Borth Branch Democrat.

TARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7, 1863.

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GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunk hanneck Borough, and respectfully tenders his ional services to the citizens of this place and ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATIS-

Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Pos

Dec. 11, 1861.

NOTICE! ersons indebted to the subscriber, either on Note

Book account, are notified that said notes and acen left with my Father, A. F. Eastman io is fully authorized to receipt and settle the same If not settled soon, they will be left in the s of an officer for suit and collection G. H. EASTMAN

The business of BOOT and SHOE making will be atinued by the subscriber, at the old stand, where substantial and workmanlike manner, and at low ces for ready pay. He solicits a continuance of the

A. F. EASTMAN funkhannock, Sept. 3, 1862.

Poet's Corner.

We give place to the following stansas, not se auch on account of their poetical merit, as the sentiments contained in them. The writer evidently needs experience as a poet, his opinions on affairs of government seem to be all right,-Ed,

Our armies met with fearful loss, Where they have lately been, Because they were not controll'd By military men.

Those men who sit and hold the reins, They think they know it all. But if their plans, don't shortly change, Their price must surely fall.

They think the North is, is made of men. And they can sit and call, And push them on like tyrants mad, Till they must faint and fall.

They care not how the soldiers fare, Nor what they do endure. While they can stand and fold their arms, And feel themselves secure.

They change the generals once a week, For fear the war will close. They supercede and reappoint, And so the matter goes.

And then they quarrel among themselves, About the negro men. And then resign and pout awhile Ann then come back again.

They think that they are precious men, As you will plainly see, They say, go fight the Rebels sir But keep them far from me.

They're like a dog I used to know, If I the whole must say, He'd pick a quarrel with other dogs, And then he'd slip away.

He'd surely make a safe retreat. And never step to bite. But seek a shelter for himself. And leave the rest to fight.

They have a mighty army there, But will not move them hence-We need them all, they loudly cry, To stand in our defence.

Methinks our eyes would shortly see, The end of rebel race, Could we but have A. Lincoln gone, And Jackson in his place.

But so it is, and so it is. And so it is we sav. We have to grin and bear it all. So let them rip away.

Let Wendell Phillips, worship slaves, Let Conway, say, amen, Let Fessenden and Sumner nod. And let old Halleck plan.

And let old Abe approve it all, For he was never brained for war, But drilled on splitting rails.

And let old Greeley madly howl. And let Fremont, hunt bees, And let old Abe with sturdy arm. Chop down the mighty trees.

But let McClellan have command, And tell them when to fight, The union cause would soon advance, And Rebels take their flight.

Original. WEARE COMING FATHER ABRAHAM.

We are coming, Father Abraham, We are coming, too, to show Your policy is all a sham. And we regard it so.

We love the name of Washington, Of Andrew Jackson too; They saved our land, when overrun By all the British crew.

When British tyrant's fury cursed Our land with war and woe. They sought to save their country first,

And let the negro go. The everlasting negro now,

Is all you seek to save; You let the Constitution go To find a lonely grave.

O. had we Andrew Jackson there: He'd save where you destroy; He'd make secession quail with fear-And Union leap for joy.

We are coming Father Abraham, To execute the laws-To stop this bold arresting men, Without the slightest cause.

"The Habeas Corpus" writ must be Enforced throughout the land, Or else the people are not free, And freedom cannot stand.

But Abalitionists we hate-The name, we all despise, Because they've wrecked our Ship of State, And tried to blind our eyes.

"The Union" is their cry, and yet, If we dare name the South, They put us in Fort Lafayette. And make us shut our mouth

They want no fellowship with those, Where Slavery does abide; They say these men are all their foes, And "let the Union Slide."

Then, pray, what are we fighting for ? Just view the thing and see; Is it the Union to restore? Or set the darkey free ?

We are coming, Father Abraham, For we abhor the rigor, Which sacrifices Uncle Sam. To liberate the nigger,

Select Story.

A Lesson To Parents.

L. Gaylord Clark, the former Editor of the f the Knickerbocker, in a letter about children, says:

"But I desire now to narrate to you a circumstance which happened in the family of a friend and correspondent of mine in the city of Boston, some ten years ago, the history of which will commend itself to the heart of every father and mother who has any sympathy with, or affection for their children. That it is entirely true, you may be well assured. I was convinced of this when I opened the letter from L. H. B ..., which announced it, and in the detail of the event which was subsequently furnished me.

A few weeks before he wrote he had bur ied his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow, of some eight years of age, who had never. he said, known a day's illness until that which finally removed him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances which were peculiarly painful to his parents. A younger brother, a delicate, sickly child from its birth, the next in age to him, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested to guard the other members of the family against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little to fear, so rugged was he and so generally healthy. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools custom sometimes to visit; for he was but a boy, and "boys will be boys," and we ought more frequently to think that it is their nature to b.. Of all unnatural things, a reproach almost to childish frankness and innocence, save me from a "boy man!" But to the story.

One evening this unhappy father came home, wearied with a long day's hard labor, and vexed at some little disappointments which had soured his naturally kind disporttion, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance. While he was sitting by the fire, in this unhappy mood of mind, his wife entered the apartment, and said :

"Henry has just come in, and he is a perfect fright! He is covered from head to foot with dock-mud, and is as wet as a drowned

"Where is he?" asked the father sternly. "He is shivering over the kitchen fire .-He was afraid to come up here when the girl told him you had come home."

" Tell Jane to tell him to come here this instant!" was the brief reply to this information.

Presently the poor boy entered, half perished with affright and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disobedience, spoke of the punishment which awaited him in the morning, as the penalty for his offence; and in a harsh voice concluded with:

" Now, sir, go to your bed !" "But, father," said the little fellow, "I want to tell you ____

" Not a word, sir; go to bed !" "I only wanted to say, father, that -

With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of the hand toward the door, and a frown upon his brow, did that father, with out other speech, again close the door of explanation and expostulation.

When the boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while supper was being prepared, and at teatable ate but little. His wife saw the real cause, for the additional cause of his emotion, and enterposed the remark:

"I think, my dear, you ought at least to have heard what Henry had to say. My heart ached for him when he turned away, with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy, after all, if he does sometimes do wrong He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy. He always was."

And therewithal the water stood in the eyes of that forgiving mother, even as it stood in the eyes of Mercy, in "the house of the Interpreter," as recorded by Bunyan.

After tea, the evening paper was taken up; but there was no news and nothing of interest for that father in the journal of that even ing. He sat for some time in an evidently painful reverie, and then rose and repaired to his bed-chamber. As he passed the bedroom where his little boy slept, he thought he wo'd look in u, on him before retiring to rest. He crept to his low cot and bent over him. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, and rested upon it; but he wa sleeping cal mly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son; but he felt also the "sense of duty;" yet in the night, talking the matter over with the lad's mother, he resolved and promised, instead of punishing, as he had threatened, to make amends to the boy's aggrieved spirit in the morning for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of his offence.

But that morning never came to the child in health. He awoke next morning with a raging fever on his brain, and wild with delirium. In forty-eight hours he was nor his mother, when they were first called | menny fellers that don't expect it, who might | warn't finished, &c., &c. Chase got up first, to his bedside, nor at any moment-afterward. get histed." "Wal," ses he, "Majer, I'm of he sed if the sojers warn't paid it warn't his tion light up in his naked eye, and he leaned that this administrashin is played out. The eagerly forward, for he would have given his ear, and have been auswered; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold, unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

Two days afterward the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the deceased boy, bringing the low stools on which it was to stand in the entry hall.

"I was with Henry," said the lad, " when he got into the water. We were playing down at the Long Wharf, Henry, and Charles Mumford and I; and the tide was out very low; and there was a beam run out from the wharf; and Charles got out on it to get a fish line and hook that hung over where the water was deep; and the first thing we saw, he had slipped off, and was struggling in the water ! Henry threw off his cap and jumped clear into the water, and after a great deal of hard work, got Charles out, and they waded up through the mud to where the wharf was not so wet and slippery; and then I helped them to climb up the side. Charles told Henry not to say anything about it, for if he did his father would never let him go near the water again. Henry was very sorry; and all the way going home, he kept saying:

"What will father say when he sees us tonight? I wish we had not gone to the wharf!' "Dear, brave boy !" exclaimed the bereaved father; and this the explanation which and docks near his school, which it was his I so cruelly refused to hear!" And hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks.

> Yes! that stern father now learned, and for the first time, that what he had treated unwonted severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature, which, forgetfu of self, had hazarded life for another. It was but quick prompting of that manly spirit which he himself had always endeavored to an its them kind of men that are great men, graft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

Let me close that story in the very words of that father, and let the lesson sink deep use this sketch.

"Everything that I now see, that ever be longed to him, reminds me of my lost boy. Yesterday, I found some rude pencil sketches which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother. To day, in rummaging an old closet, I came across his boots, still covered with dock-mud, as the Kernel, who I found in a peck of trubbil. when he last wore them. (You may think t strange, but that which is usually so unsightly an object, is now most precious to me.) And every morning and evening I pass the ground where my son's voice rang the merriest among his playmates.

"All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot-though I have often tried-I cannot recall any other expression of the dear boy's face than that mute mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him.

Then my heart bleeds afresh! "Oh, how careful should we all be that in our daily conduct to those little beings sent us by a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a future bitter tear. How cautious that, neither by inconsiderate nor cruel word or look, we unjustly grieve their generous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive lest, in a moment of excitement, we be led to mete out to the vemal errors of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime!

" Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke the sudden blow, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, not of physical, or mental pain, but of a loving yet grieved or outraged nature !"

Letter From Major Jack Downing.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20, 1862.

To the Editers of The Cawashin: Surs :- Wal, ef I ain't been bizzy since ! writ you last, I wouldn't say so. I got your letter about seein Blair on the questshin of mity and Cabynet face to face, an let 'en sendin the Cawcashin in the mails, an I quarrel it out." "That would be a capital hadn't eny doubt but he would do it as soon idee, Majer, but how am I to do it ?" " Wal," as I put the subjec to him in the rite light .-Blair's father, " Parson Blair," as he used to be called in the old Ginneral's time, an I used to by very thick. He helped me sifer a together, an see how toe happy family will good deal wen I was postin the Ginneral up about Biddle's Bank matters. But I hadn't seen the old man for a long time ontel assembled, an puty soon after the Committy I called on him tother day. He was dredful glad to see me, and shuck my hand as ef he thought there warn't no feelin in it. Ses he, 'Majer, it's a long time sence we've met, an know you are a loyal man, for there ain't Kernel called the meetin to order, an sed he no follerer of Ginneral Jackson that could be enything else." Ses I, "Ef there's a loyal man in this country, I'm one. I go in for den got up, an sed that the people were getputtin down every feller that's opposed to tin tired of the war, and that the only way to the Constitushin. I don't keer who he is. I satisfy 'em was to change the Cabynet .only wish we had an Old Hickory to step in Burnside had been defeated, Banks had been now an jest deal out jestiss all around, with- sent a great ways off, when he was wanted at in his shroud. He knew neither his father out any parshality. I guess there's a good home, the solers waren't paid, the gunboate however.

matter. Your son Montgomery, who used to be a little shaver in the old Ginneral's time, has got the place of Amos Kindle, an he has been stoppin Dimmyercratic papers in the mails." "Oh no," ses he, "I guess not ; only sum disloyal sheets." "No," ses I, " I'll give you a hundred dollars for everp word of disloyalty agin the Constitushin you'll find in that paper." Here I took a Cawcashin out of my pocket, an handed it to him. He lookto. Then I showed him the motto at its head, taken from his own words about the freedom of the press, an then I telled him to go with me to Montgummery, an see ef the thing couldn't be fixed. So we went over, an you never see a man stare so as Montgomery did. Ses he, "Majer Downing, I'm tickled to see you. I think you have slighted me sence you've been in Washington .-You've been to see nigh about all the members of the Cabynet except me." "Wal," ses I, "I don't go around much, except on bizziness for the Kernel; but now," ses I, "I've cum on another errand: I've cum to see why you don't allow all 'he Dimmycratic newspapers to go in the mails?" "Wal," ses he, "Majer, that's jest wat I'm goin to do. It was bad bizness for us that we ever stopped these p pers. It made more votes for the Dimmycratic party than eny other cause. The truth is, it never was my policy. I never did believe in it, and now they all see it must be given up." Ses I, "Mister Blair. ef you didn't beleeve in it, you orter have refused to do it. That ain't tho way the old Ginneral acted, an he's my model. Ef he thought enything was rong, there wern't a mortal man, high or low, that could have got him to it. He would have died afore he wo'd d) wat his conssence told him waren't right, an will save our country, ef it ever is saved." " Wal," ses he, " Majer, you're about rite,

an I don't think I shall stay in this hole much longer. Things are goin from bad to wus." "Yes," ses I, " they are like old Sol into the hearts of every parent who shall per- Hopkins's dyin cow, 'gettin no better very fast." "But," ses he, "Majer, you can rest easy on the papers. We are goin back to the Free Press Principal, an let the people have their own way." "Wal," ses I, "I'm glad to hear it. It's about time there was a change."

So I bid him good by, an went back to see

Ses I, "Whats the matter now?" for I saw at a glance that sumt in was up. Ses I. " Burnside whipped agin or is Stonewall Jackson in our rear ?" "No," ses he, "there has jest been a committy here from the Senit who demand that I shall change my cabbynet. They say we dont have eny sussess, an the peopul demand a change." "Ses I," did you kick em down stairs?" "No," ses he, " didn't." "Wal," ses I, "you orter. They mite jest as well ask you to resign." Ses I "don't your Cabbynet agree in your policy? Don't they do as you desire?" "Yes," ses he, "they do." "wal," ses I, 'then what's the use of changin? If you intend to change your policy, then it is reosonyble to ask you to change your Cabbynet, but otherways not. " Wal," ses he, " Majer, thats my idee exactly but I didnt tell em so, I thought I would wait an see what you thought of it," " Wal," ses I, "I see the hull cause of the rumpus. The defeat of Burnside has made em so wrathy that they didn't know what to do, and they thought they must find fault about sumthin. Ses I, " fighten the rebils is jest for all the world like bar huntin. A good meny years ago when it was common up in Maine, nigh about all the nabers would now and then turn out to hunt a bar. If they caught him they used to have a grand time, get up a big supper an drink whisky till they all got how cum you so. But if they didn't ketch the bar then one was biamin tother, an tother another an suntimes the affar wou'd end by gettin into a regular fite all around .- Jest so it i now. If Burnside had whipped the rebils, it would all have been right," Ses Linkin, ses he, " Majer, you're right. Cut what am I to do? They komplain about the Cabynet, an want me to change it." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I tell you how to fix it. Get the Comses I' you jest call the Cabyne; together for twelue o'clock to-morrow, an then send for the Committy, an put 'em in the same room manage." The Kernel was struck with the idee, an so the next day the Cabbynet were with Fessenden as chairman, made their appearance. You never see a more flustercated set of people in this world than these men were. But there was no backin out. The had received a good many komplaints, an he

Waiting, watching for one token of recogni- your idee exactly. The truth is, I'm thinkin fault. The fact was, that paper had rize onexpectedly, an his stock was low. Jest as Ultrys will ruin it." "Wal," ses I, "Mister soon as paper got more plenty, an he got the worlds to have whispered one kind word in Blair, I ve come to see you about another new patent National Ten Cylendar Revolvin Machine at work, the sojers would be paid regular. Then stantin get up, puffin like a porpus. Ses he, "Mr. President, these ere remarks are impeatment, an if I had my way, I would send every one of this Committy to the Old Capitol. I'de like to know what these men knew about war, and strategy. Why, they talk about the defeat of Burnside; It is nonsense. sir he ain't been defeated! The people are humbugged by the newspaed it over and couldn't find nothin to object pers. It's a pity there's a newspaper in the land. They interfer with my strategy.-Burnside has gained a great successs. He has discovered the strength of the enemies works at that pint, an now we know that some other route is the one to take, an not that one. Ef it had not been for this battle, we shouldn't have found that out. This Committy of old gentlemen, or old women, I had almost said, don't understand the art of war. Their talk is sheer impertinence. I'de squelch em with a proclamashin, if no other way."

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Then Granfather Welles got up, an sed he didn't like to have fault found because his' gun-boats warn't reddy. He sed he would like to see eny one who had worked harder than he had, he said he hadn't slept but fourteen hours a day for six months, while his natural rest required eighteen. He had sacrificed all that for the good of his country and he didn't believe one of the Committy had done as much. Blair got up and sed he didn't keer how quick they turned him out. He was reddy to go eny time, as he thought the thing was about played out. Bates sed he thought things locked more cheerful than ever b fore, as he had jest discover ed that niggers could be citizens, an the Dred Scott desision was a humbug. When they all got thru, there was a ginnerel talk all around, and they finally cum to the conclushin that there warn't eny reason foa a change after all, an they all went off in a pretty good humor.

So the great Cabbynet crysis ended, and the Kernel feels like a new man. my idee of gettin them all together face to face, the Kernel ses, saved the nashun. That nite we set up till after midnight, and finally after takin a good swig of Old Rye, went to bed. The next morning the Kernel was as merry as a lark, an could tell stories as well as ever.

Yours till deth. MAJER JACK DOWNING.

Abolition Philanthropy.

A correspondent of the N V Car

Hood's Song of the shirt has been realized in this country. Rich contractors, who have reaped huge fortunes out of this war, a war which the poor man has to carry on by taxes upon his labor; these rich contractors are now serving the working classes as the tradesmen of England served the operative there, which poor Tom Hood so feelingly put forth through his well-known ballad,

" Oh God that food should be so dear, And flesh and blood so cheap!"

It belongs to puritanical Boston, philanthropic Boston, Abolitionized Boston, does this high honor of paying " five cents each for making shirts with three button holes." So reads the contract, as Shylock said. Would that the world could hear of the " Milk Street firm," of that benevolent city, who thus ground out the life blood from the Lynn sewing girls, at the rate of half a dime per shirt. A smart girl can make two shirts a day ! a dime a day, " The hub of the Universe" takes all the glory of this tariff.

A Miss Stone, of Lowell, drowned herself in the canal of that town, is consequence of destitution. Although working constantly for New England contractors, on army clothing, she could not support herself. Sixty cents per week, on woolen undershirts, to the women of America, by the high-toned "loyal supporters of the war !" One hundred and fifty thousand dollars donated in a single week, by the wealthy men of Boston and New York, to the working people of the English cotton districts! Put these two facts together, working men of New York! What think you of Republican sympathy? Dollars for foreign paupers as a gift. Pen. nies, grudgingly doled-out at the rate of a penny an hour, for labor on army material! Ah! this Republican virtue is a right royal

A lady, who signs herself G. L. J., under date of "Boston, November 7th." says:"I have just carried home to Milk street one dozen of well-made soldiers' shirts, at five cents each -sixty cents. Messrs -- would not pay me because I had not forty cents to wanted the matter fully discussed, Fessen- give them back for a dollar they tendered me, and I had to leave the shirts and call again for my money." This "holy war" engenders very holy principles in the hearts of its supporters. Comments are uncalled for