

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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BY HARVEY SICKLER.

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Sunmoreland, Wyoming Co. Pa.—'v22

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.
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Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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September 11, 1861.

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Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, 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.
Wm. H. CORTRIGHT.
June, 3rd, 1863

Means Hotel, TOWANDA, PA.
D. B. BARTLET, PROPRIETOR.
[Late of the BEAUMONT HOUSE, EMIRIA, N. Y.]

The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country. It is fitted up in the most modern and improved style, and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping-place for all.
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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.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS OF BOTH SEXES.
A REVEREND GENTLEMAN HAVING BEEN selected to health in a few days, after undergoing all the usual routine and irregular expensive mode of treatment without success, considers it his sacred duty to communicate to his afflicted fellow creatures the means of cure. Hence, on the receipt of an addressed envelope, he will send (free) a copy of the description used. Direct to Dr. J. M. B. D. 247 1/2 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. v22 1/2

THE MARRIAGE CRUCIBLE.

A THRILLING TALE OF HIGH AND LOW LIFE.

[Those of our readers who have ever seen acted, or have read, that beautiful modern drama of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "The Lady of Lyons," need look no farther than the following sketch for its foundation.]

I was born in one of those little hamlets situated in the neighborhood of Montclair in the south of France. My father had made many a fruitless effort to raise himself above indigence. His last resource in his old age arose from the exercise of a talent which he had acquired in his youth—that of bellows-making. This, too, was the humble profession which I was destined to follow. Being endowed by nature with quick and lively faculties, both of mind and body, I soon grew skillful in my trade, and having an ambitious spirit, set off for Lyons to prosecute my calling there. I became a great favorite with the chamber-maids, who were my chief employers, and whom my good looks, and youth, interested in my favor.

One evening, however, as I was returning home after my day's round, I was accosted by four well dressed young men, who threw out a few pleasantries on my profession—which I answered in a style of good-humored raillery that seemed to surprise and to please them. I saw them look significantly at one another, and heard one of them say, "This is our man." The words alarmed me, but my fears were speedily dispelled. "Perouon," said one, "you shall sup with us. We have a scheme which may do you good. If you do not agree to it we shall not harm you, but only ask you to keep our secret. Do not be afraid, but come with us."

Seeing all of them to be gentlemen in appearance, I did not hesitate to accept of the offer. They conducted me through a number of crooked streets, and at last entered a handsome house, in an apartment of which we found six other young men, who appeared to have been waiting impatiently for my conductors. A few explanatory words passed respecting me, and soon afterwards we sat down to supper. Being young and thoughtless and light-hearted, I gave way to the enjoyment of the hour, and vented a succession of pleasantries which seemed to highly please my chance companions. But they all grew silent and thoughtful ere long, and finally one of them addressed me thus:

"The ten persons whom you see before you, are all engravers, and citizens of Lyons. We are all in good circumstances, and make a very handsome living by our occupation. We are all attached to one another, and formed a happy society, till love stepped in to disturb us. In the street of St. Dominic there lives a picture merchant, a man of respectable station, but otherwise an ordinary personage. He has, however, a daughter—a creature possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace; but all those amiable qualities are shaded by one defect—pride, insupportable pride. As an example of the way in which this feeling has led her to treat others, I will own that I myself paid my addresses to her and was approved of by her father as one by birth and circumstances much her superior. But what was the answer which the insolent girl herself gave to my suit?—Do you think, sir, that a young woman like me was born for nothing better than to be the wife of an engraver?"

"Her great charms and her pride have been felt by us all," continued the speaker; "and we hold that she has cast a slur both on us and our profession. We have, therefore, resolved to show this disdainful girl, that she has not indeed been born to the honor of being the wife of an engraver.—Now will you, [addressing me] venture to become the husband of a charming woman, who, to attain perfection, needs to have her pride mortified and her vanity punished?"

"Yes," answered I, spurred on by the excitement of the moment; "I comprehend what you would have me do, and I will fulfill it in such a manner that you shall have no reason to blush for your pupil."

The three months that followed this very strange scene, were wholly occupied with preparations for the part I was to perform. Preserving the strictest possible secrecy, my confederates did their best to transform me from a plain bellows mender into a fine gentleman, Bathing, hair-dressers, &c. bro't my person to a fitting degree of refinement, while every day one or other of the engravers devoted himself to the task of teaching me music, drawing, and other accomplishments; and nature had furnished me with a disposition to study, and a memory so retentive, that my friends were astonished at the progress of their disciple. Thoughtless of all else, I felt the deepest delight in acquiring these new rudiments of education.—But the time came when I was to be made sensible, for the first time, of the true nature of the task I had entered upon. The confederates, at length, thought me perfect, and in the character of the rich Marquis of Rouperon, proprietor of large estates in Dauphiny, I was installed in the first hotel of Lyons. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture-dealer in St. Dominic street. I made a few purchases from him, and seemed anxious to purchase more. After a little intercourse of this kind he one morning said to me, "What word that he had

just received a superb collection of engravings from Rome, and begged me to call and see them. I did so, and was received, not by him, but by Aurora. This was the first sight I had got of the lovely girl, and, for the first time in my life, my young and palpitating heart felt the power of beauty. A new world unfolded itself before my eyes.—I soon forgot my borrowed part; one sentiment absorbed my soul—one idea enchain'd my faculties. The fair Aurora perceived her triumph, and seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expressions of passion which escaped my lips.

That interview fixed my destiny forever! The intoxication of enjoying her presence hurried me on, blind to everything else. For several months I saw her every day, and enjoyed a state of happiness only dampened by the self-accusing torments of solitary hours, and by the necessity I was under of regularly meeting my employers, who furnished me with money, jewels, and everything I could require.

At length, Aurora's father gave a little fête, in the country, of which, evidently, I was the hero. A moment occurred, in which, thoughtless of all but my love, I threw myself a suitor at her feet. She heard me with modest dignity, while a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only emotion which agitated her heart,—yes, I discovered that I was beloved!

I was an impostor; but heaven is my witness. I deceived her not without remorse.—In her presence I remembered nothing but herself; but in the stillness of solitude, sophistry and passion disappeared, leaving a dreadful perspective before me! When I associated the idea of Aurora with the miserable fate that was soon to fall upon her; when I figured to myself her delicate hands employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment—I shrank back with horror or started up with a cold perspiration. But self-love would come to my aid, tho't, if she truly love me—she might yet be happy. I would devote my life, I swore, to the task of strewing flowers along her path. But all my hopes—all my fears, cannot be told. Suffice it to say, her father believed me when I represented my estates as being in Dauphiny, a distant province. I would not allow a farthing of Aurora's portion to be settled otherwise than on herself; so there was one baseness of which I was not guilty.

We were married. At the altar a shivering ran through all my veins; a general trepidation seized my whole frame—and I should undoubtedly have sunk to the earth in a flood of tears, had not some one come to my rescue. The silly crowd mistook the last cry of expiring virtue for an excess of sensibility.

A fortnight after the marriage—as had been arranged by my employers, at whose mercy I was—we started for Montclair; my unfortunate bride believing that we were going to a far different place. Several of the engravers were themselves our attendants—disguised and acting as courtiers to our magnificent equipage.

The awful moment of exposure arrived;—and when it did come, proved more terrible than ever I had anticipated.—The engravers made the carriage to be drawn up before a mean and miserable cottage, at the door of which sat my humble but venerable father. Now came the awful disclosure. The poor, deceived and surprised Aurora was handed out. The engravers came up; they pulled off their disguises;—and he whom Aurora had so pointedly refused, exclaimed to her:

"No, madam, you have not been born or brought up for an engraver—such a lot would have done too much honor to you.—A bellows mender is worthy of you,—and such is he whom you have made your husband."

Trembling and boiling with rage, I would have repudied; but the engravers entered the coach, and, like the shifting scene in a theater, all our grandeur disappeared with them.

Poor Aurora scarcely heard what had been said. The truth had flashed upon her, and she sank back in a swoon. Recollect that I had now acquired a considerable share of sensibility and delicacy from my late life. At that cruel moment I trembled alike at the thought of losing the woman I adored, and of seeing her restored to life. I lavished on her the most tender cares, yet almost wished that those cares might be unavailing.—She recovered at length her senses; but the moment her frenzied eyes met mine—"Monster!" she exclaimed, and again became insensible. I profited by her condition to remove her from the sight of those who had gathered around, and to place her on a straw couch. Here I remained beside her until she opened her eyes; mine shrank from her glance. The first use she made of her speech was to interrupt the broken exclamations of love, shame, and remorse, which fell from my lips, and to beg to be left alone for a time. The niece of the curate of the parish, however, who chanced to be by, remaining beside her, and the poor young victim of my villainy, for she was but eighteen, seemed very glad of her attentions.

How shall I describe the horrible night which then passed? It was not on my own account that I feared. She alone was

in my thoughts. I dreaded above all, for my love was still predominant, to see that heart alienated whose tenderness was necessary to my existence, to read coldness in that eye on whose look my peace depended. But could it be otherwise? Had I not basely, vilely darkened all the prospects of her life, and overwhelmed her with intolerable shame and anguish?

That night was a punishment which would have wiped out any lesser sin. Frequently, it may be believed, I sent to know how Aurora was. She was calm, they told me; and, indeed, to my surprise, she entered in the morning the room where I was. She was pale, but collected. I fell before her on the ground, and spoke not. "You have deceived me," she said; "it is on your future conduct that my forgiveness must depend.—Do not take advantage of the authority you have usurped. The niece of the curate has offered me an asylum. There I will remain till this matter can be thought of calmly."

Alas, these were soothing but deceitful words! Within a day or two after this event, the interval of which I spent in forming wild hopes for the future, I received at once two letters. The first was from the engravers, the cause of my exultation and my fall.—They wrote to me that my "acquaintances had begun in them a friendship for me; that they had each originally subscribed a certain sum of money for the execution of the plot; that they wished not to carry their revenge too far; and that they would supply me with money and everything necessary for entering into some business, and insuring the creditable support of myself and Aurora."—The other letter was from Aurora. "Some remains of pity," she said "which I feel for you, notwithstanding your conduct, induce me to inform you that I am now in Lyons.—It is my intention to enter a convent, which will rid me of your presence; but you will do well to hold yourself in readiness to appear before every tribunal in France till I have found one that will do me justice and break the chain in which you have bound your victim."

This letter threw me into despair. I hurried to the curate's but could learn nothing of Aurora's retreat, although I became assured that the curate and his niece, despising my condition, had been the earnest advisers of the step Aurora had taken. I then hastened to Lyons, where the affair had now created a great sensation. "I lived unknown," however, and obscure, and saw only the engravers, who, notwithstanding the past plot which they had through me effected, were men of not ungenerous dispositions. As they had driven me out of my former means of livelihood, I conceived myself at liberty to accept a sum which they offered me to enter into trade with. They advised me how to dispose of it at once, and I laid it out in way which speedily, and without trouble to me augmented it greatly. Meanwhile the father of Aurora had made every preparation for annulling the marriage. This could be done only by detailing the treachery which had been practiced. Never, perhaps, was court house more crowded than that of Lyons on the day on which the case was heard. Aurora herself appeared, and riveted the eyes of all present, not to speak of my own. Unknown and unseen, I shrank into a corner like a guilty thing. The counsel for Aurora stated the case, and pleaded the victim's cause with so much eloquence as to draw tears to my eyes. No counsel arose for me, and Aurora, who merely sought a divorce, without desiring to inflict that punishment which she might easily have brought down on the offenders, would at once have gained her suit had not one man risen to speak for me. It was one of the engravers, the one who had been refused, as mentioned, by Aurora. He made a brief pleading for me, he praised my character, he showed and confessed how I had been tempted and how I fell. "Yes, madam," said he, "the laws may declare that you are *not* his wife, but you *have* been the wife of his bosom. The contract may be annulled, and no stain may rest upon you. But a stain may be cast upon another. Can you, will you throw the blot of illegitimacy upon one even more innocent than yourself?" This appeal was understood, and was not made in vain; the trembling Aurora exclaimed,—"No, no!" and the tears fell fast as she spoke.

The marriage was not annulled—was no longer sought to be annulled. But while the contract (which I had signed with my own name, believed by them to be the family name of the Marquis of Rouperon) was declared void, it was also determined that Aurora should remain unmolested by the adventurer who had so far deceived her. Every legal precaution was taken that I should have no control over her or her affairs.

After this event I did not remain long in Lyons where I heard my name everywhere branded with infamy. Master, by the means I have related, of a considerable sum, I went to Paris, where I assumed a foreign name.—I entered into business, and, more to drown remembrance than from any other cause, pursued it with an ardor which few have evinced under like circumstances. The wild and speculations were those which attracted the most, and fortune favored me in a most remarkable way. I became the head of a flourishing commercial house, and ere five

years had passed away, had amassed considerable wealth. I dared not think nevertheless, of attempting to go near her, until it chanced that I had it in my power materially to serve a banker in Lyons, who pressed me much to pay him a visit. After much uneasiness and anxiety I resolved to accept the invitation. Once more I entered Lyons, and on this occasion with an equipage which was not borrowed, though as handsome as my former one. My friend the banker, on being questioned, told me that Aurora still lived in the convent, was admired for her reserved propriety of conduct, and for her unremitting attention to her child—her boy; but he also told me that her father had just died, leaving her almost dependent on the charity of the abbess. This recital excited in me the most lively emotions. I took an opportunity soon afterwards of visiting one of the engravers, who scarcely knew me, changed as I was, but who received me warmly. I requested him to assemble the creditors of the father of Aurora, and to pay his debts, giving him funds for that purpose. I told also to purchase some pieces of furniture which I knew to be prized by Aurora.

Every hour of my stay in Lyons strengthened my desire to see my wife, and at least to fold my boy in my arms, he feeling at length became irresistible, and I revealed myself to the banker, beseeching him to find some way of taking me to the convent. His astonishment to find in me the poor, much spoken of bellows-mender, was beyond description.—Happily, however, he was acquainted with the abbess, and assured me that it was easy for me at least to obtain a sight of my wife.—Ere an hour passed away my friend had taken me there. I was introduced as a Parisian merchant, and I beheld, with emotions unexpressed, my wife seated in the convent parlor, with a lovely child a sleep on her knee, in conversation with her venerable friend. Aurora, now twenty-three years of age, seemed to be more lovely than ever. I had purposely wrapped myself closely up, and she knew me not, though I perceived an involuntary start when she first saw me, as if my presence reminded her of some once-familiar object. I could not speak; my friend maintained all the conversation. But the boy awoke; he saw strangers present, and descended from his mother's knee. Looking at me and my friend for a moment, he came forward to me. "O, what were my feelings when I found myself covered with the sweet caresses, the innocent kisses, of my child! An emotion, which I had no power to subdue, made me rise hastily, and throw myself, with my child in my arms, at the feet of my pale and trembling wife."

"Aurora! Aurora!" I exclaimed in broken accents, "your child claims from you a father! O, pardon! pardon!" The child clasped her knees, and seemed to plead with me. Aurora seemed ready to faint. Her lips quivered, and her eyes were fixed, as if in stupor, upon me; a flow of tears came to her relief, and she answered my appeal by throwing herself into my arms. "I know not," she sobbed, "whether you again deceive me; but your child pleads too powerfully—Aurora is yours!"

This event closes my history. I found Aurora much improved by adversity, and I have tasted a degree of happiness with her such as no penitence for my past offences could ever make me deserving of.

Only one incident in my history, after my reconciliation with Aurora, seems worthy of attention. I took my son and her with me to Paris, but at the same time, seeing it to be my wife's wish, bought a small country house near Lyons, for her. Sometimes we spent a few weeks there, and one occasion she invited me to go down with her to be present at a fête for which she had made preparations. Who were our guests? The ten engravers who were the original cause of all that had passed! It was indeed a day of pride to me when I heard Aurora thank them for the happiness which under the agency of a wonder working Providence, they had been the means of conferring upon her.

At a lively village in Illinois they have a benevolent association, one of whose objects is to watch with and take care of its sick members. Last Fall, an unmarried lady was admitted to membership. In a couple of months she was blessed with a bright-eyed babe, and was very sick. Some of the young lady members expressed to the chief officer of the association their indignation, and asked him if he really tho't it their duty to visit the unfortunate one.—"Well," said he, after much deliberation "I suppose not. You are not obliged to watch where there is a contagious disease!"

LADY WORTHY MONAGUE' the famous wit and beauty, made one most sarcastic observation that was ever published about her sex. "It goes far," said my lady, "to reconcile me to being a woman, when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of ever marrying out—what if a man had said that? But see how another lady, the unhappy countess of Lansfeld, inverted the sentiment and turned the satire into the most delicate and generous of compliments: "I never beheld a beautiful woman," said Lola Montez in one of her lectures, "but I fall in love with her myself, and wish I were a man that I might carry her!"

THE RIGHT OF WAY.

The following clipped from an exchange, is as applicable to this region, as the place for which it was originally written:

"Can anybody explain satisfactorily why a lady meeting a gentleman on the sidewalk should insist upon turning him off into the gutter? It has grown to be the custom, when people thus encounter, not being acquainted, for a lady to run a gentleman down at once, unless he gets out of the way. She deviates not an inch from an air line, but ignores all knowledge of the existence or presence of a body approaching in the opposite direction. There is something positively disgusting in this practice. Sometimes you meet three or four ladies—girls, perhaps not out of their teens,—forming a platoon across the whole breadth of the walk. They pay no more attention to you, than if you were a shadow, that might be passed over without any sense of contact. You scud down to the curbstone, and await the transit of the avalanche of ornoline. Why should this be submitted to? Why should not one of these females, recognizing your bodily presence and right to the use of the pavement, drop behind the others, and permit you to avoid the humiliating display of your insignificance on the edge of the curbstone or down in the gutter? These examples of what we consider downright vulgarity, are of constant occurrence. It often happens that mere chits, not out of panteletts, bear square down upon the octogenarians and compel him to the oblique movement to avoid a collision."

Before the opposition party run after abolitionism they tried frequently to make political capital by a perversion of the clause in the Constitution which gave to negroes a two-thirds representation. They said that slaveholders had three votes for every five of their negroes. They knew it was false, but the truth troubled them so much that they held themselves justified in the utterance of the falsehood: Times have changed since then, and the same fellows now propose to give, in reality to every slaveholder or "any other man" in the slave States, ten votes for every negro. The one-tenth proposition of Old Ammonites to this—nothing more, nothing less.

LEGAL DEFIANCE.—Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Messrs. Doyle and Yelverton, quarreled so violently, that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful, (with the fist at least) knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence, "Down you, you scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman. To which, Yelverton, rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, Sir, never, I defy you. I defy you!"

A HINT FOR LECTURERS.—How to get up "a storm of enthusiasm!" If all other resorts fail, say "Copperhead!" It is the silliest expression in the world, to be sure, but it is a "sure thing." As soon as they hear it every Abolition nincompoop in the hall will prick up his ears, give his body a shake, set his heels in motion, and tender you a double round of applause, such as the wisest sentences and strongest patriotism might strive in vain to elicit.

An effort was made in Congress the other day to obtain from the President and Secretary of war, a list of the Persons now languishing in American prisons and bastilles, for political or State reasons. The resolution was objected to by the republicans, and therefore failed. If a nigger had been put off the cars, there would have been a terrible row and investigation. But poor "White Trash" has come to be of no account.

ONLY ONE PARTY.—We beg leave to remind our abolition friends that only "one party" is allowed in time of war. Let Lincoln men and Chase men, and Fremont men silence their petty difference in the presence of the great rebellion, when the life of the nation is at stake. "If there are differences of opinion among them, let them wait and settle them when the war is over."

A clergyman, at an afternoon service was asked to read a notice for a woman's rights lecture, which he did in this wise: "At half past six o'clock, at the school house in the first district, a *hen* will attempt to crow!"

THE LAST SLAVE IN PENNSYLVANIA.—HANNAH Kelley, believed to be the last slave in Pennsylvania, died at Cross Creek township Washington county, on the 15th ult. at the advanced age of 109 years.

No man hath a thorough taste of prosperity to whom adversity never happened.

If men show their faith by their works, the faith of a good many would seem to be in the devil.

"Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" said a brother judge to Curran.—"Nothing but the head," he replied.