

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

TERMS: \$1.50 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1863.

VOL. 2, NO. 30.

North Branch Democrat.

Weekly Democratic paper, devoted to Politics, News, the Arts and Sciences...

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Business Cards of one square, with paper, \$5.

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All kinds neatly executed, and at prices to suit the times.

Business Notices.

Business notices including Dr. J.C. Becker & Co., Dr. J.M. Carey, M.D., and others.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for the Democrat.] BY MOLLIE.

O, for the glorious times of old, (For white men's lives were prized, I'm told),

I've heard them tell how when our land, Was by War's desolating hand,

Alas! I would this might be said Of those who at our nation's head,

And I have read on History's page Of statesmen gifted, wise and sage,

Ah! many a ball hath others slain, Than those who on the battle plain,

Think they of this, who ceaseless prate Of the poor bondman's hapless state?

Select Story.

The Home Life of Woman.

"A woman's work is never done," said Mrs. Brown, as she brought a chair from the rank and file against the wall,

"No, John isn't in, Mr. Jones. He's gone to the village to hear about secession—something or other. I can't keep track of it, I'm so hurried and tired."

"You mean to say you ain't patriotic; don't care what those rascally fire-eaters do, anyhow, I suppose; little odds to you whether Major Anderson holds out or not."

"Now, look here, neighbor," and into Mrs. Brown's pale cheek a faint crimson crept and wavered uncertainly,

"You see, neighbor," the woman went on, "when my heart and hand were full of thoughts and work for John and the children—of how I can manage to save here, and get along without this, and make that last beyond all reason—"

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straw, and meet your neighbors and have a pleasant word with them, but we see the same thing every day, and I get lonesome sometimes, and wonder why we were put into such lives as these."

"Then it's trying a woman's nerves—the kind of work she has to do. That's like plowing and sowing, and driving horses; that is heavy work, to be sure, but then you're strong to do it."

When I arrived Farmer Flint was sitting smoking after supper, and the younger Flints were sitting round the table taking theirs.

Old Flint took a stare at me and I kinder shook but the straps stood it and I recovered myself, and gave him as good as he sent, and I was near the door and ready to break if he showed fight; for he did not want his darter to go with me, and I knew it too as well as he.

Well, purty soon I gathered up and told him what I come down for, and invited him to come down and take a drink and see that all went on right.

Mr. Jones looked steadily at his neighbor while she talked. She paused a moment to replenish her fire. He sat in a kind of maze, without offering her any assistance.

"And so you see, with all these things I don't think much about what's going on outside, that you and John talk about, though I often wish I could."

Just at that moment something gin way above, and may I be drowned in a frog pond of Poleyana, without anything on your oar on her but one of these skeletons, didn't drop through the floor and set, skeletons and all kerchunk flat into the pan of mush.

Mr. Jones looked up in a wondering sort of a way. "Why, I never thought woman's work was very much any way."

"No wonder they complain sometimes, who have cause always. We ought to be sorry for them, and remember their troubles."

"No, I don't think so," Mrs. Brown replied, "hired girls are abused, too. They have the same troubles that I have always."

"No, John isn't in, Mr. Jones. He's gone to the village to hear about secession—something or other. I can't keep track of it, I'm so hurried and tired."

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"What shall I do to my boots to get them on?" "Put some soft soap in them and I'll warrant they'll go on as slick as grease," said he.

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Miscellaneous.

HOW THEY GO TO BED.

The difference between a man and woman in disposition finds no plainer illustration than that afforded at the moment when either of them retires to bed.

The young girl trips gaily up to her chamber and with the cautious timidity peculiar to her sex, first locks the doors and arranges the window curtains so that by no possible chance a passer-by or belated nocturnal wanderer from the pavement can catch a glimpse of her budding beauty when en dishabelle.

This task completed she turns on the gas to its full, and institutes a general search throughout the apartment, that she may be sure it does not contain a "horrible burglar" or "a desperate ruffian" in big whiskers and crispy black hair.

Carefully with delicate little fingers, she lifts the bed valance, peers into places where even Tom Thumb couldn't squeeze his diminutive corporation and takes a cursory peep into the half-emptied trunk not forgetting to glance nervously under the sofa, the space between which and the floor is not sufficient to contain the ghost of Calvin Edson, much less an ordinary robber.

Having ascertained that she is really alone she leisurely proceeds to divest her fair form of "the silk and linen conventionalities of society."

First, she relieves her glossy hair from its thraldom of pins and combs and "does it up" more compactly. Then off comes the little embroidered collar, and the light vapory cloud of lace she calls her under-sleeves which all the day have been clasped around her white plump arms by a couple of India rubber straps.

Next, the "love of a spring silk" dress is unfastened in front, partially revealing—never mind that just now—Then undery waist strings and buttoned straps are loosened, and lo! what a collapse. A collapse like that of Lowe's big balloon.

She stands like Saturn in the centre of rings. There they lie upon the soft carpet, partially covered by the linen underdresses and overdresses with no more expression in them than there is in the bare floor beneath the carpet.

Sits she now upon the edge of the snowy bed and begins the unloosing of garters and the disrobing of the fair swelling limbs of the stockings. The pretty little foot is carefully perched upon the knee—down drops the garter—and the thumb inserted at the top of the stocking pushes it down—down over the heel, and—the cotton rests beside the prunella.

So with the other foot only involving a slight change of position. There is a happy smile that peeps out from behind the blushes of her sweet face now as standing before the glass she places upon her head the night-cap and with a quick twist of her fingers ties the bewitching bow.

The night-gown is thrown on over the frilled chemise, concealing the heavy bosom and the fair shoulders in the linen folds. Don't you envy that night-robe and the liberties it takes? Don't you envy it, you wretched miserable old bachelor—you snarling growling old curmudgeon?

Then the counterpane and sheets are thrown back, the gas is turned down very low, and the little form presses the yielding couch, and the angel goes off into the world of dreams in which the handsome moustache of her Adolphus and his vows of eternal love are prominent—the remainder of the picture being filled with ministers, bridesmaids, new dresses, drives in Central Park, and plenty of "gold galore" or "love in a cottage."

Now in the room directly above her is the great brute of a brother. He comes 'nto it shuts the door with a slam, turns the key with a snap, growls at a chair which happens to be in his way, pulls off his boots and throws them into the corner, jerks off his socks from his feet, drops his pantaloons on the floor and lets them lie there—gets off his coat and vest by quick vindictive sort of twist of his arms and body, unpins and unbuttons his collar throws it carelessly, with the tie at, rather than on the table—travels to the window in his shirt extremity—to let down the curtain, as if he didn't care a curse whether the entire population of the street beheld his anatomy or not—then puts out the light and bounces into bed like a great calf jumping into a pile of hay—curls himself up his knees nearly touching his nose—lies so a moment or two—turns on his back—stretches his limbs out—swears at the tucking of the bed clothes—grunts—gets over on the other side—and is asleep.

Then comes in the snoring and snorting. Isn't there a difference in style?

We learn from the Boston papers, that the "Americans of African descent" in that vicinity are not satisfied with the proposition to form them into separate military organizations under white officers.

The Mary Benton, a little Connecticut river steamer, has been sold to the Government for \$52,000. She cost, when new, only \$30,000, and the Government has paid her owners \$27,000 for the use of her the last six months. It would be interesting to know how the purchase money was divided.

The Sullivan County Courts, have been postponed from the 24th of February, to the 7th day of next April, on account of the prevalence of the Small Pox.

THE NEGRO EQUAL TO THE WHITE MAN.

The Abolitionists having abandoned the false pretence set up at the commencement of the war—that it was for the preservation of the Union, the restoration of law and order, and the defence of the Government—and planted fairly upon the issue of negro equality and universal freedom, the question involved narrows down to a very small point: whether they shall compel the white man to degrade himself in his own estimation, and, per consequence, in the estimation of the world, or whether nobility and self respect shall triumph.

It would be folly to attempt to prove that a negro is in any way inferior to an Abolitionist;—that point is settled, decidedly in favor of the negro, by their own acknowledgment. An argument might much more readily be sustained in favor of negro superiority; for certainly every elevating principle of manhood is lost to him who places himself, his family, &c., on the lower level. But we cannot conceive the possibility of the Abolitionists being able, through the whole power of the Administration is with them, in forcing the ambitious, enterprising, intelligent American of Caucasian descent to the debasing level of the negro.

The restoration of Government, the enforcement of the laws, the supremacy of the Constitution, and the perpetuity of the Federal Union, was worthy of patriotic sacrifice; for the success of which every honest man and patriot most devoutly prayed. Under this broad banner thousands of men rallied to the call of the Administration. But was this the true issue then? Is it the issue now?

Passing events clearly separate the pretext from the reality. There has been no change of purpose. It was from the first as it is now. If not, will it be said that the preservation of the Constitution and the Union has now been necessarily abandoned after so great a sacrifice of life and treasure, for a mere crusade against slavery, and for the elevation of the negro to the fraternity of white men? Or must it be written upon the pages of history of this Union that the white man has proved incapable of self-government, that American soldiers were inefficient, that with their boasted intelligence, bravery and enterprise, they were compelled to proffer universal freedom to the negroes to induce them to lead their wise counsels and sinews to establish a new and better order of things? The compelling of the master to a common fraternization with his servants, is a task which cannot be accomplished, and the sooner it is abandoned the better.

GEN. NEAL DOW.—Our readers are well acquainted with the name of Neal Dow, the author of the Maine or maniac liquor law.—Neal of late has become ambitious of figuring in the "soger line," and being one of Lincoln's "fast" friends the latter made him a Brigadier and sent him to New Orleans, where he is distinguishing himself as a pilferer of silver ware. The late news from that quarter represents that Gen. Dow, has been cited, to appear before the sixth District Court of New Orleans, Judge Howell, to answer the charge of stealing silver ware to the amount of upwards of \$1,600; his accuser being Bradish Johnson, a native of New York. Dow, it is stated, admits the robbery, and tries to justify it on the ground that he supposed the victim was a secessionist.—E.

THE TRUTH.—One truth uttered by Wendell Phillips, the great abolition agitator and orator ought to be stereotyped and placarded in the free States. Wendell Phillips said: "The anti-slavery party had hoped for and PLANNED DISUNION, because it would lead to the development of mankind and the elevation of the black man."

The Bill to purchase "American citizens of African descent" from their masters in Missouri, has passed the United States Senate by the usual Abolition vote. The price set upon each negro is \$200, to raise which the tax-payers of the North are to be worked and starved. If Missouri wants to get rid of the institution, let her do as other Northern states have done. We venture the prediction, that if her cupidity leads her to accept of the bribe offered by the United States Senate, she will fail. It will never be paid. While the people of the northern states are willing to let slavery alone where it exists, they will not submit to a tax to become wholesale dealers in niggers.

The War Power.—Senator —, who is a banker at Havana, Schuyler county, N. Y. undertook to rebuke a hard customer, who had freely issued shipplasters redeemable at the Havana Bank. "I see, sir, you have set afloat shipplasters payable at our bank; you know you have not a dollar of money there." That is true. Senator; but I wish to heaven I had! "How can any so, Senator, when our people need currency so much?" "But you have no legal or moral right to issue them. How can do it?" "Do it, Senator—I do it under the War Power?"

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M. GILMAN, DENTIST.

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

ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION. Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post Office. Dec. 11, 1861.

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LIME FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZER for sale at VERNON'S. Mesheppen, Sept. 18. 1861.