

# The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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## North Branch Democrat.

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September 11, 1861.

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M. GILMAN has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.  
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## Select Story.

ON SKATES.  
BY ISAAC M. GREGORY.

Theodore Winthrop wrote a capital story entitled "Love on Skates"; but what he told didn't make a circumstance in comparison with the adventures of my friend Jenkins.

Jenkins is a dear boy, you know; a good-hearted, awkward fellow, whose importance rests altogether in his whiskers and his handsome boots—I like to have said, skates. A poverty stricken young man, for Jenkins, is a tailor, and if not always right on the go, is generally close by it. Jonathan Jenkins, professor of the art of pressing and stitching, you know; a good-looking fellow with no amount of "check"—that's classic—and the same quantity of modesty and self-deprecation. I think that's right. As if it were not possible—generally is not—for an awkward, bashful young man to fall in love with a bashful young lady; as if such a thing as like liking like never was in the world, and in fact, in accordance with the general rule, my Jenkins became enamored of a certain dashing, dare-devil, desperately good-looking young lady, one Susy—no matter about the other name. She had curls; she had bright, flashing eyes, with a pleasant little devil lurking in the corner of each; she had a full round face and the sweetest, reddest pair of lips that ever set a tender-hearted young man crazy; she had a white, small hand, and, I believe, alabaster shoulders. You've heard of such.

And such a skater! her number two boots seemed shod with electricity altogether, instead of steel. Her skating-cap and the curls under it, were the centre of attraction in the village skating park. Could any other girl skate as well as Susy? Not by no means, could any crack male skater play the gallant on skates to her and do her justice? Not by no means, too. Fuz Flash the best skater and the richest boy in town—folks did say Susy and he liked each other wonder fully well; even Flash, try as he would, was distanced in skill by her; and while she cut his name on the ice, and her own on his heart at the same time, perhaps, he stood still only looking on and envying—the ice p rhaps.

Susy skated. Therefore my Jenkins concluded he would skate. That was his sole and only reason, I verily believe, for learning the art. He wouldn't go on the Park to learn, you know; he would n't be a lough-neck for dozens and dozens of fun-loving people who would laugh at him when he fell, and call him goose because he was a tailor. Such silly jokes as people crack at tailors; they're always at it.

And so Jenkins chose a retired place to learn—a place partially hidden by willows, and where I think he congratulated himself he could look away off to Susy's bedroom window and sigh. He slung his skates over his shoulders desperately. He reached the willow bushes and buckled his skates on. He struck out, and in an incredibly short space of time had accomplished a most difficult feat—namely, turned a somersot or so, and landed on his head, with feet in the air. I am not quite sure, but I think my Jenkins said "The devil!" At all events, he crawled, with a very sheepish look, to the bank, and, scaring himself, thought mournfully of all he would have to accomplish, before he could be good a sater as Susy, or even Flash. He would try again, however; and he put on a very rueful look, in anticipation of the effort—a very rueful look, and a timid glance at the ice, when, as true as you live, there broke from the willow bushes opposite one of the heartiest, merriest peals of laughter you ever heard in your life. My Jenkins was thunder-struck. He didn't say a word. But he looked across the patch of ice, all astonishment and humiliation, in remembrance of the spectacle he must have been to the mysterious stranger. A fresh peal of laughter, and Jenkins found words. He was delighted of this expressive sentence;

"I say, halloo!"  
A jaunty, dainty, skating-cap, underneath which were a mass of snug curls, and a pair of jolly, joking, pretty, blue eyes, were thrust forward; and a second thereafter, the heart's darling of Jenkins—Miss Susy, in fact—glided out into the open space, and made directly for that astonished gentleman. My Jenkins could only say:

"Why, I declare!"  
"Do you?" asked the young lady, demurely; and then, putting out her little gloved hand, she said, "Come!"

Jenkins could hardly believe his eyes, and so did I what many a wise man has done in perplexity. He said, in fact:

"Eh?"  
"Come!" repeated the girl.

Jenkins was forming all sorts of excuses for not doing so. He remembered an engagement, and a suit of clothes not yet commenced which had to be done in an hour; and had commenced "Why, really," when Susy's "Come," became an imperative demand; so much so, that in trying to stamp her foot, as an accompaniment of her look of authority, she nearly lost her balance, and in order to recover herself, had to cut Jenkins' name on the ice with her skates.

Jenkins arose and endeavored to skate far enough to grasp the hand so invitingly held out. But thinking of Susy and forgetting his skates, he only lunged forward and back several times, now losing the use of one leg and then of the other; and finally accomplishing a magnificent fall, which put stars before his eyes again.

Miss Susy checked a decided smile and assisted him to rise—she did! And then she really took hold of one of his hands and helped him along, until he could stand alone and move a bit. And then going before him and skating backward, she held out the gloved hand, and wanted him to skate ahead, and grasp it.

Such times! it seemed a happy dream to my Jenkins. His bashfulness had rapidly worn off under the trying ordeal to which he was subjected, and he could laugh at his own mishap as well as she. And then that hand beckoning him on! that rosy pair of eyes smiling approval when he did well, and looking a wise reproof when he did wrongly!

Type of Susy and Jenkinses the world over! This following a little hand, and a pretty pair of eyes you know, a motion of one or the other, has such controlling power in the way of lifting up and pulling down! Jenkins had been trying to learn to skate ever since he caught a glance of Susy; and the dear girl had controlled his feet, and his aid, and his back sliding—his past, and would his future, on ice or off of ice. Of our Jenkins! beware of Susy's on the world's skating-park, lest their gloved hands and their scornful eyes draw you on and under the dangerous ice of a disappointed love!

But Jenkins learned to skate, and Susy was his teacher. And one fine day, he took his place on the Park with dozens of others, including Susy and Fuz Flash. Flash! a dear, generous fellow, despite his money, and no shadow of a needle's eye for him to go to heaven through. A capital champion for any body. He loved his neighbor as himself, I verily believe, and paid the biggest part of all bills brought against him and others in company.

What should my Jenkins do on the Park with Flash and Susy? Flash would skate with Susy—and they were a splendid couple—while Jenkins, awkward and slow lagged behind, looking with longing eyes at the dainty skating cap so close to Flash's cheek—Oh, my Jenkins sighed for the little patch of ice within the willows, with only the tassel of that skating-cap to follow!

There was a race. Susy was ahead, with Flash close behind, and for a wonder Jenkins came next. He had joined in the race only as the flying couple dashed by them.

There was a shout "Back! back!" and a hoarse remark "Danger!" loomed up indistinctly before Jenkins' eyes. But he thought not of that; he would die, with the crimson tassel of that skating-cap put ahead, and he aware that Susy was under it!

A sharp quick turn of the skates ahead, a harsh grating sound under the feet of the successful skater—a glimmering thought of danger in Jenkins' mind, and the crimson tassel, followed by Flash swept aside and Jenkins dashed ahead. He couldn't stop. He tried to grind his heels in the ice, but the effort was vain, save to pitch him down heavily on the dangerous ice, and—he went under!

Was it remarkable that Susy screamed? that she turned pale and threw up her arms in despair, and called on Fuz to save him! Save him! Wouldn't any other young lady have done the same under the circumstances—even for a poor tailor, whose life after all is as sweet to him as anybody else's is to anybody else?

Fuz Flash, generous fellow I couldn't stand against that appeal. He skated boldly down to the dangerous spot, and as if Susy had bidden him to, he went under. But he came up again, and brought with him my Jenkins by the hair of his my (Jenkins') head and the help which had arrived brought them both safe out on the ice. And Susy with her large eyes looked gratitude in favor of Flash, and called him a dear generous fellow; after which he was helped to Susy's father's house—for what could they do with him in his present state, at a common boarding-house? asked Susy.

I tell the truth when I say, that my Jenkins was taken care of by Susy herself. I tell the truth when I say that the girl had discovered, beneath the awkward exterior of my handsome Jenkins, a something which, as Cupid had ordered, struck her fancy amazingly. Not because of bravery—Flash had shown that while Jenkins had not had opportunity to. Not because of a dashing manner, a clear, bold voice, and a large amount of confidence; but because of talent, power, and inherent goodness, which is too often kept back by circumstances.

A very respectable residence; it may be a cottage under a hill and near a wood, and in that very place reside the happy family, of J. Jenkins.

And that same knight of the goose to day represents a large number of people at Washington, and is one of the most influential and respected among that annual gathering of wisdom. He has skated his way into public favor and will retain the love and respect of all who know him until he reaches the inevitable treacherous ice of life.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

MILWAUKIE, WIS. CO., PA.  
May 26th, 1863.

Mr. EDITOR:  
I send you a letter addressed to me, which the writer afterwards gave to the world through the *Republican* of your county; its re-publication, with a reply, in the *Democrat* will oblige

JACOB BEDELL.  
For the *Republican*.

JACOB BEDELL—DEAR SIR:—Whilst thinking of the past, and hoping for the future, I shall endeavor to pen a few lines to you by way of remembrance. It is with feelings of sorrow that I am called to enumerate many things in the immediate past, which is fraught with so many changes of mind, and indecision of character; so much of dishonor to our government, and disgraceful to those who were once your friends, that I can now hardly govern my pen sufficient to make these lines legible. In the first place, I will call to mind your introduction to the friends of Methuen. At that time, you professed to be a strong Union man, and none doubted your sincerity in your profession. This you remember was in the month of May, 1861.

At that time you were intending to join Capt. Ingham's Company, at Tunkhannock, but the company leaving before your good purposes were consummated, you resolved to join the next company which should be raised.—You then left your friend L. K. Smith's employ, and returned to your friends at Milwaukie.

The next thing I hear of you, is being very much aggrieved at some remarks made by Dr. Peck, at Newton church, on a quarterly occasion; you saying that he (Peck) ought have been taken out of the pulpit, for saying that "some men up north, reminded him of a bird down south, called the Turkey Buzzard." The next place you "turn up" is in the fall of 1861, with a party called "Peace Party," (a miserable party,) and became a prominent man in raising (not Union), his own party, and doing all you could to pervert the minds of the people, with your pernicious views.

Like the fiend, and arch traitor you were then serving, you unexpectedly "turned up" in a very quiet little town, called Factoryville, and there also advocated disunion sentiments, to such a degree that they, (the citizens,) gave you notice to "dry up," or leave, intimating at the same time, that you would receive an extra coat of "tar and feathers." Therefore you thought best to leave such warm quarters, and go among more congenial spirits, in the noted town of Randolph, but better known, and more appropriate name, of Falls. And there having many supporters, you "went in" for secess in earnest.

In the fall of 1861, after doing all you could to dishearten others, in their endeavors to sustain the government, and heaping reproaches, and vice epithets, on all republicans, you leave your Copperhead friends, don Uncle Sam's brass buttons, shoulder a musket, and start for Dixie. Here it rejoiced my heart to see you making such a bold stand in the Union ranks, and by the side of good Union men.

Capt. S. Brainerd, Co. B. 143-d Regt. P. V. was then at Camp Luzerne. With him you marched south, and held a fort for six cum. At that place your ardor became somewhat cooled, and by the reasonable correspondence carried on by traitors at home, you were persuaded to "skeddadle" from the Regiment, and come back. And now you are in the same old haunt of disreputable notoriety, called Falls township, boasting that the man does not exist who can take you back to your Regiment, and declaring that the man who undertakes to force you to return, will feel "cold lead." Now how do you suppose your friends, and former acquaintances, look upon you and your conduct? Can you expect sympathy from any law abiding citizens? No! No! We all think you have done wrong, and deserve to suffer the penalties of the law. You must look to your copperhead brethren, who enticed you from the service, promising to protect you from the officers of the law.—(A miserable protection; a broken reed.) For my part I never can look on you as in former days, no never.

But think of your oath, and the promises you made to Andrew! I would advise you to return to your Regiment, and that too, speedily, for the time is fully spent, that the President has given you to return in, and if you tarry, you will surely suffer the penalties affixed to your crime, in the recent proclamation. I certainly hope you may never take up arms to resist the law, and fight against one of the best governments the sun ever shone upon. My motto is "The Union now and forever," and if the worst comes to

the worst, I expect to do something to quell the rebellion in our land, even though I have to slay a brother, friend, or neighbor.

I believe the President has done, and is still doing, all he can to save our government, and I fully believe in the present administration, and have no sympathy with traitors, at home or abroad, north or south, east or west. I hope you, Bedell, will return to your loyalty, and not only fight the battles of your country manfully, but fight also the battles of your Lord faithfully, until death separates you from one that wishes you well.

From B. C. R.  
To JACOB BEDELL, Milwaukie,  
Luzerne Co., Pa.

REPLY.  
MILWAUKIE, May 26th 1863.  
B. C. RALPH.

SIR:—Yours of the 26th March, concurring me as a copperhead and a disunionist and residing "in a respectable place called Falls," was duly received. To it, I made an early reply, which reply you should have had published with your own; and in your anxiety to let the people know, that your motto is the union now and forever, and that if the worst comes to the worst you expect to do something to quell the rebellion here at home, even though you have to slay a brother, friend or neighbor, fully believing in the President and the present administration.

Now sir I claim to be a Democrat, for the constitution and the union and a better union man than any political Abolition priest dare be, who believes that the President and present administration are for the constitution as it is or the union as it was. To show you where you stand, and to what party you belong, I quote some of the sayings of your leaders. I might give you some of more recent date, from the same men and others of your stripe; but they are familiar to the public, and doubtless are so to you. Suffice it say, their former teachings and present practices are entirely consistent with each other. They were disunionists and traitors then. Are they, or men like you, who follow their lead, less than that now?

JOHN P. HALE, a Delegate to the Republican Convention, June 17th, 1856:—  
"Congratulated the Convention upon the spirit of unanimity with which it had done its work. I believe this is not so much a Convention to change the administration of the Government, as to say whether there shall be any government to be administered."

Some men pretend to be astonished and surprised at the reports which are occurring at and us; but I am not more surprised than I shall be this autumn, to see the fruits following the birds and blossoms.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois—A leading Republican of the West:  
"I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push forward until it shall become alike lawful in all the States—old as well as new, North as well as South."

ANSON BURLINGAME says:  
"The times demand, and we must have an ANTI-SLAVERY CONSTITUTION, AN ANTI-SLAVERY BIBLE, AND AN ANTI-SLAVERY GOD!"

And again:—  
"When we shall have elected a President as we will, who will not be the President of a party, nor of a section, but the Tribune of the people, and after we have exterminated a few more miserable dogfishes from the North, then, if the *Slave Sen* will not give way, we will grind it between the upper and nether millstone of our power."

"THE LIBERATOR," W. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor, June 20th, 1856:—  
"The United States Constitution is a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell."

"LIBERATOR"  
"When will the people of the North see that it is not possible for liberty and slavery to co-exist, or for a true union to be formed between freemen and slaveholders? \* \* \* Our first business is to see its utter overthrow. Let the Union be accused!"

W. O. DUVAL:—  
"I sincerely hope a civil war may soon burst upon the country. I want to see an Anti-Slavery abolition in my time. \* \* \* a day when the time arrives for the streets of this city to be paved with blood, and the horns of the brave to run with blood to the horns of the brave."—The writer of this living there will be one heart to rejoice at the retributive justice of Heaven."

EDMUND QUINCY, of Massachusetts, May 13th, 1857, at a meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society:  
"I wish for the dissolution of the Union, because he wanted Massachusetts to be left free to right her own wrongs. If she would have no trouble in sending her ships to Charleston and laying it in ashes—there was no State in the Union that would not contract at a low figure to whip South Carolina. Massachusetts could do with one hand tied behind her back. \* \* \* It was as inevitable that this Union should be dissolved as that water and oil must separate, no matter how much they may be shaken. They could not tell how it was to be done, but done it must be."

Dr. CUTLER, a Republican orator, in 1856 said at Montpelier:  
"If you would carry the election next November, keep bloody outrages in Kansas before the eyes of the people. You have no other plank. Settle this question, and you are defeated."

WENDELL PHILLIPS, a Republican:—  
"We confess that we intend to trample under foot the Constitution of this country. Daniel Webster says: 'You are a law-abiding people, that the glory of New England is that it is a law-abiding community.' Shame on it if it be true; if even the religion of New England sinks as low as its stature work. But I say we are not a law-abiding community. God be thanked for it."

Amongst the Vice Presidents of the Fremont meeting in this city (Providence, R. I.) on the 10th inst., (Sept. 1855,) was the present LEUTENANT GOVERNOR of the State, who declared a short time since that he would give ten thousand dollars to purchase the Union of the States.—*Providence Post*.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, again:  
"There is merit in the Republican party. It is this: It is the first sectional party ever organized in this country. It is the North arrayed against the South. The first crack in the iceberg is visible; you will yet hear it go with a crack through the centre."

The *Boston Liberator*, GARRISON's paper, in October, 1856, said:  
"The Black Republican Fremont party is moulding public sentiment in the right direction for the specific work the Abolitionists are striving to accomplish, viz: THE DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION, AND ABOLITION OF SLAVERY THROUGHOUT THE LAND."

Mr. BANKS, Governor of Massachusetts, now a Major General:  
"I am not one of that class of men who cry for the perpetuation of the Union, though I am willing, in a certain state of circumstances, to let it slide."

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS—A Republican Congressman, now an office holder:  
"I look forward to the day when there shall be a SERVICABLE INSURRECTION IN THE SOUTH; when the black man armed with British bayonets and led on by British officers shall assert his freedom, and wage a WAR OF EXTERMINATION AGAINST HIS MASTERS; when the TORCH OF THE INCENDIARY SHALL LIGHT UP THE TOWNS AND CITIES OF THE SOUTH AND BLOT OUT THE LAST VESTIGE OF SLAVERY. And though I may not mock at their delirium—nor laugh when the fear cometh, yet I will hail it as the dawn of a political millennium."

Mr. BURLINGAME—A Republican Congressman:  
"THE COMPLICITY."  
GERRIT SMITH, in a letter to Capt. Brown, the leader of the Harper's Ferry insurrection, dated June 12, 1859, says:  
"I have done what I could this far for Kansas, and what I could to keep you at your Kansas work. But I must nevertheless continue to do in order to keep you at your Kansas work. I send you herewith my draft for \$200. I pray to God that you may have strength to continue your Kansas work. What a noble man is Mr. Leavoy. How liberally he has contributed to keep you in your Kansas work!"

BEHOLD THE FULFILMENT AT HARPER'S FERRY!  
Debate in the N. E. Anti-Slavery Convention, May 29, 1856.

MR. WM. LLOYD GARRISON said:  
"I come now to the Republican party. I think that they (some members of the Convention) do not always accord to it all that justice is due; that they overlook the necessary formation of such a party as the result of our moral agitation; and I marvel that they do not see that to quarrel with it, to the extent they are doing is to quarrel with cause and effect—with the work of our own hands."

"They believe they can succeed. \* \* \* I expect to hear them cry, 'Excelsior—come up higher!' and to see many of them take their position under the banner of disunion. \* \* \* I have said again and again, that in proportion to the growth of DISUNIONISM will be the growth of REPUBLICANISM OR FREE SOILISM. I think if you will examine the map of Massachusetts, you will find this to hold true, with singular uniformity; that in those places where there are the most Abolitionists who have dis-franchised themselves for convenience and the slave's sake, the heaviest vote is thrown for the Free Soil ticket. This is as inevitable as the law of gravitation. The greater includes the less."

LLOYD GARRISON, at the same meeting:—  
"This Union is a lie; the American Union is a sham—an imposture—a covenant with death—an agreement with hell—and it is our business to call for a dissolution. Give to the winds the rallying cry, no union with slave holders, socially or religiously, and up with the flag of disunion."

A resolution introduced by FRED DOUGLAS at a Fremont meeting at Syracuse, in October 1856:—  
"Resolved, That they should rejoice in a successful slave insurrection in the South, and that in killing a slaveholder to obtain freedom, the slave is guilty of no crime; that the slaveholder should be made to dream of death in his sleep, and to apprehend death in his dish and teapot—that FIRE SHOULD MEET HIM IN HIS BED, AND POISON AT HIS TABLE."

I hope you, Ralph, will never again place yourself before the public gaze, with the cry of union, as long as you belong to that most despicable, miserable, Abolition party, whose every act for the last twenty years has been for disunion.

You profess to be a christian, and even aspire to be a preacher of its doctrines. I leave you and the public to judge whether your silly creeds of slaying your "brother friend and neighbor," are more like the teachings of Christ, or the ravings of the mad delirious abolitionists, whose weak and silly imitator and despicable tool you are—assuring you that they excite the ridicule and contempt, rather than the fears of those threatened.

From JACOB BEDELL.  
To B. C. RALPH, Milwaukie,  
Wyoming Co., Pa.