

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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RILEY WARNER.
September 11, 1861.

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September 11, 1861.

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Miscellaneous.

Mr. Smith's Seaside Sojourn.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Paul George Washington Smith shut up the novel he had been reading, and his sallow face grew luminous with the light of a new idea.

"Ma," said he to an ancient lady who was darning stockings near him—"I am going to visit the seashore."

"Good gracious, Paul! go to the seashore! Well, I never! why that's the place where Lucy Billings' Sam got drowned, when I was a gal! You mustn't think of such a thing as going!"

"But I tell you I'm bound to go! Julien Heplanter St. Roque, the hero of this book that I've been reading, spent all his summers by the sea, and at last, he married one of the finest women there with a coach and four, and a million of dollars! They got acquainted at one of those large hotels that are advertised in the Chronicle! And I mean to go too! I may be as lucky as Julien was!"

"Lord love you, Paul! you're nothing but a boy yet! Why you haint got the least speck of a beard! I hope you haint begun to think about a wife!"

"If I haven't any beard, I have a moustache," replied Paul, affectionately stroking a microscopic yellow down on his upper lip.

"Don't, Paul, call that a moustache! why it haint longer than the hair on a cricket's gnat toe, and it looks exactly as if you'd rubbed a buttercup over your upper lip!"

"Ma, you insult me!"

"No, sonny, dear; ma never would do that! but what on earth do you want to go to the seashore for?"

"For what other people go, to be sure.—For my health, and to improve my appetite."

"For massy's sakes! don't go anywheres to get more of an appetite than you've got now! That last barrel of beef is more'n half gone already, and there haint ten pounds of flour in the house! You have got an awful appetite, Paul!"

"Supposing I have? you needn't be continually flinging out at a fellow about his appetite; and mind you, now, I shall go, and I shall want fifty dollars to pay my expenses!"

Paul, as usual, carried the day. He was an only child, consequently he was spoiled. At nineteen, he was as verdant a specimen of humanity as one ever saw. His bump of self-esteem was most wonderfully developed, and he labored under the impression that every young lady he met was "dead in love with him."

For the rest, he was about an average with other youths of his age; possessed the usual quota of sentimentality; sported long soap locks, and as flaming waistcoats, as any other man; and talked of himself and his experience with a coolness absolutely refreshing.

Behold him, one fine July morning enroute for Long Beach, and Seaview House.—Clad in his best suit of blue, with bright buttons; his pink necktie in a bow knot, his linnen colored kids tight as his skin—his pockets full of doughnuts; and a rope by which to let himself down from the window of his chamber, in case of fire.

Paul's "caution" was large, and he had no idea of being burned alive.

That ride by railway was a great event.—He carried his blue hat box on his lap, and sat on his valise, lest somebody should appropriate them while he was looking from his window.

He passed an uncomfortable day. When he arrived at the Seaview House, he astonished everybody by the appetite he displayed, and the evident fear in which he stood concerning his box and valise, which he had placed on the floor by his side.

At last, he was safely ensconced in a room of his own, where after having peeped under the bed, examined the closet, and pulled out the bureau drawers, to make sure that there were no hidden murderers, or trap doors, like those his favorite novels told of—he composed himself to sleep.

The next day, a merry company of young men hoping for some amusement from Paul's verdancy—invited him to accompany them on a fishing excursion, down the bay that afternoon. Paul was mortally afraid of water; but when told that two fine young ladies would be of the party, his fears vanished, and he accepted the invitation.

He ate an unusually large dinner—there was fish of all kinds, cooked in every desirable manner—and Paul was remarkably fond of fish.

At two, the party set out. Miss Bly and Miss Merrick were charming—particularly Miss Bly, who took Paul under her especial charge, and very nearly burst her stay lacing in consequence of the laughter she was obliged to smother.

A half mile out, the water began to get a little rough—and Paul's head got strangely unsteady, and gravitating from side to side. He was obliged to hold on to the boat's side with both hands, and then he found it slightly difficult to remain an erect position.

As the water grew rougher, Miss Bly pretended to be afraid.

"Oh, dear Mr. Smith!" cried she, "what if the boat should upset? You wouldn't let me drown, would you?"

"No!" cried Paul, frantically, his teeth chattering with fear—"Lord! what was that we struck? Wasn't it a sunken reef?"

"Likely enough. They are very numerous here. Dear me! I am so nervous!—You are sure you can swim, Mr. Smith?"

"Ah—yes—that is—I used to see the Ricker boys swim. I can do something at the business, if the water isn't too deep."

"How deep do you swim in?"

"Well—I—that is, I shouldn't like to venture in more than eighteen inches!" stammered Paul—who had never been in anything of the aquatic line more formidable than a bathing tub.

"My hero! and you would peril your life to save mine?"

"I would, fairest lady! 'but oh—ah, dear Miss Bly, haintn't we better ask those fellows to turn back? It looks to me like a squall! And the wind rises! Oh dear—how I feel to my stomach!"

"Perhaps your dinner distresses you?"

"No—I guess not—I didn't eat very hearty. Ma wanted me to take a box of Brandreth's pills with me! I wish I had—I—I don't feel exactly well."

And simultaneously, poor Paul leaned over the gunwale of the boat, and gave back his fishes to the element from which they were taken.

His head was singularly unsteady, and his strength of little account—he thought himself dying; and just at that moment, a lurch of the boat pitched him head foremost into the waves! In falling, he caught the skirt of Miss Bly's dress, and clung to it, uttering the wildest shrieks, until one of the gentlemen seized him by his long hair and drew him on board.

Paul knew but very little about the luck they had in fishing—his bath completely stupefied him, and for two days, he kept his room and his appetite. On the third day, he emerged, and the landlord groaned mentally at sight of the dearth one meat created in his premises. It seemed as if Paul's stomach reached to the very end of nowhere!

For three days, our hero was deep in a flirtation with Miss Bly; during which he had been made the victim of more practical jokes than he had fingers and toes. At the end of that time, there was a new arrival.—Paul stood on the piazza when the carriage, drawn by two white horses, was driven to the door. He felt that his destiny was inside that glittering equipage; and he put his hand on his heart lest it should jump out, and go to meet its counterpart before the proper time arrived.

The lady who descended from the carriage, was certainly beautiful enough to be the destiny of Mr. Smith, or of any other respectable gentleman; and the splendor of her dress, and the queenly grace of her bearing, convinced our hero that she was both noble and wealthy.

She registered her name as Adelaide Delaroché; and engaged the finest suite of rooms in the hotel.

Paul was dying to speak to her—he was sure she was in love with him, for at first sight of her, she had smiled, and put her handkerchief to her face—she was so pure and modest!

He worshipped her already.

An opportunity of forming her acquaintance soon occurred. She went to walk one morning; a little dog belonging to a southern gentleman, presumed to look at her.—Paul was near at hand, and rushing forward he gave the poor little cur such a blow that the bark and the breath were both knocked out of his body together.

"Lady!" he cried, "I have saved thee!—What reward wilt thou give me?"

She smiled, and threw him a quarter.

"I hope you haint hurt the little fellow," she said, kindly—"he was only in sport, I think."

"I'll teach you to strike my dog!" cried the master of that quadruped, advancing from the house—"You lean legged, up country gander! There, take that!" and he flung our luckless hero over the fence into a clay pit, where a couple of Irishmen were making bricks.

Pat and his friend naturally took him for the ghost of their patron saint—and by way of welcome, threw a volley of wet clay at him, and took to their heels in affright.

Paul picked himself up—skulked about in the bushes till dark, and then made his way to his chamber, where by the aid of water, soap, and preserving friction, he succeeded in making himself somewhat more presentable.

He was well assured now, that the beautiful Adelaide loved him. She had looked at him so kindly, and had seen how much he had risked for her sake! He determined to waste no time in avowing his love, and winning her promise to be his.

The fates were propitious. That very evening, he found her alone in the parlor, and entering, he seated himself by her side. She drew away a little—maiden modesty, Paul thought—he followed her up, and took her hand.

"Most adorable of women!" cried he, using as near as he could recollect the precise language of Julien St. Roque, on a similar occasion—"divine Adelaide! Let me bear thee from this cold and cruel world away to my sylvan home, to be forever mine!"

Adelaide, who had from the first, taken our hero to be a youth whose brain was turned—endeavored to reply gently, so as not to excite him.

"Release my hand, good sir. It is too late this evening for conversation. Allow me to bid you good-night."

"No, I will not leave you! I love you!—You must be mine! I shall do something desperate if you refuse! I fear not death, nor dread the grave! Life to me is nothing without thy love! Let me press one kiss upon thy rosy cheek!"

The lady shrieked—the door was flung open, and a tall fierce looking gentleman strode in. The lady rushed toward him—

"Oh Edward! my husband! save me!—this crazy man was trying to kiss me!"

Edward seized a chair, and made at the terrified lover, who retreated up the stairs as fast as his long legs would carry him. His retreat was a masterly one, and Edward succeeded only in putting himself dreadfully out of order, and smashing the hall chandelier with his chair, for which little bit of amusement, he had the satisfaction of paying the landlord of the Seaview House the sum of seventy-five dollars.

As might have been expected, our hero was terrified nearly to death. His Adelaide was evidently married to a Blue Beard, and now that he had offended the terrible monster, his life was not worth a cent's purchase. His resolution was taken. He would not remain at the seashore another night. The rope that his mother had given him to use in case of fire, might come in play now.

He tied his hat box and valise to it, and let them down to the ground, then fastening the other end of the cord to his bedstead, he "climbed" down to terra firma himself. Then seizing his baggage, he set out upon the run, and at daybreak next morning, weak and exhausted, with a tremendous appetite, he sunk to the floor in his ma's kitchen.

He has neither been to the seashore, nor in love since.—*Gleason's Literary Companion.*

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INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

The scenes of the battle-field are both touching and interesting.

While the engagement goes on and a man here and there falls, one wounded and another dead, the dead body is left lying in the position in which it fell, the soldier sometimes grasping his half-loaded musket and ramrod, or loaded and aiming as if to again discharge it; another dying after a few minutes, or an hour's consciousness, with hands clasped or any little keepsake lying upon his bosom, as if his last word and breath had been a prayer for the loved ones away.

The wounded, if their injuries are slight are allowed to walk away, or, if more serious, one or two comrades lay down their arms and lead him off, until met by the stretcher-bearers, when the are laid upon the stretcher and taken to the ambulance in waiting in a protected spot, to take them to the place selected as a temporary hospital, where Surgeons are in attendance to receive them.

Here, then, come the trying scenes.—The physician discriminates between those mortally wounded and those who will probably live, and the operations are affecting in the extreme.

One mortally wounded soldier asks: "Doctor, what do you think of my case; is it dangerous?" With a feeling which brings tears to the eyes of men of the stoutest hearts, the Doctor replies, both for the surgeon and the spiritual adviser, that there is little or no hope, and earnestly makes the same inquiry.

Major Barnum, of the Twelfth New York, was mortally wounded, and while lying breathing his last a friend asked him if he had any message, to which he replied; "Tell my wife that in my last thoughts were blended my wife, my boy and my flag." He asked of the physician how the battle went, and when told that it was favorable to us, he said: "God bless the old flag—and expired with the prayer finishing inaudibly with his closing lips. A braver officer never urged his men to gallantry."

I met one soldier with a ball through his leg and bleeding to death surely and rapidly.

"Oh," said he, "what will Mrs. Ellis and Jennie do? Poor William is dead—how his mother and sister loved him.—And he would not have enlisted if I had not. O dear, O dear!"

And beseeching me to take a message to them, said: "Poor Mrs. Ellis; poor me, I have no mother and sister to weep for me; I might as well fight those wicked rebels as not."

Another, shot through the lungs, clasped a locket to his breast, and moved his lips till I put down my ear and listened for his last breath:

"You'll tell her, won't you?"

Tell who or where I could not ask; but the locket was the picture of one who might be wife sweetheart or sister.

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON THE ADMINISTRATION.

Our people have suffered the Administration in Washington to go almost as they would, without criticism or responsibility. This has been a mistaken kindness. The people are just as much the source of proper influences in the administration of Government as they are the source of those powers by which governments exist at all.

Nor is it even right of safe to allow any body of men in the administration to do as they think best. They are to be watched, their policy discussed, their mistakes exposed and their selfishness and imbecility rebuked. The almost universal silence of newspapers and popular assemblies upon government policy, for fear that the Government might be embarrassed, has damaged the administration. It is meant for kindness, but it is cruelty. De Toqueville said, "that all governments would let them be." Power is not any safer in the hands of the men now holding the reins at Washington than in any other equal number of honest men. Power corrupts. It burns like fire.

It is time that the dangerous silence of this country were broken, and that papers and popular assemblies spoke out, spoke often, and spoke effectually. To be sure, there is danger of faction, and of embarrassing the Government. But we must take the risk. Silence breeds worse dangers than discussion. Corrupt men like to burrow and plot when it is deemed unwise to debate matters.

In the first place, we have a right to demand of the Government the enunciation of a clear policy; or, if they have none, we have a right to know that, in order that one may be supplied to them by the people. To be sure, we are to put down the rebellion; to maintain the Constitution and the Laws; to bring back the States to their allegiance. These are good words. But what meet is in them? Every child knows that to end this war involves other questions than merely those of military strategy.

The most serious political questions; the most new and vital civil policies, are as much concerned in the ending of the war as is the sword. Every nation on the globe knows—but our own—that the gist of this war is slavery. This is the pivot on which the whole history turns. A clear, bold, frank enunciation of government policy on that subject will go far towards settling the public mind. The Administration have seemed to shrink from the question. If Mr. Lincoln wishes the country to settle it let him say so. If however, it be taken for granted that it is the business of the Administration and of Congress to mark out the line of policy, let that be said. And then let it be also done.

The Government seems to us to be in the position of men who don't know what to do, and are afraid that the people will find it out. There seems to us to be a disposition in Washington to settle this great question of the right of a people to their whole country, not on principles but on policy; and not upon a high policy, but upon a narrow and mean one. We are pained to say that the men in Washington have been considering what they will do after the war is over, rather than in bringing the war, to a close.

It has been the fashion to shut up every paper that criticises these things with the declaration—"What do you know about war? We take the ground that the method and conduct of the war are just as much within the province of the intelligent public as any other national interest. A people that are competent to form their own laws, shape their courts, to discuss their domestic and foreign policy—who debate tariff, finance, State and every intricate principle of Government, are competent to discuss war. It is too late for any profession to make its functions a mystery too deep for the common people, and to be handled only by professional experts.

This is the common people's war. They furnish the men, the money and the enthusiasm of patriotism. They can understand war. They ought to understand it. It is treason to their right to assume the contrary. Are six lawyers in a cabinet any better fit to discuss military procedure than as many honest men of equal intelligence out of the cabinet? What has Mr. Lincoln's education done for him, more than ours for us, to fit him to judge of military affairs?

It is said that the cry "On to Richmond" brought the country to the verge of ruin, and shows what mischief may be done by meddling!

No. It was not the cry, but the silence which followed it, that did the mischief.—That march should have been resumed in less than three months. Last October and November were better for the ending of this war than any months since. The people urged the Government forward. They demanded an immediate conflict. They were right.

What if, for want of good officers, they were at first defeated? They should have tried it again, and soon. Our forces were not disciplined? It was the same with our enemies. When both sides are alike militia they will win who show most energy and dash.

And now, another horrible disaster, has befallen our army before Richmond; and it appears that again the Administration, with the whole resources of the nation in their hands, have neglected their duty. The Administration have meddled, but not wrought.

We are for ever outnumbered. To-day we are told that we have more men than we can use; to-morrow, the Governors are roused by impudently telegrams to send the whole State militia to save the capital; as soon as the men begin to pour in, back comes another message, that they are not wanted; and yet, at that very time, one army lies before Richmond, outnumbered nearly two to one; another, guided by the genius of that true military soul;—an army inferior to Jackson's—unfed, shoeless, ragged, and, after four months of beseeching, still without adequate transportation; another, hanging in suspense before Eredricksburg, to weak to go forward, too strong to be useless. At this crisis, with our armies broken up and frittered away, and our Government making Brigadier Generals by the score; of men without skill, and superseding the Generals who had shown resources and energy, because they feared their political future, at this time came the thunder stroke upon McClellan. An avalanche fell upon his right wing. Rolled up and driven back for seven days, that heroic army, invincible in retreat, fought with grandeur of courage, and only by such an exhibition of heroic spirit in officers and pluck in men as was never known on this continent was it saved from utter destruction. Did the Government frankly say to this nation. We are defeated? To this hour it has not trusted the people. It held back the news for days. Nor was the truth honestly told, when outside information compelled it to say something. It is, even to this hour, permitting McClellan's disaster to be represented as a piece of skillfully-planned strategy! After the labor of two months, the horrible sickness of thousands of men poisoned in the swamps of the Chickahominy, the loss of probably more than ten thousand as noble fellows as ever lifted a hand to defend their country, McClellan, who was four miles from Richmond, finds himself twenty-five miles from the city, wagons burned, ammunition trains blown up, parks of artillery captured, no intrenchments, and with an army so small that it is not apprehended that he can reach Richmond. The public are infuriated. The papers that regaled us two weeks ago with visions of a Fourth of July in Richmond are now asking us to rejoice and acclaim—not at victory—but that we have just saved the army! McClellan is safe!—and Richmond too!

The Government, upon this disaster, procures the Governors of the States to ask it to call for 300,000 more men. Why did not the President take the responsibility, plainly confess our disaster, say that we were within a handbreath of ruin, throw himself on the people? No. The people pay taxes, give their sons and brothers, but that is all. We are sick and weary of this conduct. We have a sacred cause, a noble army, good officers, and a heroic common people. But we are like to be ruined by an Administration that will not tell the truth; that spends precious time in playing at President-making; that is cutting and shuffling the cards for the next great political campaign.

Unless good men awake;—unless the accursed silence is broken that has fallen on the people—unless the Government