

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor

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

TERMS: \$1.50 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES,

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

VOL. 2, NO. 14.

North Branch Democrat.

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

Terms—1 copy 1 year, (in advance) \$1.50. If not paid within six months, \$2.00 will be charged.

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Poet's Corner.

THE BATTLE OF AUTUMN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.
The flags of war like storm-birds fly.
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,

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

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

Miscellaneous.

The Strange Cavalier.

BY H. SYMMES.
"Let me tell your fortunes, pretty lady—
Very good fortune to you, ma'am!" cried a dark-eyed gypsy.

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 ladies silently pursued their way until they reached the extensive avenue that formed the barrier to the noble domain.

had reached about the middle of the avenue, when they were alarmed by the sound of horses hoofs. Both started and fearfully looked behind them;

"Fair lady, deign to take pity on a stranger knight, who is pursued by his enemies; even now," cried he, with increased trepidation,

"Sir Knight," replied the Baroness, "your request is granted; it is enough for me to know that you are a cavalier, and in danger;

They were now ushered by several domestics through a suite of rooms, until they came to one brilliantly illuminated, and furnished in a style of magnificence suited to the time;

"Sir Knight," continued she, "while the domestics are preparing our repast, I will show you where you may conceal yourself, and where even should your pursuers demand an entrance, they cannot discover you."

"Here, then, Sir Knight, exclaimed the Baroness, "you may find a safe retreat; I will myself teach you the virtue of the spring; that in case of a surprise, you may, without difficulty, find your way to this apartment."

"Supper was now spread; the Baroness courteously invited her guest to partake of the rich viands that were set before him. The repast being ended, they entered into an interesting discussion upon the probable result of that kingdon.

"Fly, Sir Knight," cried the Baroness, hastily putting a lamp into his hand; "your pursuers are here—but fear nothing—remember the secret spring!"

The knocking was now renewed with redoubled violence; and the domestics were ordered to give parity. It was, indeed, some of Cromwell's party, who were in quest of their unfortunate victim.

"We believe you to be the Baroness D—, and as such take you to be an adherent of

Charles Stuart; we, therefore, command you in the name of the commonwealth, instantly to deliver up him you have concealed within these walls.

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

The man then quitted the room, and commanding the soldiers to follow him, the portal once more closed upon the unwelcome visitors.

Great was the cavalier's joy at beholding her, and profusely did he pour forth his expressions of thankfulness to his deliverer.

The time passed uninterceptedly in agreeable and interesting discourse, which was occasionally varied by the sweet tones of the lyre, to which Annette sang in strains of touching melody;

"To-morrow, my kind friends, I must depart," exclaimed the knight; "by dawn of day my steed must be in readiness; and, continued he, addressing the Baroness, at the same time unclasping from his neck a gold chain of exquisite workman-ship,

On the following morning, at dawn of day, Morden was in the courtyard, holding the bridle rein of the noble charger. In an instant the knight had vaulted in his saddle; the old porter presented the stirrup-cup, then gave the parting benediction.

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

"We must begin our journey to-morrow, dear Annette," exclaimed the Baroness, "for I would behold our monarch's triumphal entry to the throne of his ancestors; and who knows," continued she, as she gazed anxiously upon her young friends pallid countenance—

Annette spoke not; but a pale blush overspread her fine features; still she remained silent. The remainder of the day was spent in making preparations for their departure.

On the following morning, the two friends attended by a train of domestics, set out for the metropolis; and at the expiration of a week, during which nothing particular happened, arrived at the entrance of the vast city.

were assembling to welcome their sovereign. Triumphal arches, decorated with flowers and interpersed with oak boughs, were raised across the road, and at intervals through every street.

The Baroness commanded her coachman to drive up on one side, as a deafening shout rent the air, intimating the monarch's approach—Another shout—and another issued from the people; all eyes were turned to one individual. Mounted on a dark-rose charger, his head uncovered, and repeatedly bowing to the multitude, sat—Charles II.

The Baroness's attention was suddenly called to her young friend. She, too, looked that way, but the sight had been too much for her—Annette de Montmorency had fainted.

LETTER FROM MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20, 1862.

Sir: Wal, the Kernel has been sick and it is astonishing how little he takes him now-a-days. His constitution seems to be the enowest clean gone.

"Majr, let's go home. 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 home, see he, 'Majr, my administration is the biggest failure that ever took place in the history of this or any other country.

"I see, he was toron all sorts of orders, an' finally, see he, 'Majr, we are gone just as completely as if we were up Sat. River now, instead of here here. I'll give you like to swap places with som' body jess quick an' go into the boss contract line."

"See I, 'Kernel, it ain't my natur to hit a man wen he is down, or to hurt any body's felings by referrin to the past." "But," see I, "don't you recollect the story about 'Apply the Principle?'

"Then I asked the Kernel what Stanton sed. He sed Stanton was in favor of issuing a proclamashin in Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, an' Iway. He sed the people didn't put any faith in newspapers any more, an' a proclamashin declarin that the electshins had all gone favorably would be believ'd without winkin.

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

Reader, did you ever hear the story of 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 stands by you in the storm—swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

The wild boar is one of the most dreaded animals in nature—except the tame bore.

been tied in a knot like an eel he was so limber.

Just a little while after breakfast who should come in but Seward. He hadn't hardly spoken to me since I showed him up so for getting the Kernel's Constitutional Telescope, but his manner he was as pertine an' d' clever as he could be.

"Why Majr," see he, and he put on one of the queerest smiles I ever set on a man's face "don't you know I have turned Dimocrat." See I, "you don't say so." "Yes," see he, "I'm a Dimocrat now, an no mistake." The Kernel looked as if thunder had struck him.

"Wal," see he, "Majr, what is it. I always like to hear your stories. They are so good." "Wal," see I, "mebbe this will turn out to be a little patter than you like, but, however, as I never spile a good story for acquaintance 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' did not return to his hole until near mornin'.

"N w," see I, "Mr. Seward, you may be a Dimocrat, but you don't look like one, nor do I believe you are one."

"Wal," see I, "I don't mean any offence." "No," see I, "I do really mean to be a Dimocrat, but I take a drink of old rye over the Pennsylvania. The Kernel had been talking to Sumner, Greeley an' Anderson that the only way to carry the electshins this fall, was to issue an emancipashin proclamation; that if he didn't do it, the party would be completely shipped out in every State."

"Majr, we've been bad friends long enough." So he actually hugged me an sed, "here, what a man that ever lived that he loves his friends as well as I do!" an' the next mornin' he send Majr Downing. Wen I thought I'd got him in a good humer an' he'd be a good talker, see I, "Mr. Secretary, you tell me how John Van Buren got that letter to General Scott's?"

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"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 it."

"See I, 'Kernel, it ain't my natur to hit a man wen he is down, or to hurt any body's felings by referrin to the past."

"The Kernel looked very solemn, and see he, 'Majr, I know I'd been a grate deal better off if I'd followed your advice all through these trubbls, but you see I had to go with my party, an if it had carried me to the other side of Jordan, I s'pose I should have gone with it."