The Rorth Branch Democrat.

ARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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LIME FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZE VERNOY'S. Meshoppen, Sept. 18, 1861.

VOL. 2, NO. 30.

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,) When this, our land, was young; And oft I've I've heard the aged tell, O, how my heart would pant and swell To hear the wondrous words which fell. From each loquacious tongue.

I've heard them tell how when our land, Was by War's desolating hand, Stricken long, long ago: Columbia had one gallant son, Who led our patriot armies on, The lov'd and honored Washington, The noble, brave, and true.

He thought it not beneath his state-Though he was noble, good and great, To seek with prudent care; To save the lives of those he led-Alas! I would this might be said Of those who at our nation's head, Preside with kingly air.

And I have read on History's page Of statesmen giftell, wise and sage, And men of mental vigor; Who seem to value white men high As negroes; nor wished them to die, Or suffer 'neath a horrid sky, To liberate the nigger.

Ah! many a ball hath others siain, Than those who on the battle plain, Have yielded life and all. For onward yet each ball will speed, And cause the hearts at home to bleed. And break to think their loved ones dead. "All stricken by one ball."

Think they of this, who ceaseless prate Of the poor bondman's hapless state? And severing kindred ties? O, if our leaders only knew, That we can love our kindred too, As well as though of ebon hue, Sure better days would rise. Keiserville, January, 1863.

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, and offered it her neighbor, Mr. Jones. In performing this hospitable action, Mrs. Brown called the Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wydning that they have located at Mehoopany, where they will promptly attend to all calls in the line of their profession. May be found at his Drug Stero when not professionally absent. ghost of a smile to her face, and in the careworn features could be seen traces of beauty taking away. She resumed her seat, and while rocking the cradle wearily proceeded to pare, quarter and core the apples in the pan beside her, while she discoursed in this wise to the strong, hearty-looking farmer who sat opposite

" 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. 'Tugged with fortune, and wearied with disaster,' as my mother ised to say."

"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." Mr. Jones said this in a wondering, good-natured

"Now, look here, neighbor," and into Mrs Brown's pale cheek a faint crimson crept and wavered uncertainly, then stationed in the accustomed place. "Look here, neighbor, you know that hen of ours-that speckled one, that's so famous for raising chickens ?you know how she worries about 'em, and clucks and scratches, and watches for 'em. gets poor and fretted like, so she's nothing at last but a bundle of bones and feathers-but the chickens come through all right-fat, and plump, and bright eyed. You know old Fuss -that's the name John gave her-never mind what she eats, or how heavy the rain pelts down upon her, and isn't afraid of anything tor the chickens' sake. Well, somehow, I think I am like the poor old hen."

Mrs. Brown dropped the knife and bent over the cradle a moment. Farmer Jones didn't notice the tears that fell upon the baby's cheek.

"You see, neighbor," the woman went on, when my heart and hand were full of tho'ts 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-I don't have much time left to think about these politics, or anything beyond the room we live in. But I used to have thoughts outside of this, about the countries far away over the sea, and the woman's eyes had a far off mournful look in them. "In geography, I remember how I liked to learn 'em, and then I thought maybe I'd see all those beautiful things some day; you know girls have their fancies. But I've given them al! up .-'Tisn't easy to go 'wool gathering' when I see Bub's toes coming out of his stockings, and John's mittens needing a patch. I'm afraid you men don't make hardly allowance enough for us, always. We're not so strong as you, and then our work is different. You carry that gal too. Just then one of our \$30,000, and the Government has paid her are out in the fresh air and sunshine, but we neighbors, Bill Neverpay, happened in; he

straw, and meet your neighbors and have a pleasant word with them, but we see the on ?" same thing every day, and I get lonesome to such lives as these."

plowing and sowing, and driving horses; that had said they went on as slick as grease .is heavy work, to be sure, but then you're After brushing a little I was ready and startstrong to do it. But we have such particu- ed off for Poleyan. lar careful work. Now there is bread baking-you don't know how much worry there is about it. You must take so much into the this. You must let the bread rise just so much, and fix the dampers just right, and handle it so careful. Why, Dr. D- told me that it's like managing chemicals; and he said men that work with chemicals were the most nervous kind, because they were always full of thoughts and care. Then there's preserves and pickles, and cakes and coffee .-You don't know anything about what care and trouble it is to get them up so nice, when you sit down and cat the light, crisp pastry, to come down and take a drink and see that and drink the coffee creamed to the color all went on right. Poleyan was in an awful that suits you, You don't know how troublesome it is to feel so much care always on you before a turkey to roast is done to 'a turn.' '

Mr. Jones looked steadily at his neighbor while she talked. She paused a moment maze, without offering her any assistance .-Finding he did not speak, she continued:

"And so you see, with all these things I often wish I could. And I think somehow, I'm like our old hen, I spoke of, for I don't nind much about myself. I see that I'm getting to stoop more every year, and there are gray hairs on my temples, though I'm not thirty yet. The wrinkles are so plain, too, on my forehead. I'm sorry; John thought it was pretty years ago. I remember how straight and slitn I used to be, and had nice brown hair and fed cheeks. Dear me! there hasn't been a bit of color in them for years. John is always good and kind, but he don't when I speak short and fretful sometimes, he looks surprised and says, 'What! Marv, is it you speaking in such a voice as that ?"

work was very much any way. But I see advise you to keep a hired girl, only they're such cross, vexing things."

" No. I don't think so," Mrs. Brown replied, "hired girls are abused, too. They have the same troubles that I have always. No wonder they complain sometimes, who have cause always. We ought to be sorry for them, and remember their troubles. And then John can't afford to keep a girl, I wo'd not let him. No, there's no way for me but to keep on working and worrying till I can't do anything more, and then they'll lay me away where it is quiet, and I shall rest. But and her eyes grew bright, " my children will grow up tall and strong, and if my life goes to nourish theirs, I suppose it's all the same. And yet I sometimes wish my life had been a brighter one."

A rough hand fell upon the woman's head, but its touch was gentle as her mother's might have been; a firm, manly voice said; " Your life shall be a brighter one, Mary, God help me to make it so."

She turned quickly, exclaiming in her sad sweet voice :

" John, John !"

MY FIRST AND LAST COURTSHIP,

When I was about thirty years of age, I took it into my head to get spliced to some awful purty gal. Well, there was a farmer in our neighborhood who had three daughters, and I kinder took a shine to the youngest one. She was awful smart now, I can tell you, but the old man was in the way, he was an awful cross old chap. So I sat down to hatch up some way how I should get her .-By-and by a thought struck me there was to be a ball down to Jake Bent's and I thought I'd ask Polevan to go to it with me. So that night I went down and asked her if she would go with me. I thought by that way I could get her. She said she would go, so I went home as tickled as a monkey up an ap-

Well, my sister Betsy made me a bran new pair of buckskin trousers to go in, and rile my picter ef she didn't put sturrups to em to keep em down. She said straps were the fashion and I should wear 'em. So I gin in and got ready for the ball, I was all ready but one thing, and that was my boots; I had just bought me a new pair for the dewings, to dance in. They were mighty small now, I can tell you. I tugged and pulled and pulled and tugged, but it warnt no use-what to do I did not know, for I was bound to go and stay in the house and don't have much change | was wonderfully tickled about something .-You go to the market, and haul wood and Says I to Bill :

"What shall I do to my boots to get them

"Put some soft soap in them and I'll warsometimes, and wouder why we were put in- rant they'll go on as slick as grease," said he. Well, our folks had been making soap the "Then it's trying a woman's nerves-the day before, and I got some and put about a kind of work she has to do. That's like pint into each boot, and sure enough as Bill

When I arrived Farmer Flint was sitting smoking arter supper, and the younger Flints were sitting round the table taking theirs .account, the kind of wood you have to make A whappin big pan of mush stood right in your fire, the yeast; all these allowances for the centre, and Poleyan was helpin the young

> sters. 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 war 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. He asked me what I wanted? Well, purty soon I gathered up and told

him what I come down for, and invited him way for fear he would not consent. O gingerbread! how my feet smarted. I thought nor how much patience and watching it takes I should die, but dasent say a word about it, Off bounded Poleyan up a ladder into the second story and one of the small gals with her to help put on the fixups; I sot down in to replenish her fire. He sat in a kind of a cheer and fell a talking with the old woman. And while we were chattin away as nice as relations, I could hear Poleyan making things stand around above. The floor don't think much about what's going on out- was only loose boards scattered over wide side, that you and John talk about, though I jistes, and every step would make 'em rattle like a small hurricane. Old Tom smoked away, and the young uns at the table would hold a spoonful of mush to their mouths and look at my straps and then look at each other and snigger, till at last the old man seed

> 'Well by gun flints,' says, he 'ef you aint makin a darned josey-'

Just at that moment something gin way above, and may I be drowned in a frog pond ef Poleyan, without anything on yearth on her but one of these skeletons, didn't drop know how worried I get, most every day, and rite through the floor and sot, skeletons and all kerchunk flat into the pan of mush. I jest thought for a second that heaven and yearth had come together and squeezed me between Mr. Jones looked up in a wondering sort em. Poleyan squalled like a catamount, a of a way. "Why, I never thought woman's spot of the mush had spattered on the old man's face and burnt him and he swore like a yu're right. According to your strength, pirate, I snatched up a pan of milk and dashyou have the hardest times. We work hard, ed over Poleyan to cool her off, the old wobut then, as you say, we are stronger and man knocked me sprawlin for doin it, and have more variety; then at evening we rest. away went my straps. The young uns let more considerate toward the women. I'd loose, and I'd jest gin half my hide and part of my trousers to have been out of the old man's reach. He,did reach for me, but I lent him one with my highlows on the smeller that spread him, and maybe I didn't leave sudden.

I din't know for a spell whar I was running, but hearing nothing behind me, I slacked up and jest considered whether it wur best for me to go home and get my straps strait and leave or go and see the ball. I didn't consider long, for I heard old Tom's teeth grit, so I started. I didnt stop till I was looking through the window to see ef it cum up to my expectations. While I was looking at the boys going it, one of 'em spide me and hauled me in and stood me afore the fire to dry, and all hands got around to know what what was the matter. I ups and tells all 'bout it, and I never heerd such laffiin, hollerin' and screamin' in all my life.

Jest then my trousers gin to feel the fire and shrink up 'bout an inch a minit, and the boys and gals kept it so strong laffin at my scrape and the pickle I was in that I gin to git rily, when all at onst I seed one smart lookin chap hollerin' wus than the loudest.

'Old Tom said he'd chaw you up, did he ' said the smart-lookin chap; 'well he always keeps his word.'

That minnit I biled over; I grabbed his slick har and maybe I didn't give him scissors Jest as I was making him a chawed specimen some feller hollered out.

" Don't let old Tom in with that ar rifle." I didn't hear any more in that house, light nin couldn't a got near enough to singe my coat tails, I jumped through the window as a bar ud go through a cane brake, and blow me if I couldn't hear the grit of old Tom Flint's teeth and smell his powder till I landed home. I went in and struck a light, cause the folks was all off to bed, so I tried to get my boots off after working about an hour I got em off, by cutting a big hole in each of 'em and made up my mind to never court old Tom Flint's daughter. After that I was laid up about three weeks with my feet, the skin wur took clean off of them, besides spilin a bran new pair of trousers and my boots. So ended my first and last courtship.

ANOTHER GOVERNMENT SPECULATION .-The days of fat jobs are not over. The New Haven Journal says :

"The Mary Benton, a little Connecticut river steamer, has been sold to the Government for \$52,000. She cost, when new, only owners \$27,000 for the use of her the last how the perchase money was divided."

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 ei- fairly upon the issue of negro equality and ther of them retires to bed.

The young girl trips gaily up to her chamto 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 fingers, she lifts the bed valance, peers into 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 son, 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 glorsy 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 sundry waist strings and buttoned straps are unloosened, 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 underfixens and overfixens 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 gaiters and the disrobing of the fair swelling limbs, of the stockings. The pretty little foot is carefully perched upon the knee-down drops the gaiter-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 standing before the glass she places upon her head the night-cap and with a quick twist of her fingers ties the bewitching bow. Then 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 counterpain and sheets are thrown back, the gas is turned down very low, and the little form presses the vielding couch, and the angel goes off into the world of deeams 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 into it shuts the door with a slam, turns the key with a snap, growis 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 backstreaches 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. They claim that it makes too great a distinction in point of equality, which they will not submit to. If equality is the point to be gained in this war, they demand that it should be recognized in the army. In this, however, they seem to forget that the white soldier might object to such an amalgamation. In this reighborhood, there has, so far been no effort to procure negro recruits, that we have heard of, and it is currently said that such an effort. six months. It would be interesting to know if made, will be useless They will have to be drafted, if obtained at all,

THE NEGRO EQUAL TO THE WHITE

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 universal freedom, the question involved narrows down to a very small point: whether ber and with the cautious timidity peculiar 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 Abolitionits full, and institutes a general search thro'- ist ;-that point is settled, decidedly in favor out the apartment, that she may be sure it of the negro, by their own acknowledgment. does not contain a "horrible burglar" or "a An argument might much more readily be desperate ruffian" in big whiskers and crispy sustained in favor of negro superiority; for black hair. Carefully with delicate little certainly every elevating principle of manhood is lost to him who places himself, his family, places where even Tom Thum couldn't squeeze &c., on the lower level. But we cannot conceive the possibilty of the Abolitionists being able, through the whole power of the Adminsitration is with them, in forcing the ambitious, enterprising, intelligent American of sufficient to contain the ghost of Culvin Ed | Caucassian 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 rom 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 presecryation 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.

equainted 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 quarier 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 unwards 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 .- Ex.

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 tet 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 shinplasters redeemable at the Havana Bank. "I see, sir, you have set affoat shinpasters 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 say so, Senator, when our people need currency so much ?" you have no legal or moral right to issue them. How can do it? "Do it, Senator-I do it under the War Power?

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 Pos