NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 12, 1862.

VOL. 2, NO. 14:

Aorth Branch Democrat.

A weekly Democratic paper, devoted to Pol tics, News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Pubished every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pa. BY HARVEY SICKLER.



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IME FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZER Meshoppen, Sept. 18, 1861.

Poet's Corner.

THE BATTLE OF AU-TUMN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The flags of war like storm-birds fly. The charging trumpets blow : Yet rolls no thunder in the sky, No earthquake strives below

And calm and patient nature keeps Her ancient promise well, Though o'er her bloom and greeness sweeps The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours Through harvest-happy farms. And still she wears her fruits and flowers Like jewels on her arms

What mean the gladness of the plain, This joy of eve and morn, The mirth that shakes the beard of grain And yellow locks of corn.

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears, And hearts with hate are hot: But even-placed come round the years, And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief, With songs of groans and pain; She mocks with tint of flowers and leaf The war field's crimson slain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear Her sweet thanksgiving psalm; Too near to God or doubt or fear, She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below The fires that blast and burn: For all the tears of blood ye sow She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eyes than ours The good of suffering born-The le ris that blossom like or flowers And ripen like her corn,

Oh, give to us, in times like these. The vision of her eyes; And make her fields and fruited trees Our golden prophesies.

Oh, give to us her finer ear! Abvoe this stermy din. We, too, would hear the bells of cheer Ring peace and freedom in.

Miscellaneous.

The Strange Cavalier.

BY H SYMMS.

"Let me tell your fortunes, pretty ladiesvery good fortune to you, ma'am," cried a they will promptly attend to all calls in the live of their profession. May be found at his Drug Store when not professionally absent.

dark eyed gypsy, as two ladies turned the corner of a beautifully sequesterred lane, corner of a beautifully sequesterred lane, while the last rays of a gorgeous sun were merging into the more voluptuous tinge of a summer twilight.

"Oh, do let us have our fortune told-I should like to know my fortune!" exclaim ed the younger of the ladies, who leaned upon

the arm of her companion. " Nonsense, Annette," rejoined her friend, and by this time they had reached the spot where the sybil was standing. Her appear ance fully demonstrated her tribe; her face was of the most swarthy hue, but interesting in the expression; her eyes were jet black; and her dark elf-locks, which hung disheveled over her neck and shoulders, was partly RILEY WARNER, Prop'r. concealed by a small hat that was tied under the chin by a partly colored handkerchief, while her figure, of no ordinary mould, was encumbered by the tattered fragments of an old red cloak. The ladies paused for an instant to contemplate the object before them.

"I can tell you," said she, addressing the younger lady, "what, mayhap, you will not like to hear. You will love, but you will not be loved again; you will sigh, but no sigh will be returned to you; you will weep, tears will fall on your cheek like dew on the summer flower, that dries but receives fresh

Without uttering a word, the ladies now turned, and hastily pursued their way homeward. They had wandered, attracted by the beauty of the evening, farther than they had intended. The Baroness D-, for so we must introduce her to our readers, had taken under her protection Annette De M ___, who was an orphan, and the sole remaining branch of a noble family. The Baroness D- had herself been left an orphan at an early age. She had afterward married the Baron D-, who had been dead about two years at the time our story commences, leaving her without pr geny, her only child having died in its infancy. She had inherit ed her husband's vast estates, and was at this time residing in her favorite castle, situated in the most beautiful of the midland counties of England.

The ladies silently pursued their way until they reached the extensive avenue that formed the barrier to the noble domain .--Trees of regular but enormous height were thickly studded on either side, and the Bar the hall. They soon found their way to the in making preparations for their departure. oness frequently started at the colo of their saloon, where the Baroness and Annette footstepss as she pressed forward with her young companion. The moon had risen and owers of the party, who seemed the chief in the metropolis; and at the expiration of a now shone in silvery brightness, while not a command, now spokezephyr fanned the foliage, nor a whisper broke upon the stillnes of the night. They and as such take you to be an adherent of It was on the very day that the populace I ever did see. I raley believe he might have ed animals in nature—except the tame bore.

horseback was distinctly visible; retreat or flight was alike impossible, for in another them. In the next moment the knight my mansion. sprung from the saddle bow, and falling gracefully upon one knee before the Baroness, exclaimed:

"Fair lady, deign to take pity on a stranger knight, who is pursued by his enemies; even now," cried he, with increased trepidation, "is a price set upon my head; my party have been defeated by some of Cromwell's slain. Deign then, kind lady, to grant me an asylum in your mansion for the night only; and I pledge you on the faith of a true knight to requite your hospitality."

"Sir Knight," replied the Baroness, " your request is granted; it is enough for me to know that you are a royalist, and in danger; follow us then, and I promise you a safe retreat."

The cavalier arose, and was profuse in his expressions of thankfulness. In silence they now pursued their way, until they reached the principal entrance of the castle. The Baroness rang at the massive portal, and in a few seconds it was opened by an aged dowestic.

"Morden, see that you steed lacks not proper food; and for you, Sir Knight, I bid soldiers; but all was still, and she reach d you welcome; you need not be apprehensive, I am mistress here, and there is none to thwart me "

They were now ushered by several domescame to one brilliantly illuminated, and furnished in a style of magnificence suited to the time; the walls were of oak, richly carvwas of the same materi 1. Upon a marble pedestral stood an alabaster chandelier, in which were numerous lights, that gave a brilliancy to the whole apartment. The Baroness politely motioned her guest to a seat, and ordered the supper presently to be ready. When the domestics had quitted the apart the cavalier to follow her.

They proceeded through a long suite of a room of more spacious dimensions than the them.

Baroness, "you may find a safe retreat; I day my steed must be in readiness," and, conwill myself teach you the virtue of the spring, tinued he, advessing the Baroness, at the that in case of a surprise, you may, without same time uncla-ping from his neck a gold difficul y, find your way to this apartment." chain of exquisite workman-hip," let me pre-

easy at her absence.

The dulcet notes of the lyre reached the alier, sang a ballad with exquisite pathos and stant the knight had vaulted in his saddle

about an hour, when the hearts of all pres and his rider had disappeared. ent seemed to stand still, as a loud knocking was heard at the portal.

"Fly, Sir Knight," cried the Baroness." hastily putting a lamp into his hand; "your the clock had tolled the hour of noon-the pursuers are here-but fear nothing-re- then accustomed dinner hour for all persons member the secret spring!" The cavalier of quality. pressed the hand from which he took the lamp, and hastily quit the apartment.

The knocking was now renewed with redoubled violence; and the domestics were ordered to give parley. It was, indeed, some their unfortunate victim. They loudly demanded admittance which the Baroness, anxious to prolong the time for awhile, desired her servants to refuse. Soon, however, friend pleasure." they accompanied their knocking with threats | Annette spoke not; but a pale blush overand the porter was desired to suffer them to spread her fine features; still she remained enter. A party of soldiers now rushed into silent. The remainder of the day was spent were seated in trembling agitation. The fol- attended by a train of domestics, set out for

"We believe you to be the Baroness D_

had reached about the middle of the avenue, Charles Stuart: we, therefore, command you were assembling to welcome their sovereign. been tied in a knot like an eel he was so when they were alarmed by the sound of in the name of the commonwealth, instantly horses hoofs. Both started and fearfully to deliver up him you have concealed within

looked behind them; the figure of a man on these walls. This is our General's pleasure." You are correct in the conclusion you have formed of me," rejoined the Baroness; "but minute a cavalier, in complete armor, and he whom you seek is not here; but go," she mounted on a panting charger, stood beside continued, " you have access to every part o

No sooner had the Baroness ceased speak ing, than the soldiers quitted the room to commence their search.

About an hour elapsed, during which time the two ladies sat in a trembling state o anxiety and apprehension. At length a heavy tread announced the return of the besiegers. Their voices were raised as if in deep alterarmy, and a number of my followers are cation; as they approached the saloon t sunk into audible murmurs, accompanied by muttered threats and imprecations. The leader of the band re-entered the apartment and said, "we find that we have been mistaken, lady; but beware that you do not harbor any traitor, for you would sorely repent She had seen that face before; it was the your rashness."

> The man then quitted the room, and commanding the soldiers to follow him, the portal once more closed upon the unwelcome visitants. The Baroness having assured herself that peace was restored, hastened to that part of the castle where she had secured the unfortunate stranger. As she trod along the spacious apartments, she often paused to listen. and in imagination she thought she could hear the dreadful imprecations that had escaped the the door of the captive knight.

Great was the cavalier's joy at beholding her, and profusely did he pour forth his expressions of thankfulness to his deliverer .tics through a suite of rooms, until they They continued to converse upon what had passed for some time, after they had reached the saloon. The Baroness posted two of her domestics in the great hall for the night, in ed; and the ceiling which formed a cupola, case of a second alarm; and her guest entreat- way to carry the elecsions this fall, was to isnow separated f. r the night.

The next morning when they met at the of the preceeding night, and a general thanks gant deportment of young cavaller on the pre- Kernel had Greeley's last years almanac it "Sir Knight," continued she, "while the vious evening, they were now not less delight his hands. See he, "Majer, let's go down to domestics are preparing our repast. I will ed at the graceful polish of his manners, and show you where you may conceal yourself. the refined intelligence that pervaded his con. run as we can be able to give a guess to a and where even should your pursuers de- versation. When breakfast was over he pre- will com as night out as the jump of a rab mand an entrance, they cannot discover you." pared to depart; but the Baroness so warmly bit." So I jist put on my duds an off we Then turning to her young friend, she urged the necessity of his remaining until his went. The news cum in thick an fast, an as said, in a tone of a sumed gaiety: "Anneste, pursuers had quitted the precints of the cas the feller at the relegraf read off the figures my love, take your lyre. It will while away the and so strongly animadverted upon the I put em down on my slate, an the Kernel the time till our return;" saying this, she probability that some secret emmissary might compared em with his own majorities in quitted the room, followed by the strange be lying in wait for him, that he consented to Greeley's primer. I see he was torom all

rooms which terminated in a winding galle | the and interesting discourse, which was occary; here they paused to unlock a door, which sionally varied by the sweet tones of the hiscovered a narrow stair case; having as lyre, to which Annette sang in strains of cended several steps, they found themselves toushing melody, and at the request of the in a spacious apartment arras. It was per- stranger would frequently repeat her lay. It fectly square. The Baroness advanced to was on the fith day of the knight's sol urn at one side of the room, and litting the hanging, the castle. The Baroness, Annette, and the gently touched an unseen spring; instantly cavalier were all seated in the saloon, watchone of the panels disappeared, and displayed ing the shades of evening closing around

" To-merrow, my kind friends, I must de-"Here, then, Sir Knight, exclaimed the part," exclaimed the knight; "by dawn of Having satisfied herself that her guest was sent you with this, and remember that you acquainted with the method of opening the may claim everything at my hands, for my panel, the Baroness hastened to return to debt to you cannot easily be repaid." Say the saloon, fearful that Annette might be un- ing this, he imprinted a kiss on the hand that was extended toward him.

On the following morning, at dawn of day, apartment. Annette expressed her joy at Morden was in the court yard, holding the their return; and at the request of the cav- bridle rein of the noble charger. In an inthe old porter presented the stirrup-cup. Supper was now spread; the Baroness cour. then gave the parting benediction. The teously invited her guest to partake of the knight gave one glance at the window rich viands that were set before him. The where stood the Baroness and Annette, who repast being ended, they entered into an in who had both risen at an early hour in comteresting discussion upon the probable result | pliment to their guest;-thrice he saluted of that kington. The discourse had lasted the fair inmates in another minute the horse

It was on the 20th of May, 1661, that the Baroness and her friend were seated at an open window in the spacious library; the cas

"We must begin our journey to-morrow dear Annette," exclaimed the Baroness, " for I would behold our Monarch's triumshal entry to the throne of his ancestors; and who knows," continued she, as she gazed anxious of Cromwell's party, who were in quest of ly upon her young friends pallid countenance -" who knows but what we may see him who once sought shelter within these walls ; such an event would, I know, give my dear

Triumphal arches, decorated with flowers limber, and interspersed with oak boughs, were rais every street. The windows in all the lonses were adorned with garlands, or hung with costly drapery; the bells of the neighboring churches were sending forth a joyous peal, while drums and trumpets resounded from ev ery quarter. An immense multitude, both in

carriage and on foot, thronged every avenue. The Baroness commanded her coac man to drive up on one side, as a deafening shout rent the air, intimating the monarch's ap proach-Another shout-and another ascend ed from the people; all eyes were turned to one individual. Mounted on a mik-ware charger, his head uncovered, and repeatedly bowing to the multitude, sat-Charles 11.

The Baronesss' attention was suddenly called to her young friend. She, too, lookee that way, but the sight had been too much fir her -Annette de Montmorency had fainten .-stranger Knight-it was CHARLES STUART.

LETTER FROM MAJOR JACK DOWN-ING.

Washington, Oct. 20, 1862. Suns: Wal, the Kernel has bea sick and It is astonishin how littel takes him down now-a-days. His constitushin seems to he enamost clean gone. Old Rye don't do mucgood, and I've tried all sorts of medic n. but noth n seems to work well. This time has narves were terribully worked up, an he w 8 so fidgetty that I koncluded to try G direy' Cordial. This cooled him down a good deal but not till after he tuk nigh outer for five bottles full. The cause of all the flut er was the recent elecshins in Ohio, Indiany as Pennsylvany The Kernel had been told be Summure, Greeley an Andrews that the onty ed permission to watch with them, but this soo an emancipashin proclamasion; that is his kind hostess would not consent to. They he didn't do it, the party would be complete ly whipped out in every State. So he ko' cluded to try it, but wen the returns cum in. breakfast table, they recapitulated the events you never did see such a woe-beg-ne looking giving was effered to that Power which had O io, an gettia up in his rate gown, he can ment, she arose, and taking a small flyer had protected them. If the Baroness and her to my room an axel what I months about the lamp from a table near her, she requested young trien i had been charmed with the ele- I struck a light an got out my slate. The

the telegraf offis an see sorts of colors, an finally, ses he, 'Maj r, we The time passed uninterruptedly in agreea- are gone jist as kompletely as of we were up Sait River now, instead of bein here. I'd jes like to swap places with sum hoss jocky an go into the hoss contract line." Ses he " Majer, let's go hum. I've seen all of this elephant that I want to." So he crammed his coat tail pocket full of despatches, an off | we started. When he got hum, ses he, " Mater, my administration is the biggest failyure that ever tux place in the history of this or eny other country. I now see that fest as plain as I see that bottle of old rye there .-I've listened to those infernal fools, Sumnure and Greeley, an a pretty scrape they have

> Ses I, "Kernel, it ain't my natur to hit a man wen he is down, or to hurt any body's feelins by referrin to the past." "But." ses I, "don't you reckell at the story about Applyin the Principle ?" Ses he, "yes, I do, Majer, I recollect it well." "Wal," ses I, " now you see the result of applyin the principle." I told you then that you'd get scorched wus than Zenas Humspon did in meddlin with the telegraf, if you undertook to carry out the principle of Abolishin, but you sed the thing must tech the bottom, an you was bound to put it through. Now, you ee, the people don't support you. They don't want niggers made equal to white men, nor they don't want 'em free i to be a tax on em. A few fellers like Greeley, whose brains all seem to run to bran bread, an free luv, or some other moonstruck nonsense, an some larned fools like Sumnure, want to try the experiment, but they dont represent the perple. So you see, kernel that in applyin the principal you have kicked yourself over, an I only menshin it to show you that if you

ha'l these great defeats to mourn over." The Kernel looked very solem, and ses he. Majer, I know I'd been a grate deal better ffifl'd followed your advice all throng these trubbils, but you see I had to go with my party, an if it had carried me to the other side of Jordon, I 'spose I should have gone

had tollowed my advice you would not have

That nite I thought the Kernel would go into spasms, he was so nervous. I got some hot water an soaked his feet in it, rubbed his bowels with brandy, and laid flannel on 'em and bathed his temples in camfire an rum:-On the following morning, the two friends But he grew was all the time. Finally I becan to pore the cordial down him, and then he commenced to revive. But he didn't week, during which nothing particular hap- sleep scarcely a wink all nite. In the mornpened, arrived at the entrance of the vast city. In he was the most limpsy piece of mankind

Jest a little while after breakfast who ed across the road, and at intervals throug | should come in but Seward. He hadn't hardtv spoken to me since I blowed him up so for atterin the Kernels Constitushinal Teliskope, but this mornin he was as perlite an as clever as he could be. Ses he, " Majer, the elecshin news is good an our party is successful." Ses I, "Mr. Sewar l' I don't understand you." "Why Majer," ses he, and he put on one of the queerest smiles I ever set on a man's facei "don't "on know I have turned Dimmocrat." Ses I, "vou don't say so." "Yes," ses he, c I'm a Dimmocrat now, an no mistake." The Kernel looked as if thunder had struck him. _" Wal" ses he, " Majer, what is it. I always like to hear your stories. They are so at" "Wal," ses I, "mebby this will turn out to be a little patter than you like, but, wever, as I never spile a good story for acquantance sake I will tell it :- Once, on a time, it is said, an old coon went out of a night to get some fodder among the cornfields. an sid not return to his hole until near morn-... When he got hum he saw a skunk had aken possession of his hole. He went up, an ses e 'win's there ?" The skunk replied a coon?" " Are you a coon?" _ " Yes," said he kunk, "I'm a coon." "Wal,' sed the on Y a don't look like a coon. You at act take a coon, and I'll be darned of

a smell like a coon." N w," ses I, "Mr. Seward, you may be Denmocrat, but you don't look like one or ast like one, nor smell like one, and I'll the net e. I believe y in are one."

See e. " M J v, you are rat er personal." Wal," and I'l den't mean eny offence." an,' ses [, " er can really mean to be a Dimperat, lel's take a drink of old rye over the O ... Pennsylvany and Indiany. So he cum up and we both tuk a good swig of winskey. She Kernel looked at us an grit is teeth. "Wal," ses he, " of you are goid o rejoice in my le eat l'Il co cer an call on Stanton an see et e can't cheer me up." So the Karnel went off After he'd gone, Seward an I tak another mp of the old rye, and orty soon we tasted of it agin. The Seckretary is a capital druker, an he knows what and I cher sas well as eny feller I ever see. Family eget a very good humer, an ses ... "Mij r. we've been bad friends long ang'. " So he actually hugged me an sed, re warm a man that ever lived that he lov-... much as the off Gin . ral, and the next han his ar end Majer Downing. Wen I ug t l'd got him in a good humer an he www. ver taka ive, ses I. "Mr. Seckretary wood tell me how John Van Buren got that letter of Gameral Scott's ?" Ses he," Yes' Major I kin. You know I don't want that ell r Wadawurth elected; for he's my bitter it cal meany, so the way the letter got out was mis Weed you know is my chum. Now we have an or estandin that everything that I can't tell and I put id my right hand cattuil picket. You see then I can deny hat I made it public. That pocket is Weed's pocket, an he always goes to it for secrets Wal I put the letter in that pocket an Weed. got it from there. Weed, also, has just such a pocket All smart politichins have just

out, that there is so much talk about. Rite off, after this, the Kernel came in, and we had to drop the conversation, for Seward gave me the wink as much as to say that he didn't want Linkin to know anything about

such a pocke - Now, Weed's churn is Ben

Welch, Commissary Ginneral, an Ben got in

out of Weed's pocket. Now, John has long

been-a chum of Ben's an he got it out of Ben's

pocket .- . That's the way that this letter got

Then I asked the Kernel what Stantin sed. He sed Stantin was in favor of issooing a proclamashin in Ohio, Indianny, Pennsylvania, an Iway. He sed the people didn't put any faith in newspapers eny more, an a proclama shin declarin that the elecshins had all gone favorabul would be believed without winkin. Stantin thinks there ain't nothin so powerful as a proclamashin. Seward sed afore it was done, Cabbynet had better be called together. Here the matter dropped, an as the Kerpel looked oncommon blue, I left him to his own reflections, an went up stairs to my room.-Yours till deth

MAJER JACK DOWNING.

"Is it not astonishing," said a wealhy muividual, " that a large fortune was left me by a person who had only seen me once?" "It would have been still more astonishng," said a wag, " if he had left it to you after seeing you twice."

Among the interesting incidents at e recent grand Masonic gathering in Hartford, Conn., was the exhibition of a Masonic apron which had once been owned and word by Robert Burns.

Reader, did you ever hear the story the man with a blue umbrella under his arm? If you never did I will tell it to you some time.

Value the friendship of him who tands by you in the storm-swarms of inects will surround you in the sunshine.

- The wild boar is one of the most dread.