

The North Branch Democrat.

Jas. Anderson

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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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. Tunkhanock, September 11, 1861.

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RILEY WARNER, 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.

RILEY WARNER. September 11, 1861.

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

JOHN MAYNARD, Proprietor.

HAVING taken the Hotel, in the Borough of Tunkhanock, 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 Tunkhanock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.

ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

Office on Tutton's Law Office, near the Post Office. Dec. 11, 1861.

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TIME FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZER VERNONY'S.

Mechoppen, Sept. 18, 1861.

Poet's Corner.

The Printing Press.

Hail, mighty Lever! whose unwearied power Sends rays of genius o'er each darken'd land; Where memory's record, changing every hour, Gives place to truth, stamped by thy giant hand.

What glorious thoughts flashed in chaotic waste For want of thee to register their birth; And sparks of genius, poetry and taste, Just kindled up, then sank again to earth!

But thou, Mind's railroad, bearst along the store Of Knowledge, Science, Fancy's pleasing strain; Or the design of Nature to explore, Where peace and harmony and order reign.

Ye whose high trust it is to rule the Press, O guide it Peace and Freedom's cause to bless; With man's best hopes ye have a great account— Taint not the life-stream at its sacred fount.

O "ponder well" what thousands every day Ye guide to truth, or basely lead astray; Let no mean dread of indignance defeat What Reason dictates from her judgment seat.

Be honest, faithful, seek with noble zeal To teach expanding Mind her power to feel; Then clouds of ignorance shall pass away, And Truth's resplendent sun make endless day.

Woman's Heart.

Music, wild, thrilling music, Throbs out o'er the midnight air; A thousand lights are flashing, And happy hearts are there. I hear the tread of dancers, As graceful forms glide past; 'Tis a scene of wifery beauty— Too fair, too bright to last.

And I have been the gayest Amid these scenes so bright; They think that I am happy— But oh! I'm sad to night! 'Neath the diamonds coldly flashing 'Upon my heaving breast, Though my laugh has rung the loudest, My lone heart would not rest.

And he hath viewed my conquests, And heard my mocking laugh, And his burning eyes have followed When'er I near him passed. He hath knelt in love before me— Oh! his anguish I could see— But I turned as coldly from him As once he turned from me.

And in hazy words I told him I could never love him more! 'Twas wild, wild agony for me, And my heart grew sick and sore, Yes, I masked my love in coldness, And from him turned away— From my wildly worshiped idol— And my heart strings shattered lay.

There was ever in my memory Vows uttered long before, And though I smiled upon them, They soon forgotten were. For another form he had won— An angel form he thought; But soon he wearied of a love By golden purse-strings bought.

And to-night again he met me 'Mid this scene of revelry; And I viewed his pale lips quiver In love's fearful agony. His face was pale and ghastly, As he stood from the rest apart. With his proud arms tightly folded Upon his burning heart.

I could have died then for him; But I seemed as proudly gay, And the grandly swelling music Bore my merry laugh away, O woman! thou canst worship And still be proud and cold, Though a weary heart is breaking 'Neath the satin's gleaming fold.

doubtfully to a very stylish young lady, whom I thought, from the family resemblance, must be my daughter; for it was about three months ago that she became a portentous and very fixed fact, to be taken into account in all my domestic calculations. One morning, as I was peacefully munching my toast, Mrs. Polly, who had been uncommonly and portentously bland for a week, brought her heavy guns into position, and suddenly opened fire after this fashion.

"My dear, I have concluded to take Polly out of school. I have also stopped Signor Tittertivia, and Madame Smolenski's lessons." "Quite right," answered I, in the innocence of my heart. "One of our chief follies in this age of folly is, the manner in which we educate our girls. They must know all things; never mind about knowing them well; and the girl whose position in life makes a knowledge of Mrs. Glass and proficiency on the sewing-machine desirable, must have a list of accomplishments that might well stagger an intellect of the best calibre, if each well learned. I hope Polly that our daughter—"

"How perfectly intolerable you are!" answered Mrs. Polly, with a snort of disdain. "Polly a proficient on a dirty sewing-machine, indeed! Why she has finished her education."

"She is to be congratulated," I returned, with a bow. "She has accomplished what has never been done before, and put Solomon entirely to the blush, as he went on learning to the end of his days."

"She is a young lady,—then if you like the phrase better."

I turned and examined my daughter—a pretty, fresh colored blonde, with a good deal of what is called "style."

"A young lady, as you say," I pursued, looking again at Mrs. Polly. "What is to be done with her?"

"My wife I wouldn't be a brute," answered Mrs. George, and Molly giggled and colored, and said:

"Dear me, Pa you are so odd." Mrs. Polly swelled a few minutes in silence; that is her way of asserting her dignity. Then came the storm.

"Now Mr. Martial, this is a serious matter; and if you can give your attention (though it is hardly to be expected that you should bestow any of your thoughts on your own family), I should like to have a little sensible conversation with you. Yawn, of course! if it was only Lou Baracole, or that flirt of a Vivia! but, as it is only your own daughter, who is twice as smart and three times as good looking any day, I must expect to be only half heard."

"It would be only a deaf man who could give you just cause for that reproach," I could not resist saying.

"That's right Mr. Martial! Sneer and gibe at your wife! She is fair game. However, I can bear it. I have stood it all these years, and it shan't prevent me from speaking my mind now, and doing my duty by my poor child. I have the feelings of a parent, if you haven't. I can see how she might shine in the world, if she was only advantageously placed, and it shall not be my fault if she is not. She is now a young lady." (Immense emphasis.) "Parents possessing the ordinary amount of feeling would be anxiously considering how to secure for her the position she is so well qualified to fill. Even personal sacrifice would not be regarded by them, and shall not by me. I have always been weak and yielding; but on this one point I am determined, and I will stick to it if I fall a martyr to the cause. Oh! you may sneer, Mr. Martial! I know very well how brutal you can be, and how obstinate and pig-headed, and that you are a perfect dillard where any of your own family is concerned, but I am ready for you. I intend to spend the season at the Bellevue. Mrs. Sturges and Josephine are going; so are everybody that think anything of themselves; and I am determined that Molly shall have the advantages of a fair start in the world."

"A start in the world!" I answered (you see I don't generally oppose Mrs. Polly, but as the future of my eldest daughter was in question, I couldn't help at least remarking upon it). "That child is sixteen; she knows—what? a little smattering of French, a perversion of music, and the system of making caricatures facetiously called drawing; the English branches she probably knows by name. I have heard you say that she dances very well; she shops very well, and is au fait in the fashions. Doubtless, under tuition, she has a proper comprehension of the people she is to recognize, and those she should cut. Having diligently read all the sensation reading, it is probable that she has exceedingly developed views on the subject of matrimony, but very crude ones or none at all, on the way in which to regard and enter upon that holy estate; with this knowledge, you, madam, propose to start her into the world into which men and women of long experience, purest hearts, finest minds go daily crying out, like children to their father, 'Good Lord deliver us!'"

"Hadn't you better save that for the next time you want to make the pious in some of the papers?" I remarked Mrs. Polly, rather contemptuously.

"And I must say, pa, that I don't think I am quite a baby," says Miss Molly, reddening. "You have such old-fashioned ideas—calling"

young ladies of sixteen, children. You see we live faster now than in those slow old times. We develop young; we have better training; every possible forcing and pushing influence is brought to bear on us mentally and morally. Girls of sixteen might have been infants in your day sir; but I assure you, now, they are beings of thought, and feeling, and emotion; and I think parents don't sufficiently consider this, and are not attentive and obedient (I don't mean obedient) but mindful of their children's wishes. Bread-and-butter systems don't answer, for minds and hearts filled with the poetry, and the wonder, and the magic of the universe; beating with ardor for the untried life, full of mysterious thought and aspiration.

"There," said Mrs. Polly, "do you call that childlike?"

"I? Truth forbid! What have the race of children done to me, that I should so malign them?"

"And then, you see, pa," said Miss Molly, in a much more natural tone, "we must go, for everybody is going; and we could never hold up our heads, if we stayed at home in this horrid place. As for the expense, we'll make that up somehow. We needn't send the children to school, this winter. I can teach them at home."

I don't think it necessary to say, that I yielded the point. I had simply argued by way of relieving my conscience; the idea of any one man offering systematic and deliberate opposition to two women, is simply preposterous. I said Yes, of course, and stumbled over a dress-maker, and boxes, and trunks, for the next two weeks, and bought all kinds of things on being bid, and finally, took my wife and daughter to the hotel, saw them and their boxes safely landed in their room, and left them alone in my glory.

It had been arranged that I was to remain in town with the children during the week, and only on Sundays make my affectionate wife and daughter happy by my presence. I, therefore, knew very little of what went on. Mrs. Polly told me that Molly was vastly admired, that she was quite the belle of the hotel, would doubtless make some brilliant match before she season was over, etc.

Occasionally, I saw Molly, and was treated by her in a very kind and condescending way, indeed; and I frequently caught a glimpse of her on the piazza, in one of those jaunty little hats, in which she really looked very well; walking with a very mustached gentleman, who, it struck me, looked into Molly's eyes in what old-fashioned people used to call "a lover-like fashion;" but, on mentioning it to Mrs. Polly, she assured me "that it was nothing at all—all the gentlemen did so; and, even if it were serious, it was Count Lusigniani, and, therefore, a very desirable person."

Long experience has taught me the utter uselessness of argument, so I tried to believe that it was as desirable as Mrs. Polly assured me, till one morning, sitting peacefully in the grocery, smoking a cigar, and half dozing at that, I was somewhat startled by the unlooked-for entrance of my wife.

"Where is Molly?" was her first question.

"Molly—Molly who."

"Dear me, you are so stupid, Mr. Martial; our Molly, of course."

"I am sure I don't know. I haven't seen her."

"Haven't seen her? You dare to tell me, you haven't seen her? Why, she came to town yesterday, and was going to spend the night at the house. You haven't been home yourself, you pitiful, sneaking thing, and are found out in your meanness, as usual. You see, you never can cheat me. I knew that was the way you would go on, and that was the reason you was so willing to let us go so that you could flirt with every widow and forlorn old maid in the neighborhood."

"Save the abuse; you have always time for that, and a stock on hand; but the question is now, Where is Molly? I was home last night, and she was not there, nor had been there."

Mrs. Polly did not answer. A letter lying among a pile which I had just received, and had not yet opened, caught her attention.—She opened it, and read, growing pale—read it once, twice, and tossed it over to me. It was from Molly, and was as follows:

"MY DEAR FATHER—I write to you, because you are not so prejudiced as ma, and can make more allowance for the irrepressible instincts of the human heart. When you receive this, I shall be married to Guido Lusigniani, not Count; he assumed that title only to win my love; that done, his noble nature forbade him to deceive me, and he confessed to me that he was a disciple of one of the highest and purest of the arts, when not debased to please public taste—I mean the drama. Knowing the idle prejudices existing against his profession, we thought best to marry first, and seek your forgiveness afterward. Address, Mrs. Guido Lusigniani, 2364—street. Give my love to ma and the children. Your loving daughter. MOLLIE."

I sat stupefied, but Mrs. Polly is equal to any emergency.

"You see, now," she commenced, "the effects of the example you have set your children. I always told you it would be so. How could she have any ideas of what is right and proper, seeing her own father cutting up and gallinganting with everybody and everywhere. I shouldn't like to have your conscience, Mr. Martial." Walking out of the store with such dignity, that I couldn't but smile. But, alas! poor Molly!

MY WIFE IS THE CAUSE OF IT.

It is now more than forty years ago that Mr. L. called at the house of Dr. T., one very cold morning, on his way to H.—

"Sir," said the doctor, the weather is very frosty—will you not take something to drink before you start?"

In that day ardent spirits were deemed indispensable to warmth in winter. When commencing a journey, and at every stopping place along the road, the traveller always used intoxicating drinks to keep him warm.

"No," said Mr. L., "I never touch anything of that kind, and will tell you the reason: my wife is the cause of it."

"I had been in the habit of meeting some of our neighbors every evening for the purpose of playing cards. We assembled at each other's shops, and liquors were introduced.—After a while we met not so much for playing as drinking, and I used to return home late in the evening more or less intoxicated. My wife always met me at the door affectionately, and when I chided her for sitting up so late for me, she kindly replied:

"I prefer doing so, for I cannot sleep when you are out."

"This always troubled me. I wished in my heart she would only begin to scold me, for then I could have retorted, and relieved my conscience. But she always met me with the same gentle and loving spirit.

"Things passed on thus for months, when I at last resolved that I would, by returning much intoxicated, provoke her displeasure so much as to cause her to lecture me, when I meant to answer her with severity, and thus, by creating another issue between us, unbuckle my bosom of its present trouble.

"I returned in such a plight about four o'clock in the morning. She met me at the door with her usual tenderness, and said:

"Come in husband; I have just been making a warm fire for you, because I knew you would be cold. Take off your boots and warm your feet and here is a cup of coffee."

"Doctor, that was too much. I could not endure it any longer, and I resolved that moment that I would never touch another drop while I live, and I never will.

He never did. He lived and died practicing total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, in a village where intemperance has raged as much as in any other in this State.

That man was my father, and that woman my mother. The facts above related were received from the doctor himself, on a visit to my native village not long since.

LABOR.

The following is a beautiful tribute of labor:

"Why, man of idleness, labor rocked you in the cradle, and has nourished your pampered life—without it, the woven silks and wool upon your back would be the silkworm's nest, and the fleeces in the shepherd's fold.—For the meaneast thing that ministers to the human want, save that of the air of heaven, man is to toil indebted; even the air by God's wise ordination, is breathed with labor.

It is only the drones who toil not, who infest the hive of the active life masses of corruption and decay. The lords of the earth are working men, who can build or cast down at their will, and who retort the sneers of the 'soft-handed,' by pointing to their trophies wherever art, science, civilization and humanity are known. Work on, man of toil, thy royalty is yet to be acknowledged as the labor moves onward to the highest throne of powers.

"Labor is not only essential to true dignity and independence, but to happiness. It is necessary to ensure the strength and health of the body, without which the mind must suffer and become the prey of anxious and fearful thoughts. Without occupation of some sort, there can be no contentedness of heart. It is the greatest preservation from both sorrow and sin. The hardest work in the world and the most demoralizing, is doing nothing. No state or individual can prosper where labor, in any form, is despised.

CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

Steele wrote excellently on temperance—when sober. Sailust, who declaimed so eloquently against the licentiousness of the age, was himself a habitual debauchee. Johnson's essay on politeness is admirable, but he was himself a perfect boor. The gloomy verses of Young give one the blues, but he was a brisk, lively man. "The Comforts of Human Life," by B. Heron, was written in prison, under the most distressing circumstances.

"The Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, were, on the contrary, composed in a drawing room, where the author was surrounded with every luxury. All the friends of Sterne knew him to be a selfish man; yet as a writer, he excelled in pathos and charity—at one time beating his wife, at another wasting his sympathies over a dead monkey. So Seneca wrote in praise of poverty on a table formed of solid gold, with millions let out at usury.

Another political priest wants to go to Congress. Rev. T. Starr King is being urged for successor to Senator Latham, from California.

THE BEST ADVANTAGE.

A countryman went into a store in Boston the other day, and told the keeper that a neighbor of his had entrusted him with some money to be spent to the best advantage, and he meant to do it where he would be treated the best.

He had been very well treated in Boston by the traders, and would not part with his friend's money until he found a man who would treat him about right. With the utmost suavity the trader says:

"I think I can treat you to your liking, how do you want to be treated?"

"Well," says the farmer with a leer in his eye.

"In the first place I want a glass of toddy," which was forthcoming. "Now I will have a nice cigar," says the countryman. It was promptly handed him, leisurely lighted, and then throwing himself back, with his feet as high as his head, he commenced puffing away like a Dutchman.

"Now what do you want to purchase?"—says the storekeeper.

"My neighbor handed me two cents when I left home to buy him a plug of tobacco," answered the farmer "have you got the article?"

The storekeeper stopped instant, and the next thing that was heard from him was that his sides were spaking and his face on fire as he was relating the sell to his friends down town.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

Not long since a lot of us—I am an IL Pa., "high private," were quartered in several wooden tenements, and in an inner room of one lay the corpse of a young secession officer, awaiting burial. The news soon spread to a village not far off, and down came tearing a sentimental, not bad-looking specimen of a Virginia dandy.

"Let me kiss him for his mother?" she cried, as I interrupted her progress. "Do let me kiss him for his mother?"

"Kiss whom?"

"The dear little Lieut., the one who lies dead within. I never saw him, but oh?"

I led her through a room in which young Lieut. —, of Philadelphia lay stretched out on an upturned trough, fast asleep. Supposing him to be the article sought for, she rushed up exclaiming—

"Let me kiss him for his mother," and approached her lips to his forehead. "What was her amazement when the 'corpse' clasped his arms around her and exclaimed:

"Never mind the old lady, Miss, go it on your own account. I haven't the slightest objection."

SPEECH OF EX-SENATOR ALLEN, OF OHIO.

A large meeting of the Democracy of Ohio was held at Chillicothe, on the 4th inst., at which ex-Senator Allen delivered a speech, in the course of which he presented the following picture of the effects of negro emancipation in consequence of the President's Proclamation:

Suppose that the contemplated Emancipation should be inaugurated successfully, seven or eight hundred thousand negroes, with their hands reeking in the blood of murdered women and children, would present themselves on our Southern border, demanding to cross over into our State, as Ohio's share of the freed slaves—seven or eight hundred thousand negroes, without money, without food and without personal property of any kind, who, in virtue of nature's law, were compelled to eat and be clothed. Then would come the conflict between the white laborers and the negroes. The negroes would enter into such a competition with the white laborers that the latter would have to abandon the field of labor here—make way for the negroes—or maintain their ground by waging a war on the negroes, that would result in driving them from the State, or in their extermination. It was hard to compel a white man who earned seventy-five cents a day to contribute twenty-five cents of that sum to be expended in schemes to buy the freedom of the negroes. He won't like that. The fanatics claim that these schemes are prompted by philanthropy. Carried out they would end in the death of the negroes. If it were possible to colonize the negroes in Central America, where it is proposed to colonize them, they would starve, and if emancipated and not removed from our country, their extermination were sure to follow.

Until the negroes shall be recognized as socially the equal of white men, they cannot be politically their equal. None of those fanatics, who claim to be acting in behalf of philanthropy, would consent that their sons and daughters should inter-marry with the negro. From the marriage altar spring our political privileges; if not equal there, we are not politically equal. No objections are interposed to our sons and daughters inter-marrying with Englishmen, Germans, Irishmen, Frenchmen, &c. We all belong to the same family. We are simply the advanced guard—they are the grand-our fathers, mothers, brothers, and sister. All these inter-marry, and soon their blood becomes melted into the great pool of American blood. Not so with the negro. He does not belong to the same family. That he is different is palpable to the philosopher, if not the theologian, and why he was created differently is material for us to know; it is sufficient to know that he is different, without seeking to obtain the affidavit of the Almighty on the subject.