

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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and GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT. Office, Bridge street, opposite Wall's Hotel, Tunkhannock, Pa.

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(Graduate of the University of Penna.)

Respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Tunkhannock and vicinity. He can be found, when not professionally engaged, either at his Drug Store, or at his residence on Putnam Street.

J. M. CAREY, M. D.—(Graduate of the E. M. Institute, Cincinnati) would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wyoming and Luzerne Counties, that he continues his regular practice in the various departments of his profession. May be found at his office or residence, when not professionally absent.

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Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wyoming that they have located at Mehoopany, 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.

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

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.

Blanks!! Blanks!!!
BLANK DEEDS
SUMMONSES
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CONSTABLE'S SALES

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

LIME FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZER
for sale at
VERNOY'S.
Meshoppen, Sept. 18, 1861.

Poet's Corner.

THE OUTCAST.

BY DAVID CRARY, JR.

Beneath this bridge
The river runs,
Only a ridge
Its shadow low
Of misty damps,
Of one dark scene,
Of deathly cramps,
And then all's still:
Fit grave for me an outcast from the world.

The night is dark—
The starless sky
Looks like a park
Of gloomy clouds.
The damp night-air
Chills through my frame,
And streams my hair
Like ribands torn.
Fit time to die, an outcast from the world.

Most dreadful deep
The current runs,
Like troubled sleep
On feathered down,
In swiftest speed
Its waters flow,
Soon wilt thou feed
Thou awful stream
Upon my form, an outcast from the world.

No sound is heard,
Save doleful notes
Of that lone bird
The whippoorwill;
It sings a dirge
Within my heart—
A solemn dirge
For my dark soul—
A sinner's soul, an outcast from the world.

Into the grave
I soon shall go;
Where both the brave
And coward sleep.
And why not I,
A friendless one,
Shut from the eye
Of this cold world?
No one to love, an outcast from the world.

No brother here,
No sister there,
No mother dear,
No father's love,
An orphan child;
A heart that's wrung
To deeds so wild,
That nought can save
The dark soul of the outcast from the world.

To-morrow morn,
The sailors grim
Will find forlorn
A marble corpse;
O! let it drift
Adown the stream,
While currents swift
Drift to the sea
This body of the outcast from the world.

Dark waves, thou'lt tell
No gloomy tale,
When I shall dwell
In thy recess;
And thou dark weeds
Twine round my form,
And crown my deeds
With slimy crown—
Fit crown for me, an outcast from the world.

Farewell to thee,
Cold-hearted world!
Thou'lt not miss one,
'Mongst thy great throngs!
Farewell to all!
My eyes grow dim—
I see my pall
Beneath the bridge!
God save my soul! an outcast from the world.

Miscellaneous.

Dying Soldier's Story.

BY ISAAC N. COLTRIN.

"Comrade, raise my head a little higher.—
Let me see your kindly eyes, and clasp your
manly hand. My moments are but few.—
I shall soon be a ghastly corpse, like one of
those that now surround me. I have long
since grown weary of life, and earnestly
sought and prayed for death. Listen to me
I will relate to you a sad and terrible story:
"On the sea-washed coast of Galway
stands a large and gloomy mansion, and
there was I born—the only son of the proud
Sir Hugh de Lacy, and the heir to all his vast
estates. My infancy—but I will not weary
you with useless details; suffice it to say
that my mother was almost as proud and
stern as my father. Their habits seemed to
impregnate everybody and everything around
them with gloom and sadness. The servants
moved noiselessly and rarely spoke, except
in whispers. It is little wonder that I grew
up to boyhood silent, meditative, and melan-
choly. It was decided by my parents that I
should enter the army on reaching my eight-
eenth year. I cared little—I merely acquies-
ced in their decision.
"At length I reached that period of my
life. To be frank with you, I was glad to
look forward to the day that would release
me from the chilling thrallhold of that som-
bre mansion. I never loved my parents with
a love that such relationship demanded—

their chilliness repelled me, and the feelings
of love and affection were allowed to remain
dormant within my breast. A lieutenant's
commission in the —th regiment was ob-
tained for me. A few days before I was to
join my regiment, I rambled forth among the
cliffs that overlooked the sea. The day was
calm and beautiful, scarce a ripple ruffled the
bosom of the ocean, and the sun sinking in
the west threw a crimson glare over the sur-
face that rendered the scene indescribably
gorgeous and enchanting.

"While gazing and ruminating, a loud and
piercing shriek of distress broke the still-
ness of the air. I saw the flutter of a white
garment in the sea; I hastened to the spot
and sprang in—she sunk ere I reached her—
she rose, and I grasped her inanimate form,
and reached the shore in safety with my
precious burden. Precious! precious indeed
comrade. Lying upon my breast unconscious,
the declining sun throwing its mellow rays
all around us, she looked like a peri dreaming
of her grottoes and arbors beneath the deep
blue sea. She was one of the most beau-
tiful creatures I ever saw. Imagine to your-
self a flawless blonde, and you have the pic-
ture of my lost angel. Assistance soon reach-
ed us, and she was conveyed to her father's
house. By interrogating the villagers, I
learned that she was the daughter of Mr.
Eitzgerald, the village curate; they all loved
her, and never mentioned her name without
invoking her blessing. The next day I called
upon Madeline Fitzgerald. She received me
with becoming modesty, and thanked me
sweetly and earnestly for the service I had
rendered her, in which she was joined by the
kind and venerable curate. It is enough to
say that I soon fondly loved Madeline Fitz-
gerald, and that she reciprocated my passion.
By many excuses, I delayed joining my reg-
iment. Days, weeks—ay, months—slipped
happily by. At length, yielding to my ur-
gent entreaties, she accompanied me to a
neighboring village, where we were secretly
married.

"At last, too soon came the day that we
must part. My regiment was ordered to In-
dia to assist in quelling the terrible Sepoy
revolt, and I was ordered to report at head-
quarters immediately. There was no dis-
obeying this summons, and we had to part.—
I pictured to her that it would not be long
ere I returned—that I should proudly pro-
claim her before the world as my cherished,
beautiful bride, and that we should live so
happily. Ay, dear comrade, I told her we
should live so happily. She smiled amid her
tears, and kissed me o'er and o'er. At last
I tore myself away; I rushed into the smoke
and crash of battle, and she to remain and
comfort her venerable father, who had lost
the dear partner of his bosom while Mad-
eline was but an infant.

"Well, comrade, I served through that
horrible and bloody Indian campaign—was
with Havelock at Lucknow, and in every
other important engagement. But while
friends died around me, smitten by fell dis-
ease, or were struck down by the fatal bul-
let, I escaped, unscathed! The memory of
my sainted Madeline sustained me through
every scene of hardship and danger. It seem-
ed like her love thronged around me a shield
that made me invulnerable. At length the
Seps were quelled and subdued, and my
regiment was ordered home. Joyful, joyful
news to me then; but 'twere far better had
I been left with the dead! After a long, and
to me, wearisome voyage, I reached home.—
I had been gazetted to a captaincy.

"I almost flew up the rocky path leading
to my darling's cottage. I peeped in through
the tellisid window—she was seated in the
little parlor, weeping. I rushed in, and
clasped her in my arms. She uttered a loud
scream, and fainted. Her kind revived; and
then I learned that she soon father had died
during my absence. My presence, however,
dispelled her sorrow and gloom, and we were
happy—very happy. Such a paradise on
earth for me could not last long.

"I told her that the day was not far off
when I would openly proclaim her my wife.
I proceeded to the sombre mansion of my pa-
rents. Its gloom chilled me. I entered the
bosom of my mother. She arose, and coldly
kissed me, and said I looked handsome in
my uniform. "Lady Blanche," she said
would make a fitting wife, indeed, for you."
Lady Blanche! who could she be? I cared
not; Madeline was mine.

"My father entered, and greeted me in his
stern, proud way, and coldly, yet kindly, con-
gratulated me on my promotion. It only re-
mained for me, he said, to contract a noble
matrimonial alliance, to gild my future life
with honor. I listened, with an aching
heart, and, making some excuse, left the
apartment.
"Thus it continued for some time. Days
and weeks happily glided by. I was seldom
absent from Madeline, living in the sunlight
of her glorious love. Ah, comrade! these
were happy days—alas! too soon to be
blasted!

"There were visitors at the mansion. The
Lady Templeton and her regal, beautiful
daughter Blanche, for whom half the titled
aristocracy of the English metropolis were
languing for even one of her smiles. She
was a superb creature, faultlessly formed—
her dark, flashing eyes and raven tresses

would have excited admiration in the bosom
of the coldest anchorite. Comrade, I know
that you will acquit me with all feelings of
vanity—now calmly awaiting approaching
death—when I tell you that I believe she
loved me. She appeared to seek and desire
my company. I, on the contrary, avoided
her; and she appeared hurt by my conduct
and seeming indifference. Had I never met
Madeline, it is more than probable I should
have loved her. As it was, I could not. So
matters went on.

"One day, my father called me into the li-
brary. He asked me the cause of my cold-
ness toward the Lady Blanche. He said he
knew that she loved me, and that I must not
throw away lightly such a splendid chance
for a high alliance. He told me the lady in-
tended remaining but a short time, and that
I must instantly propose to her. Disguise
was now useless. I told him all—my mar-
riage to Madeline, and my love for her. I
never saw, and never again hope to see, such
an expression of rage and hate as swept across
his countenance. With a face perfectly livid
he shrieked forth!

"Dog! base, ungrateful dog! leave the
house you have disgraced! Go, and be hap-
py, if you can, with your beggar-wife! Be-
gone! Never darken my door with your
presence!"

"I did not deign to vouch a single word
in reply; I almost joyously left the hated
and gloomy mansion, and hastened to the
cottage of my Madeline. The same evening
I received a letter from my mother, stating
that she fully approved of my father's con-
duct, and that, from that moment, she would
only regard me as an utter stranger. A day
or two afterwards, Lady Templeton and her
daughter Blanche returned to London.

"I resigned my commission in the army,
determined hereafter to devote my life to
Madeline. Being now of age, I inherited an
income of three hundred pounds a year from
a deceased relative; our wants were few, and
my income was amply sufficient to enable us
to live very happy indeed. These were truly
happy days, comrade! The peaceful tran-
quility in which we lived seemed a perfect
heaven on earth.

"One morning I left her to visit a friend
who lived about twelve miles up the sea coast.
She kissed me tenderly and bade me return
soon.

"It was night, when I returned. I entered
her parlor: it was deserted! I called loudly
on Madeline: no voice replied. The echoes I
awakened seemed to mock me. I sat down
to collect my scattered senses. Her piano
was open, with the music lying on it, as
though she had just quitted it. I burst into
tears. They brought me relief; and I began
to ponder calmly over the mystery connected
with her disappearance. I knew that some
dark treachery had been at work, and I sus-
pected my parents of instigating the foul deed.

"It suddenly flashed upon my mind that I had
lately seen Richard Vismer—a morose and
sullen Englishman, employed by my father as
steward—prowling about my dwelling. I
rushed forth and saddled my gallant steed,
and galloped madly to my parents' mansion.
On reaching there, I rushed into the study
where my parents were seated. They started
as I entered!

"Where—where is my wife? I asked, im-
pudently. If ye possess not the hearts of
fiends, tell me and do not drive me mad!"
"My father arose, and in cold and chilling
accents thus addressed me:
"What means this ill-timed intrusion?
What think you we know of your wife, but
she has left you for some more favored suitor?
Call up your pride, renounce her, and return
to your parents and your home."
"Tis a lie as black as hell!" I shrieked.
She is pure as the angels, and sinless as the
heavens! Now, mark, me I will find my wife,
despite your efforts to part us!"

"I again left my hated natal halls, deter-
mined to find my lost Madeline—or to die.
"I will not weary you with long and weary
details. Suffice it to say that I at length tra-
ced her to a private madhouse. On a dark,
tempestuous night, I eluded the vigilance of
the guards. I moved stealthily along the di-
mal corridors, hoping to find the apartment
where my darling Madeline was confined. I
heard voices; and proceeding to the door of
the room from whence the sounds came, over-
heard the following conversation:

"Now," interrogated a voice, which I re-
cognized as Vismer's, "sign your renunciation
of your marriage with Walter de Lacey. He
has deserted you. Sign it, and you shall
have wealth in abundance."
"The fabulous wealth of Golconda," replied
Madeline—for it was she—"would not tempt
me to submit to your dictation. You cannot
make me believe that Walter is false. If you
have a heart that can be touched by pity, I
pray you release me from this dreadful place.
I feel that my hours are but few. Would to
heaven that I could behold Walter once more
and I could die happy!"

"Peace, driveling woman!" thundered Vi-
smer, bending over my wife, and drawing a
dagger. "Sign this paper, or your blood be
on your own head. Every mortal in this
house is in my pay, and I act by the com-
mands of noble persons; you know who.
Sign this paper, and receive wealth. Refuse,
and die!"

"Never!—never!" she screamed. "Oh!
Dutchman! He's a 'right bower.'"

save me, Walter!"
"Fool!" said he; "You must be mad, indeed
to think that your lover can help you now,
You are beyond the reach of all help!"

"Liar and villain!" I shouted, as I kicked
down the door and dashed into the room.

"He quailed before my gaze, and I darted
upon him with the ferocity of a tiger. I hur-
led him to the floor, and planting my knees
on his chest, drew my pistol, and placing it
to his temple, pulled the trigger. The treach-
erous weapon snapped, I threw it from me
with a curse. I dragged him to the window
which I opened with one hand, and then hurled
the villain forth. I heard his despairing
shriek above the howling of the tempest as he
went headlong to eternity!

"Madeline had fainted. I wrapped her in
my cloak, and hastened down the stairs. I
met no one to bar our egress. I sprang upon
my gallant steed, and galloped madly through
the howling storm. Madeline at length re-
turned to consciousness; but, O God! my
comrade, only to die.

"The shock was too much for her delicate
frame, and the angel died in my arms.

"I again stood in the presence of my pa-
rents.

"Fiends in human guise!" I wildly
shrieked, beholding your innocent, murdered vic-
tim!

"And I deposited the corpse of Madeline
on the floor.

"My mother screamed, and fell senseless;
my father cowered, and turned ashy pale.
"I have sent your infernal agent to the
regions of the damned; but my lost angel
shall have a glorious funeral pyre to light her
pathway to Paradise!"

"I left the room, and locked the door.

"A few moments afterward, the mansion
was in flames.

"The servants all escaped. My parents
were never seen again. They perished in the
flames. Well was Madeline avenged.

"I escaped to the United States, and wander-
ed to the Western wilds. When the Re-
bellion broke out, I came to New York and
joined the Sixty-ninth Regiment as a private.
A few days after enlisting, the gallant Col-
onel Corcoran, discovering that I possessed
considerable military talent, offered me, as
you are aware, a captain's commission. All
I desired was death, and I cared but little
in what capacity I met it. I refused the
colonel's generous offer. Comrade, you know
the rest. Good-bye, dear fellow! Loved
and lost Madeline, I come to thee!"

Private Walter De Lacy was dead!

EXTRACT FOR YOUNG MEN.

Give a young man a taste for reading, and
in that single disposition you have furnished
him with a great safeguard. He has found at
home that which others have to seek abroad,
namely, pleasurable excitement. He has
learned to think even when his book is no
longer in his hand, and it is for want of
thinking that youth go to ruin.

Some of those who have been most eminent
in learning and science made their first at-
tainments in snatches of time stolen from
manual employment. Hans Sachs, the poet
of the Reformation, and the Burns, of Ger-
many, began life as did Burns, a poor boy;
he was a tailor's son and served an appren-
ticeship, first to a shoemaker and afterwards
to a weaver, and continued to work at the
loom as long as he lived.

The great dramatist, Ben Johnson, was a
working bricklayer and afterwards a soldier.
Linnaeus, the father of modern botany, was
once on the shoemaker's bench.
Our immortal Franklin, it need scarcely be
said, was a printer.

Herschel, whose name is inscribed on the
heavens, was the son of a poor musician, and
at the age of fourteen years was placed in a
band attached to the Hanoverian guards.

After going to England undertook to teach
music and then became an organist.

But while he was supporting himself in
this way he was learning Italian even Greek.

From music he was naturally led to mathe-
matics, and thence to optics and astronomy.
John Doland, the inventor of the arch-
romatic telescope, spent his early years at
the silk loom; and continued in his original
business even for some years after his eldest
son came to an age to join him in it. Few
cases are more celebrated than that of Glif-
ford, the founder and editor of the *Quarterly
Review*. He was an orphan, and barely
escaped the poorhouse. He became a
ship boy of the most menial sort on board of
a coasting vessel. He was afterward for six
years apprenticed to a shoemaker. In this
last employment he stole time from the last,
for arithmetic and algebra, and for lack of
other conveniences, used to work out his
problems on leather with a blunt all. Few
names are more noted in modern literature.

ROSECRANS A REGULAR "TRUMP."—Cesar
in his victory over Pontus, and Perry at his
victory on Lake Erie, immortalized them-
selves by the point and brevity of their dis-
patches. Caesar said—"I came, I saw I con-
quered"—Perry said—"We have met the en-
emy and they are ours." But Rosecrans at
Iuka has surpassed them both. He said "I
ukered the enemy." Pretty good, for a
Dutchman! He's a "right bower."

Associations for Help.

Several gentlemen in Providence united in
an agreement to pay each a certain sum in
case any of the party were drafted. All es-
caped save one, and he is fortunate in being
aided by his associates to bear the burden of
securing a substitute. In Hyde Park, we
learn, some twenty-five were banded together
for a similar purpose, each agreeing to pay
\$25 apiece for the benefit of those drafted.—
Eight were drafted, which gives some \$90
each to the unlucky ones. Several of the
men employed at Dickson's associated togeth-
er for the same object, agreeing to pay \$25
each. On Saturday afternoon, before we had
heard the result of the drawing, another of
the workmen was invited to join them, but
he declined, saying he had rather expose him-
self to the draft. He shortly repented, for in
less than an hour afterward a list of the draft-
ed men was received, with his name among
the unfortunates!—Scranton Republican.

The Negro Question in Illinois.

Indictments have been found in the Jersey
County Court against Lieut. Col. Milton S.
Littlefield, Fourteenth Illinois Cavalry, and
Adjutant William A. Scott, Fourteenth Illi-
nois Infantry, for bringing negroes into the
State. Each brought home a servant from
the war, and hence the indictment. Both
were present during the session of the Court,
and one is a Republican and the other a Dem-
ocrat. The penalty is a fine of from one to
five hundred dollars and imprisonment in the
county jail not more than one year. The
continued introduction of negroes into some
parts of Illinois, contrary to the laws of that
State, appears to increase the prejudices of
the people against this species of immigration.
Public meetings protesting against this policy
have been held in various localities, supposed
to be injuriously affected by it.

Singular Prophecy.

According to a translation from Michael
Nostradamus' "Seven Centuries of Prophecy"
it appears that he not only prophesied the
death of Charles I. of England, the establish-
ment of the French Republic, the deaths of
Henry IV. and Louis XVI. of France, giving
the exact dates of each, but that a war would
arise in a country beyond the seas, that many
would perish, that there would be the most in-
tense hatred manifested, that the war would
last four years, when both parties would be
utterly prostrated and almost ruined, and then
would embrace each other with great joy and
love. Nostradamus died in 1566. So far as
known he appears to have been a true Prophe-
t.

Important Hearing.

A writ of *habeas corpus* was yesterday is-
sued by Judge Pearson, of Dauphin county,
requiring Lieutenant Smith to produce before
him, this morning, two drafted men who pro-
test against the order of the Government
compelling themselves and their comrades to
supply the places in the ranks of the old reg-
imental organizations made vacant by those
who have fallen or become disabled in the
service of their country.

Able counsel have been engaged, and as
the decision of the Judge will probably de-
termine whether the Government has the
right or not, to enforce such an order, great
anxiety is naturally manifested to ascertain
the result.

Vanity Fair has a cut representing
two colored gentlemen discussing "the crisis,"
under which the following conversation is re-
ported: Tom—"Say, Pomp, a 'noble darkey'
tell me just now dat Jeff Davis is gwine to
'baltiate' 'bout de President's Proclamation; he
gwine to 'clare de niggers ob de Norf States
slaves arter de fust of Janerwery next." Pomp
—"Bress us all."

I have canvassed the entire North in
defence of the Union cause, and in vindication
of the present Administration, and I now
propose to recanvass the whole in order to
expose the villainies of its army officers, pay-
masters, swindlers and upstarts, who are eat-
ing up the Government!

W. G. BROWLOW.

"THE ONLY EXODUS OF THE SLAVE IS OVER
THE RUINS OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION."
So said Wendell Phillips, and Mr. Lincoln
has evidently adopted this opinion. His
emancipation proclamation supersedes the
Constitution, so far as the latter relates to
slavery and as Webster said, "a contract broken
in part is broken altogether."

GOOD GROUND FOR EXEMPTION.—A scene
in Surgeon Haller's office.—"Doctor, if the
foot won't answer, I have another all-suffi-
cient reason—one that you cannot refuse me
exemption for."
"What is it?" asked the doctor.
"Why, the fact is, doctor, I have not got
good sense—I am an idiot," soberly replied
the applicant.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "what proof have
you of that? What evidence can you bring?"
"Proof conclusive," said the applicant.—
"Why sir, I voted for Abe Lincoln; and if
that isn't proof of a man's being a d—
idiot, I don't know how idiocy could be
proven