

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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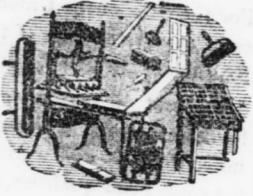
NEW SERIES,

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North Branch Democrat.

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Particular attention given to the treatment of Chronic Diseases. entromoreland, Wyoming Co. Pa.—v2n2

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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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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September 11, 1861.

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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.

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Fresh Ground Plaster in Quantities and at prices to suit purchasers, now for sale at Meshoppen Pa. B. Messager Jr.

Poet's Corner.

[From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]
THE MANAGER—A CHRISTIAN LYRIC.

BY EDWARD G. JONES.

Kneel, Christian, by the manger bed,
Think deeply; let no words be said,
For thee Jehovah-Jesus, thee,
Begin his pilgrim infancy.
Go lay thy beating heart to his,
And count its infant pulses there;
The Roman spear in future day,
Shall lay its holy arteries bare.

Look, Christian, at those tiny hands,
That fondly seek his mother's breast,
The stern rough nail in future day,
Must through their shrinking nerves be sent.
Kiss that dear little foot, like snow,
It sweeps from out the swathing band,
Amid its crimson it must glow,
Transfixed be mortals impious hand.

How calm that gentle, liquid eye,
Upturned to Mary's speaking face,
Without, the wintry wind is high,
Within, what Summer Love we trace.
Christian, that eye in future day,
Shall turn its ray upon the weak,
Shall volum forth its princely spell,
And give to pride an ashen cheek.

Amid the bustle of the Inn,
The clanging tones, of jostling throngs,
There is one still small voice within,
That voice to Mary but belongs,
Hushed by the world, how he smiles,
The little briny drops sustain,
And in the Stable she beguiles,
Her bosom of the shadow'd pain.

Christian! he yet shall weep alone,
O'er social wrongs, and grievance high,
And no fond parent have the power,
To wipe that moisture from his eye.
Alone, 'mid bustling, careless crowds,
His pilgrim infancy began,
Alone, in future day he tells,
'Mid unappreciative Man.

Infant of days! thy life, thy death,
Oh, what circumstance may bound,
What issues, solemn and immense,
That manger-bed encompass round,
Agates taxed his Roman reuln,
But thou a mightier tax hast laid,
Oh! Universe! redeemed and won,
It may be owned, but never paid.

Select Story.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was over at last. The sun, which had walked slow and calm through the long hours of that terrible day, had gone down in a column of fire beyond the western hills, and now the stars were coming out swiftly, like petals scattered all over an azure sky.

And the stars looked down on the battle field, as they had come out and looked down for scores of years on the fair young land which had arisen in her strength and beauty until amid all the nations there was none to compare with her—on the great cities that were hung like jewels on her green bosoms—on the broad harvest fields that waved their tresses for joy through her golden summers—on the houses where the dwellers thereof sat peaceful and happy under their own vines and fig trees—on all this had the stars which came up night after night to the watch towers of the sky looked, until at last there came a change; and now, where the harvest had waved their locks in the summer winds, was that most terrible sight which the sun and stars ever beheld—the night of a battle-field.

The conflict had raged hot and terrible that day.

The hearts of the dismal mountains had shuddered with the thunder of cannons and the earth drank in blood as in autumn she drinks in the equinoctial rains; but at last the days awful work was done, and the night winds lifted the grey banners of smoke from the battle-field.

The air was full of the heat and smell of powder, ghastly faces, on trampled grass the wounded lay thicker, filling the air with moans—riderless horses rushing terrified over the field; and the dying daylight of the solemn stars watching over all. A little way from the battle field was a small stream, making a blue fold in the dark grass, and two men had crawled to its banks to quench their thirst.

And when the two men crawled along the bank, looked up and met each other's faces, they knew they were enemies, and they knew too, that a few hours ago, each had aimed his rifle at the other, and that aim had caused a ghastly wound a little way from the heart, which had drank the life-blood of each, and each had gazed desperately on his adversary a moment before he fell.

But there was no fierceness in the eyes of those men now, as they sat face to face on the bank of the stream, the strife and the anger are all gone now, and they sat still and looked at each other. At last one of them spoke:

"We haven't either a chance to hold out much longer, I judge?"

"No," said the other, with a mixture of sadness and recklessness. You did that last

job of yours well, as that bears witness," and he pointed to a wound a little way from the heart, from which the life-blood was slowly oozing.

"Not better than did yours," answered the other with a grim smile, as he pointed to a wound a little higher up, larger and more ragged—a deadly one.

And then the two men gazed at each again in the dim light, for the moon had come over the hills now, and stood among the stars like a pearl of great price. As they looked a softer feeling stole over the hearts of each toward his fallen foe; a feeling of pity for the strong manly life laid low, a feeling of regret for that inexorable necessity of war, which made each man the slayer of the other; and at last one spoke—

"There's some folks in the world that feel worse, I suppose, because you have gone out of it?"

A spasm of pain was on the bronzed ghastly features.

"Yes," said the man, in thick tones—"There's one woman with a little boy and girl, away up among the New Hampshire mountains, that it'll very high kill to hear of this," and then the man groaned out in bitter anguish, "Oh God have pity on my wife and children!"

And the other drew closer to him.

"And away down in the cotton fields of Georgia there's a woman and a little girl whose hearts will break when they hear what this day has done," and then the cry wrung itself sharply out of his heart, "Oh God have pity on them!"

And from that time on, the Northerner and the Southerner ceased to be foes. The thoughts of those distant homes on whom the anguish was so soon to fall, drew them close together in their last hour, and the two men wept like little children. And at last the Northerner spoke, talking more to himself than anything else, and he did not know that the other was listening greedily to every word.

"She used to come—my little girl—bless her heart! every night to meet me when I come home from the fields; and she would stand under the great plum tree that's just beyond the back door at home, with the sunlight making a yellow crown on her golden curls, and the laugh dancing in her eyes when she heard the click of the gate. I see her there now, and I'd take her in my arms and she'd stick up her little red lips for a kiss; but my little girl will never watch under the old plum tree by the well for her father again. I shall never hear the cry of joy as she catches a glimpse of me at the gate—I shall never see her little feet running over the grass to spring into my arms again?"

"And," said the Southerner, "there's a little brown-eyed, brown-haired girl that used to watch in the cool afternoons for her father when he rode in from his visit to the plantations—I can see her little face shining out now from the roses that covered the pillars, and her shout of joy as I bounded from my horse and chased the little flying feet and the loud laugh up add down the veranda.—But my darling, your bright little face will grow pale with watching among the roses for your father, and you and he will never go laughing and romping up the old veranda again!"

And the Northerner drew near to the Southerner, and the hot tears stood on his cold cheeks, as he said:

"May God have pity on our fatherless children!"

"Amen!" said the Southerner, fervently. And the Northerner spoke in a husky whisper, for the eyes of the dying man were glassing fast.

"We have fought together like brave men. We are going before our God in a little while. Let us forgive each other."

The Southerner tried to speak, but the sound died away in a gurgle from his white lips; but he took the hand of his fallen foe, and his stiffened fingers enclosed tight over it, and his last look was one of forgiveness and peace. And when the next morning's sun walked up the grey stairs of the dawn, touched with pink, it looked down and saw the two foes lying dead with their hands clasped in each others, by the stream which ran by the battle-field.

And the little girl with golden hair that watched under the plum tree among the hills of New Hampshire, and the little girl with bright, brown hair, that waited by the roses among the green plains of Georgia, were fatherless.

A Despotism to be Established.

"Another principle must certainly be embodied in our reorganized form of government. The men who shape the legislation of this country, when the war is past, must remember that what we want is power and strength. The problems will be to combine the forms of a Republican Government with the powers of a Monarchical Government."—Philadelphia Press.

"This war has already shown the absurdity of a government with limited powers; it has shown that the power of every government ought to be and must be UNLIMITED."—Philadelphia North American.

Such are the sentiments of the leading organs of the Black Republican party. They require no comment, except to be denounced as the rankest treason to the Government.

Miscellaneous.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.

Our correspondent T, writing from the Ninth Army Corps, opposite Fredericksburg, narrates the following, which occurred on Christmas day, while the writer was out on picket with his company:

After partaking of a Christmas dinner of salt junk and hard tack, our attention was attracted by a rebel picket who hailed us from the opposite side of the river:

"I say yank, if a fellow goes over there will you let him come back again?"

Receiving an affirmative answer he proceeded to test the truth of it by paddling himself across the river. He was decidedly the cleanest specimen of a rebel I had seen.

In answer to a question, he said he belonged to the Georgia Legion. One of the boys remarked, "I met quite a number of your boys at South Mountain." "Yes I suppose so—if you were there," said the rebel, while his face grew very sad. "We left very many of our boys there. My brother, poor Will, was killed there. It was a hot place for a while, and we had to leave it in a hurry."

"That's so, Georgia, your fellows fought well there, and had all the advantage, but the old Keystone boys were pressing you hard. By the way I have a likeness here (taking it out of his pocket) that I picked up on the battle field the next morning and I have carried it ever since." He handed it to the rebel who, on looking at it, pressed it to his lips; exclaiming, "my mother! my mother!" he exhibited considerable emotion at the recovery of the picture, but on regaining his composure he said, that his brother had it in his possession and must have lost it in the fight.

He then asked the name of the one to whom he was indebted for the lost likeness of his mother, remarking, "There may be better times soon, and we may know each other better." He had taken from his pocket a small bible in which to write the address when Alex., who had taken no part in the conversation, fairly yelled, "I know that book! I lost it at Bull Run!" that's what I got it, Mr. Yank, said the rebel—and handed it to Alex. "I am much obliged to you, Georgia Legion, for I wouldn't part with it for all the Southern Confederacy." It was a little curious to know something further of the book, so I asked Alex. to let me see it. He passed it to me. I opened it, and on the fly leaf saw written in a neat lady's hand: "My Christmas gift to Alex.—Dec. 25th, 1860. Ella." "Well, Alex," said I. "It is not often one has the same gift presented to him a second time." "True Captain; and if I could but see the giver of that to-day, there's but one other gift that I would want." "What's that Alex?" "This rebellion played out and my discharge in my pocket."

The boys had all been busy talking to our rebel friend, who seeing a horseman approaching in the direction of his post, bid us a hasty good bye, and made as quick a trip as possible across the Rappahannock. Night came on, and those not on duty lay down on the frozen ground, to dream of other Christmas nights, when we knew not of war.

Shape of Our Bodies.

Symmetry is one of the conditions of the created man upright in His own image. The vital organs in the chest and abdomen are fitted to an erect spine. If the upper portion of the spine bend forward, as in drooping shoulders, not only is the great nerve marrow of the spine itself distorted, and its circulation crippled, (which is a serious matter, resulting in certain common affections,) but the lungs, hearts liver, and stomach lose their natural place, and perform all their duties disadvantageously. A very large proportion of our many affections of these vital organs take their rise in such displacement. What shall be done?

1. Improve the desks in our schools, so that, instead of compelling our young to sit for hours every day in a stooping position they shall be compelled to sit erect, with their heads and shoulders drawn well back. This is very easily accomplished. Such a change in our school furniture would prove priceless natural blessing.

2. Remove every ounce of pressure from the waist. Pants worn without suspenders, and drawn close about the body, skirts and dresses pressing at the waste, must produce round shoulders, for when the organs of the abdomen are pushed downward, the shoulders must drop in order to maintain the relation between the thoracic and abdominal viscera.

3. The back levers of our chairs must be sawn off two inches shorter than the front ones. The front edges of the seat must not be more than fourteen inches high for a woman, and sixteen for men. This arrangement will immediately relieve the back while sitting, and secure a good position of shoulders.

4. The habit of walking erect, with the air of a soldier, must be generally cultivated.

5. Gymnastic culture of the shoulders. With such means the nation will become upright and vigorous.—Dio Lewis.

"You can't do that again," as the pig said, when the boy cut his tail off.

Political.

Daniel Webster's Ideas of Concession, etc.

"March, 1861, when I found it my duty to address Congress on these important topics, it was my conscientious belief, and it still remains unshaken, that if the controversy with Texas could not be amicably adjusted, there must, in all probability, be civil war and bloodshed; and in contemplation of such a prospect, although we took it for granted that no opposition could arise to the opposition of the United States that would not be suppressed, it appeared of little consequence on which standard victory should perch. But what of that? I was not anxious about military consequences; I looked to the civil and political state of things and their results, and I inquired what would be the condition of the country, if, in this state of agitation, if, in this vastly extended, though not generally pervading feeling of the South, war should break out and bloodshed should ensue in that quarter of the Union? That was enough for me to inquire into and consider; and if the chances had been one in a thousand, that civil war would be the result, I should have felt that that one-thousandth chance should be guarded against by any reasonable sacrifice; because, gentlemen, sanguine as I am of the future prosperity of the country, strongly as I believe now, after what has passed, and especially after the enactment of those measures to which I have referred, that it is likely to hold together, I yet believe that this Union, once broken, is incapable, according to all human experience, of being re-constructed in its original character, of being re-cemented by any chemistry, or art, or effort, or skill of man."

The above remarks were made by Webster in support of the measures which secured the adjustment of controversies with Texas, touching its boundary, as well as the establishment of governments in the territories of New Mexico and Utah.

Copperheads vs. Blacksnakes.

The Black Republican is excessively fond of applying epithets to their opponents, are now very industriously applying the term "Copperheads" to the Democrats. We like it much. There is an applicability about it which speaks out boldly and has a palpable meaning.

The "Copperhead" is peculiar to this country: a fearless, independent snake that knows its power, and when disturbed or interfered with, uses it; it is a brave snake, and therefore naturally tolerant, harmless and passive; but take care you do not trample upon it, for it never runs, except to attack its foe, and its bite, when once aroused, is awful.

Now, the representative of the Republican, opposite to the Copperhead, is the Blacksnake. And here, too, the analogy is complete. The black snake is a cowardly, hissing, thieving reptile. He possesses somewhat the power to charm but he always charms the innocent to destruction. He robs birds' nests, visits the barn yard and sucks hens' eggs, and will often be found curled round the legs of a cow sucking her milk, just as Black Republican contractors, jobbers, and office holders are now doing with Uncle Samuel's cow.—Jeffersonian.

WHY IS IT DONE?

Necessity is the mother of invention." The truth of this axiom can in no instance, be more fully verified than that in the case of the present abolitionized Republican party of the United States. Under the plea of necessity, the devil gained a certain point, and the Abolitionists of to day are endeavoring, by connecting the plea of necessity with the idea of invention, to accomplish politically what Satan did morally.

For instance: it was necessary for a stupid and venal Administration, to suppress certain presses, which exposed its weakness, and necessity and invention worked together to accomplish the object. Necessity upon the part of a weak and tottering administration, was the cause of the suspension of the writ of Habeas Corpus, and invention bro't about the arrest of loyal citizens without law or warrant.

Invention circulated *Helper's Book* and other incendiary works. Invention is now forming Loyal Leagues; is stigmatizing all as traitors who do not worship at the shrine of Abraham, and keeping up a system of espionage among their neighbor's words and acts.

The latest invention, however, of the friends of this modern Belshazzar, is sending men through the country, ostensibly engaged in honest and honorable callings, such as Map Agents, Insurance Agents, Horse and Cattle purchasers, Fruit Tree Agents, Colporteurs, &c., but whose real object is to endeavor to abolitionize the people. In some parts of the State, this system is being practiced to some extent, but we think not here. Let our friends, however, look out for them, as there is no knowing what a frenzied set of men may do.

The draft has been quietly progressing in those counties of Michigan where the quota has not been filled by volunteers.

RECITATION IN GEOGRAPHY.

"Seventeenth class in Mental Geography arise, and group yourselves together. Toe the crack—heads up like new yeast, and don't talk through your noses."

"What is Geography?"

"Don't know."

"That's right, sonny—never tell a lie."

"What is the surface of the earth?"

"The outside."

"Bully for you, sweet William."

"That's me."

"Which predominates—that is, which is the biggest part—land or water?"

"In the rainy season, water; in times of drouth land."

"What is the big body of water called?"

"Old Ocean."

"Whom does it benefit?"

"The Secretary of the Navy, and his relatives in the ship trade."

"How so?"

"They sell rotten ships to the Government ten times their worth."

"For what purpose do ships sail on the Ocean?"

"To drown soldiers."

"What do our ships take to other countries?"

"Raw cotton and minted gold."

"What do they bring back in return?"

Wool, (on the darkey's head,) and other pestilential diseases."

"That is right, my bully boy, with a wax ear, you shall see Gen. Pope some day."

"What is a peculiar characteristic of the ocean?"

"Its difference from the Administration."

"How so, my red topped student?"

"It never becomes corrupt."

"Very well for an orphan. You may go and kiss the girls and emulate the ocean."

"What is a sea?"

"Pair of spectacles."

"Ah, ha! None of that, Timothy.—What is a strait?"

"Next to a full—beats two pair."

"Hello, there. I'll call you from the deck into the cabin, John Henry—You may go and get some wood."

"What is a channel?"

"The place a feller oils up with whiskey just before he makes a political speech."

"Correct; glad to see you in such spirits."

"Thomas, what is a peninsula?"

"A place where the Army of the United States wanders, surrounded by a Stonewall."

"What is a cape?"

"A far thing worn by ladies."

"Observing youth, thou hast won a capable name."

"Peter, what is a cave?"

"The last Republican vote in New York State."

"Bright-eyed gazelle, I see, but you see more.