

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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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 Deane's Hotel, when not professionally absent. Falls, Oct. 10, 1861.

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Particular attention given to the treatment of Chronic Diseases. Centremoreland, Wyoming Co. Pa.—v2n2.

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 custom. 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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Justice's, Constable's, and legal Blanks of all kinds, Neatly and Correctly printed on good Paper, and for sale at the Office of the "North Branch Democrat."
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Poet's Corner.

The Flag of our Union.

Wave, wave, o'er the land and the ocean,
Bright banner of sweet liberty,
Till the heart of the world, with commotion,
Shall thrill, at the sight of the free.

Wave high o'er the Union forever,
Till secession shall stain it no more!
While hearts, who dread tyrants would sever,
Uniting, their warfare deplore.

Wave ever, thou bright gleam of Heaven,
That points to the truth of the sky;
Though earth, by tornadoes be riven,
Thy glory shall fade not, nor die.

Wave, wave! holy flag of the Union!
May death and the grave blight the hand,
Who shall dare to dissolve the communion
Of the brave and the true of the land.

Wave onward and upward forever,
Though traitors repose 'neath thy folds,
The angels above will assemble—
Our God, truth and freedom uphold.

Miscellaneous.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

The chaplain came at last to a cot set somewhat by itself outside the wards. Here, reclining at length, was a young man whose face bore slight traces of suffering. It was flushed with a hue like that of health; the eyes were undimmed, and only the position of his hands, which were thrown over his head, and locked in almost spasmodic tightness, told that he was in pain. He was unusually noble in countenance. His brow was broad and fair, and the thick locks that clustered back from the temples curled like the ringlets of a boy. He knew not why but the chaplain experienced an unusual and sudden sympathy for this young man, struck down in his beauty; still he felt there was no immediate danger in his case.

"How is he wounded?" he asked of the surgeon, as the two approached the bed softly.

"In the right side, below the ribs," was the reply.

"Is he in danger?"

"Oh, no; that is, not at present. The case may take a bad turn, to be sure; but it looks very well now. Charles," he added, addressing the sick man familiarly, "the chaplain is going the rounds; would you like to see him?"

"Oh, certainly!" exclaimed the young man, smiling. "I am very glad to see him; and he held out his hand. His voice was strong and ringing, as with the highest health, his clasp was vigorous.

"I am sorry to find you wounded, my friend," said the chaplain.

"Oh, only the casualty of war; we must some of us expect it, you know."

"Do you suffer much?"

"At times, sir, very severely; I feel so well, only the distress here;" and he pressed his hand to his side.

"You will be up soon, I hope."

"I trust so, sir; the doctors say it is a bad wound, but will yield with care. I only wish I had my mother here. She has heard of it, and, doubtless, started before this—It will seem so comfortable to see her; you don't know how I long for her."

Ah! mothers, you are first thought of when the hardy soldiers feel the pang of pain. It is your form he sees through the mists of delirium, your voice he hears in every gentle word that is spoken. He knows whose touch will be tenderest, through the sympathy of suffering, he knows who has borne the most for him; and on the tented field the holy name of mother receives a fresh baptism of love and beauty.

"I can imagine how you feel," said the chaplain, "and I have no doubt you will see her soon. Meanwhile, you know there is a friend who will be to you more than mother or father, sister or brother."

"I realize that, sir," said the young man; "I am a professor of religion, and have been for years. When I was shot, ay, and before, I commended my soul to Him for life or death; but I confess I have much to live for. I am not brought yet where I am perfectly willing to die."

"It may be for the reason that you are not yet called to die," replied the chaplain; "but in life, you know, it is the one important thing to be prepared for death."

After a short prayer, the minister and the sick man parted. "He seems very strong and sanguine," he said, as he met the surgeon again, "and likely to recover."

"No doubt of it, sir," was the hasty reply of the surgeon, as he passed on.

The hour of midnight had struck from the great hall. Slowly and solemnly it knelled through the halls, vibrating on many an ear that would never hear the sound of the striking hours again. The chaplain still sat up in his own room writing letters for three

or four of the wounded soldiers, and a strange stillness fell around him, as he closed the last sheet and sat back with folded hands to think. He could not tell why, but do what and go where he would, the face of the young volunteer, with whom he had spoken last, haunted him. He arose to move to the window where the breeze was cooler, when a knock was heard at the door, and a rapid voice called "Chaplain?" He hurried to lift the latch. The surgeon stood there, looking like a shadow in the dim moonlight that crept into the passage.

"Chaplain, sorry to disturb you, and more sorry still to give you an unpleasant duty to perform."

"Why, what is it?" was the quick rejoinder.

"The fine young fellow whom you talked with is going."

"What, you do not mean—"

"Won't live an hour, or two at the most. I tried to tell him; but I couldn't; and finally I thought of you. You can ease it, you know."

A great shadow fell on the chaplain; for a moment he was stunned and choked, and his voice grew husky as he made reply.

"It is a sad errand, but none the less my duty. Poor fellow! I can't realize it, indeed I cannot. His voice was so strong; his manner so natural! I'll be there presently."

And left alone, he threw himself upon his knees to wrestle for strength in prayer.

The atmosphere was filled with low sighs from the struggles with pain and disease—Going softly up to the couch at which he had stood before, the chaplain gazed upon the face before him. It looked as calm as that of a sleeping infant, but he did not sleep. Hearing a slight noise, his eyes flew open, and rested in some surprise upon the chaplain.

"I felt as if I must see you again before I retired," said the latter, striving to steady his voice. "How do you feel now?"

"Oh, better, I thank you; in fact almost well. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. I rather think the surgeon does, though he said nothing."

Again that fearful swelling in the chaplain's throat. How should he tell him of his danger—how prepare the mind so calmly resting on almost a certainty—the poor hopeful soul that would never look with earthly eyes on the mother he so longed for? Another moment, and the young man appeared to be struck with some peculiarity at the face or movements of the chaplain. The large eyes sought his with an intenseness that was pain, and he to interpret that which made the difference between this and his former demeanor.

"Your cares weary you, chaplain," he said quietly; "you must be very faithful, for it is past midnight."

"I was on the point of going to bed, when I was called to prepare a dying man for his last hour," was the fearful response.

"Indeed! What poor fellow goes next?" rejoined the young man with a look of mournful inquiry.

There was no answer; for the wealth of the world the chaplain could not have spoken now. That tone so unconscious of danger, that eye so full of sympathy! Still a strange silence! What did it mean? The sick man's inquiring glance changed for a moment to one of intense terror. He raised both arms—let them fall heavily upon the coverlet at his side, and in a voice totally altered by emotion, he gasped—

"Great heaven! you mean me?"

"My dear friend," said the chaplain unmoved.

"I am to die, then—and—how long?"—His eyes once more sought that of the chaplain.

"You have made your peace with God, let death come as soon as it will, he will call you over the river."

"Yes; but this is awfully sudden! awfully sudden!" his lips quivered; he looked grievously; and I shall not see my mother."

"Christ is better than a mother," murmured the chaplain.

"Yes." The word came in a whisper. His eyes were closed; the lips still wore that trembling grief, as if the chastisement were too sore, too hard to be borne; but as the minutes passed, and the soul lifted itself up stronger and steadily upon the wings of prayer, the countenance grew calmer, the lips steadier, and when the eyes opened again, there was a light in their depths that could have come only from Heaven.

"I thank you for your courage," he said, more feebly, taking the hand of the chaplain. "The bitterness is over now, and I feel willing to die. Tell my mother"—he paused, gave one sob, dry, and full of the last anguish of earth—"tell her how I longed to see her; but if God will permit me I will be near her. Tell her to comfort all who loved me, to say that I thought of them all. Tell my father I am glad he gave me his consent, and that other fathers will mourn for other sons. Tell my minister, by word or by letter, that I thought of him, and I thank him for his counsel. Tell him that I find that Christ will not desert the passing soul; and that I wish him to give my testimony to the living, that nothing is of real worth but the religion of Jesus. And now will you pray for me?"

Oh! what emotions swelled the heart of that

devoted man, as he knelt by the bedside of that dying volunteer, the young soldier of Christ and with tones so low that only the ear of God and that of him who was passing away could hear, besought God's grace and presence—Never in all his experience had his heart been so powerfully wrought upon; never had a feeling of such unutterable tenderness taken possession of his soul. He seemed already in the presence of a glorified spirit; and after the prayer was over, restraining his sobs he bent down, and pressed upon the brow, already chilled with the breath of the coming angel, twice, thrice, a fervent kiss. They might have been as tokens from the father and mother, as well as himself. So, perhaps, thought the dying soldier, for a heavenly smile touched his face with new beauty as he said, "Thank you! I won't trouble you any longer; you are wearied out, go to your rest."

"The Lord be with you," was the fervent response.

"Amen!" trembled from the fast whitening lips.

Another hour passed. The chaplain still moved uneasily around his room—There were hurried sounds overhead, and footsteps on the stairs. He opened his door; encountered the surgeon who whispered one word—"Go!"

Christ's soldier had found the Captain of his salvation.

HOPES DISAPPOINTED.

We make no charges, but we ask the reason for certain absurdities.

After the election of Hon. Abraham Lincoln and when the whole Democracy of the North were trembling lest some profound injury in accordance with their predictions should happen to this glorious Union, the Republican traitors declared that not a single State would secede, and that it was all a Democratic lie. When South Carolina seceded, it was said that this little State would be the only one. When Louisiana seceded it was said that she did so through the machinations of Sidel. Gulf State after Gulf State seceded, and the same fools declared that the Gulf States would be left alone in their infamy. Virginia, North Carolina, and other States seceded—but it was the machination of politicians.

Then Mr. Lincoln asserted that "nobody was hurt;" Mr. Seward declared that "all would be ended in sixty days," and the Abolition General Horace Greeley, said, "let them go." We cannot waste the time to enumerate all the absurdities that were put forward—they are before the people and would fill volumes, it has been found that State after State seceded with great unanimity, until nearly every Southern State left the Union of Abolition leadership, and that we are now engaged in a desperate civil war. How can we escape from it? We answer—by placing the Democratic party in power.

This Government is of the people, and the Democratic party is now and always has been the true exponent of the popular will, and as the "second sober thoughts" of the people are always right, those who carry out their behests can never be more than temporarily wrong. The Democratic party, guided by the will of a majority, has achieved for this country all its greatness and glory, while the opposition upon the few occasions they have had the power by their weakness and corruption, folly and misrule, have lessened the respect with which as a nation we have been looked upon by foreign powers, depicted our treasury, created strife and dissensions, and generally retarded largely our advancement and prosperity.

We ask the people to think of these things and weigh well the subject before the October elections, for upon their decision now rests the fate of the country.—*Harrisburg Union.*

HON. EDGAR COWAN.

In the course of Gen. Dawson's remarks before the recent Democratic Convention, in Westmoreland county, of this State, he paid the following eloquent and just compliment to Hon. Edgar Cowan, one of Pennsylvania's Senators in Congress,—the Senator whom the Forney-McCleure Abolition "Union" meeting of this county, repudiated:

"My Fellow Citizens of Westmoreland, I have thus given you, in brief, a history of this Abolition segment of the Republican organization, whose fanatical schemes, thus far carried out, have done much to involve this country in an almost hopeless accumulation of troubles. It is a part of the policy of this sectional party to asperse, and seek to cover with obloquy, whomsoever they may find independent enough to set out the integrity of a lofty character, by opposing, in any degree, the madness which seems their only principle of action. This they have sought to do in the person of your distinguished fellow citizen and neighbor, the Hon. Edgar Cowan. In the seat which he occupies in the U. S. Senate, that eminent gentleman honors alike his immediate constituency and the State which he represents.

This is a declaration demanded by his whole history, and particularly by his bold and patriotic course in the Senate. Who of

you does not know that Edgar Cowan was but a poor boy, and that, by the force of intellect and industry, he has attained success and distinction. He has thus illustrated in his career, the influence of free institutions, upon the native power and energies of the mind. It is natural, as well as just, that he should defend against infringement, a Constitution to which he owes so much.

"His speech against the Confiscation Act was the effort of the lawyer and statesman. His manly defense of Jesse D. Bright against the most disgraceful persecution, was worthy of Cato in his best days in the Roman Senate. His resistance of the crazy project of Charles Sumner to treat, by legislative enactment, the States in rebellion as escheated or forfeited territory, is the more to be commended for his declaration in that connection, 'that the only way that the Union should be restored was that every part should enjoy its rights.' His opposition to the scheme of substituting paper money, in the shape of the legal tender, for gold and silver, was based upon constitutional law, and, in the progress of time all must agree, was as full of warning as it was of wisdom.

"In the general scramble for plunder which has appalled the nation, and covered all over with blotches, some in Congress as well as in the Cabinet, Mr. Cowan, with his robes unsullied, walks abroad in the light of the sun, and like Caesar's wife is above suspicion.

"History is full of examples of great men, who, in the boiling cauldron of revolution, and in the excitement of terrific passion have suffered condemnation for having dared to do right. In defense of a great cause, talents, integrity, and courage have ever to contend with ignorance, envy, prejudice, passion, and tyranny. These are the obstacles everywhere to be encountered in the battle of life; in the struggles of a nation to retain, as well as to acquire, the principles of free government; and in the purpose of Providence, seem to be the destiny of mankind. Mr. Cowan, then, in his able and manly effort in defense of the Constitution, as it came from the pens of Madison, Franklin, Hamilton, and other coopeers, and as it received the approval of Washington, could scarcely expect to escape the censure or notice of a faction, by whom this matchless instrument has been pronounced a 'covenant with death and an agreement with hell,' and in whose regard nothing seems to be sacred or venerable. Cicero, at the imminent peril of his life, opposed all the powers of evil in Rome in suppressing the conspiracy of Cataline.—He did it to save his country and succeeded; but it sent him into exile as soon as Caesar and Clodius succeeded to the Consulate.—Edmund Burke and the elder Pitt, in their immortal speeches in the British Parliament, defied the Crown, in doing justice to the American Colonies. The great French lawyer and unblemished patriot, Malesherbes, at every personal hazard, defended with unavailing eloquence the unfortunate Louis the XVI, against the clamors of a blood-thirsty mob, for such had the National Convention now become. He failed, but his devotion brought him to the scaffold.

"Daniel Webster, in 1850, in defiance of the heresies of Massachusetts, stood out upon the ramparts of the Constitution, and defended, with the zeal of the patriot, the noble charter of our institutions and the Union of the States. In which of these instances does not the clear dispassionate voice of history, rise in ringing tones of approbation of the moral heroes who stood by the cause of JUSTICE, and of TRUTH! If Mr. Cowan, therefore, has incurred odium in resisting the mad torrent of faction, in his noble efforts to suppress this mad rebellion, under the broad Ægis of the Constitution, that will hereafter constitute his best title to the gratitude of his country."

Fellow-citizens—a day of retribution will come—a day of final settlement—and after it will come a pay-day. Let us bide our time. Let us be true and loyal to our country and our Government, and we have nothing to fear. Our imprisonment has been an experiment, and I think from this enthusiastic demonstration and the general feeling throughout the state, our enemies, as well as our friends, must admit that it was a failure—that it has not only not resulted in any practical benefit to those who brought it about, but it has awakened a feeling that will be expressed at the ballot-box in October next. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, for myself, and in behalf of my companions, I return you my heartfelt and sincere thanks, and bid you good night.—[Applause, and prolonged cheers for MacDowell, Barrett, Forster and Jones.]

The crowd then went to the house of Mr. Barrett, when that gentleman came out and returned his thanks to his fellow citizens. After giving three cheers for Mr. Barrett, and three more with a will for each of the publishers and editors, and the Patriot & Union, the people quietly dispersed.

There was a significance in this demonstration which cannot be misunderstood. The sturdy laboring man, the honest German, the warm-hearted Irishman, and, in fact, all classes of the community turned out, not only to show their devotion to their party and their party friends, but to show to the world their utter condemnation of a power which assumes the right of dragging men from their homes on the mere information or instigation of irresponsible parties, and denying them the right of trial by jury, or the inestimable benefits of the writ of habeas corpus which has never been suspended for four centuries in monarchical England. One thing has been made manifest by this reception, and that is that you may cast men into prisons, but you cannot stifle Democratic principles, you may fill your forts with editors guilty of no other offence than advocating measures, but while immured there, they can say of Democracy as Galileo said of the world, "it moves, nevertheless."—*Patriot & Union.*

RETURN OF THE EDITORS OF THE HARRISBURG PATRIOT & UNION.

When Galileo was thrown into the dungeon of the inquisition for promulgating the heresy that the world moved, he whispered in the ear of one of his friends, "it moves, nevertheless." The publishers and editors of the Patriot & Union were dragged from their homes and their business on the 6th of August and military escort taken to Washington and thrown into a military prison. It is not necessary here to revert to the cause; it is sufficient to say that after being incarcerated until the evening of the 22nd, they obtained a hearing, at which no charge was produced, and no accuser appeared, and that hearing resulted in an immediate honorable discharge—the persons composing the tribunal acknowledging the arrest to have been made upon frivolous grounds.

Returning to their homes, they chose Saturday evening as the time to avoid any manifestations on the part of their friends, but their intention of returning thus quietly was frustrated by one of the most flattering receptions. The cars had scarcely reached the depot, and the announcement been made that the party had arrived, when they were surrounded by friends who made the welkin ring with enthusiastic cheers. In a few moments the crowd was small at first, swelled to hundreds; a procession was formed which escorted the exiles to their homes. Both sides of Market street were lined with ladies and gentlemen,

and the men who went out of the city under an escort of soldiers, returned amid the plaudits of the men, and the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies.

Arriving at the house of Col. MacDowell, the crowd which must now have numbered nearly a thousand men called loudly for that gentleman, when he mounted the steps and addressed them as follows, being frequently interrupted by the most vociferous cheering:

"Friends and fellow-citizens:—On the 6th day of August, at an hour's notice, we were marched from this city under an escort of gleaming bayonets to the Railroad Depot and from thence taken to Washington city, where we were imprisoned, without a hearing, for sixteen days, for what reason I will not now state, as you all know it. Through the intercession of friends, and our own exertions, we secured a hearing last evening at 6 o'clock, when strange to say, were confronted by no accuser, nor was there even a charge made against us. The pretext upon which we were arrested was most summarily disposed of, and an honorable discharge given us. [Applause.] Although mortifying as it was to leave home as we did, and unjust as the whole arrest was, this spontaneous welcome more than compensates for all we endured, and the indignities we suffered. [Applause.] This is the proudest hour of my life. It proves that we have the endorsement of our fellow-citizens. [Cheers and applause.] It shows that they have a strong appreciation of Constitutional liberty, and are opposed to crushing out the freedom of speech or muzzling the press. Destroy these inalienable rights, and the word liberty becomes a hollow mockery; a sounding brass a tinkling cymbal, a rope of sand, a delusion and a lie. [Prolonged applause and cheering.]

We do not know how our arrest originated, because no accuser had the temerity to face us. We claim to be loyal and law-abiding citizens, and there is nothing upon the record to prove to the contrary. We have our own opinions, and these not conflicting with laws in existence, we will maintain at all hazards and on all occasions, regardless of the denunciations of cowardly traducers who stand behind the scene. We maintain that we have done our duty as loyal citizens, and the evidence of this is in the absence of a charge or even an accuser.

Fellow-citizens—a day of retribution will come—a day of final settlement—and after it will come a pay-day. Let us bide our time. Let us be true and loyal to our country and our Government, and we have nothing to fear. Our imprisonment has been an experiment, and I think from this enthusiastic demonstration and the general feeling throughout the state, our enemies, as well as our friends, must admit that it was a failure—that it has not only not resulted in any practical benefit to those who brought it about, but it has awakened a feeling that will be expressed at the ballot-box in October next. [Applause.]

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WHAT ONE DROP OF INK MIGHT HAVE DONE.—As our Washington correspondent says, one drop of ink used at the right time might have saved this country from civil war, but the Republican Party in Congress refused to use it. They preferred to shed the blood of thousands of their fellow citizens and to sacrifice their lives, and to impose a burden which remote posterity will feel as an inheritance. Yet the Republican party asks the people to retain it in power, and let it have control of the Government. Will the people accede to this request? or will they restore to power the Conservative element of the country, which would, if it had had the power in the spring of 1861, have prevented civil war by the use of a drop of ink; by saying "aye" to the Crittenden compromise propositions.