

# The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

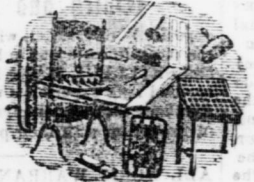
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## Select Story.

### WHY I HATE WOMEN.

I am a woman-hater. I have been one ever since I—but no matter what I did.—You shall know that presently. Just imagine yourself an experienced man of the world, aged twenty one and a half years, with plenty of money, and—well, I don't think the ladies consider me very bad-looking.

I date my woman-hating proclivities from the time Miss Emma Talbot was placed under my care, during a trip down the Hudson.

She had been staying with her aunt at West Point for several months.

Her brother Harry was in the Military Academy and was one of the gayest and most reckless fellows in the place. It was through him that I became acquainted with his sister.

She was a lovely blonde, and knew how to show her beauty to the best advantage.

Of course, I fell in love with her directly, and was led to believe that she did not dislike me, until she told me of her intention to return to New York, and that her three cousins were coming up to take her back with them.

I never saw three such mischief-loving girls. The youngest especially distinguished herself, the day after her arrival, by getting her time honored aunt on the top of a rock, which could only be reached by a ladder. While her aunt was enjoying the view, Kitty accidentally knocked the ladder down, and walked off as unconcernedly as if nothing was the matter. It was not until an hour or two after, while I was pouring a flood of eloquence in her listening ear, that she started up, interrupting one of my best metaphors and exclaimed—

"I wonder if aunt Talbot has gone home yet?"

And she started off on a run to release the poor woman from her captivity.

I had determined to make a formal declaration of love on the homestead—not to the imp of mischief, Kitty, but to Emma Talbot; for thought I, "Miss Emma is so despatchly in love with me that I really must marry the poor thing, or she will go raving crazy. Such things have happened."

So, after innumerable boxes and trunks were safely on board, my beloved Emma promised to go on deck with me.

I will here mention that Harry Talbot (who was escorting his three cousins) and my peerless Emma were twins, and, as a natural consequence looked very much alike, the more so as Emma wore her hair in short curls, after the fashion of the present day.

Before coming on deck she had some alterations to make in her toilet, so I went up to see if there was any place where I could gain her promise to love and obey me, etc.

To my surprise the deck was clear: so I went back and found her waiting for me; but I was surprised to find her wrapped up with a thick veil over her face.

Kitty was standing near her with such a look of roguery in her eyes that I knew there was mischief going on somewhere, and I offered a mental prayer for the unhappy victim of her practical jokes.

I requested Emma to take off that unbecoming veil, but before she could answer, Kitty said she had a sudden attack of neuralgia, and must keep it on for fear of getting more cold. I made no more ado, but took her to the deck. As we passed through the saloon I imagined I heard the sound of smothered laughter several times, but immediately afterward thought it must be the creaking of some of the machinery of the steamer.

I led her to a seat, where we had a fine view of the scenery on both sides of the river, and seated myself beside her in my most graceful attitude. (I had practiced it before starting until I learned it perfectly.)

She seemed to know what was coming, for she was very quiet.

I had heard a great deal about the disagreeable task of popping the question, and with my usual forethought, had prepared a speech before hand. "Now," thought I, "is the time." So I commenced—

"Emma, these waters remind me of life—sometimes it glides smoothly, and sometimes it is disturbed by storms. Emma—"

And here I stopped having forgotten the next clause. I felt in my breast pocket for my speech. It was not there, nor either was it in any of my other pockets.

Now, what was I to do. Suddenly I remembered having read in some novel that deeds are better than words; so I got up closer to her, and put my arms around her waist. She did not resist, but was seized with an uncontrollable fit of coughing.

It stopped presently; and taking her neatly gloved hand in mine, I commenced at the next part of my speech that I could then remember—

"Emma, don't you think a person is happier married than single? Suppose for instance, I wanted to get married?"

Here she gave a deep sob.

"She thinks poor child!" said I to myself that I am going to marry some one else."

However, I took it as a good sign, and drew nearer to her.

"Emma, dearest angel, you love me, and I am happy.

Here she gave another sob.

"Loveliest of lovely women, you do not deny it. I swear, by the stars and moon, and the sun that looks so lovinly on you, that I love you only. Will you be my

mate, for I am a poor lost dove waiting for a kindred spirit to cherish until death."

This is a part of the speech which came into my mind just at the right moment.

At this interesting point she became very much affected, for she put her handkerchief under her veil, and sobbed aloud.

When she stopped, I continued—

"Emma, my own beautiful dove, will you promise to love me always?"

I heard a very faint "yes" from under that odious veil, yet was distinct enough for me to hear. Then I took her hand.—She did not resist.

"Dear, devoted one," said I, in an irresistibly sweet voice, will you not give me one token of your love? Will you not grant me one kiss from those lips that vie with the cherry in sweetness and beauty?"

"Yes, love," was all that I could hear; but that was enough.

I tore aside that hateful veil (she had kept it on during the whole affair) and kissed—Harry Talbot! There was no mistake—or, rather it was all a mistake; for there he sat, laughing as though he would go into hysterics.

I rushed towards the door, and there I met with such a reception as I never was honored with before. The whole steamboat's crew were there, who had been kept from going outside while I was making that declaration of love to a man.

I tried to run the blockade, but was received with shouts of laughter from all sides.

As soon as the turmoil ceased in some degree, those little she-devils, Kitty and Emma came up and offered their congratulations; at which piece of silly nonsense everybody commenced laughing again.

The doors and passage-ways were crowded with servants and waiters, who seemed to enjoy the miserable joke as much as their betters.

Harry afterwards told me that Kitty had the next room to mine at the hotel; and, as the partitions were thin, she heard me telling my chum my love secret, and heard him advise me to write the declaration out on paper in due form. She had managed to get it; but just before the boat landed us she apologized for taking it, and gave it back to me, saying, as she did so—

"I thought I had better return it, as you might have occasion to use it again."

"Now, reader, do you blame me for hating women? Although I cannot help it (and you can see for yourself that there ain't a particle of conceit in my nature) even I say, if they don't hate in return.

THE HONEY MOON.—Why is the first month after marriage called the "honey moon?" Doubtless on account of the sweet lunacy which controls the heads of the parties during that brief and delightful period. What a pity that they should ever get quite rational again! That sentimentality should give place to sentiment, sentiment to sense, love, love to logic, and fiction to fact, till the happy pair are reduced from the Eden of romance to the Sahara of reality—from Heaven to earth—and perhaps a peg lower!

Strange as it may seem, there have been couples who have quarrelled in the first month of matrimony, and have got back to their astonished parents before the good mother had fairly got done weeping, (and rejoicing too) at her daughter's departure. Their "honey moon" soured at the full of her thorn and became a moon of vinegar instead. A bad omen that! There's much sense and propriety in the text which the ancient clergymen chose for a wedding sermon. It was taken from the Psalms of David, and read thus: "And let there be peace, while the moon endureth."

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—Among the Alleghanies there is a spring so small that a single ox could drain it dry on a summer's day. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and bearing on its bosom more than a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles or more, until it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, Obedient only to God, shall roll and roar till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. It is a rivulet, an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.

Mr. Theophilus Popp of Popprille, Popprille county, fancying himself to be very popular with his lady love, "popped the question to her under the poplar tree, who when asked for his consent, laboring under the influence of ginger-pop, popped him out of the door to the tune of "pop goes the weasel."

Mrs. Partington says that Ike, having become enamored of sinner of Boston, has led her to the menial altar. He didn't appear the least bit decomposed. On the back of his wedding cards were little cubes with wings.

A boarder at one of our city boarding-houses on being asked how they lived there, replied, that the hash was rather doubtful, but the beef was "bully." This dubious endorsement failed to attract a new boarder.

## THE "BUCKSHOT" WAR.

THADDEUS STEPHENS, THIRTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

It is known to our readers that Thaddeus Stevens is the recognized leader of the Republican party in the House of Representatives of the "Rump" Congress. But, in view of the length of time which has elapsed, it may not be so generally known that this same man was the acknowledged leader of another "Rump" House many years ago; and, therefore, we propose to refresh their memories by a brief recital of a few of the most prominent incidents connected with the last named memorable body.—We desire to do this with a view of showing that his whole public life has been characterized by a total disregard of the popular will, as well as of individual rights.

His first public act, which gave him any notoriety, was the *inquisitorial* committee he had organized in the House of Representatives at the State Capital in 1835, of which he was chairman. The object of this *inquisition* was to extort from men connected with the institution of *Masary*, an exposition of their principles including the secrets of the order, when it was alleged they had sworn to *preserve inviolate*.

To this end many of the most prominent statesmen of the Commonwealth were dragged before this Star Chamber, and held in "durance vile" for weeks, and compelled to submit to every indignity that malice could invent. Had they been the *veriest criminals*, they could not have been subjected to greater ignominy.

Among those who were thus *outraged* may be mentioned the lamented Governor Wolf and Shunk, and the Hon. George M. Dallas—nor did even the sacred desk escape the persecution of this fanatical *anti-mason*. The Rev. Mr. Sprolls, an eminent divine of the Presbyterian church, was dragged by an officer of the House before the "modern juggernaut," as he appropriately styled the Committee, and put under the torture, with a view of compelling him to divulge under oath what he knew about this ancient and respectable institution.—But he, following the example of the distinguished statesmen we have named, spurned the miserable tyrant, who would thus have him violate his honor. These men were only released from *durance* by the united votes of the Democratic members, with a view of the opposition. Thus ended this *diabolical anti-masonic Stevens inquisition*.

We next find this man, Thaddeus Stevens, in 1838, at the head of a wicked conspiracy to overthrow civil government in our peaceful old Commonwealth, by ignoring the clearly expressed will of the people at the ballot-box; and but for the indomitable courage of the Democratic members of the Legislature, the hellish plot would have succeeded, and "the election treated as though it had never been held."

There were two Senators and eight members of the House, who had been fairly elected by a majority of some seven or eight thousand, who this "bold, bad man" attempted to exclude from their seats, and substitute in their stead a set of men, who, it was notoriously known, had been rejected by the people by an overwhelming majority. This being an important chapter in the history of the man whose acts we are criticising, our readers will bear with us if we go a little more into detail.

At the period last referred to, 1838, the county of Philadelphia elected two Senators and eight members, of the House, separately from the city, and country was divided into seventeen election districts, ten of which were Democratic and seven opposition.

When the return judges met it was ascertained that the Democratic ticket was elected, whereupon the seven opposition return judges *succeeded*, and set up a little convention of their own; that is, they made out a certificate, setting forth that the Whig members had received the number of votes set opposite their names in the districts represented by those seven judges, excluding the ten districts represented by the Democratic judges, which comprised much the largest proportion of the votes of the county.

This *minority paper* was forwarded to Harrisburg, as was also the certificate signed by the majority, and at the meeting of the Legislature the former was the only one presented in either House by the Secretary of the Commonwealth. To attempt a detailed statement of all that occurred during that memorable struggle between those who determined, at every hazard, to maintain the inalienability of the ballot box, and those who wickedly assailed it, would require more time and space than we can now appropriate. But, suffice it to say that, upon the motion of Mr. Stevens, the opposition members of the House went through the form of electing a Speaker, and before the Clerk of the House had called over the names of the members, to ascertain who was present, the tellers appointed by Mr. Stevens announced that Thos. S. Cunningham was duly elected Speaker.

None, of course, but the opposition members participated in this revolutionary movement, and they numbered but fifty one, including the eight spurious men from Philadelphia, whose claims to seats was based solely on a paper signed by seven out of seventeen return judges, and which did not possess even the common form of an election return,—which carried upon its face the most unmistakable impress of fraud.

While this "Rump" House was going through the mockery of electing other officers, appointing committees, &c., the

Democratic members, having answered to their names, proceeded to the election of William Hopkins. Thus was presented the extraordinary spectacle of two Speakers occupying the chair at the same time; no, not exactly the chair, for Mr. Hopkins occupied it, while Cunningham stood on the platform on his right.

On the night of the day on which those proceedings occurred, quite an exciting scene occurred in the Senate. In this body the same attempt was made, and for a time was successful, of forcing into seats two men as Senators who had been rejected by the people, and while Mr. Brown, one of the duly elected Senators, was making an effort to be heard in vindication of the majesty of the ballot box, some indignation was exhibited on the part of those present whose rights had been trampled upon, and Stevens & Co., finding themselves foiled in their treason, and fearing that a righteous retribution might be visited upon them, like trembling traitors, made good their escape out at a back window of the Senate chamber.

This "Rump" House met for some days in a room at Wilson's Hotel, and afterwards in the supreme court room, and the regular House met in the hall of the House.

It is due to three of the members of her "Cunningham House" to say that they never met with that body, after the first day, but having discovered the infamy of the conspiracy, like honest men went into the "Hopkins House," as it was called, in contradistinction from the "Cunningham House," and took the oath of office.

This let the "Rumpers" with but forty-eight members, including the eight spurious men from Philadelphia, who had been as has been shown, rejected by a decided majority of the people. Those three were—Messrs. Butler and Sturdevant, of Luzerne county, and Montelius, of Union county. The latter testified before the committee of investigation that he told Mr. Stevens that his conscience would not permit him to sanction these "corrupt proceedings." "Conscience, indeed," said Mr. Stevens, "throw conscience to the devil, and stand by your party." The two Houses stood as follows:

HOPKINS HOUSE.

Regular Democrats without dispute 48

With Philadelphia disputed 56

CUNNINGHAM HOUSE.

Regular Anti Masons, without dispute 43

With Philadelphia disputed 51

To aid in this infamous scheme of subverting the Government, Stevens induced Governor Ritner, who, though perhaps honest, was a very weak man, to call out the military, and some twelve or fourteen hundred volunteers, with all the pomp of war, with "back-shot and ball," were quartered at Harrisburg for weeks, at an expense to the people of perhaps a hundred thousand dollars, for the purpose of intimidating the Democracy. But it failed, law and order were maintained, and the integrity of the ballot-box preserved, very much to the discomfort of the conspirators.

Is it any wonder then, that a man with such antecedents should now be found at the head of a band of conspirators against "the life of the nation," setting at naught the unanimous protest of the white population of the District of Columbia as well as those of the Southern States?

HOW TO RUN OFF WITH A PAIR OF BOOTS.—A few days since a stranger came into a boot and shoe store in Canal street to purchase a pair of shoes. He was a long time engaged in trying different shoes before he could find a pair to fit. Meantime another gentleman came in to buy a pair of boots. He soon found a pair which he drew on, and which fitted exactly, and while he was thrusting his hand into his pocket for the "ready" the shoe purchaser darted off with the shoes without either payment, or even saying so much as "by your leave sir." "The villain?" exclaimed the boot purchaser and the bootmaker in the same breath, and both gave chase. The man in the new boots, however, had the best wind and the cleanest heels. He soon shot ahead of Crispin, while the latter urged him to push forward and overtake the shoes. There was no need of urging. The shoes turned a corner; the boots followed, and for anything that Crispin knows, they are pursuing each other yet.

WHAT IS A DARLING?—Some one asks "What is a darling?" and very prettily answers the question. No one but a father or mother could have written it:

"A darling is a dear little beaming girl who meets one on the doorsteps; flings her fair arms around one's neck, and kisses one with her soul of love; who seizes one's hat, who relieves one of one's coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily; who places her fish form at the piano, and warbles forth, unsolicited, such delicious songs; who casts herself at one's footstool and clasps her hands, and asks all sorts of queer questions, with such bright eyes and flushing face; and on whose light, glossy curls one places one's hand and breathes 'God bless her,' as the fairy form departs."

The Massachusetts Legislature refused to endorse the Veto Message; but could stoop to insult the President for his reference to their statesman, Sumner, in his late speech.

Never turn a blessing round to see whether there is a dark side to it.

ABOVE HIS BUSINESS.—It is a serious evil that many a young man has fallen into to be above his business. A person learns a trade, and then he must go to shop-keeping, or street loafing, or turn politician. Fool! If he can not make a living at his trade, we are sure he can not any other way. And then young men brought up to shop-keeping must buy farms, or houses, or some other foolish things they know nothing about, and what is the result?—Head over heels in debt and certain failure. Multitudes have been ruined by being above their business and branching out into what they know nothing about.

There is no trouble about young men who don't feel their importance, and are willing to work at their trades or professions till they get a little beforehand.—With a small capital to fall back upon, they can feel like venturing into other business—and by this time will have formed habits that are likely to keep them straight.—Those who succeed best in life are men who stick to business and make money before they buy farms and houses and commence speculating. Look at our successful men, and you will see where lies the secret of success.

You will find that they never were above their business, and never paid for the doing of a job which they could just as well do themselves. Of this we are sure; if all men will be prompt and punctual, stick to their business,