give me, an I knew that the glasses were jest as sound constitutional glasses as were ever looked thru. So I took 'em out of the cases, and got a magnifying glass and put 'em in 'em an fixed 'em in a long narrow box. It took me about all day before I got it finished.

When it was all done, I looked thru it, an you never see such a glorious site. I could see just as ef it was the hull Union layin out before me. There was the Stars and Stripes, an the eagle, and thirty millions of white people, all happy and contented, an joy an prosperity smilin everywhere. An the sky seemed to be bendin down so as to almost tech the earth, an away up in the clouds I could see rais of light streamin forth, and I thought I could even see the angl' robes of Washington, an Jefferson, an Madison, an the old General lookin down, an rite over the hull was the words, "Glory and Peace," in grate big letters. It was raley beautiful. I got a lookin at it an forgot all about myself, in a sort of reverie, and wen I cum, to I found I'd been cryin, because you see, that was the Union as it was, an not as it is now. In fact, wen I got awake I found it was eneamost pitch dark, an so Linkin couldn't look thru the Telescope that nite. Then I got a piece of chalk, an marked in "Linkin Telescope," and took it to him.

"There," said I, "Kernel, that Telescope is done an to-morrow you kin take a look at the Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is."

"Wal," said I, "ef that's all, then here goes." So I got my spectacles and a quill pen, fir I never rite with any of the new fangled kinds, and I jest rote out "Major Jack Downing" in a stile that made the feller stare. "Mr. Adams, you have some awful poor ritters among the fellers you deal with, but I ain't ashamed of that ritin any where."

The chap he looked at it a moment and then he looked at me, and finally says he "Bully for you," and in a jiffy he was off, without even shakin hands or sayin good by.

After he was gone I took the bottle into Linkin's room and opened it. "Now," said I, "Kernel, let's try this licker." "Wal," said he, "Major, I'm a good judge of Borebon, for it comes from my old State of Kentuck." "Wen Linkin saw the name on the bottle, "Mr. Cotton, 306 Washington street, N. Y., ses he, "Major do you think that this is loyal wiskey?" "Why," ses I, "Kernel, what makes you ask that questshin?" "Wal," ses he, "don't you see the man's name is Cotton?" "Now," ses I, "Kernel, what an idea that is! Don't you suppose it would be dangerous for him to live down in Secesh

where they are burning cotton as fast as they kin?" "Wal, never mind the name, Major, let us taste of the whiskey. I can soon tell whether it's loyal or not." So I opened the bottle and poured out some, and the Kernel took a good swig. I also took a snifter, and we both pronounced it a No. 1 licker, and loyal too.

"Now," ses I, "Kernel, can you tell me why this whiskey is like the Constitution of the United States?" "No," ses he, "I don't see any similarity." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, this whiskey was made for White Men just as the Constitution was." "Wal," ses he, "Major, how do you know it was made for white men?" "Wal," ses I, "it is jest as plain to me as daylight. You see, Kernel, the licker agrees with you. It tastes good. It won't hurt you; in a word, it corresponds with nature. That's a sign it was made for you.—Jest so it was with the Constitution. It applies to white men exactly, and they've always got along together with it fast rate.—Now you give this whiskey to the niggers, and they get drunk on it, and cut up all sorts of scrapes, but white men, whom it was made for, know jest how to use it, and it don't do them any hurt. Jest so with the Constitution; you apply it to niggers and it is jest as bad for 'em as whiskey. They don't know how to use it, an they'll destroy everything, an make themselves an everybody else ten times worse off."

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throughout his life, up to the very hour of his death, we find the ultra wing of the Black Republican party of Philadelphia passing a resolution implying that if Douglas were alive, he would now be acting with that ultra portion of that ultra party! We know not how a greater reproach could have been cast upon the dead priot. It is placing him in the same category with Forney!—Evening Journal

At the meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee, held the 29th ult the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Chairman call upon the loyal men of Pennsylvania, through the Democratic Standing Committees of the several counties, to meet in the several cities and counties of the State, at such places as shall be designated by the said standing Committees respectively, on the 17th of September next, to celebrate that day as the anniversary of the day of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States.

Pursuant to these resolutions, I call upon the Democratic Standing Committees respectively in the several cities and counties of Pennsylvania to request the Democrats and all other loyal citizens to convene in mass meetings at such places and at such hours as they respectively may designate, on the 17th of September next, to commemorate the adoption of the Constitution of the United States of America.

Since the 17th of September, 1787, there has been no period in the history of America when it was so eminently fitting and important as the present to bring to the attention of the American people great fundamental principles, which must underlie any Government, where civil and religious liberty exist, and especially those that underlie the Government of this Union—a Union which rests for its foundation upon that Constitution which affirms and proposes to make sacred and perpetual those principles. That Constitution and that Union one and inseparable—are now assailed by foes throughout the whole land, by Secessionists in the South and Abolitionists in the North. The former by a bold organized armed movement, strike directly and avowedly at the whole sovereignty and existence of our Constitutional Government. The latter by equally direct efforts but from under the cloak of recently declared friendship and patriotism, are seeking to thrust their traitorous stilettes into the heart's blood of the nation.

The people of this land are the possessors of all power. They made Constitutions, and they can, and (unless they would become the victims of despotism or anarchy) must uphold them. The great fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty asserted in the American Constitution are essential to secure us in the enjoyment of life and property, and in the pursuit of happiness. Among these are the freedom of speech and of the Press, the right of the people peaceably to assemble, the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures, that no warrant shall issue but upon probable cause supported by oath or affirmation, that no person shall be held to answer for a capital or other infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury except in cases arising in the land and naval forces, or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger, that no citizen shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law that in all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State or District where the crime shall have been committed, which District shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation to be confronted with the witnesses against him, to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defence.—That the powers not delegated to the United States, by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

Among the powers not delegated to the United States, but reserved to the States respectively, or to the people, as the right to hold elections and to determine upon and fix the qualifications of voters. With the people of Pennsylvania this great right is fixed by the Constitution, of the State, and no power but that Constitution, had laws enacted in pursuance thereof can prohibit the exercise of, or limit or restrain that right—a right most inestimable to our people, and formidable to tyrants only.

Fellow countrymen, on the coming anniversary of the day of the adoption of the American Constitution, in the exercise of the right of the people peaceably to assemble, let us all solemnly and reverently, in the face of all men and before Heaven, declare our firm determination "to pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred, honors," "to preserve protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." Let us afford to President Lincoln the most indubitable evidence, that in the observance of his oath of office to do the same thing, we will uphold and support him, just as readily as we have already shown him the in filling up from our ranks the great bulk of the army, now and heretofore in the field, we have always been ready at whatever sacrifice to strike down open and

Excuse this long letter, and believe me Yours till death, MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

SLANDERING THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

The Republican Convention, held in this city on Monday, passed the following resolution, as a bait to catch gudgeons:—

Resolved, That we recognize not only the loyalty of the organization known as the "People's Party," but that of all Democratic citizens who, like the late Senator Douglas, gave their cordial and unqualified support to the Government in its efforts to put down rebellion, and desire that they also be fully represented on any ticket this Convention may adopt.

This affectionate reference to Douglas by men who, for ten years previous to his death, spent their days and nights in reviling him, would be amusing if it were not infamously hypocritical. But in one respect this resolution assumes a more serious character. It implies that, if living, Douglas would join the Black Republicans, and subscribe to their plan of "supporting the Government in its efforts to put down the rebellion." This is, virtually, charging that lamented statesman with an inclination to plunder the treasury, arm the Southern slaves, annihilate a dozen or more State Governments, and ruin the country.—We regard this as a vile slander upon the illustrious dead, unwarranted by anything ever said or done by Douglas. His whole record attests his bitter hatred of the principles of this party, which after traducing him as a traitor for years, now, that he is dead is, claiming him as its own.

Even at the very threshold of the world to which his spirit has departed, he desired that his children should be taught to love the Constitution which these Republicans repudiate, and which some of their leaders declare to be "a covenant with death and a league with hell," and, in his last public speech, he denounced the policy of the Republican party in respect to arming the slaves. He was for the preservation of the Union, but declared that "savages must not be let loose" upon the women and children of the South. On the 3d of January, 1861, Mr. Douglas, in the U. S. Senate declared and proved the Republicans to be responsible for the failure of Crittenden's Compromise. He said:—

"I believe this to be a fair basis of amicable adjustments. If you of the Republican side are not willing to accept this, nor the proposition of the Senator from Kentucky, [Mr Crittenden,] pray tell us what you are willing to do?"

"I address the inquiry to Republicans alone, for the reason that in the Committee of Th