

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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Poet's Corner.

The Drafted Wide-Awake.

I was a glorious Wide-Awake
All marching in a row;
And wore a shiny old cloth cape,
About two years ago.
Our torches flared with turpentine,
And filled the streets with smoke;
And we were sure, what'er might come,
Secession was a joke.
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things that now I know,
I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake
About two years ago.
I sail the South would never dare
To strike a single blow;
I thought that they were cowards then,
About two years ago.
And I marched behind a rail,
Armed with a wedge and maul;
With honest Abe upon a dog,
A boatman quaint and tall.
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things which now I know,
I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake
About two years ago.
My work was good, my wages high,
And bread and coal was low;
The silver lined in my purse
About two years ago.
In peace my wife and children dwell,
Happy the live long day,
And war was but the fearful curse
Of countries far away.
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things which now I know,
I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake
About two years ago.
My wife sits pale and weeping now,
My children crying low;
I did not think to go to war
About two years ago.
And no one will earn their food,
No one will be their shield;
God help them when I lie in death
Upon the bloody field!
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things which now I know,
I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake
About two years ago.
One brother's bones half buried lie
Near the Antietam's flow;
He was a merry, happy lad
About two years ago.
And where the Chickahominy
Mores slowly towards the sea,
Was left another's wasted corpse—
I am the last of three.
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things which now I know,
I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake
About two years ago.
Just now I saw my torch and cape,
Which once made such a show;
They are not now what once they seemed
About two years ago.
I thought I carried Freedom's light,
In that smoky flaming brand;
I've found I bore destruction's torch—
That wedge has split the lead.
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things which now I know,
I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake
About two years ago!

How HE FELT.—We are informed that the President takes the result of the New York elections quite philosophically, and will, doubtless, profit by the lesson. When Colonel Forney inquired of him how he felt about New York, Lincoln replied: "Somewhat like that boy in Kentucky, who stubbed his toe while running to see his sweetheart. The boy said he was to big to cry, and far too badly hurt to laugh."

NEVER MIND THE WOOD-SHED.—"My dear Amelia," said Mr. O. D. Collone, to the young lady whose smiles he was seeking: "I have long wished for this sweet opportunity, but I hardly dare trust myself to speak the deep emotions of my palpitating heart; but I declare to you, my Amelia, that I love you most tenderly your smiles would shed—I say your smiles would—would shed—"
Never mind the wood-shed, go on with your pretty talk."

Miscellaneous.

FOUND IN THE SNOW.

BY AMY GRAHAM.

"O Loney, Loney, how could you fall in love with a Dutchman?"
Loney Hill turned her sweet, blushing face to her laughing cousin to say earnestly: "He is a German, Mollie, and of every good family, though not noble. Father is very willing for me to marry him, so his letters must have been good."
"Yes; if ever a father idolized a child, Uncle Will is that father. Well, now, Loney, take pity on my curiosity, and tell me all about it."
"Ma! I come in?" said another voice at the door.
"Yes, come in, and hear Loney's confessions," said Mrs. Lawton. And another lady, the sister of the bright, merry Mollie, came into the room. The ladies were the only occupants of the house at that hour, if we except the servants, and having congregated, let me describe them; Mrs. Lawton, the hostess, was a brunette of the brilliant, witty kind, and her sister, who was only a year or two younger, Miss Meta Hill, was like her in face, form, and disposition. Louisa Hill, the visitor and cousin, was a blonde, fair, gentle, and petite, who, having just passed her seventeenth birthday, was announcing herself as engaged to be married to Rolph Gittslein, professor of language in the University.
"What is there to tell?" asked Louisa, with a little conscious laugh. "We met, we love! There's the whole story in four words."
"Not a bit of it! Answer your elder-Miss Hill," said Mrs. Lawton. "First, who is he?"
"He is the only son of Rolph Gittslein, of Wittenburg, who was a professor of languages in his city, only in a different place. He, my Rolph, was left motherless when he was only five years old, and his sister Berta only three, and they were educated together by their father for fourteen years. Then he died, and having been both liberal and hospitable, he left his children without any property, but with a most finished and remarkable education. Music, languages, and sciences were the atmospheres of their life; but they were young, and had lived a life almost of ease. Berta was taken into the family of her aunt, and Rolph came to America. He brought good letters from his father's old friends, and soon made a class of scholars in New York. For ten years he lived there, and then came to C—, with the appointment of professor in the college over which father presides. He has been with us for a year."
"And the sister?"
"Berta married, and went to Berlin. For some years they corresponded, then her husband removed to a more remote part of Germany, and the letters were not so frequent. At last they ceased, until within a few months, when Rolph has received a letter, telling him of Berta's widowhood and intention of coming to America with her little girl. Since then he has heard nothing. She may be waiting to send him word exactly when to expect her, or she may have started, and be on her way."
"What is her name?"
"I never heard him call her anything but Berta, and I never inquired her husband's name. There, girls, you have all the story. Now, it is my turn to question. What in the world, Mollie, sent you out of town at this season?"
"Oh, we are going to have a Christmas in the English style. Harry can come down by the cars, you know, every day, so he allowed me to come here last week to get ready. I have sent out my invitations for the twenty-fourth, to give everybody a day for rest, and the guests will stay till after New Year, when we all return to town together. Write to-day Loney, and ask Rolph to join us. It is holiday time."
"Oh yes, he will be delighted to come.—Where is Will, Meta?"
"Oh, he comes up and down with Harry," said Mrs. Lawton. "You must have a double wedding, girls. When, Loney?"
"Next spring. Shall you have a house full, Mollie?"
"For the week there will be twenty or thirty, and on Christmas Eve we give a ball. How it snows! I meant to go to Dayton today for some trifles that were forgotten in town. But we must postpone it until to-morrow. The tea-bell, girls, and there is Harry at the gate."
"And Will," said Meta. "You have no eye for him, Mollie."
"Never mind; yours see for two."
Christmas was near enough to make any delay about procuring the "trifles" inconvenient, so the next morning the ladies wrapped themselves in hoods and cloaks, and started for a drive to Dayton, over the newly-fallen snow. The air was keen, but light hearts and heavy wrappers had a defiance, and the carriage rang with merry voices and laughter as they drove slowly through the deep drifts. They were nearly a mile from

the house, in a part of the country but little built up, when Meta fell by her hand for silence. A low, wailing cry, made fainter by distance, came on the sudden hush. A cry of despairing pain that thrilled those warm young hearts.
"What is it?"
"Suppose it should be a child lost in the snow!"
"Stop, John!" cried Mrs. Lawton.—"Come, girls, we will get out and see."
A child lost in the snow! Ay! a little child, crouching down near a deserted house, her arms raised the neck of a door, her forehead in her poor dress, her wailing cry growing weaker with each repetition. They found her very soon, for the dark stuff dress was distinct as she lay on the cold white snow bank. Loney's cloak was off in a moment, and Mrs. Lawton raised the shivering form from its cold bed.
"My child! my poor child! how came you here?"
The little one looked up gratefully at the kind, tender voice, but only shook her head sadly.
"She must be a foreigner, Mollie," said Meta. "Try French."
The question in French was succeeded by one in Italian, but only the sad negative was answered.
"My stock of German is very scanty," said Loney, "but it will do no harm to try." One word only fell on the little girl's ear, and the dark eye kindled, the pale face flushed with keen pleasure. "Yes, yes, lady," she said, eagerly, in German. "Marie is German."
"How came you here?"
"Marie walked from New York."
"Walked! Why, it is twenty miles."
"Yes; Marie started yesterday."
"Take her to the carriage, Loney, and we can talk of the way home. I must postpone my trip till afternoon and make this poor child comfortable. Come little one!"
But Maria clung to Louisa, not heeding the request in a strange language.
Louisa was but little skilled in German; yet, by dint of attention she made out the child's story. Her name was Maria Berkman, and she had come from Germany in the summer, with her mother, who died on the ship before they reached New York. One of the other emigrants had taken Maria because she could sing, and made her go out with a hand organ to sing in the streets. The little girl showed the welts on her neck, and arms where a cruel hand had strapped over of any deficiency in the supply of pennies, and told how she had run away, to walk back to Germany; but the snow-storm covered the road, and she was tired and cold and thought she would sit down in the snow, and perhaps God would take her to heaven, to her dear, lost mother.
Mollie's generous heart suggested every comfort, and Loney's imperfect German conveyed some consolation to the poor little wanderer. After a hearty meal, she was put into a warm bed, and soon forgot her troubles for a time in a sound sleep.
After some deliberation, the ladies decided to keep her until Rolph came, to see if he could find some clue to her relatives or friends, and return her to them. Everything about the child denoted her claim to a place in a good circle. Her beauty was delicate, her hands and feet small and perfect, her accent pure, and her manners gentle and graceful. No mark of coarseness or low breeding showed any fitness for the trade she had pursued after arriving in New York, and her quick look at the handsome house and furniture, and ease at the well-spread table proved that such a home was not entirely new to her.
"Rolph will be here to-morrow, so let her stay with you, Loney, till he comes."
Loney's heart was already open to the child who came to Rolph's home, and she readily consented to share her room with the poor little stranger for the time before Rolph arrived.
The next day, however, brought not the expected guest, but a letter saying that he could not join them until evening. It was nine o'clock before the train reached Dayton, and Mrs. Lawton drove over to meet the new comer. Maria was lying in bed trying to mind Louisa and go to sleep, when the carriage drove up and she heard the glad welcome given to Rolph. The tears coursed silently down her cheeks, till, as the sadness grew too oppressive, she stole quietly to the window, and sat pondering over her loneliness and troubles. The moon shone down through the clear glass, making the shadows dark and the light weird and ghastly, and the child brought memory to people the scene till her poor heart seemed breaking. Her home, her mother, the sea voyage with its trying incident and desolation, all rose vividly before her, and in sad connection came the uncertain future. For two long hours she sat mourning, till suddenly a sound fell on her ear that brought the flush to her pale cheeks, dried her tears, and started, trembling, to her feet. With a rapidly beating heart, she groped for her clothes, and with shaking hands arranged her dress.
Leaving her, let us look in on the family in the parlor. Rolph, as the greatest stranger, comes first. He is a handsome man, with sad, earnest eyes, that light only when they rest on Louisa. His fine face speaks of intellect and cultivation, and his manners are

courteous yet quiet. In a very little time the whole party were charmed with their guest. A restraint was thrown aside, for they were yet a family party, as the guests for Christmas did not come till the next day. After some conversation, the gentleman opened the piano, and several songs and pieces of music filled up an hour pleasantly.
"Now, Rolph, it is your turn," said Louisa.
"Do you play?" said Mollie.
"Indeed he does, but I love best to hear him sing. Sing my favorite, Rolph," said Louisa.
"Her favorite," said Rolph, "is a song my father wrote for my sister and myself. He was passionately fond of music, and no mean composer, and when any event affected him deeply, he would often give his heart voice in music. After my mother died, he went one evening to the room where my sister and myself lay sleeping, and there he sang, as if by inspiration, this 'Prayer for the Motherless.' It was sacred to him, and he never gave the music to any one. We were allowed to sing it only when alone or with him, and it never passed my lips after he died until I sang it for Louisa."
The symphony was plaintive; but when Rolph let his voice join the music every one of the listeners were spell bound. Not only the air, but the deep, rich melody of the five voice, and touching expression he gave to each word made the song a prayer indeed. He sang one verse, and then the door behind him opened slowly, and with a hushed step, an eager yet still face, Maria came in. Softly, her eyes fixed on Rolph, she crept to his side, and then suddenly, as if by an irresistible impulse, she poured forth a wailing volume of song. Rich, clear, true, yet heart-breaking in its emotion, her voice sang, unheeding that Rolph had ceased, and with white lips and quivering frame was watching her. The last note died away, and then with a cry of agony the child fell at Rolph's feet.
"Take me home!" Oh, take me home!" she sobbed.
"Child, child, where did you learn that song?" he cried, taking her up in his strong arms.
"It is mamma's song. All her own song, she told me once. Grandpa wrote it when her mother died. Oh, shall I never see my mother! Can I never go home?"
All the pent up agony of months was shaking her frame now, as she lay sobbing in the arms that shook so with agitation they could scarcely support even her light figure.
"Tell me your name. Where is your mother?" said Rolph.
"Mother died on the ship. My name is Maria Berkman."
"Berta's child! My child!"
It was long before Maria could realize that such happiness lay in store for her. Her uncle and the sweet lady who had found her in the snow promising her home, love, and care; it was too bewildering for belief.
There was a "Merry Christmas" at Mrs. Lawton's; but with some hearty prayers at once sorrowful and glad, and yet grateful, went up on that holiday, for the loved lost and the lost found.

THE SCOTT-BUCHANAN CONTROVERSY.

Reply From Ex-President Buchanan.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.
With a few remarks I shall close the controversy with General Scott, into which I have been most reluctantly forced by his voluntary and unexpected attack. This has, nevertheless, afforded me an opportunity of correcting many unfounded reports which I had long borne in patience and in silence. In my answer, I have already furnished clear and distinct response to all the allegations of General Scott; and in his rejoinder he has not called in question any of my statements, with a single exception. Which of us is correct in this particular depends upon the question whether his recollection of an event which occurred more than eighteen months ago, or the statement of Mr. Holt, reduced to writing on the very day, is entitled to the greater credit.
AN ALLEGED OFFICIAL REPORT.
The General, in the introduction of his rejoinder, assigns as an excuse for the criticism on my public conduct that this was merely incidental to his alleged official report to President Lincoln on the condition of our fortifications, and was not primarily intended for myself. From this statement one would conclude that he had made such a report. But where is this to be found? For it refers to the *Intelligencer* of the 21st October; but there I discover nothing but his letter of four points to Mr. Seward, dated on the 3d March, 1861, advising the incoming President how to guide his administration in face of the threatening dangers to the country. In the single introductory sentence to this letter he barely refers to his "printed view," (dated in October, 1860), contains nothing like an official report on the condition of the fortifications.
Whether the introduction of this letter to the public, without the consent of President Lincoln, by one of the General's friends, in a political speech during a highly excited gubernatorial canvass, had influenced him to prepare his criticism on my conduct, it is not for

me to determine.
THE SIX HUNDRED RECRUITS.
At what period did General Scott obtain the six hundred recruits to which he refers in his rejoinder? This was certainly after the date of his "views," on the 30th of October, 1860, because in these he states emphatically that the forces then at his command were, "in all, five companies only within reach to garrison or reinforce the (nine) forts mentioned in his 'views.'"
Did he obtain these recruits in November? If so, had he visited Washington or written and explained to me in what manner this military operation could be accomplished by the four hundred men in the five companies and the six hundred recruits, I should have given his representations all the consideration eminently due to his high military reputation.
A CRITICAL PERIOD.
But he informs us he did not arrive in Washington until the 12th of December. His second recommendation to garrison these forts must consequently have been made according to his own statement, on the 13th, 15th, 28th, or 30th of December, or on more than one of these days. At this period the aspect of public affairs had greatly changed from what it was in October. Congress was now in session, and our relations with the Seceding Cotton States had been placed before them by the President's message. Proceedings had been instituted by that body with a view to a compromise of the dangerous questions between the North and the South; and the highest hopes and warmest aspirations were entertained for their success. Under these circumstances it was the President's duty to take a broad view of the condition of the whole country, in all its relations, civil, industrial and commercial, as well as military giving to each its appropriate influence. It was only from such a combination that he could frame a policy calculated to preserve the peace and to consolidate the strength of the Union. Isolated recommendations proceeding from one department, without weighing well their effect upon the general policy, ought to be adopted with extreme caution.
EFFECTS OF ARMING THE FORTS
But it seems, from the rejoinder, that Secretary Floyd, at Richmond, had claimed the honor of defeating General Scott's plans and solicitations respecting the forts. "It being there," says the General, "universally admitted that but for that victory over me there could have been no Rebellion." This is, in plain English, that the Secessionists of the Cotton States, who have since brought into the field hundreds of thousands of undoubtedly brave soldiers, would have abandoned in terror their unlawful and rebellious designs, had General Scott distributed among their numerous forts four hundred and eighty men in October or one thousand men in December! This requires no comment. I have never been able to obtain a copy of the speech of Mr. Floyd, at Richmond, to which I presume General Scott refers; but I learned, but at the time and since, from gentlemen of high respectability that in this same speech he denounced me most bitterly for my determination to stand by and sustain the Union with all the power I possessed under the Constitution and the laws.
And here permit me to remark, that it is due to General Scott, as well as myself to deny that there is any portion of my answer which justifies the allegation that "the ex-President sneers at my 'weak device' (the words 'weak device' being marked as a quotation) for saving the forts." This mistake I must attribute to his "accidental visitor."
And in this connection I emphatically declare that the General, neither before nor after the publication of his "views" in the *National Intelligencer*, of the 18th of January, 1861 without my consent, assigned any reason for making this publication, or even alluded to the subject. In this I cannot be mistaken, from the deep impression which the occurrence made upon my memory, for the reasons already mentioned in my answer.
NO ARMS STOLEN BY FLOYD
I should have nothing more to add had General Scott, in his rejoinder, confined himself to the topics embraced in his original letter. He has extended them, and now for the first time, and in a sarcastic and no kindly spirit, refers to the alleged stealing of public arms by Secretary Floyd, and their transportation to the South in anticipation of the Rebellion. The most conclusive answer to this allegation is that, notwithstanding the boasting of Mr. Floyd at Richmond, evidently with the view of conciliating his new allies, cited by the General as his authority, no public arms were ever stolen. This fact is established by the report of the Committee on Military Affairs of the House of Representatives now before me, made by Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, their Chairman, on the 18th February, 1861 and to be found in the second volume of the Reports of the Committee of the House for the session of 1860-61. This report and the testimony before the Committee establish:—
SOME SOUTHERN STATES WITHOUT ANY ARMS WHATSOEVER.
1. The Southern States received in 1860 less instead of more than the quota of arms to which they were entitled by law; and that three of them, North Carolina, Mississippi and Kentucky, received no arms what-

HOME LIGHT.

ever, and this simply because they did not ask for them. Will any Mr. Stanton have said in the House "that there are a good deal of rumors, and speculation, and misapprehension as to the true state of facts in regard to this matter?"
FLOYD AND THE PITTSBURGH GUNS.
2. Secretary Floyd, under suspicious circumstances, on the 27th December, 1860, and but a few days before he left the Department, had, without the knowledge of the President, ordered one hundred and thirteen (113) columbiads and eleven (11) thirty-two pounders to be transported from Pittsburgh to Ship Island and Galveston, in Mississippi and Texas. This fact was brought to the knowledge of the President by a communication from Pittsburgh; and Secretary Holt immediately thereafter countermanded the order; his predecessor, and the cannon were never sent. The promptitude with which we acted elicited a note of thanks, dated on the 4th of January, 1861, from the Select, and Common Councils of that city "to the President, the Attorney General, and the acting Secretary of War," (Mr. Holt).
QUITE A BLUNDER.
After this statement, how shall we account for the explicit declaration of General Scott that, the "accidentally hearing early in March that under this posthumous order (that of Mr. Floyd, of the 22d of December) the shipment of these guns had commenced, I communicated the fact to Secretary Holt (acting for Secretary Cameron), just in time to defeat the robbery?" And this is the same Secretary Holt who had countermanded "the posthumous order" in the previous December. And, strange to say, these guns, but for the alleged interposition of General Scott, were about to be sent so late as March from the loyal States into those over which Jefferson Davis had then for some time presided!
Had General Scott reflected for a moment he could not have fallen into this blunder. It is quite manifest he was "with-out a printed document and my (his) own official papers."
A QUESTION SETTLED.
3. The Government had on hand in the year 1850 about 500,000 old muskets, which had been condemned "as unsuitable for public service, under the act of 3d of March, 1825. They were of such a character, that, although offered both at public and private sale for \$2 50 each, purchasers could not be obtained at that rate, except for a comparative small number. On the 30th of November, 1859, Secretary Floyd ordered about one fifth of the whole number (105,000) to be sent from the Springfield armory, where they had accumulated, to five arsenals, "in proportion to their respective means of proper storage." This order was carried into effect by the Ordnance Bureau in the usual course of administration and without reference to the President. It is but justice to say that from the testimony before the committee there is no reason to suspect that Secretary Floyd issued this order from any sinister motive. Its date was months before Mr. Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency, and nearly a year before his election, and whilst the Secretary was still an avowed opponent of secession. Indeed the testimony of Colonel CRAIG and Captain MAYNARD, of the Ordnance, before the committee, is wholly inconsistent with any evil intention on his part.
And yet these "condemned muskets," with a few thousand ancient rifles of a calibre then no longer used, are transformed by Gen. Scott into "115,000 extra muskets and rifles, with all their implements ammunition." This is the first time I have heard—certainly there was nothing of the kind before the committee—that ammunition was sent with these condemned and inferior arms to their places of storage—just as though they had been intended, not for sale, but for immediate use in the field. The truth is that it is impossible to steal arms and transport them from one depository to another without the knowledge and active participation of the officers of the Ordnance Bureau, both in Washington and at these depositories. It may be observed that Colonel CRAIG, the head of the Bureau at this period was as correct an officer, and loyal and as honest a man as exists in the country.
Yours, very respectfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN.
Wheatland, near Lancaster, Nov. 17 1862