

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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Select Story.

THIRTY DAYS FURLOUGH.

Captain John Warren had returned with his regiment, the gallant fifty ninth. The regiment came back to Princeton with only four hundred men out of the one thousand stout hearts that responded to the first call for troops, only this small band of veterans remained to recite the deeds of daring and danger they had endured in a campaign of nearly three years.

Captain Warren was beloved by his men for he was one of those unselfish characters who shared the perils of the battle field, the weary march, and the many hardships of a soldier's life with the humblest private in his company. Being a thorough soldier himself, he never excused a lack of discipline in others. His company was the model of the regiment. He taught his company that a soldier's first and last duty, was obedience to his superior officers. He was acquainted with both the practical and theoretical rules of his profession; and had it been necessary for him to take command of the entire brigade he was capable of doing it creditably.

If we had more John Warrens in the time of our country's need, we should not have lost so many hardily contested fields, which have made the nation weep. How often would we have been victorious instead of being driven back, if we had only officers to lead the forlorn hope.

In private life Captain Warren was the unobtrusive gentleman, kind friend, and charitable Christian. His personal appearance was prepossessing. He was above the medium height, and if he had been drilled from his cradle a soldier he could not have been of a more correct carriage. His features were heavily moulded, and his light brown hair was streaked with silver, for exposure had done the work for years.

Captain Warren could not be called a handsome man until he smiled, and then it would have been a most fastidious person who would not have perceived how a smile transformed his countenance. His smile was truly wonderful; it resembled the light of the dawn of day breaking through the fast disappearing shadow of night.

This gallant veteran however thought otherwise before he left his native town. Not that he loved the Union less, but the god of hearts had made him a prisoner, and the gallant Captain wore the light but forcible chains of Captivity. It occurred thus:

Captain Warren was speaking to some brother officers who were standing in one of the principal thoroughfares of the town when a lady passed and looked at him several times as if she was acquainted. After walking several steps she turned her head quickly and glanced at him. This time he got a glimpse of her face, which he recognized as belonging to a lady whose acquaintance he made a short time before his regiment received marching orders three years before. Bowing to his friends he walked rapidly and soon overtook the little figure that was walking so gracefully up the street.

"Miss Morgan," he said, as they shook hands, "I am happy to meet you."

"Captain Warren, I am delighted to greet you after so long an absence from civilized society."

"My fair friend, I am happy to return to my native town and seek some repose for a soldier on his duty has but few pleasures. It is strange that I have not seen you before, for I have attended quite a number of parties during the last week. Have you turned Quakeress?"

"No, indeed, sir," answered Miss Morgan; "I only returned yesterday from a visit to Philadelphia."

"That accounts for my not meeting you before."

He escorted Miss Morgan home. She invited him to call the following evening and they bid each other adieu for that day.

Captain Warren became a frequent guest of Miss Morgan, and he soon spent every spare hour he had in her society, and was her escort in all her walks and drives. But all his earthly pleasures must have an end, and Captain Warren found it so when he received marching orders.

A few evenings before his departure he was seated alone with Miss Morgan in the parlor of her father's house. He thought he had never seen her more beautiful than she looked then, as she sat upon the sofa with the light of the gas shining upon her face. Her features were of that classical type that bore examination. Her eyes were dark hazel, and had a merry mischievous expression. Her dark, chestnut curls shaded her pure white brow. She was of medium height, and her figure was finely formed.

"Do you know that our regiment positively leaves on Wednesday?"

"I did not," replied Miss Morgan, "and I wish you were not going for three months."

"So do I," said he.

"But," he continued, "what can't be helped must be endured. So I suppose I must be resigned to my fate. Come, tell me, Mary, what were you doing at Anderson's Gallery the other morning, when I met you?"

having an ambrotype taken for a friend."

"And did you not sit for some carte de visites at the same time?"

"No, I did not, for I am not so vain that I care about giving my photograph to every one that asks for it."

"Mary," spoke the Captain with feeling. "I do not wish you to give it to every one but surely you are not going to let me go away without one?"

"How much would you give for my photograph?" asked Mary.

"All that I am worth," he answered.

"Well, I am afraid you won't get my photograph, for to tell you the truth, John, I had this little ambrotype, taken for you, for I think ambrotypes look more natural than photographs."

She handed him the counterpart of herself. After looking at the picture some moments he kissed the fair original.

"Mary, will you wear this little gold band in remembrance of me?" he asked as he placed a plain gold ring upon her finger.

"I will, John," replied she, weeping.

"Dear Mary, you must feel that I love you, though I would not be so dishonorable as to ask you to be my wife, for I may be either shot or maimed in the very next battle I take part in; but if I live to return and you are not married, I shall ask for what I now covet."

Mary was unable to reply, for she felt how much she loved Captain Warren.

Wednesday came at last, and with it the departure of the Fifty-ninth. Captain Warren snatched an hour from the duties of the day to bid Mary Morgan farewell. With a promise of writing soon he gave her a parting embrace; and drawing his cap over his eyes, he repaired to the barracks where his regiment was stationed.

Mary saw the regiment pass her house on its way to the depot, and she watched the figure of Captain Warren until the tears blinded her eyes. She hoped for the best and she trusted in "Him who doeth all things well" to guard her lover from all danger.

A week after the Fifty-ninth left Princeton came the terrible news that the regiment was cut to pieces. Mary anxiously awaited the list of killed and wounded. Alas! her fears were more than realized. Captain Warren fell at the head of his regiment while, trying to storm one of the enemy's works.

Mary after the first months of her grief, went to Washington and became a nurse in one of the hospitals. She felt that she served her country by so doing. She was doing that which her patriotic lover would approve if he were alive.

A VOLUME IN A FEW WORDS

The following sentences contain a vast deal of wisdom in a small compass. They form the essence of volumes compressed and expressed into a compact and terse paragraph. These maxims should be carried in the pocket book, and read every day or two till they become thoroughly familiar to all, and particularly to young men who are looking to a place in the world. Obedience to them will make any man's place certain and honorable;

"Keep good company or none. Never be idle, if your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements.—Keep your own secrets if you have any.—When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Gloom character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.—Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind. Never play at any kind of game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it.—Never run into debt, unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous.—Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save when you are young to spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

CRASS.—Josh Billings says there is "one cold, blue, lean kiss, that always makes him shiver to see Two persons (or the female perswasion) who have witnessed a great many younger and more pulpy daze meet in some public place, and not having saw each other for 24 hours, the kiss immediately; then the blush and lark at what they say to each other, and kiss again immediately. This kind of kissing puts me in mind of two old flints trying to strike fire."

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a humbug?" "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive that you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

Scenes of Horror.

In the army of the Potomac there is a stockade of logs, twenty feet high, and sharpened at the tops, and known as the "Bull Pen," in which captured deserters are confined before execution. In it there are about sixty wretched men, awaiting their fate. Henry Clay Trumbull, Chaplain of the Connecticut 10th, thus writes of these shocking scenes: Executions for desertion are common now-a-days in the armies of the Potomac and James. As many as sixty of the captured runaways have been confined at one time in the Provost Marshal's prison camp of a single division. The "Bull Pen," as this inclosure is universally called, is a collection of tents surrounded by a close stockade of pine logs twenty feet high, guarded on all sides. Just at the right of its entrance, outside of its walls, is a small log cabin used as the condemned cell. The man who enters that goes out only to execution. Sad stories of remorse and agony the walls of that low, dark, gloomy cabin could tell.—

The saddest case is the latest. A boy not yet sixteen, born and brought up in the upper part of New York city, was met in the street by a hellish broker, and enticed away to Connecticut to be sold as a substitute. He was far from being a bright boy; seemingly not full witted, but his childish ways were touchingly attractive. He said—and probably with truth—that until the broker led him off he had never passed a night away from his parents. Like a tired homesick school boy determined to play truant, he started to run home. Being arrested, he again slipped off; but was once more caught, as he exercised no shrewdness in his flight. Being tried and sentenced to death, he was put into the condemned cell in the evening, to be shot in the following morning.

His boyish grief when told he was to die was heart-rending. With unaffected naturalness he sobbed out his lament over his own hard lot, for the dear ones at home. "Me, so young, to go outside the breast works, and—see the coffin and grave there, and then be shot! I don't want to be killed. Won't the General pardon me?" On being assured that his execution was a certainty, he urged the chaplain not to let his friends know he had died, "for they'd feel so bad about it," he said. "I suppose it would kill my father" (for some reason his father seemed closer to his heart than his mother.) "I suppose it would kill 'em all. They'd be thinking of it nights, Don't tell 'em about it." Once convinced that it was too late to obtain a reprieve—no official short of the department commander having the power to grant it and there being no time to obtain it from him, and having cried his cry out—he quieted like a weary child, and listened to all the chaplain could say to aid in preparing him for the eternal future. Kneeling on the soaked, swampy ground, under the dripping roof of that gloomy cabin, in the dark and stormy night, he folded his fettered hands, and meekly said his little evening prayer, and committed himself in seeming confidence to his Heavenly Father's care. He could not read, but he had been taught in one of the blessed mission schools of New York, and had a simple, child-like faith in God. Probably he had not been addicted to vicious habits.—

He said, when asked about the way he spent his evenings, that he "always worked in the factory daytimes, and when evening came he was tired, and went to bed early." His father and mother prayed with him, and taught him to do right. "If your life should be spared," asked the chaplain, "would you love God and try to serve him?" "Why, yes," he answered. "I always did love him, as though, in his childish trust, he had no cause of enmity with the Father to whom he had been drawn in grateful confidence.—After his first hard cry, the thought of death did not seem to occupy him. He was too much of a child to fully realize. Just before he went out to be shot, he turned to the chaplain and asked, as in boyish curiosity, "If I die to-day will my soul go right to heaven to-day?" Arriving at the field of execution he was not at all disturbed by the terrific preparations. He walked up to the open grave and looked inquiringly into it without a shudder, and then he turned to gaze at the firing party, as though he saw only kind-hearted comrades there. He knelt again to pray, as calmly as if he were to lie down in his own little crib at home. Just as his arms were being bound a bird flew by, and he twisted his head around to follow with his gaze the bird to its flight as though he should like to chase it; then he looked back again at the bright muskets with soft and steady eye as before. "Let me kneel on the ground and rest on the coffin," he said as they fixed him in position. "No, kneel on the coffin," was the order.—

So kneeling there he settled himself down into a weary crouching posture as though he were to wait thus a long and tiresome time. He had hardly taken his place before he fell back dead, with every bullet of the firing party directly through his chest—three through his heart. He uttered never a groan nor did his frame quiver. Even such boys as that are here shot if they desert. But are they guilty above those who do them here?

CURIOUS DEVELOPEMENT.

Horace Greeley and the Niagara Falls Peace Conference.

The Washington correspondent of the Manchester (England) Examiner and Times, writing under date of February 22d, says:

I have just come into possession of a very curious document, and one, too, which I am confident will be peculiarly interesting to your readers, because it sheds so much light upon the connection which Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune, had with the famous Niagara Falls peace negotiations of last July, in which he figured so prominently, together with Cornell Jewett and Messrs. Sanders, Clay and Holcombe. Apparently this letter, which I need not say was never published here, was the initial movement in the negotiations referred to. Here it is:

NEW YORK, July 7, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR:—I venture to enclose you a letter and telegraphic dispatch that I received yesterday from our irrepressible friend Bolorada Jewett, at Niagara Falls. I think they deserve attention. Of course, I do not endorse Jewett's positive avowal that his friends at the Falls have "full powers" from J. D., though I do not doubt that he thinks they have. I let that statement stand as simply evincing the anxiety of the Confederates every where for peace. So much is beyond doubt.

And therefore I venture to remind you that our bleeding, bankrupt, almost dying country also longs for peace—shudders at the prospect of fresh conscriptions, of further wholesale devastations, and of new rivers of human blood; and a wide-spread conviction that the government and its prominent supporters are not anxious for peace, and do not improve proffered opportunities to achieve it, is doing great harm now, and is morally certain, unless removed, to do far greater in the approaching elections.

It is not enough that we anxiously desire a true and lasting peace; we ought to demonstrate and establish the truth beyond cavil.

The fact that A. H. Stephens was not permitted a year ago to visit and confer with the authorities at Washington has done harm, which the tone of the late National Convention at Baltimore is not calculated to counteract.

I entreat you in your own time and manner to submit overtures for pacification to the Southern insurgents which the impartial must pronounce frank and generous.

If only with a view to the momentous election soon to occur in North Carolina, and of the draft to be enforced in the free States, this should be done at once. I would give the safe conduct required by the rebel envoys at Niagara, upon their parole to avoid observation and to refrain from all communication with their sympathizers in the loyal States; but you may see reasons for declining it. But whether through them or otherwise, do not, I entreat you, fail to make the Southern people comprehend that you, and all of us, are anxious for peace, and prepared to grant liberal terms.

I venture to suggest the following Plan of Adjustment.

1. The Union is restored and declared perpetual.

2. Slavery is utterly and forever abolished throughout the same.

3. A complete amnesty for all political offences, with a restoration of all the inhabitants of each State to all the privileges of citizens of the United States.

4. The Union to pay four hundred million dollars (400,000,000) in five per cent. United States stock to the late slave States, loyal and secession alike, to be appointed *pro rata*, according to their slave population respectively, by the census of 1860, in compensation for the losses of their loyal citizens by the abolition of slavery, after ratification by its legislature of this adjustment. The bonds to be at the absolute disposal of the Legislature aforesaid.

5. The said slave States to be entitled henceforth to representation in the House on the basis of their total, instead of their Federal population, the whole now being free.

6. A national convention, to be assembled as soon as may be, to ratify this adjustment and make such changes in the Constitution as may be deemed advisable.

Mr. President, I fear you do not realize how intently the people desire any peace consistent with the national integrity and honor, and how joyously they would hail its achievement, and bless its authors. With United States stocks worth but forty cents in gold per dollar, and drafting about to commence on the third million of Union soldiers, can this be wondered at?

I do not say that a just peace is now attainable, though I believe it to be so. But I do say that a frank offer by you to the insurgents of terms which the impartial say ought to be expected, will, at the worst, prove an immense and sorely needed advantage to the national cause. It may save us from a Northern insurrection.

Yours Truly, HORACE GREELEY.

Hon. A. Lincoln, President, Washington.

P. S.—It is to be regretted that it should be deemed undesirable to make an offer of terms to the rebels, I insist that in any possible case it is desirable that any offer they may be disposed to make should be received, and either accepted or rejected. I beg you to invite those now at Niagara to exhibit their credentials and submit their ultimatum.