# Borth Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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# NEW SERIES.

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Chronic Diseas.
entremoreland, Wyoming Co. Pa.--v2n2

### WALL'S HOTEL TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

THIS establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention who patronize the House.

T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor.

Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

### NORTH BRANCH HOTEL. MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA RILEY WARNER, Prop'r.

Having resumed the proprietorship of the above cender the house an agreeable place of sojourn for all who may favor it with their custom. RILEY WARNER. September 11, 1861.

# MAYNARD'S HOTEL.

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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 bublic 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 with their custom.

September 11, 1861

### M. GILMAN,





GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunk hannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his surrounding country.

ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATIS-

Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Pos

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 te done in a substantial and workmantike manner, and at low prices for ready pay. He solicits a continuance of the

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

# Poet's Corner.

### A LAMENT.

BY CRITICUS.

Oh! never more shall I have peace-Peace for this weary breast, Until my heart shall cease to beat, And calmly sink to rest.

Oh! how much longer must I stay Repentant, forced to roam, O'er earth a weary fugitive, Without a friend or home.

Oh! why am I cast out by man. And why accursed by God-Why am I doomed to wander yet Beneath His chastening rod.

Is there no peace this side the grave, To weary mortals given? How sweet it is we all may have Eternal rest in Heaven. Bethany, 1863.

### PAY THE PRINTER.

What man, is happy when comes on The long and dreary winter. Oh listen and I'll tell you friends-

'Iis he who pays the printer. When 'round the cheerful fire he sits In the cold and dreary winter;

"Dear wife," he says, "the night is cold

But I have paid the printer "And though 'tis little I have paid, It was his due this winter: 'Tis all I owe, 'twas his just right Who could forget the printer?"

Oh ! could each man in town say this In spring-in summer-winter; How happy then would one and all Be when they pay the printer.

Then let us pay up all our debts Ere the approach of winter; Pay all you owe and never forget That useful man-the printer.

# Select Story.

### Love and Moral Courage.

" But why don't you like him, Agatha ?" "Oh-because !"

What philosopher ever solved the mystery of this true woman's reason? "Because" means ten thousand things that pretty, dimpled lips don't choose to put into shape-it means that they know why perfectly well themselves, but won't tell; and not all the axing of curiosity, can get it out of them !

And so pretty Agatha Milne played with the knot of scarlet roses, where velvet petals glowed in her belt ribbon, and lifted up her soft hazel brown eyes with a provokingly absent, unconscious look.

" But, Agatha !" pursued Ruth Ellenwood, stopping for a moment in her occupation of braiding and arranging Agatha's beautiful waves of auburn gold hair, "I'm sure a pleasant partner at balls and parties, andoh, Agatha! don't jerk your head so, or I shall have to braid all these strands over again!"

" Nonsense! that's no test at all!" said Agatha, pettishly, the peach like crimson mounting to her cheek; " what can you tell about a young man, from a mere ball room acquaintance ?- Any one can be agrecable enough to hold your bouquet, or bring you an icecream; that is it he knows enough not to tread on your toes in the polka, not to step on your flounces in a promenade!"

"I know it," said Ruth, "but the question is-"

"But the question is," interrupted the imperious young beauty, "how do I know that Mr. Fitz Aubyn, silver tongued as he is to me, with his homage and his compliments, don't go home and swear at his mother and sisters? How do I know that Mr. Jennings, who has the whole dictionary on his finger ends, doesn't cheat his landlady? What means have I of ascertaining hat young St. Simons who is such a graceful waltzer and agreeable small-talker, does not finish his evenings in a drinking saloon? Oh, Ruth we have tests for ascertaining spurious dollars and counterfeit bank notes, but how on earth are we to know a counterfeit husbanduntil he is tied to our unlucky apron-string for life ?"

She laughed as she sprang up to look for her bonnet, but the long eyelashes dropped with a suspicious moisture.

"Well," said Ruth, caressingly patting Agatha's tiny hand, ' I am very, very thankful that Providence didn't make me a beauty and an heiress, since it has such a tendency to awake suspicion and distrust. But Agatha, in spite of all you have said; I feel convinced that Charles Staunton is a noble fel-

"Very likely," said Agatha, lightly; but here comes Fitz Aubyn, with those splendid horses of his, so give me my shawl."

"And whither are your footsteps to be directed to day ?"

"Oh, we intend to go to that private view of pictures in \_\_\_street which I told you of."

the port of a queen. The white lustre of moonlight, pouring

glass, gave a life-like glow to the superb paintings whose gilded frames literally covered the walls of the spacious apartments .-Here and there, groups of absorbed dilettanti moved, with subdued whispers and brandish ed opera glasses, as if it were a forbidden thing to speak above one's breath in the presence of these fair landscapes and scenes from history's page.

Directly in front of one of the finest works of ort stood a pair who had unconsciously been the object of many a curious glance and whispered observation of the other sight-seers-a tall stylish-looking young man, with an old lady leaning on his arm, whose an tique aress of snuff colored bombazine and oddly-shaped beaver bonnet occasioned a great many covert smiles and half concealed titters from those present.

"Oh, by the way, Miss Milne," said Fitz Aubyn, as in their progress round the rooms this couple came in view, "you have not seen the greatest curiosity of all vet."

"Where," said Agatha, raising her opera

"You are mistaken, it don't hang on the wall," said Fitz Aubyn, laughing. "Look nearer earth, if you want to see Staunton and his fossil aunt."

Agatha turned her head accordingly, without remark-she smiled a little, however-'twas all Fitz Aubyn wanted.

Should you suppose any mortal youth would have the courage to bring such a last century specimen to a place like this, where he might know he would meet all his fashionable acquaintances! See him carrying her morocco bag, and cotton umbtella !-Don't he remind you of Don Quixote in his youthful days ?"

"Probably she has money to leave one of these days," said Agatha, the distrustful element uppermost in her mind for the moment.

"Not a solitary red cent, I know, for I have inquired. She is 'in reduced circumstances'-that's the term, I believe-but Staunton is very fond of her, nevertheless .--She has come up to town from the back woods for a few days and-"

He paused abruptly as the very pair in question approached, still absorbed in pictures gazing. "My dear Charles," said the old lady at length, "you cannot imagine what a treat this is to me-I have not seen such pic- House. tures as these since I was a child. Howthoughtful of you to bring me here !" "I knew you would enjoy it, aunt !"

"And you are not ashamed of your old fashioned relative among all those gay young people ?" "On the contrary, dear aunt, I am as

proud as a monarch while you are leaning on Agatha heard it all, and she also heard him

answer, in reply to the gay challenge of some companion: "Thank you, but don't reckon upon me as

one of your party this evening at the opera. I am going with my aunt, who is passionately fond of music, so you must excuse me for

"I told you so !" said Fitz Aubyn, in a sotto voice tone, shrugging his shoulders. "Did you ever see such a fellow as Staun-"Never," was Agath's reply, but it was so

emphatically spoken that Fitz Aubyn started And that night while the courted beauty brushed out her luxuriant hair, she paused many a time and fell into a thoughtful reve-

" Moral courage !" she murmured to herself. I have somewhere read that it is nobler far than the iron resolution which makes men reckless in battle. I worder-" And here she stopped resolutely.

What a glorious bracing New Year's Day it was! There had been just snow enough in the night to form a white glistening coat over everything, and, afford an excellent excuse for the merry sleighs that darted hither and thither with streaming furs and jingling bells. All the fashionable world was astirthe gentlemen busily consulting their interminable list of calls, and the ladies putting the last touches to their gorgeous toilets.

There were not many upon that day who received more adulations than Agatha Milne, as she stood like a young empress in her splendid drawing rooms, every mirror flash ing back her loveliness. Her dress was very simple-pink silk, edged around the shoulders with snowy ermine, and long sprays of jessamine drooping from her hair; yet she knew she had never been so beautiful as now, as she listened with languid smiles to the compliments showered upon her. It was nothing new.

The gilded chandaliers had been lighted, and the jeweled fingers of the tiny alabaster clock on the mantle pointed to a late hour, when the peal of the door-bell announced a new incursion of guests, and Mr. Fitz Aubyn entered; surrounded by a gay party of young

" Good evening, Miss Milne! surely I am not to late to wish you the happiest of all imaginable New Years. Whom do you suppose I saw steering in the direction of your hospitable mansion just now? Here he And Agatha swept out of the room with comes to speak for himself-the Chevalier Staunton !"

Agatha turned calmly to welcome the new

discern the deeper shade of color that glowed on her delicate cheek, as he quickly came up to greet her.

"Fill your glasses, gentlemen," exclaimed Fitz Aubyn, holding high above his head a

tiny chalice of engraven Bohemian glass brimming with crimson wine, "let us drink to the health of our fair hostess, Miss Agatha Milne." The impromptu toast was received with acclamations of satisfaction, and Fitz Aubyn glanced around to see if all had tollowed his

glass ?" "Come, Staunton, no lack of chivalry here; where's your glass ?"

"I will drink Miss Milne's health in clear iced water with the greatest pleasure," said Staunton, smiling, "but I never touch wine." " Never touch wine! and why not?"

"It is against my principles," said Staunton with quiet firmness. Fitz Aubyn curled his lips in contemptyous silence that was several degrees harder

to bear than spoken obliquy, but another young man leaned forward to interpose his "Offer the wine to him yourself, Miss

sense of gallantry as to refuse it from your

Agatha had grown very pale, but without speaking, she filled one of the goblets, and held it towards Staunton.

Will you take it from me?"

Staunton looked at her with calm gravity. as he replied.

"Miss Milne, I should be a coward indeed. did I allow your persuasions to sway me from from the fixed principeles which are the guiding star of my life."

He bowed and withdrew. The glass fell from Agatha's hand and shivered into a thousand sparkling fragments; she bit her crimson lip until the blood started, with a strange sympathetic thrill of exultation. Had be wavered for an instant in his determination, she would have despised him.

"A very poor investment these horses of mine, and all this behaviour a la good boy in story-books, muttered Fitz Aubyn, about four weeks subsequently, as he strode into the brilliantly illuminated salone of the Club "Waiter, a glass of gin and water, quick!"

"What's the matter, Fitz, you look as black as a thunder cloud," observed a bystander, who was leaning against a marble pillar and picking his teeth in a most epicurean manner.

"The matter? Do you remember that magnificent Agatha Milne, the Queen of all the beauties ?"

"Of course I do; she hasn't lost her wits or her property I hope ?"

"No, but I've lost the latter item pretty effectually. Who do you suppose she is ge ing to marry ?"

"I am sure I cannot guess. Do tell your news at once, and don't keep a fellow in suspense:" "Well, she is going to become Mrs. Char ley Staunton; actually going to marry a man

with a fossil aunt, and principles that won't

allow him to drink a glass of wine! Bah!

the humbug posses current in this world." "I could have prophesied as much before my dear boy, if you would have only done me the honor to listen to me my dear boy, observed the other, cooly unfolding the newspaper, so as to get at the inside columns. 'You gay and dashing young fellows are all very well as long as a girl wants to amuse herself; but when it comes to a life long question, she is apt to prefer a true to false

man for a husband." Fitz Aubyn grraned deeply, but considered his poition too precarious to be worth ar-

Meanwhile little Ruth Ellenwood was as busy as a bee working at her cousin's wedding robe of spotless white satin, and asking ten thousand questions, the final of which

"But, Agatha, you never would tell me why you didn't like him, and now you are just as bad. Tell me, that's a darling, why you changed your mind ?"

And Agatha only laughed and crimsoned and made the same old provoking answer: "Oh-BECAUSE !"

# Miscellaneous.

### THE BEAUTIFUL.

"This world is full of beauty."

NATURE has been very bountiful to " Mother Earth," and, pursue what path we may, it is strewn with her gift. We do not deny her partiality, for we will not contend that Lapland, with her long dark night, is equally fa vored with Italy, the land of stinshine; -or that Greenland, the region of ice-bergs, con trasts faverably with the glorious climate of Brazil! Yet even those places, so seemingly barren, are not entirely destitute of attractions; and the traveler there often finds many beautifui objects.

The poets have, in all ages' sung of the sunny skies of Italy ; orators have descanted her | - Dem. Leader.

down, through the circular dome of frosted comer, and the keenest eye could scarcely praises in the choicest figures of rhetoric; and artists have painted her landscapes in glowing colors ;-her maidens have been represented as "the daughters of beauty and song"-her sons, as inspired with the fire of in what seems at first less favored climes?

We turn from the dark, bitter night of Lapland with a shudder. Yet there is something beautiful-even grand-there.

At one time you stand in almost unbroken darkness, with just light enough to perceive that every object is mantled with snow! A injunctions, ere he touched his lips to the short distance before you rises a lofty mount ain-a giant sentinel of the night, just perceptible 'midst gloom; all around is oppressive, awful silence; and you feel that the invisible God," in his majesty, is present.

You stand again there, but the scene has changed ? A most gorge ous spectacle, indeed, meets the eye! The midnight sun is scattering its brilliant rays over the landscape, kindling variously colored fires on every part of tion. its surface, and making the icy mountain one great resplendency of gem work, blazing carbuncles, and rubies!

Is there not beauty-aye, sublimity even in these desolate regions? God has created in our souls a love for the beautiful; he has Milne; surely he cannot be so lost to all molded the earth in beauty and, "crown ed it with the glory of his hands," that we impress of beauty! Who can behold the myriads of twinking stars (golden letters on nights blue page), the sun, and moon, moving onward in their ceaseless, silent course, without pronouncing them beautiful! There's majestic beauty in the mountain, towering high in air, its lofty summit wrapped in feecy clouds! There's gorgeous beauty in the trees, tinged, with the hues of autumn, that shadow its craggy side, reflecting all the various colors of orange, purple and scarlet! There's quiet beauty in the lakelet lying at its base, kissing the shore as it dances and sparkles in the glorious sunlight! And, look abroad where'er you will from the blue dome above us to the flowery mead beneath our feet, is there not beauty every 2 Such beauty the hand of man cannot blight. Behold the earth! its towering mountains, and its verdent valleys; its sloping hills and broad plains; its mighty oceans, lakes and rivers; are they not all beautiful? Yea for they are filled with the foot prints of the Almighty! -RUTH MAYWOOD.

### MORAL EDUCATION OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA "CONTRABANDS."

A little over a year ago, the region around was taken possession of by our forces. The expedition which accomplished this conquest possession of Beaufort, our principal business raising and educating "contrabands." It is pretty well known that every pound of cotton we raise ought to bring its weight in gold to pay expenses. The main object "the Government" has in view, is, evidently, the education of the blacks. The Rev. Mr. French, a New England parson, who, as a Minister of Peace, made but a lean living, is thriving as the leading spirit in this business of instructing the "freedmen." He is assisted by a variety of Yankee women and "sucking parsons" of New England, and the "good work" "goes bravely on" of course. The morals of the dar kies are said to have greatly improved of late, as well as their society. When our pious and philanthropic Yankees first went to Port Roy, al, they were astonished to find so few mulat toes. They had read in the New York Trib une, and heard, in their pulpits, at home, that owing to the bad morals of the Southern white people, there were few, if any, pure blacks in all Souta Carolina, and they, therefore, expected to find numerous chocolate colored descendants of the Pinckneys, the Calhouns, the Rhetts, the Keitts, etc., among the

woolly heads of that region, What was their astonishment then, on first landing, to find about ninety-nine per centum of the slaves as black as night-pure Con-

The Abolitionists in this region will, doubt less, be glad to learn that the pious missionaries are fast dispelling the darkness of the Port Royal region. It is asserted by those who pught to know, that the next generation of " contrabands" will have a better title than the present to the name given them by their illustrious sponsor, Butler, and that their complexion will not be more than half so dark as that of their mothers. To speak more plainly, it is said that there are ten times as many mulatto babies in the Sea Island region as were ever before seen there.

We mention this fact to show that the pro fessed love of the Abolitionists for the negroes is not all sham. There are thousands of living evidences and practical proofs in South Carolina, of the sincerity of their affection for the 'poor, down trodden race."

We take it that this fact is sufficient to illustrate the beauties of the moral system which the New Englanders have organized at Beaufort for the benefit of the blacks. The race is, no doubt, improving. The Government pays the expenses of this educational business, including Bibles, Hymn Books tracts, New York Tribunes, and other incidentals. Truly, this is a Beneficent Administrationa! No wonder the President has concluded that it cannot " escape history"-natural history!

### EDITORS EXEMPT FROM DRAFT.

A Fortress Monroe telegram, received received recently, informs us that the new "Military Exemption Act," passed by the Rebel Congress on the 4th ult., " secures the libergenius! Yet can we not find beauty and genius ty of the press by exempting editors, and such help as they require in their business." We consider this action on the part of the Rebel Congress, eminently wise, and we trust that our Congress will pass a similar act exempt ing the above useful class. Editors shouldbe exempt by all means, for the following excellent reasons:

1st. Because they would sooner stay at home than go to war,

2nd. Because there is more fun writing about the war than "jining in" and helping to stop rebel bullets.

3d. Because if they haven't all large families of small children depending upon them for support, no one knows but that they mayeventually be placed in that responsible posi-

4th. Because there are enough "dead heads" in the army already.

5th. Because it is pleasanter to die for one'. country at home, amid the budding flowers. of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter with familiar forms around you, and to be buried in the family burying ground, than to be knocked into the middle of next week bymight gratify his love. The "Great Artist" a four hundred pound ball, and left on the has left upon every object of his creation the field to help manure some miserable secesh farm.

6th. Because as we remarked before, they would much rather stay at home.

We trust the Government will attend to this matter at once. If Congress will only exempt us fellers, we will esteem it a great favor, and do as much for them sometime.

THE ADMINISTRATION A FAILURE. All parties agree that the present administration-supported though it has been by the hearty sympathies and active influence of the whole people of the entire North, and furnished promptly with all the men and money it has asked for-has proved a most magnificent fizzle, the last quarter of the second year of its reign, finding it unfruitful of other results than universal mourning throughout the land, national bankruptcy, unprecedented taxation, a worthless currency, and present or threatening, ruin on every hand. Thisterrible failure, being in no sense attributable to the people, who have made every needed sacrifice to uphold the authority of the government and preserve the Union, must be chargeable directly to mismangement of the President and advisers and agents growing out of gross incompetency on the Beaufort and Port Royal, in South Carolina, part of others. An Executive without pretentions to statesmanship, falling naturally was very expensive. Since we have been in the most incongruous material-one interested for the restoration of the Union under the seems to have consisted of attempts at cotton | Constitution, another for letting " the Union slide" rather than restore it with slavery in it, with a majority of both interests holding the integrity of the nation as an object altogether secondary in importance to the continued ascendency of the Republican partyand what, we ask, could be expected but disgraceful failure, from an administration thus constituted? So says the Owego Gazette, which has supported all the military and political measures and candidates of the administration party since the war broke out.

### PARSON BROWNLOW ON THE CON-DUCT OF THE WAR.

Parson Brownlow, in a letter from Washngton to the Cincinnatti Commercial writes: I give it as my opinion that we can't fight a successful battle in the vicinity of Washington. Commanding generals are here forced to yield themselves up to the guidance of the weak and ultra, and to a set of men who know nothing about military affairs. Politicial affairs charlatans and one-idea radicals pitch in and cry "On to Richmond !" thus sacrificing thousands in the field who bring their lives as an offering for their country.

The spectacle of so many Uhion generals quarreling among themselves at a time like the present is a disgraceful one for the country to contemplate. I am willing, and so are the people to make fair and reasonable allowance for professional jealousy, but the constant charging and recrimination of military leaders leads the people, to suspect that either the gratification of their vanity is a matter of more importance than beating the rebels, or that they themselves dsire to keep out of a fight, as a means of personal security. There are now no less than six major-generals whose conduct is the subject of courts of inquiry, and others are talked of. Mc Clellan is, it is alleged, the only general who has been deposed from command without demanding a court of inquiry, and all parties are applauding him for it. The people are sick of all these quarrels, and feel that there is no time now for listening to the disputes of these captious officers. I say bring their infernal squabbles to a close, and send them into the field to fight rebels; and if they have no stomachs for this, let them resign, so that the government may no longer have

The monitor while in tow of a steamer off cape Hatteras sprung a leak and was sunk. A number of the crew went down

. The seasons are

the property and the latest of professions.