

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no effort to render the house an agreeable place of sojourn for who may favor it with their custom.
RILEY WARNER.
September 11, 1861.

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September 11, 1861.

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Dec. 11, 1861.

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FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZER
"FERROXY" IS
Meshoppen, Sept. 18, 1861.

Poet's Corner.

The following stanzas were sent us by a lady who resides in "Ole Virginy." She assures us, that, though like "Tray," she may have been "caught in bad company," there is not a disloyal thought in her inkstand. We give them a place, being fully satisfied that our fair correspondent is heartily in for the Union—we hope "Dan" is too.

[Written for the Democrat.]

'DAN.'

BY MERIEA A. BABCOCK.

Dan is a jovial fellow,
And Dan is gay, dashing and bold,
He always "looks out" for the ladies,
No matter how young or how old!
In short, he's the qualifications,
(I'll say it all when I can),
To make him the greatest of mortals,
A high-hearted, whole-hearted man.

His pockets know never a famine,
They leak but they leak at the top!
A fault that few people complain of,
(I know one or two who do not),
So all the young cousins at Christmas
March up to his room to a man,
And smile as each grasps the bright quarter,
Held out by his dear "cousin Dan."

Dan travels way down in Seecasia,
Has seen all the mules and a—bare
And desolate region of country
As ever he saw anywhere;
He says that one bank of Ohio
Is worth a plantain in mules,
But Dan never earned how to "reckon"
According to secession rules!

He wears some "trass straps" on his shoulders,
Wears long-legged boots and all that,
But still he retains all his senses!
He knows how to relish a chat,
With all the fine fellows about him!
Is bound to enjoy all he can,
And all the "good boys" in camp hail him
By no other title than "Dan."

He speaks well of the ladies,
(I know he'd speak well of his wife!)
I wonder he should have staved single
These many long days of his life.
But when this great conflict is over,
And Peace shall be stayed in her flight,
Should there be a great run to the Union,
Why, Dan will be forced to unite!

Select Story.

Keeping School at Bean Borough.

BY CAROLINE E. PRESTON.

Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,
And teach the young idea how to shoot.

I was a school ma'am once, or tried to be,
And I am a going to tell you all about it.—
This was the way it happened. I had an uncle who lived in a New Hampshire village, who used to call on us on his way to Boston once a year. On one of these occasions he happened to mention that he was Prudential Committee of his district, and he was in search of a female teacher.

Now I had an idea that I could manage a school a good deal better than any of the teachers who had ever taught me, and I said eagerly, "I wish you'd engage me to teach school, Uncle Joshua."

"You," said my mother, opening her eyes wide with astonishment. "Why you ain't but a little girl yourself."

"I'm most sixteen," I replied with an air of dignity, "and I guess I know enough to teach a district school."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Uncle Joshua but he added with a little uncertainty, "do you think you can make the children mind?"

"I'll do it or die in the attempt," said I heroically, feeling I suppose as Joan of Arc did when she waved her sword at the head of her army.

Well, the upshot of it was that after overcoming all the objections that were raised against my plan, I succeeded in obtaining the appointment.

The school was to begin in two weeks.— During that time I made hurried preparations, informing my school companions—for I was at that time attending school—with considerable pomposity, that I had been called to take charge of a seminary in a distant town. Uncle Joshua had advised me rather quizzically to increase my stature by high heeled shoes, and though I scouted the suggestion at the time, I concluded to adopt it.

At length all preparations were made, and I started one bright morning en route for the town of Beanborough. I traveled all day, and in the evening reached my uncle's house where I was to pass the night, and devote the next day to being examined to ascertain if I was properly qualified, and to installing myself in a boarding place. I forgot to mention that I was to board round—this and a dollar a week constituting my compensation for teaching.

As to the examination I needn't dwell upon that. I had no difficulty in "passing" and obtaining a certificate from the Committee, of my fitness to engage in the responsible task of instructing the urchins of the Stump district in Beanborough. The district derives its name from an immense stump only a few rods to the west of the school house.

Next morning Uncle Joshua drove me over to Mrs. Bumstead's where I was to board the first week. The house did not look particularly neat. There was a hog wallowing in a drain over which I had to step, and everything inside and outside seemed to be at sixes and sevens.

"This is my niece, the new school ma'am," Mrs. Bumstead, said Uncle Joshua. "I believe she's to board at your house first."

"Well, I expect so," said the lady, leaning on her broom handle. "Tain't at all convenient, but then it never is, and as long as its got to be gone through with, I don't know but it might as well be, first as last."

This was not a very cordial reception, and I felt a little uncomfortable, as Uncle Joshua took off my trunk, and conveyed it into the house.

"We hain't no spare room, Miss What's your name," proceeded my hostess, but I guess you can sleep between Roxana and Hannah Jane. You ain't any of you very big."

These two girls were about ten years of age, and stood by with dirty faces and disheveled hair.

I groaned inwardly at the idea of sleeping three in a bed with such companions, but thought it would be of no use to remonstrate.

At last, quarter of nine came, and I started with the two girls who were to be my scholars, for the school house. Instead of an elegant rustic building, I found myself approaching a dilapidated edifice—which had formerly been a shoe-shop, but had been bought cheap for the use of the district.—Some of the window panes had been broken and their places supplied with old hats and other equally elegant substitutes.

A disorderly group were standing in front of the building.

"There's the school-ma'am," shouted one, and after a prolonged stare which confused me somewhat, they rushed tumultuously into the school house. I followed them with as much dignity as I could assume. Just as I got in, two boys were clenching each other in the back part of the room, and evidently preparing for active hostilities.

I didn't feel half so courageous as I thought I should. Although these boys were not more than eleven or twelve, I had no doubt that they were either of them stronger than myself, and it was in rather a faint tone that I told them to stop, and inquired into the cause of their hostilities.

"Jim Lynch has got my seat," said one glancing defiantly at the other.

"Tain't his'n; it's mine," responded the other.

"I'll leave it to any of the boys," said the second.

On referring it to the boys, each seemed to be backed by about an equal number of supporters, and in my perplexity, I knew not what to do.

At last I bribed Jim Lynch to give up the seat, and comparative peace was restored.

This effected, I rang the bell and proceeded to make a little speech which I had carefully written out and committed. The scholars did not seem very attentive, and signs of uneasiness induced me to cut it short.

During the forenoon I noticed the scholars watched me pretty sharply, to notice what kind of a teacher I was likely to prove. They were comparatively tranquil, and I felt encouraged.

At twelve o'clock, I returned to my boarding house for dinner.

I had nothing but fried pork and potatoes, and some very hard, indigestible brown bread.

"It's washing day to-day," said Mrs. Bumstead, and "we never calculate to get much of any dinner washing day."

I incautiously sat down in a chair on which some milk had been spilt, which did not at all improve the looks of the black silk which I had foolishly put on for my inauguration day.

"You'll have to look out next time," said Mrs. Bumstead in a tone which did not convey much consolation.

I did not relish my dinner, which in fact I had hardly time to swallow, as afternoon school commenced at one.

The next morning on entering school, I found the scholars more than usually quiet, although some of them seemed to be tittering about something. However, this did not particularly attract my attention, though I heard a faint noise somewhere in the neighborhood of my desk, but did not know what it was.

Unsuspectingly I proceeded to open the desk as usual, when out flew a hen, striking me in the face, and startling me so as to elicit a scream of terror.

This convulsed all the scholars with laughter and filled me with indignation.

"Who did this?" I exclaimed.

No reply.

"If some one does not tell I shall be obliged to whip you all round."

Upon this one of the small children, terrified by the threat, answered, "Jimmy Foote did it."

I instantly determined to make an example of the offender who had so outraged my dignity, in case he should prove not too large for me to undertake to whip.

"James Foote, come here!" I called out with severity.

No one stirred.

"James Foote, come here this instant," I called again, stamping my foot angrily.

The scholars began to titter again, which increased my anger.

"Will any scholar point out James Foote?" I exclaimed as a last resort.

"Jim Foote ain't here. He went home before you came," volunteered the same scholar, who had informed me of the boy's delinquencies.

Of course nothing could be done after this

and I determined to let the matter pass until he should appear.

The scholars behaved very badly that morning. There was a constant whispering.—None of them knew their lessons, and the Spirit of Discord seemed to be let loose among them.

I couldn't help wishing sincerely that I had never undertaken to be a teacher, finding it not quite so easy or pleasant as I had anticipated.

Just at the moment when Peter Andrew had stuck a pin into Ephram Phillips, and made him shriek with pain, and while two of the boys were standing in opposite corners with foolscaps on their heads, in walked Squire Humphries, chairman of the School Committee.

I think he was a little appalled at the scene of confusion which presented itself. At any rate I was appalled at the sight of my visitor.

"I have come to see how you are getting along," said the squire.

"I am glad to see you," said I with more politeness than truth.

In my confusion I took out my handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from my face, but unluckily I had used it only a few minutes before, for the want of something better, to wipe off the ink from my desk, the inkstand having tipped over. Of course it was completely moist with ink, and my face after the application of the handkerchief must have presented a ludicrous appearance.

At any rate the scholars perceiving it burst into an uproarious laugh, some of them even throwing themselves on the floor, and rolling round in the excess of their delight.

Squire Humphries at first frowned indignantly, but when he caught sight of my face, he could not resist the infection, but burst into a laugh so hearty that it brought tears to his eyes.

Not understanding the cause of the mirth, I thought they had all gone mad until I chanced to look at the handkerchief, when my misfortune was revealed to me.

Squire Humphries apologized when he recovered from his mirth, but my mortification was such that I determined to send in my resignation as school ma'am at once. It was accepted, and I left Beanborough the next day, with forty cents in my pocket—being compensation for two of the hardest day's work I ever attempted. After deducting from this amount my expenses to and from Boston, I came to the conclusion that school teaching wasn't very profitable.

Miscellaneous.

THEY ARE SLEEPING.

Yes, they are sleeping, a long dreamless sleep, from which they will never awaken.— Sleeping far away from mother and home, far from wife and children, from brother and sister, and the fair gentle girl whose cheek has faded like the rose when the chilling blasts of Autumn sweep over it, waiting for the coming of the loved one.

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A TRAITOR CONGRESS AND A TRAITOR PRESIDENT.

Thad. Stevens, the leader of the administration party in Congress, in a recent speech before that body, on the establishment of a new State within the territory of Virginia, used the following language:

"I say, then, that we may admit West Virginia as a new State, not by virtue of any provision of the Constitution, but under absolute power which the laws of war give us in the circumstances in which we are placed. I shall vote for this bill upon that theory, and upon that alone; for I will not stultify myself by supposing that we have any warrant in the Constitution for this proceeding."

This talk of restoring the Union as it was under the Constitution as it is, is one of the absurdities which I have repeated, until I have become about sick of it. This Union can never be restored as it was. There are many things which render such an event impossible. This Union shall never with my consent be restored under the Constitution as it is, with slavery to be protected by it."

No one doubts that this is the sentiment and the programme of the administration.

We are told, "this Union shall never be restored under the Constitution as it is." We have not for a long time doubted that such is the determination of Mr. Lincoln and the whole party in power. But had they announced their real designs in the beginning, they could have never raised a respectable army for such a purpose.—Mr. Lincoln has no right to call soldiers into the field for such an object. And unless he backs squarely down from this unconstitutional use of the army, where will he get another soldiers? Will the States of New Jersey and New York permit any men to be drafted from the militia, for an object which is a confessed violation of the Constitution and the laws? The objects for which the State militia may be called into the service of the Federal Government, are expressly named and carefully limited by the Constitution. If the President attempts to use the militia for unconstitutional purposes it is clearly the duty of the States to recall their troops from the field, and to refuse to allow any further drafting, until the administration returns to the Constitution and the laws. It is within the power of State Executives and Legislatures to force a usurping President to abandon such a career of crime, by withholding and withdrawing the State troops. A Governor who should allow the citizens of his State to be dragged into the army for the avowed purpose of destroying the Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is, would be sure, in the end, to receive the execration and curses of the people, and would finally fall into the same hated page of history with the obscene joker, who thus abuses the confidence and the patriotism of a loyal people. The duty of the Governor is plain. They are to promptly respect all constitutional requirements of the Federal administration. But they are not to obey an unlawful demand. Suppose the President should issue an order for drafting the troops of New Jersey, for the avowed purpose of abolishing the marriage laws in the State of Pennsylvania. Would such an order be obeyed by the State of New Jersey? No, it would be resisted even to the point of the bayonet, if it came to that. But we are told there is rebellion against the laws of the Union; but it is not lawful to call them out to destroy the Union. But we have satisfied ourselves that we can not enforce the laws of the Union. And so you have made up your minds to destroy the Union! Because you find you are not strong enough to administer all the laws of the Constitution, you have determined to destroy that sacred instrument altogether! Because some deluded men say—we wish no longer to live within the temple of the Union, you have set yourselves to work to pull the whole temple down so that nobody shall ever live in it any more! That is your position, O ye Catalines of Congress! Shall we send our sons to fight to destroy the Union and the Constitution, because some have proclaimed that they are tired of living under their protection? No, we will not. There must be another kind of legislation in Congress—another kind of proclamation from the hand of our law-defying and grammar-despising President—before States which are truly loyal to the Government of our fathers will send more troops into the field. We have been told by the apologists for Mr. Lincoln, that the radical, traitor Governors have coerced the President to do wrong. Then let the conservative, loyal Governors coerce him back again to do right. If the radical traitors would not suffer State troops to move forward until the President came out with a series of unconstitutional proclamations, let the conservative patriots withhold their forces until those unconstitutional schemes are abandoned. If, as we have been told, this wretched man, the President has been forced to proclaim against the Constitution, let him, by all means, be forced to re-proclaim in its favor. If rascals have compelled him to do wrong let honest men compel him to do right. If the President is an honest man, he will rejoice to be forced out of the clutches of the disunion radicals. If he does not agree with the Chairman of his Committee of Ways and Means, when he says—"The Union shall never, with my consent, be restored under the Constitution as it is," let him come out by

proclamation and say so, and we shall be among the first to rush to his support, in every lawful endeavor to restore the Union under the Constitution as it is.

But on the other hand if he agrees with Mr. Stevens, that the "Union shall never be restored under the Constitution," let us look to see who will dare to move any further to aid him in his work of treason and destruction. Let us begin to prepare epitaphs of eternal shame for the tombs of the traitors who dare lift their hands, with Abraham Lincoln and his fellow-conspirators, against the Union and the Constitution! The terrible Danton once thundered into the French Assembly: "Room, there! Room in Hell for Maximilian Robespierre!"—Read, O conspirators, your epitaph.—The Old Guard

BUYING APPLES OF A SECESSH WOMAN.

A correspondent of the Chicago Evening Journal tells the following good story, relative to our troops trading with an Arkansas woman: "Confederate money is the only thing that can be used here, except specie. 'Greenbacks' won't go; the people think them worth less than the paper they are printed on. It is truly astonishing to see what confidence they have in their rebel shipplasters. One morning, some of our soldiers went to the house of a wealthy citizen (rebel) to purchase apples. The lady replied that she would not take our money in payment, nor would she sell to 'Fed.'—This blocked the game, and the large pile of fine apples in the cellar remained untouched. But an idea struck one of the boys, and he resolved to have some apples by strategy.—The general had given orders that nothing in the house should be molested; hence strategy must be resorted to. One of the soldiers was stripped of his uniform and clothed in the secessh garb of "butternut." A small pile of confederate shipplasters in his pocket properly prepared him for the enterprise.—Two soldiers with fixed bayonets, marched him to the kind lady's house as a prisoner. The prisoner then told his tale of suffering, not only of himself, but of his companions and prisoners. The good lady sympathized deeply with him, and sold a bushel of apples for a fifty cent shin plaster. The prisoner shouldered the apples, and the guard marched him into camp. The strategy worked, and the boys are now doing a thriving business with fifty cent shin plasters, and manufactured prisoners, to the complete conquest of the rebel apple pile. How long before the old lady will "smell a rat" is yet to be seen."

KISSING—HUMAN NATURE.

When a wild spark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says, "Sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon."

The Boston girls hold stiff until they are well kissed, when they flare up all at once, and say, "I think you would be ashamed."

When a young chap steals a kiss from an Albany girl, she says, "I reckon its my turn now," and gives him a box on the ear that he don't forget in a month.

When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl, she smiles, blushes deeply, and says nothing.

In Pennsylvania, when a female is saluted with a buss, she puts on her bonnet and shawl, and answers, "I am astonished at thy assurance, Jebadiah, and for this indignity will sew thee up."

The Western ladies, however, are so fond of kissing, that when saluted on one cheek, they instantly present the other.

The Sag Harbor girls tussals and scratches till out of breath, when she submits to her fate with the most exemplary fortitude and resignation, without a murmur.

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.—Kingsley gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus declares: "There is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's midsummer holiday—the time I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby-days, our Greenwich dinners our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasures of grief after fourteen as he does before unless, in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him."

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

Professor Silliman, of New Haven, recently closed a Smithsonian lecture by giving the following sensible advice to young men:—"If therefore, you wish for a clear mind and strong muscles, and quiet nerves, and long life, and power prolonged in old age, permit me to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks above water and mild infusions of that fluid, shan tobacco opium, and everything else that disturbs the moral state of the system; rely upon nutritious food, and mild diluted drinks, of which water is the base, and you will need nothing beyond moral regulation of all your powers, to give you long, happy and useful lives and a serene evening at the close."