The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.] "TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHT."—Thomas Jefferson. [TERMS: $1.50 PER ANNUM

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BY HARVEY SICKLER.

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Poet's Corner.

[Written for the DEMOCRAT.]

GENERVIEVE.

BY STELLA, OF LACKAWANA.

I gaze from my lowly cottage—
My cottage upon the lea,
On a proud and stately mansion,
Whose splendor is not for me:

And I sigh in the misty gloaming,
As, out through the leafy bars,
I watch, from my curtainless casement,
A turret beneath the stars;

That shimmers now in the moonlight—
The moonlight, white and cold,
While the shadows gather deeper
Over the glistening wold.

Oh, many a misty twilight,
And many a moonlight eve,
I watch for the softened footsteps
Of the maiden Genervieve;

And her proud and stately lover,
That met her a year ago:
Ah me! to be born a peasant,
Is never a joy to know!

She is happy, Oh, so happy,
To-night beneath the stars,
For I heard tne words she murmured,
Out through my leafy bars:

But she thinks not of the maiden,
Born on the thriftless lea;
I never had a lover—
Would she but pity me!

* * * * *

I am watching, watching, watching!
What can the matter be?
The lovers—I have not seen them
Whispering on the lea:

For many a misty twilight,
And many a moonlit eve:
What hath the knight befallen,
Or the maiden Genervieve?

Dark are the mansion windows,
And the hall lights flicker dim;
From the door of her stately chamber,
She will come no more to him:

In her young and radiant beauty,
She softly fell asleep:—
Oh, I never had a lover,
But I know her own will weep:

And he'll walk in the misty twilight,
And sigh in the moonlit eve,
For the fair and winsome maiden—
The gentle GENERVIEVE.

Select Story.

SIXTY AND SIXTEEN.

General S. Aubyn was standing before his mirror busily engaged in the adjustment of his neck-cloth.

"Confound this neckerchief!" he exclaimed, giving it pull this way and a twitch that. "Jim, what's the reason my neck-rigging won't set as trimly as yours? You young chaps have a knack that I somehow can't get the hang of, about the dress."

"I am sure I can't account for it, uncle," laughed a handsome young man about twenty-one. "Perhaps it's something incident to youth, like scarlet fever, or falling in love!"

"That's just it, Jim. The fact is—now let me catch you laughing if you dare, you young rogue—I'm going to be married."

"Going to be married, uncle!" exclaimed James Ashley, in open-eyed astonishment.—"I never dreamed of it!"

"How should you, when you only arrived yesterday from a year's absence in Europe? I'm going to call on her this morning, Jim—come with me, and be introduced to the sweetest sixteen alive?"

"Only sixteen, do you say, Uncle?"

"Don't look so horrified, Jim; of course I don't expect her to be desperately in love with an old codger like me—that would be unreasonable. But she'll make me a sweet dutiful little wife, and I, there's no use in talking—I can only say one thing; the Lord deal with me as I shall deal with the child."

The old man lifted his hands reverently towards heaven as he spoke.

Josephene Clare was sitting among her flowers in sunshine, blonde and golden-haired, with blue eyes, and little mouth, tinted with the softest crimson. One tiny dimple cleft her round chin, and the peachy bloom upon her cheeks was such as comes only to sixteen. No wonder General St. Aubyn lost his heart to the wonderously beautiful child—it must have been an iron sort of a machine if he hadn't.

She rose with varying color to meet her fine old lover as he entered.

"Josie," he said cheerily, after the first words of salutation had been exchanged, "I am not alone to day; let me introduce my nephew, James Ashley."

Josehpene lifted her blue eyes to the stranger's face for the first time with a wild, terrified gaze—the peach blossom faded from her cheek, and the General St. Aubyn knew she fainted in his arms.

"What's the matter?" stammered the veteran in breathless terror, "Josie, my child, is she dying? For heaven's sake get some cold water. Open the windows somebody—bring burnt fea thers!"

"Do lay the poor child down, General," exclaimed Miss Betsy Clare, Josephene's aunt, who rushed in at this juncture. "Don't hold her so tight. There now, she's comin' round all right, don't you see?"

The General looked on admiringly—all his military tactics seemed as nothing to the deftness with which Miss Betsy managed matters.

"What could have made you faint, my love?" he asked, when she was smiling again.

"I don't know," she murmured; "it was the——heat, I suppose?"

"And where's Jim?" asked the perplexed warrior.

"If you mean that tall young shaver," struck in Miss Betsy, "he's gone home like a fellow of sense, seeing he couldn't be of no use here."

"General St. Aubyn," said Josephine, in a very low voice, "I know you will think me a silly little goose, but please don't bring that young man here again."

"Josephine, my love, why not?"

"Because—because—" faltered the girl, playing with his watch chain, and hiding her flushed face against his breast, "its a whim of mine"

"Well, just as you say Josie," said the old General, "but I must remark, it's perfectly unaccountable."

"Women are unaccountable creatures," said Josephene, trying to laugh. "And now tell me about our new pictures."

But long after the General had gone, the child bride lay on the sofa, shutting out heaven's light from her eye with closely clasped hands and breathing out the wild, wailing moans that can come only from a broken heart. Poor, sacrificing Josephine Clare.

When Gen. St. Aubyn returned to his room at his hotel, he found James Ashley pacing the floor with hurried steps.

"Uncle," he said, looking up as the General entered, "I have changed my mind about the far-away official post in India. Will you obtain the appointment for me?"

"Certainly; but, James you would be obliged to sail immediately."

"The sooner the better, sir. Every hour that I remain in this country seems an age to me."

"James," said Gen. St. Aubyn, regarding his nephew with a keen piercing gaze, "what does this mean? And why does Josephine object to seeing you again—There is some mystery here."

"I would to heaven I had died ere I had gone there to-day," gasped Ashley. "Ask me no further, Uncle, it is best for the happiness of all to bury the past in eternal oblivion."

Gen. St. Aubyn stood a moment in deep thought as James hastily quitted the room. Suddenly a new light seemed to break upon him—he grew deadly pale and clenched his hands firmly.

"I have it he muttered between his teeth "this is the girl to whom James was engaged before he went to Europe and that mercenary scoundrel Clare would have broken both their hearts and put me in a false position to secure his own ends.—

Two long hours Gen. St. Aubyn paced his room—the mental conflict was sharp and fierce, but the noble heart triumphed. The next day he sought Josephine's presence, after a long interview with her father.

"Josephine," he said, "what do you say to celebrating the wedding next week instead of next month?"

She looked up in surprise.

"A bridegroom is privileged to be impatient," he said lightly.

"It shall be as you desire," she replied passively.

Pale and lovely as her own pearls, Josephine Clare stood at the threshold of the church, waiting for the bridegroom's cortege. At length it came, and Gen. St. Aubyn stepped forward.

"Josephine," he whispered "my generous noble girl, I feared the bridegroom of sixty would be ill-suited to your fresh bloom, and so I have substituted one of one-and twenty. Jim, come forward you scamp! And I am goin to be on hand to give away the bride."

Josephine thought she was in a blissful dream; but no—it was true—and almost ere she could realize the new state of things, she was trustily married to James the first and only love, and the General folding her in his arms, whispered;

"Your father and I have arranged matters all right, dearest. Don't thank me, for although I have lost a wife, I have gained the sweetest of little nieces. I'm quite satisfied, Josie."

And so were Mr. and Mrs, James Ashley.

UNION LEAGUES.—We observe that the Abolition papers are busily engaged in efforts to get up what they call Union Leagues. This is a piece of gross deception. There is no Unionism in the Abolition party. The Union League is an organization to prevent a restoration of the Union. Phillips has truly declared that the Abolitionists "*hoped for and planned disunion*," and Thad. Stevens has declared in Congress that "with his consent, the Union shall never be restored Those therefore, who join these Leauges, do it to *destroy the Union*

THE LAST DAYS OF PAULINE.

Thus far, vice and excees had been the most conspicuous feature of Pauline's conduct she now showed herself capable of heroism, sacrifice, and devotion—qualities which the world has a right to expect of those who, though not born, are at least bred upon the steps of the throne. She spent the winter of 1813—14 at Nyes and Ayres, in the South of France. On the 20th of April, Napoleon left Fontainbleau for Elba, after what has been stigmatized as "a scene of desertion never equalled in any age of the world—tergiversations too hideous to be creditable, if not recorded by eye-witnesses." Pauline quitted Ayres in order to meet him near Frejus. While waiting, she witnessed many of the fearful tumults which were excited by the passage of the "Corsican tyrant." She saw his statues overturned and his life menaced. The brother and sister met at Lue, at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th of April. Napoleon entered the chamber of the Princess; she extended her arms, but burst into tears on seeing that he wore an Austrian uniform as a disguise.

"Why this uniform?" she asked.

"Why, Pauline," returned Napoleon, reproachfully, "would you have me dead?"

Pauline looked at him steadily and said, "I cannot embrace you in that dress. Oh, Napoleon, what have you done?"

Napoleon withdrew and changed his costume. He returned in the costume of the Old Guard. Pauline pressed him to her heart again and again, astonishing those who best knew her by this unexpected burst of feeling.

But Pauline could act as well as weep.—She with Madame Mere, followed Napoleon to Elba in October the same year. She abandoned the frivolities and gaities to which, for years, she had been accustomed, and devoted herself with untiring energy to furthering the plans formed for his escape. She placed all her jewels at his disposal. Napoleon never used them. They were in his carriage at Waterloo, which was taken by the Allies, and exhibited for money at London. The diamonds had disppeared; it was never known into whose hands they had fallen. On the 26th of February, 1815, she gave a ball to all the principal personages at Elba, and that veay night Napoleon stepped on board the brig l'Inconstant, and weighed anchor for France. Pauline and Napoleon never met again. She returned to Rome and he to Paris, from whence by to Waterloo, he passed on to St. Helena.

Don Camille was now compelled by the recoration of Piedmont to the Austrian rule, to resume his allegiance as a Roman subject. He refused to see or receive his wife; but the Pope took the matter into his own hands and appointed a committee or Cardinals to decide upon a method of reconciliation. The prince was ordered to share his palace with the princess, and to place one hundred and fifty thousand francs a year at her disposal. He obeyed, but ungraciously, and finally retired to Florence, where he built a palace for his own private use, leaving to her the innividual control of his superb establishment at Rome.

Pauline was still marvelously beautiful, though her health was delicate and her constitution impaired. She was surrounded with admirers, the most ardent of whom was Lord Brougham. He was admitted to the mysteries of her toilet, and she allowed him to sit on the floor before her and hold her feet in his hands. He was also permitted, as a great favor, to hand pins to her dressing-maids when they needed them in the arrangement of her person.

"How can you take pleasure," some one asked her, "in the society of men who have imprisod your brother at St. Helena!"

"Can you understand," she replied vehemently, "that I enjoy the sight of these men once so arrogant, now humbling themselves to the dust of my sandals? Can you not see that the complaints of that British peer are sweet music to my soul? He stands for hours to give pins to my waiting-maid, because they are to touch my person. He has the courage to confront the caprices of a woman, but he does not, dare not speak before his Parliament in behalf of that woman's brother, that he be more kindly treated in his accursed dungeon at St. Helena? And this man hopes that I may love him! And the others hope that I may love them! If I had neither heart nor soul, perhaps I might! Let them love on and suffer the penalty."

Pauline became convinced, in 1821, that Napoleon was dying at St. Helena. She wrote a letter to Lord Liverpool, then Prime Minister of England, in which she earnestly begged, in the name of all the members of the family, that her brother might be moved to a less dangerous climate. "If so reasonable a request be refused," she said, "it will be pronouncing his sentence of death—in which case I beg permission to depart for St. Helena, to join my brother and receive his last sigh. I feel that the moments of his life are numbered, and I shall reproach myself if I do not use all the means in my power to alleviate his sufferings and testify my devotion."

The Earl of Liverpool granted the latter portion of her request; but too late. Napoleon was already dead at the date of Pauline's appeal.

She now sank into a rapid decline, though she continued to live in a constant whirl of gaiety. Foreigners visiting Rome, formed her principal society; they found her receptions and entertainments hospitable, refined, sumptuous. Early in 1825, she went to Pisa for a change of air. It was evident to herself as well as to her friends, that she could not long survive.

She now performed the last eccentricity of an eccentric life. Though possessed of no fortune whatever, and living upon the forced bounty of her husband, she composed and executed an imposing instrument, which she called her will. In this she made large and numerous legacies, forming in the aggregate a sum of princely magnificence. Don Camilla now recalled her to Florence, where a reconciliation was effected and mutual forgiveness extended. The Princess Borghose expired in the arms of the Prince on the 8th of June, 1825. With a generosity of which he hardly seemed capable, and which she had certainly done nothing to deserve, he recognized and paid the bequests that she made wihtout consulting or considering the state of his fortune.

Napolean often mentioned Pauline at St. Helena. He considered her the handsomest woman of her time, and said that artists were accustomed to speak of her as the modern Venus de Medici. When at Nice, she established, he said, a daily line of baggage-wagon to and from Paris, to bring her supplies of the new fashions. "Had I known it," he added, "She would have been soundly scolded. After all, she was the kindest creature in the world."

Gems of thought.

The friendship of some people is like our shadow keeping close while we are walking in the sunshine, and leaving us the moment we enter the shade.

Character is like money; when you have a great deal, you may risk some; for if you loose it, folks will still believe you have plenty to spare.

If you wish to dispense with butter, take a sweet plump damsel to wife and you can relish your crust and coffee at breakfast without any but her.

Keep your body sound; as wine savors of the cask it is kept in, the soul receives a tincture from the frame through which it works.

In our adversity it is night with us and in the night many beasts of prey range abroad that keep their dens through the day.

Morose, solemn, and inflexible men enjoy in general a greator share of dignity than of happiness.

Benevolence is a beautiful plant in the garden of the soul. Good deeds are its blossoms.

Hope and fear are the springs of all our actions.

Skillful mariners get their art in tempestous storms; any novice can sail on a smooth sea.

Slanderers are like flies that hunt and fasten upon sores.

He who serves only himself is the slaves of a fool.

Old age is a relentless tyrant.

THE DIFIERENCE.—Mr. Lincoln's Abolition postmaster at Wheeling is the editor of a paper there which deliberately and undisguisedly called for some Charlotte Corday to step forth and assassinate Mr. Vallandigham! This proposition was copied with appropal into the Celevland Leader newspaper, edited by another of Mr. lincoln's postmaster.—When Kees, of the Circleville Watchman, expressed suprised that the men of new Orleans did not shoot Butler for having brutally insulted their wives and daughters; he was sent to Fort Warren. Has any one ever heared of the postmster at Wheeling or Clevland being reproved for calling for the assassination of Vallandigham, whose crime consisted in having dared to fearlessly represent the sen timent of his constituents?—*Newark (O.) Advocate*

WHISKEY ADN NEWSPAPERS.—A glass of whiskey is manufacturd from a dozen grains of corn, the value which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells for one shilling, and if a good brand, is considered well worth the money. It is drank in a minute or two—it fires the brain, sharpens the appetite, deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same sidboard on which this delicious beverage is served, lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million of type—it brings intelligence from the quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs less than the glass of grog—the juicee of a few grains of corn; but it is no less strange than true that there is a portion of the community who think corn juice cheap and the newspaper dear.

☞ The Abolitionis felt certain that Cameron could *buy* a Democrat to vote for him, and thus secure his election to the U. S. Senate. His failure sorely vexes them. They howl "mob violence" in one breath and stultify themselves, in the next, by attributing the result to a want of fraternity among their own members. What they wanted most was a few votes, and that will be the crying want of the abolition party for many years to come.

Political.

THE CONSCRIPTION BILL.

The Conscription bill, which passed the Senate some days since, was passed by the House on Wednesday, with a few amendments, one of which confines the term of service of the conscripts to the continuance of the war, not however, to exceed three years, (in the Senate bill five years;) another relates to spies found lurking about fortifications and camps, providing for their trial by general court martial, on military commission, and making their punishment death on conviction; a third strikes out of the section relating to prodost marshals, that part making it their duty to inquire into and report to the Provost Marshals General all treasonable practices. On the final passage of the bill in the House the yeas were 115, nays 49, as follows:

YEAS.—Messrs Aldrich, Arnold, Alley, Ashley, Babbitt, Baily, Baker, Beaman, Bingham, Blair of Virginia, Blair of Pennsylvania, Blake, Brown of Virginia, Buffinton, Calvert, Campbell, Casey, Chamberlain, Clark, Colfax Fredrick A. Conkling, Roscoe Conkling, Covode, Crisfield, Cutler, Davis, Daws, Delano, Diven, Dunn, Edgerton, Eliot, Ely, Edwards, Fenton, Samuel C. Fessenden, Thomas A. D. Fessenden, Flanders, Fisher, Franchot, Frank Gooch, Goodwin, Granger, Gurley, Hahn, Haight, Hale, Harrison, Hickman, Hooper, Horton, Hutchins, Julian, Kelley, Francis W. Kellogg, William Kellogg, Killinger, Lansing, Lehman, Leary, Loomis, Loveloy, Low, M'Indoe, M'Kean, M'Knight, M'Pherson, Marston, Maynard, Mitchell, Moorhead, Morrill of Maine, Morrill of Vermont, Nixon, Olin, Patton, Phelps of California, Pike, Pomeroy Porter, Rice of Massachusetts, Rice of Maine, Riddle, Rollins, of N. H., Sargeant, Sedgwick Segar, Shanks, Sheffield, Shellabarger, Sherman, Sloan, Spaulding, Stevens, Stratton, Shomas of Mass., Thomas of Md., Train, Trimble, Trowbridge, Vandever, Van Horn, Verre, Walker, Wall, Wallace, Walton, Washburne, Webster, Wheeler, White of Indians, Wilson, Windom and Worcester.

NAYS.—Messrs. Allen of Ohio, Allen of Illinois, Ancona, Biddle, Clements, Conway, Corning, Cox. Cravens, Crittendon, Delaplaine, Dunlap, English, Fouke, Grider, Hall Harding, Holman, Johnson, Knapp, Kerrigan, Law, Lazer, Mallory, May, Menzies, Morris, Noble, Norton, Nugent, Pendleton, Perry, Price, Robinson, Rollins of Missouri, Shiel, Steele of N. Y., Steele of N. J., Stiles, Vallandigham, Voorhers, Wadsworth, Ward, Whaley, White of Ohio, Wickliffe, Wood Woodruff, and Yeaman.

The bill divides the militia into two classes, All persons subject to military duty between the ages of twenty and thirty five years, and all *unmurried* persons subject to military duty above the age of thirty-five and under forty-five, constitutes the first class, and will be first salled into service.—The second class comprises all other persons subject th military duty; that is all all *married* men between thirty-five and forty five years of age. This class will not be called into service until the first class is exhausted. The conscription includes Congressmen, Assemblymen, Aldermen, Quakers, Shakers, Menonists, Dunkards. Clergymen, Indians and Negroes, and if successful to the extent contemplated will deprive almost every family in the loyal States of one or more of its members As we understand it, one of the amendments of the bill turns over to the civil authorities all persons arrested by provost marshals for treasonable practices. The New *York Herald*, in a vein rather sportive for the occasion, remarks:

"The able bodied Quakers, like the rest of their fellow-citizens between twenty and forty-five years of age, if called upon, must pocket their consciencious scruples and go forth to fight, or fork out three hundred dollars each for a substitute. It is nonsense to talk of resistance. The laws must be obeyed. The Quakers and Shakers, we know, will not resist; the Indians are alwas ready for war purposes, and the niggers like white men, have no choice. Attention, Caucassians and Africans, Indians Shakers and Quakers! To the right about, face! Shoulder arms!"

ANOTHER ARREST.

Last week, Alexander Harris, Esq., of Lancaster, was arrested at York on a charge of uttering treasonable language. He was bro't before Judge Fisher, on a *habeas corpus*, who delivered the following opinion, discharging the prisoner. His accussers of course claimed that the *habeas corpus* was suspended:—

"The Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of Pennsylvania provide that 'the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall be suspended, only in case of revellion or invasion, the public safety may require it.' Even admitting the power of the President to suspend the writ of *habeus corpus*, which he did not do, no rebellion or inbasion exists HERE. The Courts are all open and laws in force. There is a legal remedy for every infraction of law, and therefore we are under civil and not military authority, with all the rights of citizens under the Constitution and laws of the United States and this Commonwealth. The Constitution of the United States declares that no person 'shall be deprived of life, liberty or property *without due process of law*,' and the Constitution of Pennsylvania declares that no citizen 'can be deprived of his life, liberty or property unless by the judgement of his peers or the law of the land.' As there was no warrant, and the process of law required by the Constitution of the United States and of this State was not produced, the prisoner is discharged."