

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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NEW SERIES,

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DR. J. C. CORSELIUS, HAVING LOCATED AT THE FALLS, WILL promptly attend all calls in the line of his profession—may be found at Beemer's Hotel, when not professionally absent. Falls, Oct. 10, 1861.

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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. T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor. Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL, Meshoppen, Wyoming County, Pa. RILEY WARNER, Proprietor.

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. RILEY WARNER. September 11, 1861.

MAYNARD'S HOTEL, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING COUNTY, PENNA. JOHN MAYNARD, Proprietor.

HAVING taken the Hotel, in the Borough of Tunkhannock, recently occupied by Riley Warner, the proprietor respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. The House has been thoroughly repaired, and the comforts and accommodations of a first class Hotel, will be found by all who may favor it with their custom. September 11, 1861.

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.

Blanks!! Blanks!!!

BLANK DEEDS

SUMMONSES

SUBPOENAS

EXECUTIONS

CONSTABLE'S SALES

Justice's, Constable's, and legal Blanks of all kinds, Neatly and Correctly printed on good Paper, and for sale at the Office of the "North Branch Democrat."

TIME FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZER for sale at VERNOR'S. Meshoppen, Sept. 18, 1861.

Poet's Corner.

AFTER ALL.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden,
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits pale in his easy chair,
While the gentle wind of twilight,
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him,
A fair, young head is prest
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far off over the distance
The faltering echoes come
Of the flying blast of trumpet,
And the rattling roll of drum.

And the grandsire speaks in a whisper,—
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to thee"

The violets star the meadows,
The rose buds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still;—
There's a nameless grave in the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, fearless woman
By the cold hearth sits alone,
And the clock in the lonely corner,
Ticks on with a steady drone.

Miscellaneous.

THE TWO LETTERS.

OR

HOW I BECAME A BACHELOR.

BY J. B. D.

That I am a bachelor, is rendered unmistakably evident by the foregoing caption.—How I became so, you have yet to learn, and as my object in penning this sketch is not so much to inform you what I am, so unfortunate, (or fortunate, as you please), as to be, as it is to enlighten you in regard to how such came to be the case, and hoping that it may prove a salutary lesson to some reckless wight like myself, I will proceed without further preface or preliminary.

It was while on a visit to an aunt of mine in the town of G—, that I became acquainted with Carrie Mayburn, a fine blooming maiden of eighteen summers, with beautiful auburn hair, clear lit eyes, a small nose, and a handsome mouth, well studded with pearly teeth, rivaling snow in their dazzling whiteness; added to these charms a faultless form and graceful carriage rendered her at once a special object of attraction and admiration; her amiability of sweetness of temper made her many warm friends, while her beauty of face and figure drew her hosts of suitors; in short she was, as I was not long in discovering, the universal admitted belle of the place.

Although I am not to say an extraordinary susceptible individual, in the general acceptance of the term, yet I will admit that, like all the rest of my class, I have my weak points, and do not profess to be so entirely proof against the influence of female charms as to be incapable of experiencing at times a curious and somewhat undefinable sense of palpitation in the region of the ribs when in the company of the fair sex, and as my acquaintance with the enchanting Carrie resembled itself into intimacy, and this, ere long, began to ripen in a stronger feeling, I eventually began to realize that I was becoming enamored in a net of fascination, from which a desperate attempt was necessary to extricate myself, and where I had formerly sought her society merely for the sake of a chat, where-with to while away the time, I now began to look upon her in the light of an indispensable companion; and at length, as the time for my return home drew near, I became aware that unless she and I could make a compromise one way or other, I must bid farewell to happiness and make up my mind to spend my future life in misery. Actuated by these thoughts, and fearful lest I should be forestalled by some one or other of her admirers, and having also the happy consciousness of being looked upon by her in that light was calculated to be anything but discouraging to my hopes; in short, feeling fully satisfied that I was by far the most highly favored of her gallants, I determined that before I took my leave of G—, I would know my doom from her lips; consequently the evening previous to the day fixed for my return, I called upon her, and met with the usual cordial reception. I remained for some time, and, finally, after considerable "hem"-ing and hesitation, I nerved myself for the desperate deed I was about to commit. In the most insinuating manner I asked her to be mine—to share with me my future trials or triumphs, reverses or successes, prosperities or adversities, joys or sorrows, as the case might be; I told her I was poor and had yet to gain a name and position in the world, but that I loved her truly and devotedly,

and would make her a kind and affectionate husband; as I concluded, she placed her hand in mine, saying, as she did so:

"Edwin, my heart is already yours, obtain my parent's consent, and I will cheerfully bestow upon you this hand."

What more could any reasonable man ask? "Obtain my parent's consent, and I will cheerfully bestow upon you this hand," the words kept sounding in my ears, and I was in doubt whether I was dreaming or not;—gradually, however, I came to my senses, when my first act was to throw my arms around the neck of my beloved, and imprint a warm passionate kiss upon her ruby lips as a token of acknowledgement that I understood and appreciated her meaning. It was now determined that we should go to her father for the purpose of obtaining his sanction to our proposed alliance. We found him reading a newspaper, and made known our errand without delay; he studied for a moment, which seemed to me a month, and at length he said:

"Mr. Willet, I cannot say that I have any serious objection to receive you as a son-in-law, yet as you yourself acknowledge that you have not as yet been enabled to attain a position such as is in my opinion advisable for you to attain before you undertake the support of a wife, I must request you to apply yourself assiduously, and when you have risen to some eminence in your profession, and accumulated somewhat toward the maintenance of her whom you anticipate taking under your care, I will then, I assure you place no further obstacle in the way of your marriage. The welfare of my daughter has ever been my constant study, and I would be the last one to deny her anything that would in the slightest degree contribute to her happiness. You will believe me, my dear friend, when I say I am prompted by no mercenary motive, for I am sure when you come to reason the matter clearly and calmly in your own mind, and look at it in the proper light, you cannot fail to perceive the utility of following my advice."

I bowed an acknowledgment, and with a promise to call upon them in the morning to bid them farewell, I took my departure.

To say that I did not feel some degree of impatience consequent upon the result of my interview with Mr. Mayburn, would be absurd, for lovers are always impetuous and unwilling to be put off, and I was by no means an exception, but I was compelled to make a virtue of necessity and bide my time; the next morning I made an early breakfast, and repaired at once to the domicile of my inamorata, whom I found looking as charming as ever. I bade her good morning, and told her that I had come to take my leave of her for a time, but that I hoped the day was not far distant when I should be permitted to come again and claim her as my bride. Having now broached the, to us, by no means unpleasant theme of the previous evening's conversation, we were soon deeply engrossed in making plans for the future. But all things must have an end, and as the hours sped away like minutes, it seemed to my infatuated mind as though I had scarcely entered the house until it was time for me to pronounce the much dreaded good bye which was to be the signal for our temporary separation; and, as like "time and tide" railroad cars "wait for no man," I was obliged to do it, but it was done in a decidedly doleful way, I assure you, and ere long I was speeding forward on my homeward way, my thoughts centered on one object, and that object was Carrie, a prize which I was fully resolved I would use my utmost exertions to gain.

Nearly two years had elapsed since the date of my engagement with Carrie Mayburn. During that time I had made many visits to G—, and always found her the same unchanged being that she was when first presented to the reader, unless it was that she seemed, at least to my eyes, if possible, more beautiful than ever. We had kept up a regularly correspondence, her letters always breathing a spirit of love and affection coupled with the hope that the time would soon come when we would be united to separate no more in life; mine, as may be readily imagined, always re-echoed the sentiments embodied in hers. As the reader has already been apprised, it was the desire of Mr. Mayburn that I should rise to some eminence in my profession before claiming the fulfillment of his daughter's promise. This I had endeavored to the utmost of my capacity to do, and I had reason to believe that I had in a great measure succeeded, for by the expiration of the time above mentioned, I was able to congratulate myself upon having the patronage of the most influential citizens of the place, who placed the most implicit confidence in my professional abilities; consequently, I now felt justified in once more making application for the hand of the fair Carrie, and as I was so situated, at the time I came to this conclusion, that it would be impossible for me to visit G— for several weeks, I resolved to write to Mr. M. in reference to the matter, and ascertain his views of the case. Accordingly, having composed my mind as well as circumstances would admit, I sat down with a new pen and a quire of extra quality of note paper, and summoning all my eloquence, tact and chirographical skill, I transcribed a most elaborately worded epistle, wherein I portrayed my present circumstances, position, still unsatisfied aspirations, until after nearly exhausting the vocabulary of Webster's latest edition, I was at length constrained to wind up by the assurance that but one thing was lacking to render me supremely happy, and that was as you have already conjectured, the legal right to be the protector and possessor of his lovely daughter, and that I hoped he would have now no further objection to our union.

Now, it happened that I had in G—, a cousin named Bob Tracy, who was the owner of a beautiful bay mare, on whom for some time past I had cast numerous wistful glances, and considering that a refusal to my request was entirely out of question, I determined to drop him a few lines, desiring him not to stipulate for the disposal of the aforesaid mare until such time as I should have a chance to confer with him, as I thought it highly probable I could make an offer for her which he would be willing to accept; so I dashed off a hasty note, and having folded, sealed and superscribed both missives, I consigned them to the post office and returned to my duties with a view of whiling away the time as patiently as possible until I could have sufficient leisure to enable me to ascertain the result of my petition.

However wearily the wheels of time may sometimes drag on, yet they never have been known to cease their revolutions entirely, and thus in my case, although the space intervening between my despatching the letters and my visit to their destination seemed interminably long, yet it finally passed away, and at length one fine morning found me comfortably ensconced in the cars, dashing on at a furious rate in the direction of G—, and in a few hours I reached the goal upon which were fixed my highest hopes, which, alas for the disappointment to which we are all of us more or less liable at times to be subjected as the sequel will show, were destined never to be realized, hopes which proved to be unsubstantial foundation upon which I had been building my airy castles; but I will not anticipate.

Immediately upon my arrival in G— I repaired to a hotel, to put myself in the proper trim, prior to calling at the house of my prospective friend. Having made an unexceptionable toilet, I set out with a beating heart and a sort of nervous impatience, and after a short walk found myself at Mr. Mayburn's door. I rang the bell, which was answered by the servant, who at once ushered me into the sitting room, where were Carrie and her father, both of whom regarded me an instant with looks of surprise and wonder, when, to my astonishment, the former arose, and without naught save a slight perceptible nod of recognition, glided out of the door. How to account for this strange conduct, was a thing utterly beyond my comprehension; for a moment I was dumb-founded, but as I recovered myself, I turned towards the father as though to ask a solution of the mystery. I did not have long to wait, for, with a face resembling a surcharged thunder-cloud, the old gentleman suddenly burst forth—

"Well, sir, you are a scoundrel and a villain and a more consummate specimen of concentrated audacity, effrontery and impudence, as you now prove yourself to be in polluting my house with your containing presence, I never saw!"

To say I was astonished would be but a faint way of expressing it. I was completely taken aback, but finally, managed to find my speech, when I politely requested him to explain himself, as I was not aware that I had been guilty of any act to merit these animadversions.

"Explain, sir!—why, what do you mean you contemptible puppy? after having most grossly insulted my daughter as well as myself—a fact which we have ample testimony in your own hand-writing—do you dare to come and deny to my face any knowledge of the fact whatever?"

This was something I was entirely unprepared for, and I looked long and earnestly at the man to see if he was insane or not. What did he mean? What a preposterous idea!—I offer an insult to his daughter! her for whom I would cheerfully have laid down my life, and felt only too thankful for the opportunity.

"Mr. Mayburn," said I as soon as I could recover my faculties, "I will not be thus trifled with any longer. I have never either by word or deed, been the cause of wounding your daughter's feelings, and I—"

But he seemed determined that I should have no chance to vindicate myself in any way, and stopped me short by producing from his pocket a letter, which he thrust fiercely into my hand, saying as he did so:

"There is undeniable proof; let us have no more words about it. Leave my house and never enter it again as long as you live, or I will have you pitched head foremost into the street."

Mechanically I took the letter the handwriting of which I immediately recognized as my own, and ran my eye hurriedly over the contents. Good heavens! it was the note I had by mistake, enclosed in the envelope addressed to Mr. Mayburn, and vice versa.

As the reader is doubtless anxious to know what the letter could possibly contain to so completely turn the tide of affairs pertaining to my matrimonial prospects, I will give it verbatim:

"JOLLY CHUM;—
I sit down to scrawl you a word or two in reference to the superb animal over which you hold legal sway, and of whom as you are already aware I have long desired to be in possession, knowing her to be a gay creature, full of life and spirit and withal decidedly fast. I feel that without her I cannot longer be satisfied; and from nothing, I assure you, will I derive so much pleasure as from trotting her around, and exhibiting her to my friends. Feeling certain that my offer will prove acceptable, I will call on you in a short time, until which I do not wish you to dispose of her.
Yours considerably,
"EDWIN WILLETT."

After reading it, I stood for a moment as if in a trance; at length I raised my eyes from the letter, gave one glance at Mr. Mayburn, and crushing the offending sheet in my hand, rushed, scarcely knowing what I did, with a sort of frantic despair through the hall, and without a word to any one I left the house, never again to darken its doors.

A few days afterwards I called upon Bob Tracy to say to him that he need not reserve the mare any longer, as I had concluded not to purchase; but as soon as he caught sight of me he ran out to meet me, and shook me by the hand and otherwise indulged in the most extravagant demonstrations of joy, asking me over and over again if it was really me, as he despaired of ever seeing me again, for having received from me a most beautifully written gilt edged note, asking in marriage a daughter, of whose existence he was most profoundly ignorant, he had no doubt that I had gone stark mad, and had just about made up his mind to insert an advertisement in the papers warning the public to beware of me as a person dangerous to be at large. I now gave up; I found that I was besieged on all sides, and with an imploring look I begged him to say no more about it to any one. That I had banished all thoughts of marriage from my mind, and had concluded to spend my future life in single blessedness; but despite the charge I gave Bob to keep quiet, the affair, through some mysterious agency, became circulated around, or depend upon it, I would never have given it publicity; and now, having put you in possession of the facts concerning the history of those "two letters," I will make a polite bow and retire to my bachelor couch.

THE PRICE OF A WIFE.
It would be a curious speculation to trace the habits and customs which have, from the earliest ages, and in all communities, helped to fasten upon us these sordid feelings which make marriage something like a gambling transaction in all barbarous nations, the father of a girl conceived he had a right to some compensation from the husband for her services, and as a remuneration for the trouble and expense of bringing her up. In the early history of all nations in their uncivilized state, the custom prevailed: the woman is sold for a price. Among the Hebrews and the Arabs the price paid to the father was sometimes very considerable. An ordinary price was five or six camels, and if the bride was very beautiful, or highly connected (rank and station had their influence even in the earliest ages), the fifty sheep or a mare and foal were added. At the siege of Troy an accomplished lady was valued at four oxen. And when Danaus found he could not get his daughters married, he advertised that he was ready to receive suitors for them without expecting any presents—that is, that he was ready to get rid of them at any price, or at no price. Among the savage tribes of our own days the custom prevails. The red man of America still bargains for his wife, and the price varies from four horses down to a bottle of brandy. The Russians do not mince the matter as more civilized nations do, but when a marriage is proposed, the lover, accompanied by a friend goes to the home of the bride, and says to the mother—"show us your merchandise, we have got money." The ancient Assyrians deserve some credit for the custom they introduced; every year they put all their beauties up to auction, and the prices that were given for these were applied by way of a portion to those who were not beautiful. Thus all, of both sorts, got married, the one for their beauty, the others for the money which beauty not their own had gained for them. They made sensuality give a dowry to avarice; but still marriage was a lottery.

At a debating society the subject was "Which is the sweetest production a girl or a strawberry?" After continuing the argument for two nights the meeting finally adjourned without coming to a conclusion—the older ones going for the strawberries and the young ones for the girls.

I have known a good old man—says Bernard—who when he has heard of any one that had committed any notorious offence, was wont to say within himself. "He fell to-day so I may to-morrow."

An old maid, who was over nice in regard to cleanliness about her house once scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through into the cellar.

QUEER STORY OF A PIG.

The Rev. J. G. Wood, in his "Animal Traits and Characteristics," thus glorifies one: "A curious animal is a pig, gentleman. Very cunning, too—a great deal more sensible than people give him credit for. I had a pig a board my ship that was too knowing by half. All hands were fond of him, and there was not one on board that would have seen him injured. There was a dog on board, too, and the pig and he were capital friends; they ate out of the same plate, walked about the decks together, and would lie down side by side under the bulwarks in the sun. The only thing they ever quarrelled about was lodging. The dog, you see sir, had a kennel for himself; the pig had nothing of the sort. We did not think he needed one; but he had his own notions upon that matter. Why should Toby be better housed of a night than he? Well, sir, he had somehow got into his head that possession is nine parts of the law; and though Toby tried to show him the rights of the question, he was so pig-headed that he either would not or could not understand. So every night it came to be "catch as catch can." If the dog got in first, he would show his teeth, and the other had to lie under the boat, or to find the softest plank where he could; if the pig was in possession the dog could not turn him out, but looked out for revenge next time. One evening, gentlemen, it had been blowing hard all day, and I had just ordered close-reefed top-sails, for the gale was increasing, and there was a good deal of sea running, and it was coming on to be wet; in short, I said to myself, as I called down the companion-ladder for the boy to bring up my pea-jacket, "We are going to have a dirty night." The pig was slipping and tumbling about the decks, for the ship lay over so much with the breeze, being close hauled, that he could not keep his hoofs. At last, he thought he would go and secure his berth for the night, though it wanted a good bit of dusk. But, lo and behold! Toby had been of the same mind, and there he was safely housed. "Umph, umph," says the piggy, as he turned and looked up at the black sky to windward; but Toby did not offer to move. At last, the pig seemed to give it up, and took a turn or two, as if he was making up his mind which was the warrest corner. Presently, he trudges off to the lee scuppers, where the tin plate was lying that they ate their cold 'tatoes off. Pig takes up the plate in his mouth, and carries it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, but some way from the kennel; then, turning his tail toward the dog, he begins to act as if he was eating out of the plate making it rattle, and munching with his mouth pretty loud.

"What?" thinks Toby, "has piggy got victuals there?" and he pricked up his ears and looked out toward the place, making a little whinnying. "Champ, champ," goes the pig, taking not the least notice of the dog, and down goes his mouth to the plate again. Toby couldn't stand that any longer, and he not there. Out he comes, and runs up in front of the pig, with his mouth watering, and pushes his cold nose into the plate. Like a shot, gentlemen, the pig turned tail, and was snug in the kennel before Toby well knew whether there was any meat or not in the plate."

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men without a dollar in their pocket are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart and good limbs, and a pretty good head piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold—tough muscles, than silver; and nerves that flash and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and lands.

It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of fathers and mothers. Good breed exists among men, as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies, or to develop good ones; but it is a greater thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with.

The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, cheerful, patient, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his disposition. The hardest thing to get along with is a man's own self. A cross, selfish, desponding and complaining fellow is a timid, care burdened man—is deformed on the inside. His feet may not limp but his thoughts do.

THE FOLLOWERS OF JOHN BROWN.—Of the five followers of John Brown who escaped from Harper's Ferry, only three now survive.—John Brown Jr. now a prisoner at Richmond, E. J. Meriam, and O. P. Anderson. A Tidd joined Burnside's expedition, and died at Roanoke Island on the eve of a victory. Barclay Coppe, whose brother was executed at Charleston, was one of the victims of the Platte Bridge atrocity.

OLD AGE.—Beautiful is old age, beautiful as the slow, drooping, mellow autumn of a rich, glorious summer. In the old man, Nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with the fruits of a well spent life; and surrounded by his children, she rocks him away softly to the grave, to which he is followed by blessings.

He who cannot conceal his vexation is a laughing stock for his enemies.