

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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September 11, 1861.

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September 11, 1861.

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M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.

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Poet's Corner.

THE PAUPER'S GRAVE.

BY JAMES L. FALBY, JR.

No marble shelters the lowly mound,
From the heat of moonlight's ray;
No willows bend their graceful heads
Above his lifeless clay.
No evergreens grow near the spot,
No flowers their perfume shed,
But weeds in wild luxuriance trail
O'er his gloomy, narrow bed.

No gentle hand a wreath e'er weaves,
To place upon his tomb,
No roses e'er him cast their leaves,
No blossoms for him bloom.
Unconscious and calm he sleeps within
His poor neglected grave;
His griefs and cares he buried deep
'Neath oblivion's silent wave.

Stately columns mark each place where rests
The rich and honored dead,
Inscribed with virtues which around
Their names a halo shed.
But the pauper lies unknown, unloved,
While e'er him the weeds grow wild,
Yet—God forgets not the resting place
Of poverty's humble child.

November 20, 1862.

The above was written by a lad fourteen years of age. He has, however, "seen life," for he has been, in the army, and noticed the distinctions made by the world.—ED. LEADER.]

The Crimson Tree.

I passed through the woods one autumn day
And watched the flashing glory
Of oak and walnut and maple and birch,
And heeded their saddening story.
The sermon they preached was searching and deep,
But the beauty of their strain,
The glittering hues on the mountain steep,
Hushed the troubled thoughts again.
Picture worthy of Artist divine,
Where splendor burst on splendor,
Where lightness with dark, where sombre with gay,
Where racks and leafage tender,
Where blue and green and golden and brown,
Melt into an artist's dream.

And this pictured temple, myriad hued,
Beard on the faded soil,
Made me inwardly murmur, in accents subdued,
"It's Builder and Maker is God."
As I looked, I saw the color of blood,
One tree with crimson dye
Reached upward above the colored flood,
And touched the gentle sky.
Yet 'twas a hue from God's own hand,
His touch had set it there,
Who could I never impose on himself command,
To mar a dream so fair.

And so when I look on another scene,
The blessings of Home and Land,
The flashing, golden, myriad tints,
The splendors on every hand,
And see the sullen crimson of blood,
It blends with the flashing glory,
And God's own pencil throws a flood
Of light on the saddening story.
And though we sometimes sit and weep
At the crimsoned waters flowing,
And the crimsoned leaves on the mountain side,
At the crimsoned sod slow growing,
Yet this blending of tints, this sombre with gay,
Reveals the hand of the Lord,
And we gladly and yet all solemnly say,
"It's Maker and Builder is God."

Miscellaneous.

Buying Winter Things.

"The poor ye have always with you."
"Would you like to go shopping this morning?"

It was Miss Chaloner who asked the question—"Gertrude the magnificent," as her worshippers called her, with more truth in their epithets than there usually is in the compliments paid to handsome women.—Gertrude Chaloner was self-poised to a remarkable degree. No world's judgment, no human opinion, had power to lay out a foot-path for her imperious feet. What she had a will to she did, and of small import was any other mortal's nilly. So far, this circumstance had not hurt her popularity, for she had only willed to be the most accomplished, the most intellectual, and the best dressed woman of her set. So, never thinking of fashion, *per se*, she became a leader of it. A few knew, however, that it wanted only the true electric spark to quicken that grand nature into something nobler than any of her past dreams. Meantime her powers, unconsciously to herself, waited, as the offerings used to wait upon the altar for the spark of celestial fire which was to make of them sweet incense for heaven.

Of course not every one knew this. Most people supposed that she was in her proper sphere now, and would never have thought of associating her with self-denial or self-effacement. She sat—this clear, bright autumn morning—in her own room, which was shared, just then, with a guest who came the day before—her cousin Nan from Philadelphia. The pair were a complete contrast, and therefore particularly admirably. Miss Chaloner was tall and stately, with dark hair and gray eyes, out of which the waiting soul looked honest, earnest and trustful. Her lips, except when she smiled, were thought too thin;

her brow, now that the hair was rolled back, a thought too high. Nan Darrow's brow was low; her eyes laughed even when her full soft lips did not, and her soul was all heart—a creature pretty and most winsome, but one whose good deeds would be offshoots of impulse, not principle; none the less graceful for that, however. She revered her cousin Gertrude as a superior being; and, after her own gay fashion, loved her dearly. She sprang up and clapped her hands as Miss Chaloner spoke.

"Going to get winter things? Oh, that is charming! I always love to see you shop—you go at it royally. No shilling counters for you! It is well that your purse, is as long as your taste is lofty."

Miss Chaloner smiled.
"I fear you'll be disappointed, Nan. I am going to buy practical, useful things this morning."
"As if I did not know that your most useful gown was a French cashmere, and your most serviceable stockings were finispun of the silk-worm's cast off winding sheet."

"Well, I am not going to buy cashmere robes this morning, but I shall get a good many winter things nevertheless."
Nan put on her dainty velvet cloak and tied her French hat round a face bright with the careless, thoughtfulness joy of youth.

Miss Chaloner made a graver toilet, and soon they were on Washington street.—Their first stopping-place was at a grocer's. Flour, and sugar, and butter were purchased in liberal quantities, and sent to different addresses, which Miss Chaloner read from a card which she held in her hand.

Nan began to wonder, but she maintained a discreet silence. She walked on beside her cousin with her tripping footsteps till they turned into Summer street, the more congenial regions of dry goods shops. A half suppressed exclamation of delight escaped her as she saw the tempting array of silks in a window on the north side; and when Miss Chaloner entered the door she began to think the true business of the day was commencing. But they did not go up to the silk counter, or turn aside for the soft flosses floating out mistily. Half way up the store, where the shelves were piled with substantial cottons and warm blankets, Gertrude Chaloner stopped, and Nan made a halt-unwilling pause at her side. The purchase was extensive—several pieces of cotton, half a dozen pairs of soft, warm blankets, in these days when cotton and blankets are at a premium. Nan's wonder increased. But the articles were to be sent home this time, and she began to think her cousin was secretly contemplating matrimony and house-keeping.

"We will cross the street now," Miss Chaloner said, as they went out, "I saw over there some nice, serviceable winter dress goods cheap."
"When, in the name of wonder, did you begin to care for cheapness?" muttered Nan, as the little door boy let them in.
The dresses were purchased—a few remnants for children, some dark calicoes, and strong woolen goods in larger patterns; and a dozen or two of coarse, warm stockings; and the list was complete.

"Now, to pay you for being good, you shall look at pictures a little," Miss Chaloner said, as she led the way towards Everett's.

They looked over some choice engravings for half an hour, and finally Miss Chaloner purchased one—small, but a gem of the most exquisite art—a Madonna with the Holy Child smiling in her arms, and the attendant angels looking out from the clouds around with the brightness of another world upon their brows. She gave direction for it to be framed simply, and said that she would call for it on the morrow.

With unusual reticence Nan refrained from any questions until they had reached home, and sat down in her cousin's pleasant room to rest awhile. Then, when the bundles began to come in, she asked:
"Are these blankets and cotton for yourself, cousin Gertrude?"
"No."
"And of course the calicoes, and stockings, and remnants are not. Who, in the name of common sense are they for? and how much money do you think you have spent this morning on this rubbish?"

"As to whom they are for, you shall see that to-morrow; and as to the money I have spent, it is less than half my usual winter allowance."

"And you expect to dress on the other half?" carried Nan, with wide open wondering eyes.

"No, the other half goes for coal and house-rents."
"And you are to dress on—that?"
"What I have. Except boots and gloves, I do not mean to have a single new article this winter."

"Except, of course, your bonnet; one could hardly imagine Miss Chaloner in a last year's chapeau."
"Not even excepting my bonnet—My last winter's one was a black velvet. It will alter over irreproachably. I do not mean that the world shall know these things, Nan. I am not going to turn hermit, or even to give up the society in which I have been accustomed to move. I had more new fancies last winter than half my friends had a

sight of. I shall not be conspicuously shabby if I wear them again. I only let you into my secrets because you are my little cousin, who loves me, and I think my example may have some weight with you. You are rich enough to do a great deal of good in the same way. It is going to be a terrible winter. Taxes are such as our country never knew before, and goods are selling at prices we should have thought fabulous a year ago. With my wardrobe full of last year's handsome dresses, I could not think it right to buy new ones, when the cry of the poor and the wail of the destitute are piercing air on every side."

"But there have been poor people always, Gertrude, and you have never felt this before."
"No. I have not realized the fact of suffering as I realize it now. It is the hour of darkness all over the land. The resurrection morning will come by-and-by, but now the night is dark, and the stars are dim. I have given more to my country than gold could buy. One I loved, and who loved me, went, in August, with the three-years' men. He came to me with the light of eager courage and self-devotion in the eyes, and asked me to bid him God-speed and send him on his mission."

"And you did it?"
"Yes I did it. It was a hard struggle, but what was I that I should stay at home and keep my own, and let other women's lovers and husbands march, and bleed, and die, that I and mine might shelter ourselves in a smiling home and look out through plate-glass, from between soft draperies at the winter? Yes, I gave him up. He is gone. He will come again, perhaps; but I can never forget that other perhaps—that the mouth which kissed mine at parting may never kiss again, and the eyes at whose courage I lit the fire of my own resolve may look their last on the smoky sky of some Southern battlefield."

"When I had given him up I longed to do something myself. Beside the one great sacrifice all lesser ones seemed easy, and almost his last works had marked out my path. 'How shall I bear it? I faltered, clinging to him with a woman's weakness. 'By being always busy, Gertrude,' and I remember the pity in his eyes as he said it. 'There are so many suffering ones to support—so many wounds to heal.'

"Since he went away I have been living a new life. I have been among a class of people I have never understood before—the good and honest poor. I have seen three sights to make a woman's heart ache, and so far as I could, have carried consolation with me. It is a small sacrifice, Nan, to go without a new cloak or wear a last year's dress for the sake of giving a shelter to the shelterless."

"But I never thought you were benevolent, Gertrude, and you always seemed to me very fond of dress, in a dignified, high and mighty fashion of your own."

"So I was, and so I suppose I am still; but that was not all of me, Nan, I needed rousing, and I can not understand the soul which these days of dread and danger, these times of parting and praying, would not quicken to a new life."

Nan Darrow looked at her cousin.—Miss Chaloner's face shone as if she were inspired. Into her grey eyes a flood of light had broken—her pale face was flushed, her head was erect, her chest heaved. Even Nan's unpenetrating gaze could not fail to see that for that soul its hour had come.

They did not talk much more. Nan's nature was impulsive demonstrative, outspoken, but she dared not express to Gertrude the admiration that she felt as profound as any sentiment of hers could be. "Go thou and do likewise," was the only tribute Miss Chaloner would have welcomed.

The next morning they took the carriage, packed with the purchases of the day before, and started to convey them to their destinations. On the way they stopped at Everett's and took in the Madonna.

"Surely this is not for one of your pensioners?" Nan asked. "I think one would hardly feed the hungry with pictures."
"There is more than one kind of hunger, child Nan. You shall see whether my gift will be appreciated."

They had stopped at three houses, leaving a pair of blankets here, a dress there, and at another a piece of cotton, as need was. At the next pause Miss Chaloner took the picture in her hand, and turned with a smiling face for Nan to follow her.

They went up two flight of stairs, and then a faint sweet voice answered "come in" to Chaloner's tap on the door.—They entered a large and not uncomfortable room. Every thing was scrupulously neat. In one of the windows stood a tea rose, a geranium and heliotrope. Nan knew they were her cousin's favorite flowers, and guessed how they came there. In the bed bolstered up by pillows and knitting busily, was a young girl. She was not beautiful, and yet Nan thought she had never seen a face so sweet. It was a delicate thin face; so pale that the tracery of the blue veins shone through. The eyes were dark and full of mournful tenderness. The hair was cut short, like a child's, and lay about the brow in sunny rings. How the pale visage brightened into smiles as she saw who was her visitor! Miss Chaloner took a chair near the bed and gave one to Nan, as if

she were at home. Then she asked,
"How do you do to-day, Martha?—Did you have a bad night? I have brought my cousin Miss Darrow, to see you."

"Thank you. I am pretty well; no more pain than usual. I slept several hours last night, and it did me good.—Mother has gone out to take home some work, and I was quite cheerful sitting here alone."

"You always are. It reproaches me sometimes to think of it." Miss Chaloner said kindly. "How long is it since you have been able to stand on your feet?"
"Five years this month, ma'am."

"Five years of lying here in this one place and looking at the blank wall and suffering!" Miss Chaloner's eyes grew misty, but she went on in a tone of encouragement.

"I have brought something to hang in front of you, on the wall, Martha and perhaps it will comfort you sometimes when you are lonely."

She unfolded the wrappings from the picture and held it before the sick girl.—Martha did not speak. Her ecstasy was worldless, but it shone in her eyes and transfigured her face as she looked. By and by her tears began to fall.

"O Miss Chaloner," she said, at length "do you mean that that is my own? I shall never be lonely again."

"Do you think my picture was a good investment?" Gertrude asked, smilingly, as they went down stairs.

"The best of all!" Nan cried with eager tones. "Oh, Gertrude isn't she lovely? So refined so gentle—"

"And so patient," Gertrude added—"What she suffers no one dreams—nights and days of racking agony—and yet busy every moment when the sharp torture leaves her a respite. If I had made ten times more sacrifices for the sake of doing good, to have known that girl and learned the lesson of unflinching trust, of patient submission she has taught me, would have been worth it all."

Nan staid in Boston three weeks longer. She went with Miss Chaloner to buy the rest of her winter things; and when she left at last, it was with a new purpose in her eager impulsive, but kindly heart. Last week she wrote to Gertrude Chaloner:
"I, too, have been shopping since I saw you. Hitherto I had shopped only for one. Now I am shopping for many, and the reward is proportionally larger. I do all I can—yes, Gertrude, I do believe I am doing all I can for those whose sufferings you taught me to discover.—Sometime perhaps, I shall be good enough to be called your friend. I, too, have sent one away to fight for me whom hitherto my selfish love held back. My offering, like yours is on the altar. Come to me and teach me how to wait."

How long will these women, and many more besides them, have in which to learn that long, slow lesson? With what grand result, to them, to all, will the waiting be crowned at length? God knows.

The Tennessee Elections

Among the more flagrant assumptions of power by Lincoln, is that of ordering elections to be held in portions of the State of Tennessee, under the direction of naval and military officers. By what pretense this order is issued, no man can divine, save the necessity of getting voters in Congress to meet and overcome the votes of delegates from the loyal States. We have learned, by many a painful lesson, that the doctrine of necessity is applied without limit as to object or manner.

It is a fundamental principle of the party in power, representing indeed but one-third of the voters at the Presidential Election, but still in the place of power, to follow out the doctrine of expediency—the higher law—and what so forcible a plea as necessity? The object supreme—the means of attaining it secondary, and never important enough to be regarded as an obstacle.

Members of Congress are necessary, in order to the support of the Abolition party, and where are they to be got? The British Constitution provides for that necessity, in the power of the monarch to create Peers members of the House of Lords.

The Constitution of the United States does not. Still necessity calls, and the expedient is found; a mandate is issued to the Military and Naval officers (the civil power is a mere shame), to order elections in the portions of Tennessee where they held possession, and to see that none are elected but, 1st, gentlemen, 2nd, who will swear to support the Constitution of old, not our present arbitrary Government, that is an after matter; and, 3d, who will not be suspected of duplicity, in failing to do that which they are employed to do. Surely, Lincoln does not want anybody in Congress who will support the Constitution, as of old; there will be too many of that kind there already. Why go to the conquered districts of Tennessee for more of them?

This is indeed one of the fearful consequences of having political power in the hands of men who hold that they have a "higher law," a rule of conscience, above the law of God or man. As well might Lincoln order elections under the military and naval officers, with the host of Provost Marshals in Pennsylvania, whose duty it should be to have elected gentlemen who will swear to anything and do as they are bid. There is not a shadow, or even a pretence, of Constitutional power for such an act.
At Roman Emperor constituted his horse Consul, with Senatorial rank. It was absurd but it was honest.

EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY—THE MINNESOTA.

The people of Minnesota manifest great displeasure because of the President's revoking the sentence of death against the three hundred savages, a portion of those who recently committed the murderous atrocities against the white men, women and children of that State, and their complaints are not without good foundation. While the President can issue a proclamation setting free four millions of slaves, in which he declares that nothing shall be done to prevent "any efforts" they may make to secure their freedom—thus inviting them to butcher the whites, if necessary, to obtain their liberty, he is too tender-hearted to allow sentence of death to be executed against blood-thirsty savages who have committed, against the defenseless and unoffending white people in their neighborhood such atrocities as make one shudder to think of. These red fiends, incensed at the failure of Mr. Lincoln to pay them their annuities when due, murdered, it is said, a thousand and innocent men, women and children;—committed outrages upon women, whose lives they choose to spare, worse than death itself, destroyed property to the amount of millions, and desolated a large region of country; yet Mr. Lincoln, while he contemplates with evident pleasure the fratricidal and fruitless slaughter now going on between the white people of the North and South, and while he can coolly authorize the negro slaves of the Southern States to cut the throats of the white women and children of those States, cannot find it in his philanthropic soul to have the red devils of Minnesota executed.—If they had killed half as many negroes as they have white people, we doubt whether Mr. Lincoln would have revoked their sentence.

Not long since Col. (or Gen.) McNeal, of Missouri, shot ten citizens of that State, because a single man, residing in their neighborhood was missing and they would not, or could not, give information where he was.—These ten men were non-combatants—they had never taken up arms against the government—nothing whatever had been proven against them, in any formal or lawful manner. They were arrested while in pursuit of their ordinary occupations, and told by this McNeal that, if the missing man were not found within a certain time, they should be shot.—The man was not found and they were shot.—A description of the manner in which they met their fate appeared in this and other papers, a short time since, and our readers doubtless remember with what courage and heroism they suffered this military murder.—Abraham Lincoln, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, has never even reprimanded McNeal, who still disgraces the American name by holding undisturbed command of a portion of the Union army. Yet Mr. Lincoln's heart, which revolts not at this cowardly murder of white men, is to tender to allow the Indian savages of Minnesota to be executed for the damnable crimes and atrocities which they have committed.

Not long ago, Col. Turchin, in Gen. Mitchell's command, gave his men four hours of freedom in Athens, Alabama, to do as they pleased. They repaired to a young ladies' seminary and committed outrages which cannot be named in a public journal. Turchin was afterwards promoted by the President to a Brigadier Generalship, and Mitchell was canonized. But, Mr. Lincoln's Christian heart cannot bear to think of the execution of the Minnesota savages.

We do not wonder that the white people of Minnesota feel outraged and disgusted by Mr. Lincoln's revocation of the death sentence against the savages. The white people of the State have suffered indescribably from the outrages of these red fiends; and their future safety require that a terrible example should be made of those brutes in human form. But Mr. Lincoln has decided that the lives and property of the whites are of secondary importance in comparison with the lives of the murderers and ravagers of their wives and daughters.—E.

THE CELESTIAL STATE.

Old Ricketts was a man of labor, and had little or no time to devote to speculations of the future. He was, withal, very unorthodox in the use of language.

One day, while engaged in stopping hog-holes about his place, he was approached by a colporteur and presented with a tract.

"What is all this about?" demanded Ricketts.

"That, sir, is a book describing the celestial state," was the reply.

"Celestial State!" said Ricketts. "Where the deuce is that?"

"My worthy friend, I fear that you have not—"

"Well, never mind," interrupted Ricketts, "I don't want to hear about any better State than old Pennsylvania. I intend to live and die right here, if I can only keep them d—d hogs out."

Poverty is often despair. A good fellow went to hang himself, but, finding a pot of gold, went merrily home. But he who had hidden the pot, went and hang himself