

The North Branch Democrat.

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.
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Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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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.

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HAVING taken the Hotel, in the Borough of Tunkhannock, 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 Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.
ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION.
Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post Office.
Dec. 11, 1861.

NOTICE!

Persons indebted to the subscriber, either on Note or Book account, are notified that said notes and accounts have been left with my Father, A. F. EASTMAN, who is fully authorized to receipt and settle the same.
If not settled soon, they will be left in the hands of an officer for suit and collection.
G. H. EASTMAN.
The business of BOOT and SHOE making will be continued by the subscriber, at the old stand, where everything pertaining to the business, will be done in a substantial and workmanlike manner, and at low prices for ready pay. He solicits a continuance of the public patronage.
A. F. EASTMAN.
Tunkhannock, Sept. 3, 1862.

Poet's Corner.

The Home of My Youth.

Can this be the home of my youth
Where in childhood I gambol'd and play'd?
Can this be the house where I liv'd?
And is that the same room where I lay?

Oh! where is that tree, where the birds
Came so often to chirp and to sing?
Can that be the same running brook
Whence the water we often did bring?

How vacant, how scatter'd those woods,
Where the pheasant oft beat with his wing—
Where the whippoorwill always was heard
When the evenings grew warm in the spring!

The willow and black walnut trees,
With their bushes of nuts all around,
Which the swine did so patiently crack
Till the snow lay quite deep on the ground!

Those pear trees that bore in the fall,
And were sure to be loaded with fruit—
That stood up so straight and so tall,
Are dead from the top to the root.

That soft gentle voice of my mother—
The voice that was always so dear—
'Twould be sweeter than music of heaven,
If now it could break on my ear.

Oh, that mother!—that dearest of mothers:
Not a mortal on earth can I find
Where the chords of attachment are equal—
Where the chains of affection so kind.

How I could see my dear mother—
If but ever I could meet her again—
How light would that heart be within me,
And my tears would run down like the rain!

I at my father and mother are gone,
And my brothers and sisters are dead;
Oh! how lonely how dreary I feel,
While my heart weighs within me like lead.

Miscellaneous.

VIVIA AGAIN.

BY GEORGE MARTIAL.

It has been nearly three months since I have seen my little friends, Lou and Vivia Baracole. Silken flounces no more rustle in my hall, my study is forgetting bouquet de Caroline, and the little stool in the corner is getting quite an old-time look for want of use. The girls have been spending the summer out of town, visiting on the Hudson, and the last three weeks at their own pretty cottage on the seashore. From that locality I have received several letters from Vivia, who has entailed me as father-confessor, embodying material for a first-class romance, with the help of the usual "sensation" style.

The summer had been rather a hollow affair for Vivia, who, for reasons best known to herself, had on hand a little private stock of restlessness and discontent. She had flirted, danced, and laughed; been always well-dressed and gay; in a word, played her part in the sorry degrading farce to perfection, and paid for it as do all forgers, with double inward misery.

When at last their traveling trunks stood on their own piazza, her sensation was one of relief.

"I am so glad," she said, wearily. "Here I can be at rest and by myself. You and Guy can entertain each other; father will be busy with his old friends, and in my own room, or walking by myself, I can have the rare luxury of looking as I feel. This whole summer has been such a disgust and weariness to me."

Lou, who had felt something of Vivia's heart sickness, longed to console; but, being wise in her generation, forbore, and only wrote to Phillip instead—the consequence of which was a letter to Vivia on the fourth day of their arrival. She opened it carelessly enough, sitting at the breakfast-table, lingering over her last cup of coffee, read it with a start, turned very pale, and handed it to Lou. It was from Phillip, who stated that he was only a few hours behind it. He was coming to pay them a visit, to learn for himself the cause of Vivia's late silence, and put an end to doubt forever.

Lou read it coolly, as she does every thing (though, to tell the truth, she could hardly have been expected to have been so very much surprised, as she had suggested some such course of action in her letter), folded it up and handed it back.

"Well," she said, "I see no need of turning pale. We have all our chests here, and the spare room is in order. We are quite prepared for the attack."

"O Lou! how can you?"
"How can I what?"
"The two girls were alone. (It had been a habit of theirs, since the death of their mother, to breakfast together in their own room.) Vivia got up, and coming round by Lou, sat down at her feet, and laid her head in her sister's lap.

"O Lou!" she said, pitifully, "you know very well what is the matter. He is coming to know why I have been silent, and I—"

"Well—"

"I must tell him, of course. There is no other possible way. If I could deceive him even in the smallest detail, I must sink lower

even in my own esteem than I have done yet. Think of it, Lou. I must accuse myself; hurl myself down from the pedestal on which he has placed me in his belief; expose my own miserable folly; confess my own utter worthlessness! Oh! I could easier die than do it, and yet I would die a hundred times over rather than not do it."

Lou flung both arms around her sister's neck.

"That is my own brave sister. I knew that you were true and noble at heart, and I told Guy so. O Vivia, you don't know how glad you have made me."

"But that is not all," pursued Vivia, growing suddenly very red. "I—you don't know—oh! how shall I tell you? I love him better than I ever did before. I have been comparing him with all the shallow talkers and thinkers we have met this summer, and reading alternately his grave, loving letters, and Allan's passionate protestations and demands.

Why, Lou, he seems almost godlike beside such natures; the man whose honor is sustained, whose word is strong as truth itself, who fears only God, and would face a battery sooner than swerve from a principle! Think of his loving a shallow, worthless thing like me, so dull that I didn't even understand the worth of the nature that bowed before me!"

"I think you undervalue yourself a little," said Lou; "but, however the case may be, you are quite right; you cannot evade the duty which lies straight before you."

At this juncture Vivia wrote off one or two very pathetic letters to me, by way of diverting her mind from the terrible hour that was fast approaching.

Phillip came at last, kind and genial as ever; and the family, who knew nothing of Vivia's troubles, welcomed him very much as usual, and took an early opportunity of slipping out one by one, on some convenient pretext, and leaving the two lovers (?) together.

Lou went last, and, with her, all Vivia's courage. The crisis was at hand. Phillip came and sat down by her on the sofa.

"Now, Vivia," he said, gratefully, "what have you to tell me?"

Vivia edged quite head in the other corner of the sofa, put her head down in the sofa cushion, so that he could see nothing but the rolls of dark hair, and the tip of one little ear, and began.

She told the story mercilessly; she spared herself not in the smallest detail; she execrated Allan (who was utterly ignorant of her engagement) and called herself some of the hardest names in the calendar.

"And now," she finished, "if reparation is possible, I will make all that I can. My conduct has freed you, of course. Let it be understood by the world that you broke our engagement, and why?"

A rising sob warned her to bring her sentence to a close as speedily as possible; but no answer was returned. She waited a moment; the dead couldn't have been more utterly still than the man at her side. She began to fear, she hardly knew what. She raised her head hastily. He was ghastly pale, his features working, and a strange look in his eyes that she had never seen before.

"Phillip! Phillip!" she cried, in terror, "don't look so. I never thought that you would care. Oh! this is worst of all. I fancied that you would be angry—that you would hate and despise me; but this—is this dreadful. Phillip, for pity's sake, speak."

If she had dared, she would have laid her head on his shoulder, pressed her lips to his; as it was, she took his hand and kissed it. He did not push her away as she expected; only said, sadly:

"You needn't blame yourself, child. The fault is mine. I at least might have known that you were young, and had not fairly tested your love; but I thought only of my own passion, and was chiefly anxious to bind you by a promise, and have you for my own. I am justly rewarded."

"Oh! but this is intolerable!" burst out Vivia. "Keenest reproaches couldn't be half so bitter as to hear you blame yourself undeservedly. I tell you, Phillip, I did love you!"

"You thought so?"

"I did—I shall always. I know it now; only I have such a contemptible nature that it couldn't be true on the surface, though it was at heart."

Phillip turned toward her with a sudden flush of hope.

"Take care, Vivia. Do you know what you are saying?"

"What do you mean?"

"You said, just now, 'I did and shall always love you.'"

Vivia crimsoned to her temples.

"Did you mean that?"
She bent her head low. He drew her toward him, and gently forced her to look up.

"Answer, Vivia; did you mean that?"
"Yes," whispered Vivia.
That trembling monosyllable bridged over all the gulf of difference between them, for said Phillip:
"The best surety that I could ask that you will be true to me, is that you have dared to be true to yourself; and this painful experience has but proved the strength of our mutual love."
"But Allan!" murmured Vivia.
Phillip looked grave.

"Ah! there is where the sting of evil will make itself felt. I cannot help you there; you must tread the path alone. I have for given you, for I have your love. What he will do, I cannot tell."

The thought came again and again, to check and mar Vivia's happiness. Wrong is double-edged: it hurts the doer as well as the sufferer. Allan was coming home on turlough; his first visit would be to Vivia, and she must go through the trial alone.

Lou, Guy, and Phillip pitied indeed, but they could not help. It was at this juncture that I received the second pathetic out pouring. Some one had advised Vivia to write the truth to Allan, but she refused indignantly.

"I think that, Mr. Martial (she wrote to me), is the very most cowardly and unfeminine thing that a woman can do. He has a right to hear it from my lips, and I will not spare myself the pain."

Allan came; Vivia met him at the door, motioned back his caresses, put away his proffered hand.

"I am not worthy of it," she said; "wait and hear me."

And for the second time she went over the miserable story.

Allan interrupted her by a fierce exclamation, ground out between his teeth:

"If you were not a woman—oh! that it were only a man that had done me such a wrong, that I might kill him!"

"Kill me, if you like," answer Vivia, who was wrought up to that pitch that she really felt that she deserved, and would rather have preferred such a fate.

Allan turned on her with a cold, sarcastic smile.

"Kill you! You are not worth it. I will despise you and all your sex; that is the only feeling that a woman deserves. They are pretty play-things, and can protest and promise fairly; but honor and truth they know nothing about; and the man who expects it from them deserves what I have received at your hands. Good morning, Miss Baracole."

Bitter are the fruits of evil. Vivia is happy in having been loved by one man among a thousand; and a man who not only could but dared forgive. Yet Allan's words ring in her ears; the thought of him, with faith and love destroyed, haunts her. It was easy enough to do the wrong; who shall undo it? Utter carelessness and weakness wrought the harm; a whole lifetime of repentance may never efface it.

AFRAID OF THEIR RECORD.

The action of the majority in Congress, in tabling the resolutions offered by Mr. Cox and others, offered the first day of the session, which we noticed last week, asking an investigation of the arbitrary arrests made by the present administration, shows that these cowardly Abolitionists are afraid to allow the facts in these cases to be made public. They, therefore, smother inquiry, and permit the President and his Cabinet to monopolize all the information as to the question. But the time is coming when the damning record will be spread before the world, and when the authors of these outrages will become a hissing and a scorn throughout Christendom, if not among even barbarians of the earth. It is not wonderful that the Abolitionist desire to keep the record of their acts from the light of day as long as they have the power to do so; their cowardly nature prompts this course, for, with all their folly, they are wise enough to know that a full disclosure of the facts might endanger their personal safety among their outraged and indignant fellow citizens.—*Ex.*

The Post thinks in the matter of arbitrary arrests the government has made a mistake only "in the needless secrecy and 'mystery with which it has made arrests and ordered imprisonment."

But for the epidemic insanity of the time, under which the Post suffers severely, this simple statement would be its own refutation. It begs the question, or avoids it, of the right or wrong of these imprisonments, and condemns only an incident and accident of them—their privacy. Outrage law, the violated rights of citizens, the disregard of personal liberties—all these are nothing to the Post. But that they were done in private—that is the error.

Has the Post to learn that despotism always veils itself? Light and publicity are the guarantees of liberty and law. Secrecy and mystery the very indices of arbitrary power.—*World.*

"Mamma, may I go a-fishing to-day?" "Yes, lad, but don't go near the water. And recollect, if you are drowned, I shall skin you as sure as you are alive."

An Englishman boasting to an Irishman that porter was meat and drink, soon after became very drunk, and returning home fell into a ditch, when Pat discovering him exclaimed:

"An faith, an you said it was mate and drink to ye; and by me sowl it's a much better thing, for it's washing and lodging, too."

Political.

VOICE FROM THE ABOLITION CAMP.

The Boston Commonwealth, Hon. Charles Sumner's organ, says:

It is said that once there was a man who thought that if he should run two miles he could jump over a mountain. When, after his run, he reached the base of the mountain he sat down to rest. We are reminded of this individual by the President's message. Taking a hundred days start he nears the base of his mountain; but it seems very tired and sits down to rest. He nods. Never did wide-awakes usher in a more heavy-eyed President. Here, evidently fallen asleep, he takes to dreaming of the year 1900.

Is it that despairing of the present he is turning his attention to future salvation? It will doubtless occur to many that we have about as much as we can attend to deal with December 1862, without undertaking the burthen of the second generation from this. Possibly that generation may have brains of its own to deal with its own affairs.

The President says that slavery is the cause of the war; the cause of its continuance; that we can have no peace so long as it exists. Then his proposition can only amount to a proposition to continue the war until the year 1900!

To get any gleam of hope from this message is like trying to extract sunbeams from cucumbers; so much is said to the point of that which is nothing to the point; but the least objectionable thing in it is that it indicates an intention to adhere to his proclamation. The question, however, arises, if the President means to carry out his edict of freedom on the New Year, what is all this stuff about gradual emancipation?

The guns of our army and navy cover today one million slaves. Will the President on that day strike the fetters from that million in the reach of his arm? Let him attend to that, and, for God's sake, let the twentieth century alight!

He is our President, not that of posterity.

The new articles for the Constitution are ludicrous, and one can hardly believe that Orpheus C. Kerr did not have his pocket telegraph on the lines, and so manage to insert several paragraphs. One of these articles gratefully imports that after we have got a State free from slavery and the slaves paid for, if that State wants to re-establish slavery, it may quietly do so, only it must pay us back our money!

One sentence in the message strikes us as disingenuous. It says, "Some would abolish suddenly and without compensation." As if the idea of compensation had anything to do with the gradualness of emancipation! The President must be hopelessly ignorant if he does not know that all but a very few emancipationists in this country are in favor of striking at slavery directly and immediately; that they believe that slavery can be reached only by the war power, which from its very nature acts upon an exigency; and that many emancipationists favor compensation.

The fact is the President seems to be man of inadequate calibre; he does not comprehend his position; he has exhausted himself apparently in taking up the gauntlet which the South threw down. Either this theory is true, or else that Mephistopheles, Seward, is paralyzing his powers.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE NIGGERS.—President Lincoln, in presenting his views to the Senate and House of Representatives, on the subject of negro emancipation in the South, says:—*It is insisted that their presence would injure and displace white labor and white laborers. If there ever could be a time for mere arguments, that time, surely, is not now.*

This, then, according to his logic, is not the time to advocate the interests of the white laboring men of the North, many of whom are in the army fighting the battles of their country. The negroes must be permitted to flood the Northern States, and drive out the white laborers, because the President has assured us that "if they leave their old places they leave them open to white laborers." That is, if the negroes come North to fill our workshops, mines, &c., &c., the poor laboring men in the free States must be sent to fill the place vacated by the negroes in the cotton, rice and sugar fields of the South. The workmen of Pennsylvania will not fail to appreciate the logic of an Abolition President who is endeavoring to reduce them to the degraded level of the negro. That portion of the President's Message is an insult to the white freemen of the North. The Abolitionists may endeavor to disguise the fact as they will, the whole aim of their party has been to elevate the negro at the expense of the white man.—*Ex.*

SENENCED.—Two negroes recently convicted at Greensburg, of rape, have been sentenced to nine years and nine months imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary. The sentence is a severe one, but their crime was most atrocious, and in a community less law abiding that that in which the outrage was perpetrated, would have ended in the lynching of both the culprits.

HALLECK ON McCLELLAN.

Gen. Halleck has made a report as commander in chief of our armies, since his arrival in Washington, in which he takes great pains to damage Gen. McClellan; but in which he makes a lamentable failure. In fact the correspondence between those two officers, in relation to the change of base last June by McClellan, removes all blame from that officer, inasmuch as it was made against his spirited protest. After protesting against the change and imploring Gen. Halleck to withdraw his order for it, Gen. McClellan says:

"A decided victory here and the military strength of the rebellion is crushed. It matters not what partial reverses we may meet with elsewhere; here is the true defence of Washington. It is here, on the bank of the James river, that the fate of the Union should be decided. It is clear in my convictions of right—strong in the consciousness that I have ever been, and am still actuated solely by the love of country, known that no ambitions or selfish motives have influenced me from the commencement of this war. I do now know what I never did in my life before—I treat that the order may be rescinded. If my counsel does not prevail, I will, with a sad heart, obey your orders to the utmost of my power, devoting to the movement, one of the utmost delicacy and difficulty, whatever skill I may possess. Whatever the result may be, and may God grant that I am mistaken, in my forebodings, I shall at least have the internal satisfaction that I have written and spoken frankly, and have sought to do the best in my power to avert disaster from my country."

Signed, GEO. B. McCLELLAN, Major-General.

It will be seen by this best of evidence produced by Gen. Halleck, that the retreat through the swamps of the Chickahominy, and the slaughter were ordered during the seven days it lasted was not advised by McClellan at all, but forced upon him by a "high official," whom Halleck felt himself constrained to obey. This high official is, of course, either the President or the Secretary of War. Here is the opening paragraph of Halleck's reply to McClellan's protest.

WASHINGTON, August 6, 1862. To MAJ. GEN. McCLELLAN, COMMANDING, BEKLEY, VA.:

GENERAL: Your telegram of yesterday was received this morning, and I immediately telegraphed a brief reply, promising to write you more fully by mail. You, General, certainly could not have been more pained at receiving my order than I was at the necessity of issuing it. I was advised by a high official in whose judgment I had great confidence, to make the order immediately on my arrival here, but I determined not to do so until I could learn your wishes from a personal interview; and even after the interview I tried every means in my power to avoid withdrawing your army, and delayed my decision as long as I dared to delay it.

After this acknowledgment, Gen. Halleck proceeds with a chapter of ifs and buts, which in no way damage the late commander of the Army of the Potomac. This correspondence is a triumph for McClellan, inasmuch as it relieves him from what his enemies have labored to fasten upon him, the greatest disaster of the campaign. He was ordered to retreat from before Richmond; his forces were handed over to Gen. Pope and the country is aware of the consequences.

TIMELY ADVICE.—It behooves us, says the Louisville Journal, to bear in mind that the war we are prosecuting is a war of restoration, not of extermination. Whilst we remember that we are patriots, we must not forget that our enemies are men.

The Harrisburg Union says that if there is any Democratic member in the State who has made up his mind to vote for General Cameron for United States Senator, he had better settle his worldly affairs, mix his peace with Heaven, and bid a last, affectionate farewell to his family and constituents, before he starts for Harrisburg.

If Mr. Lincoln can suggest no better remedy to restore the nation than the one he suggests in his Message, to abolish slavery by the year 1900, he had better follow the advice of his Illinois client (as he told the story to Gov. Morehead of Ky.) who when he found that the evidence was strongly against him in a case in Court, told him to "give it up." We think he had better abdicate in favor of some man of more extended capacity.

The Abolition Journalists now that they see by the elections that they cannot prevent this into a mere Abolition war, croak over a "divided North." But who divided the North? Who but the Abolitionists.

There are two ways of living so as to be missed. A man may be a scatterer of fire brands, arrows and death. He will be missed when he is taken away. On the other hand he may be so active in his works of benevolence, he may cause the hearts of so many to rejoice, he may be the support and stay of so many, that when he dies he is missed, his loss is sorely felt. Would we be missed if we were suddenly removed from the earth? What hearts would be made sad—what good cause would suffer.