

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, Pa. 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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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 resort 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.

Blanks!! Blanks!!! BLANK DEEDS SUMMONSES SUBPÆNAS EXECUTIONS CONSTABLE'S SALES 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."

TIME FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZER For sale at VERNON'S. Meshoppen Sept 15 1861.

Poet's Corner.

[FOR THE NORTH BRANCH DEMOCRAT.]

Gathering Chestnuts.

Yesterday, we went a nutting— Cousin Fan, and I; Rustic queen we call the gipsy; With her coal-black eye, For her dainty hand wields sceptres Over low and high, Yet, capricious, as the echo, In the west wind's sigh.

How she tortured—how she teased me, Very—so she said: Just as cousins can— Putting most perplexing questions, To a prudent man, And, before I well could answer, Fast away she ran, With her pretty straw hat fluttering, Oh, the sly witch, Fan!

But our gipsy queen grew weary, Very—so she said: And with girlish, graceful languor Leaned her regal head, 'Gainst a rough-bark tree, entangled, Richly overleaved, In a robe of rainbow beauty, Looped by golden thread.

Up among the yellow branches, Where the nut-walrus lies, Sat a meditative squirrel, In demure surprise, Yet with laughter in his visage, Mischief in his eyes,— Pondering—guessing, at the meaning, Of our low repartees.

Oh, the subtle, selfish mimic, From loves arrows free— Well he knew the art of climbing— Better far than we, With no generous thought of sharing Pety, with Fan, and me, As we sat among the debris Of his castled tree.

Though our hero in the tree-tops Uttered not a word, Never ceased his endless munching, Scarcely ever stirred, It was plain his cogitations Were the most absurd: Pshaw! no two were only cousins! Stuff, as 'er was heard!

But our baskets lay there empty, Not a thorny burr, Not a single white-cored dainty Had I found for her, For some spell had kept me near her, That I could not stir— And I kissed her, but she pouted "I'm your cousin—sir!"

SEELLA of Lackawanna.

Miscellaneous.

RIGHT OF FREE SPEECH

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN ARRESTED IN FANEUIL HALL.

Statement and Protest of George Francis Train, of Boston, Mass.

[From the Boston Post.]

We give elsewhere in our paper, a brief account of the Charles Sumner Abolition-Negro meeting, held in Faneuil Hall, yesterday noon. It was one of the most extraordinary gatherings that ever convened in that famous old Temple, and can hardly add to the credit of the city or the good sense of the people.— It was an assemblage of fanatics, met to worship Charles Sumner and his dangerous and detestable sentiments—and as such was calculated to produce far more ill than good, as was the case in fact.

During his speech, Mr. Sumner specially challenged criticism—but no sooner was this accepted on the part of his hearers, than the meeting utterly refused to hear a response. Free speech, such as had been invited, was not permitted. The friends of Mr. George Francis Train, who with him, had remained quiet for two mortal hours listening to Mr. Sumner, thought it only fair that he should be heard; and this too, after the Sumner ovation had actually come to an end. But such a seemingly fair, and just proceeding, was not to be allowed. Mr. Train, after much peril and difficulty, reached the platform; but was seized in the roughest manner by the police and others. He succeeded several times in clearing himself from these incumbrances, but was at last overpowered and taken from the hall by the passage in the rear of the platform. From thence, without any covering to his head, he was taken to police station 2 followed by a large crowd.

In a "Train extra," issued last evening Mr. Train made the following STATEMENT.

POLICE STATION, No. 2, Boston, Oct. 6, 2, P. M. }

Seeing public notice inviting the citizens to Faneuil Hall to-day at 12 o'clock, I went to hear Mr. Sumner and others speak, (being myself a native of Boston and a citizen of Massachusetts.) I listened to Mr. Sumner two hours. He challenged any one to confute his statements. Some few having interrupted the speaker, and attention being apparently directed to Mr. Train, he called Mr. Sumner to witness that he was not interrupting the meeting. "I know," said Mr. Sumner, "that it is not you, Mr. Train, you would not do such a thing. Supposing that other speakers would be invited to the plat-

form, I did not step forward, although hundreds were calling—Train—Train! I was annoyed to find the meeting cut and dried—annoyed to find that liberty was only for the black man and not for the white man—annoyed to see Boston in slavery, Massachusetts in chains. The meeting having adjourned, I knew in all civilized assemblies it was quite in order to elect another chairman and hold another meeting, I stepped upon the platform, or rather jumped over the railing, as the packed jury shoved me off the staircase and clogged the way. Seeing angry eyes behind me, and hostile demonstrations from the enslaved committee around Mr. Sumner, and being somewhat acquainted with the art of self defence, while the audience was cheering in front, I kept on my guard by looking behind. I call the audience to witness that I struck no blow—touched no man—made no hostile movement; when two or three took hold of me I shook them off and put myself on defence. I was good for a few of the miserable poltroons who would strike a single man, but when dozens rushed upon me, striking me right and left, and three different hands were lifting me from the floor by the hair of my head, at the same time, it was difficult for me to reach the stage. I however did so over the fallen bodies of several, four times, when the officers of the law took me in charge. Respecting the law, I gave myself up, and although in charge of two policemen, the miserable cowards struck me, tore open my shirt, and held me over the staircase by the hair of my head, when I should have fallen over thirty feet on the iron stairs, had I not rescued myself by holding on to the railing. Cries of kill him, the damned white man—smash his head—knock him down, accompanied by acts of violence, followed me into the street. The policeman seemed too excited or unable wholly to protect me from this most respectable committee, who say that free speech is the chief plank of the Free Soil Platform.

Mr. Train remained at the station house till 6 o'clock; employing the time chiefly in writing a scorching review of Mr. Sumner's speech. While here, his friends assembled in large numbers in Court square, honoring him with cheers and various demonstrations of approbation. The rough usage to which he had been subjected did not appear to greatly disturb his equanimity, though a natural indignation was apparent in his look and manner. He could not have expected, in his native city of Boston, treatment so base and brutal as this, and it can hardly fail to rebound upon the authors of it. Had Mr. Sumner's friends been as fair as their claim upon desired, and permitted a free and open discussion of his arguments, there would have been no trouble or disturbance whatever. Still further; after the meeting was over and adjourned, had Mr. Train been allowed to speak all would have been well. But nothing of this sort was permitted. Instead of this, he was rudely hustled off to the receptacle of felons and similar characters, his person outraged and himself grossly insulted. And this first in Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," the boasted temple of free speech, and next in the public streets of Boston, where men citizens are supposed to be true.

PROTEST.

1st. A citizen of Massachusetts, I was quite in order in being present at Faneuil Hall.

2d. I was quite in order after one meeting adjourned, in going on the stage to organize another meeting.

3d. I have been illegally arrested by the authorities for doing a strictly legal act.

4th. I hold Mr. Sumner and his committee responsible for this unconstitutional arrest, for one word from Mr. Sumner showing the least fair.

5th. The officer should have been arrested who struck me, as I made no hostile demonstration—as usual, they took the wrong man. This war is fought by the people. The blood of the people flows like water to victory. The people takes the notes of Mr. Chase, and the people are not guilty of treason.—The people do not embarrass the administration. The people do not spread slanderous reports about Mr. Seward. The people do not hold treasonable meetings in Altoona.

The people do not seek to force the administration to put Fremont in McClellan's place. The people do not hesitate to fight for the Union, the President and the Constitution.—*Vox Populi Vox Dei.*

The time has arrived to start the cry of—Down with the politicians and up with the people!

I listened to Mr. Sumner. He had no word of praise for Mr. Seward, nor for Mr. Chase, nor for General Banks. He never mentioned the name of McClellan, and his discourse was mostly on the negro. To him this grand battle of humanity and the common rights of human nature is a miserable negro war. I have returned to Massachusetts to find all the white men in the pit and the black man in the dress circle. A reign of terror is in the State—old merchants look pale at the prospect. Who own the negroes? Who the ships? Who the farms?—The politicians? No.

The men of property are all enslaved.—The white man is on his back. Shades of Hancock and Adams and Daniel Webster, I call up!

citizen of the State—a man whose only crime has been to be an American in a foreign land—where millions were plotting the ruin of the land he loved more than his household, his life.

Where was Governor Andrew? Twice the meeting had been appointed—was he afraid to meet the indignant people of the State? Who sent him to Altoona? Boston? No. Worcester? No. Who sent him there to plot against McClellan and the administration? Who paid his expenses? Ask the people—the indignant people. Senators and Governors are sailors in the forecastle. It is unusual to dictate to the captain how to steer.

Come back again, old Massachusetts!—Land of the Pilgrims! Land of Sachems!—Land of Heroes come back to me with thy spotless memory—thy magnificent individuality. This damnable outrage is worthy of the Star Chamber; and I will remind Mr. Sumner, in the words of Henry, that Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the 1st his Cromwell, and Mr. Sumner can profit by their example.

I was not aware that women ruled the politics of the Old Bay State.

The galleries were crowded with those who have mourned so long over the negro, they have forgotten the white man. The Household rites of maternity are more fitting for women than the fierce arena of politics.—Ask Mr. Sumner if the women of Rome and Athens were continually talking about the galley slaves instead of the Roman and Athenian citizen. Such women of Massachusetts had much better have another Jubilee with those clergymen who have been paid to talk the gospel and slanted off on the negro.

I love women—patriotic women, but I would advise them to leave politics to men and attend to their children.

The politicians are ruining the State.—Who embarrasses the President? The politicians. Who are trying to break up the army by displacing McClellan? The politicians. Who conspire at Altoona? The politicians. Then I say, *Down with the politicians and up with the people.*

Delenda est Serritude, said Dr. Sumner signifying that the white men of my State are in bondage. No man dare speak. If he gives an opinion that white men are as good as black men he is called a secessionist. If he says that a white man is born free and equal he is called a traitor. If he intimates that a white man is a man and a brother he is threatened with martial law.

I pity the Bostonians. I pity the merchants, the manufacturers, and the people. I always take the weaker side—Poor old Massachusetts!

Shall Massachusetts soldiers live in old tents in Port Royal, and contrabands in new wooden buildings? Shame on the politicians who do this thing. I saw the Massachusetts boys dying in the Washington hospitals. Tell them, they said to me—tell them we fought the battles of white men. Tell them at home that if they would only make this a White Man's war peace would come before the end of the year.

The brave army is indignant that black men have been forced upon them. They do not wish to divide the laurels with the black race. Do you remember Schamyl, who fought for twenty years in the mountains of Caucassia against old Russia? Do you remember Maomet Ali against the First Napoleon? Have you forgotten Abdel Kader and his band of Arabs fighting the forces of the French Empire? Do you not see a few New Zealanders keep back the trained cohorts of England? Shall we, twenty-five millions of brave, call in the assistance of negroes to put down the rebellion? God forbid!

Mr. Sumner spoke of Napoleon's battles as being superior to ours. First, they were not Second, he had no fanatics at home to embarrass his military movements with negroes. In Egypt, he said, he would have hung on the first tree any Abolitionist who dared to interfere with the campaign.

The hypocrisy of the Abolitionists of England ought to be a crown to the dishonest Abolitionists of Massachusetts. In round numbers. Old England uses 2,000,000 bales of slave grown cotton annually—Our New England, 1,000,000. Hence Old England and New England pay a direct premium on slave grown labor.

Mr. Sumner spoke in a slave grown cotton shirt, wore slave grown cotton trousers, slave grown cotton stockings, and a slave grown cotton hat, sleeps between slave grown cotton sheets—wipes his hands on a slave grown cotton handkerchief—put slave grown sugar in his slave grown coffee—eats slave grown rice, corn and sweet potatoes—smokes slave grown cigars, chews slave grown tobacco, and uses slave grown snuff. All buy slave grown fabrics and staples at high prices, and yet pretend to be honest in their abolitionism. Chatty begins at home. Wake up, Boston! Arouse Massachusetts, or you will be in a worse position than England! God never intended to leave all the white men out in the cold and put the black men next the stove.

Abolitionism is dead ask the negroes of Massachusetts if they want more to come into the State and they will say no. Ask the Irish. No. Ask Lawrence and Lowell. No. \$50,000,000 are invested in cotton factories. All nations are bidding for Chinese labor.—

stroy all that God has given us? Slavery is dead any way, but don't destroy the labor at one blow, and bring servid war. Where are we to get the cotton if you destroy the cotton labor? Look to it, capitalists, or the town of the State will be deserted.

The tree is girdled slavery will die in good time. The world was not made in a day. Abolitionists, your coffin is ordered. Boston votes against Sumner—so does Roxbury, Cambridge Chelsea, Charlestown. All Suffolk and Middlesex are against him. Every Irishman in the State, and all his connections will vote against Mr. Sumner.

See the venerable Mr. Lincoln in his eightieth year, heading the delegates of Worcester.

Hurray for the people to-morrow at Faneuil Hall!

Mr. Sumner has no chance of being elected. We put him in before in spite of South Carolina, but nobody has struck Mr. Sumner since.

He challenges any one to reply to him, and his committee knock me down for attempting it. Free Speech—Free Soil; Free Press; Free thoughts for black men, but not for white men! Hurray for George B. McClellan! I wish I had command of the army. I would get the Presidents permission to clear these Northern States of the miserable, maneuvering politicians, so that the people could be liberated. "God bless Abraham Lincoln. Hurray for White men."

Men of Massachusetts! Close up—hand to hand shoulder to shoulder. The dropping of water pierces the hardest stone. The steady tramp of the regiment breaks down the bridge. You are the square of Waterloo, and I am the Blucher that will send the Abolition fanatics to St. Helena in November.

Swear by the Army—It votes against Sumner.

Stand by the Navy—It votes against Sumner!

The Army and Navy forever—Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

An Abolitionist told me that he had rather have 20,000 negroes in the State than 20,000 Irishmen.

Are these Mr. Sumner's and Governor Andrew's sentiments?

We have raised nearly 90,000 men for the war. Irishmen and Democrats have gone; but where are the Abolitionists? They are wanted at home to Vote.

Bold is the man that will vote against the Army, the Navy the Administration, and the People, by voting for Mr. Sumner.

Merchants, white men Irishmen, I call upon you to redeem the white. You have plenty of time. I have seen a Typhoon take out the masts of a ship in a minute. Our political masts are rotten. Avalanches take place in a minute. Lisbon fell and Lima in a night—so you can clean the Augean stable of corruption and politics that has come so near destroying the Old Bay State. Mr. Sumner quoted Benton—No Party, he said, was either dangling at the head or hanging on to the tail of one party or the other. In one case the No party which was a slur and an insult to the People's organization, will be in this case dangling at the head in November.

Mr. Sumner quoted fabled Rome, and said that slavery was his Cat. That cat has been eating up the Massachusetts chickens long enough. Look out for the people's dog in November. Mr. Sumner quote the people and the Army to say that Abolition must be destroyed.

Mr. Sumner quotes wars of England, saying Peace! Peace! Peace! How can we get it? I will tell you.

By making this a white man's war and smashing up the Abolition party. Peace in sixty days, all the States back, and the grandest empire of the world. Some parties ought to be hung on both sides.

Mr. Sumner said that force accomplished nothing. You are wrong, Mr. Sumner. Force killed Zollicoffer and Peyton at Somerset Force gave us Fort Henry, Fort Donelson and Nashville. Force took Bowling Green, Columbus, Island No. 10 and New Madrid. Force pushed by Forts Pillow, Jackson and put Gen. Butler in the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans.

Force took Fort Pulaski, Port Royal, Beau fort, and placed our boys within four miles of Charleston. Force took Roanoke Island Yorktown, and fought great battles at Richmond. Force gave us the battle of Antietam, and has taken all the English Pirates that Hover bat like along the shore. You are wrong, Mr. Sumner. Force is giving us victory every where. Make this a White man's war, said the dying, wounded soldiers, and our arrow will cut through the rock of treason.

SIGNIFICANT.—In all the accounts given in the New York Tribune, of the severe battles fought by General McClellan, his name does not appear once. One would conclude from that paper, that he was not in any manner connected with the movement against the rebels. This is very small malice.

Governor Bradford, of Maryland, has issued a proclamation thanking General McClellan for his gallant defence of that State during the late invasion of the rebel army; also to Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, for his active co-operation in sending the State militia to the frontier to aid Gen. McClellan

REMEMBERED AND MOURNED.

For every man who falls in battle, some one mourns. For every man who dies in hospital wards, and of whom no notice is made, some one mourns. For the humblest soldier shot on picket, and of whose humble exit from the stage of life little is thought, some one mourns. Nor this alone. For every soldier disabled; for every one who loses an arm or a leg, or who is wounded, or languishes in protracted suffering; for every one who has "only camp fever," some heart bleeds, some tears are shed. In far off humble house holds, perhaps, sleepless nights and anxious days are passed of which the world never knows; and every wounded and crippled soldier who returns to his family and friends, brings a lasting pang with him. Oh! how the mothers feel this war! If ever God is sad in Heaven, it seems to us it must be when he looks upon the hearts of mothers.— We, who are young, think little of it; neither, we think, do the fathers or brothers know much of it; but it is the poor mothers and wives of the soldiers. God help them.

PAY OF MILITIA.

The pay of the militia volunteers in the service of the State, is the same as that of volunteers in the service of the United States. The following are the rates allowed to regimental officers of artillery and infantry by the United States:

Pay and Rations per Month.	
Colonel,	\$222 00
Lieutenant Colonel,	198 00
Majr.,	179 00
Captain,	126 50
First Lieutenant,	110 50
Second Lieutenant,	105 50
Brevet Second Lieutenant,	105 50
Privates,	13 00

The pay in case of invasion of the State is essentially different from during riot, tumult breach of the peace, or when the militia is called upon to aid the civil process. In such emergencies, non-commissioned officers and privates receive \$1 50 per diem each, and commissioned officers the same compensation as those of the regular army.

"Do you keep nails here?" asked a sleepy looking lad, walking into a hardware store, the other day.

"Yes," replied the gentlemanly proprietor, "we keep all kinds of nails. What kind will you have, and how many?"

"Well," said the lad sliding towards the door, "I'll take a pound of finger nails, and a pound and a-half of toe nails."

"George," said a young lady to her lover "there is nothing interesting in the paper to-day, is there?"

"No love, but I hope there will be one day when we shall both be interested."

The young lady blushed and of course she said, "for shame, George."

TRUE FELICITY.—If men did but know what felicity dwells in the cottage of a virtuous poor man—how sound he sleeps, how quiet his breast, how composed his mind; how free from care, how easy his provision, how healthy his morning, how sober his night, how moist his mouth, how joyful his heart—they would never admire the noises, the diseases, the throes of passions and the violence of unnatural appetites, that fill the houses of the luxurious and the hearts of the ambitious

A couple of young ladies, having buried their father, who had an aversion to matrimony, conversing on his character the eldest observed:

"He is dead at least, and now we will marry."

"Well," said the youngest, "I am for a rich husband, and Mr. C—, shall be my man."

"Hold, sister," said the other, "don't let us be so hasty in the choice of our husbands let us marry those whom the powers above have destined for us, our marriages are registered in heaven's book."

"I am sorry for that," replied the youngest, "for I am afraid father will tear out the leaf."

There is a man in Lorain county, Ohio, who, having been examined by the Drafting surgeon for various diseases, and pronounced sound as to all of them, fell back upon the morals of the question, and declared a draft to be immoral and unconstitutional, because it was a game of chance.

The boy who was told that the best cure for palpitation of the heart was to quizzing the girls, said, "If that is the only remedy, which can be proposed, I for one say let's palpitate."

A new fashion has come into vogue amongst women of ton in Paris, who may be now seen carrying handkerchiefs with jeweled heads and ribbon, in the Charles the Third style.

Be what you are. This is the first step towards becoming better than you are.

The Quakers of Illinois are subject to the draft, and those who