

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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Newton Centre, Luzerne County Pa.

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Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

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D. J. C. CORSELIUS, HAVING LOCATED
AT THE FALLS, will promptly attend to all calls in the line of his profession—may be found at Deemer's Hotel, when not professionally absent. Falls, Oct. 10, 1861.

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T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor.
Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA.

RILEY WARNER, Prop'r.

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Harvey Sickler's.

Poet's Corner.

[From the Carbonate Advance]

SNOW IN APRIL.

BY STELLA, OF LACKAWANA.

Ye linger strangely, winter snows,
Though the soft, south gale comes and goes,
And ardent emblems tempting lie
Beneath a witching April sky,
To lure ye from the valleys wide,
And hill-tops where ye love to hide
No welcome guest,
Ye were, at best,
Though autumn doted his yellow vest,
And flung adown his yellow crest,
Low at your feet, at earth's behest.
Ye came as subtle tyrants come,
And many a joyous lip grew dumb;
'Twas sad to know,
At one fell blow
So many hopes laid low,
Deep buried in eternal snow.
Our mantles, then, we closer wrap,
And hurried through the cheerless street,
Then to our firesides, shivering, creep,
To listen to the rattling sheet,
And dream of those Arcadian bowers,
Where purple first hung dipped in gold,
And clinging vines and stately flowers
Lent their own beauty to the hours,
That o'er their Eden fragrance rolled.

No, welcome guest,
Ye were, at best,
Yet, journeying from a far-off shore,
We smiled, all gravely, and confessed,
Though still an uninvited guest,
We could no less, we would no more,
Than bow our heads upon our breast,
And wish the stormy visit o'er,
Whose pageantry should haunt our rest,
And chase their spirit, sick and sore.

I never loved ye, winter-king,
Though painted raven, and peats ring,
Of brilliant hair,
And jeweled fair,
Bright glittering in the frosty air:
And all a-glow,
O'er moon-touched snow,
Glebe blushing bells, and dashing bean,
Whispering low dream-words as they go:
And lullaby fair,
With sunny hair,
Builds snow-waited castles in the air:
And skaters whirl o'er frozen lakes,
With hearts in flame, though fingers ache:
And all the world dance jubilee,
The green leaves summer life for me!
No joy there seems in sudden skies,
Where boras on his gold couch lies,
And, lion-like, shakes his proud mane,
With savage roar, o'er hill and plain:
And with one bound, hushes the song—
That should to April rills belong—
And stamps with angry, mantling foot,
Each springing blade, and struggling root,
Yet ye, pale monarch, loiter still—
I hear your tread on yonder hill,
And in my spirit feel your child,
Lay down your sceptre and depart—
I long to see the violets start,
And feel the sunshine in my heart!
Lift your cold touch from off my brow,
That I may see the daisies grow,
And watch the blue-birds on the wing,
And the pale bulbs that upward spring
Beneath my wayward feet, that climb
The wild-ways in April time.
Down from your throne, Oh laughing king,
Nor stay a hoary, hated thing,
Back to your own reluctant shores!—
Your cold, stern ways have wearied me:
I would not yield ye homage more,
Nor bend again a willing knee.
But beauty's queen,
With gracious mien,
Hiding 'mong southern slopes away,
Shall come, as best befits a queen,
In mantle decked with sprays of green
And floating veil of summer sheen,
And will own her royal sway.

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his far away camp, as a most welcome visitor from home. Think of his comrades getting letters by every mail, while there comes not a word or a token for him.

"Oh! but Miss Annie, I've sent him two pairs of stockings knit with my own hands; and he's never so much as let me know that he received them."

"A letter should have gone with them," said the young lady. "The stockings, if they ever reached him, were but dumb signs; a loving sentence, even if he had been obliged to spell it out slowly from among ill formed words, would have spoken to his heart, and warmed it with a living pleasure. Write to your son, Mrs. Rogers. Nothing that you can send him will do Thomas half so much good as a letter from his mother. A single line will be precious. Don't let him any longer have the feeling, among his comrades, that he alone has no one to care for him, or send him sweet remembrances."

"I don't believe I can write, Miss Annie," said Mrs. Rogers.

"Try. Have you pen and ink?"

"No, Miss. As I told you just now, I haven't had a pen in my fingers these five years; and I don't believe I could compose a letter, even if I had the skill to write it out."

"You must try, Mrs. Rogers. It will never do in the world for Thomas to go any longer without a letter from home. I have a spare ink-stand, and will step around for it."

And the young lady arose, saying as she went out,

"I'll be back again in a little while, with pen, ink and paper. Between us Thomas must have a letter."

On Annie's return with writing materials, Mrs. Rogers, still reluctant to undertake the unaccustomed task of penning a letter, sat down, and made sundry awkward attempts to form words and sentences, by way of practice, before essaying the epistle, which her ardent young visitor had made up her mind should be produced and mailed to the absent soldier that day.

"Very well done! Of course you can write!" said Annie, encouragingly, as she watched the efforts of Mrs. Rogers. "Now take a sheet of paper, and just think you are talking to him. Write down whatever you would like to say, and say just as much about home, and what is going on here, that you think would interest him, as you can call to mind. Take your time to it, and don't feel hurried. I'll come around again in the course of an hour, and see what you've done. Then we'll both go over it, and I'll make all the corrections needed, so that you can copy it out fairly. My word for it, there'll be a nice letter for Thomas, that will do his heart good."

In an hour, Annie came back, as she had promised. Mrs. Rogers had filled two pages of paper with rather badly spelled sentences; but the matter was all right, as far as it went. Annie made all needed corrections, and then waited until Mrs. Rogers had copied the letter, which she folded and directed for her.

"Shall I mail it for you?"

"If you please," said Mrs. Rogers.

And the young lady went away, taking the letter. Since learning that Thomas Rogers, whom she very well remembered had not once received a letter from his mother, although he had been absent for over a year, she had felt pity and concern for the young man, whom she remembered as a little wild in his habits before he went into the army. This had made her the more urgent that the mother should do her duty. The letter was as well as could have been expected under the circumstances. Still, as Annie's thoughts went off to the distant camp, and dwelt on the young man's particular case, it did not seem to her all that he needed.

"I will write to him!" she said, as the case, continuing to dwell in her mind, presented itself in stronger light.

"He was once, for a short time, my scholar in Sunday School, and that shall be my warrant. So she wrote him a brief, but pointed and earnest letter touching his duties as a soldier and as a man. Not in a superior, lecturing tone; but in a kind suggestive way and in language calculated to touch his feelings and arouse his better nature.

An officer sat in his tent, near Gaines' Mills Va., three days previous to the assault on the right wing of our army before Richmond.

"In the guard-house again!" he said, speaking to the orderly, who had just submitted his report. There was regret, as well as discouragement in his voice. "What are we to do with the man?"

"You will have to order a severer punishment. Simple confinement in the guard-house is of no use."

"He has in him all the elements of a good soldier," remarked the officer. "No one goes through the manual better. He is perfectly drilled; is quick, steady, and brave. At Williamsburg he fought like a lion. I cannot forget, that, to his prompt courage, I owe my life. No—no—no severer punishment. We must bear with him a little longer. What is his offence now?"

"He was away at roll call and his report of himself is unsatisfactory. The man is restless and brooding; and sometimes so ill natured as to make trouble with his comrades."

"The officer sat in thought for some time,

He was about speaking when a sergeant came in with letters, a mail having been received. In running his eyes over them, the officer noticed two directed to Thomas Rogers, the soldier reported as in the guard house. He held them for a moment in his hand, and then laid them aside with his own letters.

"Let me see you in half an hour," he said to the orderly. "We must do something to reform this man. There is good in him, if we can discover the way to make it active.

The orderly retired, and the officer became occupied with his letters. After getting through with them, word was passed to have Rogers brought before him. He came, under guard, but the guard was dismissed, and the man was alone with the officer, who regarded him more in pity than in anger. The soldier was a young man not over twenty years of age; of slender form, but compactly built, and muscular. Even under disgrace, there was a manly self poise about him that did not escape the officer's notice.

"Under arrest again! What have you to say for yourself?" The officer tried to be stern, and to speak with severity.

The soldier did not answer; but a look, half dogged, half defiant, was visible in his face.

"I shall have to order severer punishment."

There was no reply; only a slight change in attitude and expression of the countenance, that indicated a bracing of mind and nerve for more endurance.

"When did you hear from home?" asked the officer, who did not remember to have seen a letter addressed to Rogers until the receipt of that day's mail.

"Not for a long time," was answered with apparent surprise at so unexpected a question.

"Here are two letters to your address." And the officer, who had the letters in his hand held them toward the soldier, who stared with strange bewilderment, and received them with a hand that trembled visibly.

"Sit down and read them," said the officer, pointing to a camp stool. The man sat down showing considerable excitement, and after looking cautiously at the delicately written superscriptions, opened one of the letters and glanced it through hurriedly. The officer's gaze was on him and he read in his countenance the rapid play of various emotions. Then he opened the other letter which was read twice. As he finished it he drew his hand hastily across his eyes.

"From home?" inquired the officer.

The young soldier stood up giving the usual sign of respect, as he answered in the affirmative. The officer noticed that his face was graver and paler; and that the late look of dogged defiance had faded out.

"And now, Rogers, what have you to say for yourself? Will you drive us to severer punishment? You know as well as I do, that that discipline must be enforced." There was remonstrance, not anger in his voice.

"Only this, answered the soldier, humbly, yet in a firm voice. "I have done wrong, and am sorry. Forgive me; and if I break a rule of the service again shoot me."

"Spoken like a man and a soldier! I will trust you Rogers," said the officer; and dismissing the guard, he sent him to duty."

Two days afterward came that overwhelming assault upon our right wing, and on the next day the terrible conflict at Gaines' Mills. Among the coolest and bravest in all the fierce battles that followed, and among the most enduring in the long nights of retreat, was young Rogers. He was with that body at Malvern Hill under our dead dealing batteries, the fire from which staggered, and then drove back the rebel masses, whose desperate courage in that maddest of all assaults, was worthy of a better cause. Twice during this series of battles, as once at Williamsburg, had Rogers risking his own life saved that of his captain; and in several of the conflicts, he had shown such coolness and courage, that positions were saved which but for the infusion of his spirit into his comrades would have been lost.

One day, about three weeks after the letters were written to Thomas Rogers, the young lady whom we have called Annie, received a reply from the soldier, dated "In Camp near Harrison's Landing." It ran thus:

"A good angel must have put it into your heart to send me that letter, for it came just in time to save me. I was in the guard house, for neglect of duty and disobedience of orders. I was reckless and desperate. All my comrades were getting word from home—letters came to them by every mail—but no one wrote to me, or seemed in the least to care for me. So I lost all respect for myself, grew sour, unhappy, and indifferent to duty. But your kind words—your talk about the past time when you were my teacher—your strong appeal to my better nature—your calm, true, sweet sentences, dear lady! stirred my heart with new feelings, and filled my eyes with tears. I was before my captain, in disgrace, when your letter was placed in my hands. He waited for me to read it; saw that I was touched, and, like a true man as he is, forgave me. Then and there, I resolved to die sooner than swerve a hair's breadth from duty. I have been in fearful battles since, but God has kept me from harm. To-day, for bravery and faithful service in these battles, I have been made second lieutenant. Thanks,

thanks to you, kind, good friend! You have saved one who came nigh being lost!"

Fair reader, is there not, in some far away camp, a soldier, who would be made better or happier through a letter from your hand? Think! If there is, write to him. Brothers, sisters, write often to the soldiers who have gone out from your homes.—They are in the midst of temptations, trials, sufferings, and privations, and your words of love, your tenderly manifested interest, your exhortations to courage and duty, cannot fail to do them good.—Peterson's Mag.

THE IRISHMANS SPURS—A Funny Story.

Many years ago, in England, when travelers were wont to journey on horseback, and sleep two in a bed at taverns, the following droll incident occurred at Chester Two young bloods stopped at the Red Fox tavern, and while going up to bed late at night, (it being hot weather,) they discovered the door of one of the bed-rooms open. It so happened that a Scotchman and an Irishman were both asleep in the bed; and the Irishman had partly "kicked the kiver off" and one of his legs lay naked and nearly out of bed. "I'll have some sport now," said one of the bloods to his mate, "if you'll hold the candle a minute." The candle was held while the young chap went in, and, taking up one of the Irishman's spurs (travelers on horseback wore spurs always in these days,) buckled it on the heel of Paddy's naked foot. He then gave Paddy's leg a pinch and hid himself behind the door, Paddy (though not awakened) drew his leg suddenly back, and in this way sadly damaged the Scotchman's naked leg with the spur. The de'il d—n you, (exclaims Donald, rubbing his leg,) an' ef ye dinna gang out o' bed and cut yer toe nails, I'll soon be getting' up and throw ye out th' winder, yer foot!" The Irishman still slept soundly, and soon put his leg back in its old position, when the young joker who had put on the spur stole up to the bed and pinched his leg a second time. In went the leg again, the spur striking the Scotchman's leg, who now got in a terrible passion, and began to pummel Paddy, exclaiming, as usual, "Get out o' bed an' cut yer toe nails, ye lool! do you fash a Christian man to stan' such rough digging!" This waked up the Irishman, who at that moment bringing the spur to bear on his own other leg, vaulted out of bed. Having procured a light, he looked down at the spur with the greatest astonishment. "By me sowl, (said he,) what a stupid fool is the hostler of this inn; sure an' he tuk out me boots when I went to bed, and has left on one o' me spurs! Strange it is I didn't notice it." This explanation began satisfactory to Donald, harmony was restored, while the author of the mischief sneaked out of the room to his own nest.

Political

Giving Aid and Comfort to the Rebels.

On the 14th of January, 1848, Mr. Lincoln delivered, in the House of Representatives, a speech, which was printed by J. & G. S. Gideon, of this city, and was circulated by him among his friends and constituents, under the italics in which are his:

"Any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right, which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can, may revolutionize, and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit. More than this a majority of any portion of such people may revolutionize, putting down a minority, intermingled with, or near about them, who may oppose their movements. Such minority was precisely the case of the Tories of our Revolution. It is a quality of revolutions not to go by old lines, or old laws, but to break up both and make new ones."

This is the precise doctrine of the secessionists, which they urge in their justification at home and abroad. It gives them aid and comfort, because it emanated from the new head of the Federal Government, altho' if now uttered by one not a supporter of the Administration, he would be sent to Fort Lafayette or Fort Warren as a criminal. He makes no exception, however wicked and unjustifiable the rebellion may be. He makes everything depend upon the will and power of the rebels, and then pronounces it "right." This is justifying rebellion, against the sense and feeling of men in the whole loyal States, and to which we cannot give our assent, either as a matter of principle or policy.—Constitutional Union.

A darkey's instructions for putting on a coat, "Put de right arm, den de left, and den gib one general earwulshing."

Old Abe's Valentine.

The following is going the rounds of the press. We don't vouch for its accuracy, but it's a "good thing on Chase."

We hear that our worthy President received a Valentine lately, in the shape of a picture of the American Eagle, with a financial allusion. The Bird of Freedom appeared to be engaged in picking up gold coin, while at the part of the bird most remote from his head there was a pile of "Green backs," into which this coin seemed to have been mysteriously transmuted.

The President, who takes such things philosophically, and always acknowledges a palpable hit with grace and good natured cheerfulness, went to his Secretary of the Treasury, to exhibit his bird in order that the latter might enjoy the joke with him. Chase, however, was not disposed to take the matter in the same spirit as the President, but appeared to be much out of humor at this hieroglyphical attack upon his department of the Government. In tones in which there was a slight admixture of irritability, he remarked to the President that he would like to know who had made this unwarranted attack upon his financial management of the affairs of the nation—that he feared that some of his subordinates had got up this libel upon him, and that he would give a hundred dollars to know who had done it. The President, whose question asking proclivities are well known said that the offer seemed liberal; "but, Mr. Chase," said he "before I shall make up my mind on this subject, will you allow me to ask you one question?" "Certainly," replied the Secretary. "I merely wanted to understand," said the President