

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

TERMS: \$1.50 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES,

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RILEY WARNER.
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Poet's Corner.

[FROM THE LUZERNE UNION]
LAST YEAR.

BY STELLA, OF LACKAWANA.

The lamps are lit in the parlor,
The stars are lit in the sky
And the little ones gather closer,
When the coals pile red and high.
But each merry face grows saddened—
For over the parlor floor
The loved and the absent father
Hasteth to them no more.

The lamps are lit in the parlor—
The stars in the quiet sky;
But the fierce March breezes, blowing,
Echo a lingering sigh:
And the voices of childish prattlers,
Gone to a low, soft prayer,
A their tender and yearning glances
Rest on a vacant chair.

Last year, when the mad march tempest
Over the house top swept,
Two or three gold-haired hairings
Close to the old chair crept.
Oh! how they tumbled and tumbled
O'er the father's knee—
Now 'mong the distant camp-fires,
Desolate must he be.

Far from his gold-haired darlings—
Far from his home to-night,
He dreams of a lighted parlor,
Then sighs in a camp-fire's light
The music of laughing prattlers,
That clattered upon his knee,
Is sweeter to him, and dearer,
Than the morning's reveille.

To-morrow! ah, to-morrow!
No trace will there be to dream,
Of a nook 'mong the northern mountains
For bright will the bayonet gleam;
And the sweep of a mighty army
Must banish the rising sigh,
And the lanes of gay-plumed horseman
Kindle the heavy eye.

To-morrow! ah, to-morrow!
A fearful day 'twill be,
For the cry of a murderous battle
Shall reach to the wailing sea,
And the weapons that gleam the brightest,
Ere the morning's sun be set,
Shall lie on the ground unheeded,
With many a heart's blood wet.

Last year, when the mad march tempest
Swept through the leafless trees;
His home was as full of music
As a hive of honey-bees;
But to-night are the merry tales
Said in the lamp's gay glare,
Silent the song and laughter,
At sight of the vacant chair.

THE RECRUIT.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

My lover, to the field of strife,
Far from his home and me,
Has gone to hazard dearest life
For law and liberty.

Oh, brilliant in his soldier dress,
But with a falling tear,
Did he receive my last embrace,
And to the field repair.

The drums beat in the village square,
The troop marched gallantly,
But all the masts, still at port,
Were heard a wailing cry.

I, sitting at my window low,
A nosegay in my hand,
Watched silently the gallant show
Made by the marching band.

And when my treasure onward came,
Oh how my heart did leap!
He proudly marched, as sure of fame;
What could I do but weep?

Oh God! what were my feelings then!
How heavy was my heart!
I threw a spray of laurel green,
As I fell on my part.

He could not stop to pick it up,
The train quick took him on;
Crushed in the dust lay my last hope,
When all had passed and gone.

But, if he missed my effort spray,
Yet still my heart he took;
Which bears for him, now far away,
With love and trusting faith.

Select Story.

THE STOLEN SILK DRESS.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY STELLA, OF LACKAWANA.

In Philadelphia there lived, long ago, a young girl, the only daughter of a widow. She came from the country, and was as ignorant of the danger of the city as the squirrels of her native fields. She had glossy black hair, gentle beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." Of course, she knew that she was beautiful; for when she was a child, strangers often stopped as she passed, and exclaimed, "How handsome she is!" And as she grew older, the young men gazed up on her with admiration. She was poor, and removed to the city to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was just at that susceptible age, when youth is passing into womanhood; when the soul begins to be pervaded with that restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in unobtainable.

At the hotel, opposite Lord Henry Stuart, an English nobleman, had at that time taken lodgings. His visit to this country is doubtless recollected by many, for it made a great sensation at the time. He was a peer of the realm, descended from the royal line and was, moreover, a strikingly handsome man, of right princely carriage. He was subsequently a member of the British Parliament, and is now dead.

As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella girl, and was impressed by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the opposite store where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by the presents of flowers, chats by the wayside, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic. He was playing a game for temporary excitement; she with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens, on the 4th of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself the bride elect—she therefore accepted his invitations, with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank—whom she verily believed supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk belonging to her employer. Ah, could she not take it without being seen, pay for it secretly when she had earned money enough?—The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back but she decided a discovery. She was sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventual 4th of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her on her elegant appearance, but she was not happy. On their way to the gardens, he talked to her in a manner she did not comprehend. Perceiving this she spoke more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked into his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears.—The nobleman took her hand kindly and said, "My dear, are you an innocent girl?" "I am, I am," cried she with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I ever done or said that you should ask me that?" Her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise.—But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me." "What could I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?" Though reared among the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of life stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her to him would soon be as the recollection of last year's butterflies.—With her the wound was deeper. In her solitary slumber she wept, in bitterness of heart, over her had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh, what if she should be discovered! Would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a thief? Alas, her wretched forebodings were too true. The silk was traced to her—she was arrested on her way to the store and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly.

On the fourth day the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind hearted gentleman immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, though he could obtain no answer. "Leave us alone," said he to the keeper. "Perhaps she will speak to me if there is none to hear." When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples and laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head and said in soothing tones, "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would do for a daughter, and I doubt not that I can help you out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, I wish I was dead—what will my poor mother say when she knows of my disgrace?" "Perhaps that we can manage that she never shall know it," replied he; and alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her to be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for and the prosecution withdrawn. He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story.

"This is her first offence," said he, "the girl is young, and the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society's a useful and honored woman—I will see that thou art paid for the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise with the girl had he known all the circumstances. "Thou shouldst have inquired into the merits of the cause, my friend," replied Isaac. "By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved."

The good old man went to the hotel and inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a plain old Quaker should intrude upon his luxurious privacy; but when he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to "bear testimony," as the friends say, against the sin and selfishness of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself, by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl, if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but, thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence rests on my conscience. I have always esteemed the basest act of which man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. And when Isaac represented that the silk had been stolen for his sake, that the girl had hereby lost a profitable employment and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note and offered to pay her expenses. "Nay," said Isaac, "thou art a very rich man; I seen in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled as he said: "You understand your business well. Out you have accepted nobly and I revere you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman."

"Farewell, my friend" replied Isaac; "thou art much to blame in this affair, thou hast fast behaved nobly. Mayest thou be blessed in domestic life; and trouble no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those; whom others have betrayed and deserted."

Luckily, the girl had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name when abroad by which means her name was kept out of the newspapers, "I did this," said she, "for my poor mother's sake," with the money given by Lord Henry, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother, well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence remain to this day a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Several years after the incident I have related, a lady called at friend Hopper's house, and asked to see him. When we entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed young matron, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose to meet him and her voice choked as she said, friend "Hopper, do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, "You once helped me in great distress." But good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress to be able to recollect her without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then dropping on her knees she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed, "I am the girl that stole the silk. Oh! where would I now be, if it had not been for you?"

When her emotion had somewhat calmed she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Having a call to visit the city, she had again and again passed friend Hopper's house, looking wishfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted

to enter, her courage failed. "But I go away to-morrow," said she, "and I could not leave the city without seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him, "Look at that old gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation that he would visit her happy home, and a fervent "God bless you," she bade her benefactor farewell.

My venerable friend is not aware that I have written this story. I have not published it from any wish to glorify him, but to exert a genial influence on the hearts of others; to do my mite towards teaching society how to cast out the Demon Penalty, by the voice of the Angle of Love.

Miscellaneous.

Who to Trade With.

That class of our business men who advertise, liberally, are the men, above all others, who should be patronized by the public; they are anxious to do business, to show their goods, place, and satisfy their customers.—When we speak of men who advertise liberally, we do not mean those whose party prejudices induce them to advertise, only in their particular party organ (as most if not all the Republican dealers here do) and are silly enough to imagine that by withholding their patronage to the Democratic paper, they can starve out its editor. Such men cannot be said to advertise liberally; they only advertise for a certain class of customers. They do not ask the patronage of Democrats, therefore when they get it, as many do, though they are very agreeable, and seem to deal fairly, they are constantly thinking that what they get out of "Copperheads," as they term them is all clear gain. It is safer, by far, to deal with a man who ignores, entirely, the advantages of advertising, than one, whose prejudices drive him to advertise his wares, only to his particular political friends.

The man who does not advertise at all, is simply puffed up with the vain idea that he and his business are so well known to the public, that it is unnecessary. In this he exhibits only his folly. The man who advertises his wares only to his political friends and hopes to rope in the "copperhead," exhibits meanness as well as folly, and if you will only give him the chance, will show himself in addition to these, a knave.

We say then to our friends, give your patronage, first to those who advertise liberally; secondly, to those who do not advertise at all; and lastly, when you cannot well avoid it, to those who advertise on the "jug handle" principle. Every man will find it a saving to put himself to some inconvenience to avoid this latter class.

We make these remarks, because we think them just and true; and also, because it is due those men of all parties in this borough who advertise with us that we should do so. Every one of whom advertise in the Republican, and are, therefore, not the "narrow track" dealers of whom we have been speaking. We do not ask nor expect any favors from this class, who design, by refusing to advertise with us, we are informed they have boasted to "starve us out." We give them notice, that we can go it on short allowance, and may aid, in clipping a feather or two, from their searing wings.

Ex.

WHY ATTEMPT TO DECEIVE OURSELVES?—while we are reading in almost every official dispatch, that starvation threatens the whole Southern people; that the so called Confederate Government was without credit that gold was at a premium of four and five hundred per cent in Richmond, and that anarchy and confusion reigns throughout the rebel States—we are at the same time informed that this same Confederate Government has just secured a loan in England of £15,000,000 or \$75,000,000—which loan the next day commanded a premium of from 3 to 44 per cent. This loan, we believe, is secured by the pledge of cotton, to be delivered at Southern Seaports at about 11 cents per pound—the British to come and take it—The Clearfield Republican.

To Good CHILDREN.—At a Sunday school in the city a bright looking little fellow was asked: "What is conscience?" He answered very properly: "An inward monitor." "And what is a monitor?" "Oh, one of the iron clads!"

LORD BYRON ON EDITORS.—His lordship said that "with all his follies, he never stopped his paper because the editor happened to displease him."

Prentice, speaking of an assailant who had vehemently denied a charge of having been drunk on a certain occasion, says that he cannot positively state that the gentleman in question was drunk, but that he was seen in the street at midnight, with his hat off explaining the principles and theory of true politeness to the toes of his boots.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

That practical "Brick" of the Lacrosse (Wisconsin) Democrat, who "does up" practical philosophy in his lectures to "Valter," hits the nail on the head in the following logical directions how to succeed in life:

"Valter, my boy, do you realize that each year the grave is nearer you than ever before, that unless you are active the season of life will close before even half your self-allotted contract will have been performed, unless, like too many people, you have no aim—no hope to ambition beyond picking your teeth after dinner? Half of the world—yes, Valtor more than half go the reception room of eternity without any object in life—as drift-wood floats down stream, guided by the current and lodging against the first obstruction. And what is drift wood, my boy? Once in a while a good stick of timber is found therein, but is more work to haul it out clean of the sand and mud than it is worth, and more fine tools are spoiled in making it into what you wish than the stick will ever bring, even in an active market.

Have a purpose, my boy. Live for something. Make up your mind what you will be, and be it or die in the attempt. This is a land where there is no stint to ambition. All have an equal chance. Blood tells pluck wins—honor and integrity well directed will scale the highest rock, and bear a big load. Don't start off in life as a sheep dog does, without knowing where you are going to. Load for the game you are hunting for. It is as easy to be a man as a mouse it is as easy to have friends as enemies—it is easier to have both than to go through life like a tar-bucket under a wagon, bumping over stumps, or swinging right and left without a will of your own. Every one can be something. There is enough to do. There are forests to fell—rivers to explore—cities to build—railroads to construct—inventions to be studied—ideas to advance—men to convert—countries to conquer—women to love—offices to be filled—wealth and position to acquire—a name to win—a Heaven to reach. Yes, my boy, there is lots of work to do and you and we must do our share.

The world is wide and its owner is God. If you wish to be somebody, pitch in. The brave always have friends.—Where there is a will there is a way. Where others have gone, you can go.—And Valtor, my boy, if the old track don't suit, make a new one, somebody will walk it. Success is never obtained in a country like this without effort. If you fail once, try it again. If you fall down, get up again. If it is dark strike a light. If you are in the shade move around for if there is a shade on one side there is sunshine on the other.

If your seat is too hard to sit upon, stand up. If a rock rises up before you, roll it away, blast it or climb over it. If you want money, earn it. If you wish for confidence prove yourself worthy of it, my boy. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something.—Don't be content with doing what another has done—beat it. If an enemy gets in your way knock him down or pitch him clear.—Deserve success and it will come. The boy is not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket or go down like a bullet fired from a gun. Slowly but surely it makes its rounds and never tires. It is as easy to be a leader as a wheel-horse, and you are then always in town. If the job be long the pay will be greater—if the task be hard the more competent you must be to do it.

And then, my boy, always be honorable. Keep your word or give an excuse. If you owe a man, pay him, if it takes the last shirt—tail and all. If you can't pay you can say at once: Do to others as you would be done by—after that, as they do by you.—Punish enemies and reward friends. If you do not punish enemies, none will fear you—if you never reward friends, you pity the selfishness of your heart. If you make a promise, keep it. Play your hand or leave the table. If others betray you, teach them better, but on no provocation betray others. If you have a secret, keep it closely—if you have the secret of another, watch it even more closely than your own. There can be no excuse for a betrayal of confidence—no apology that can be sufficient. If you are in hard luck, wear it out. If you can help a friend, always do it, if he is worthy—if you cannot, don't insult him in the style of refusal. A little act, word or look, when the heart is sore, lingers as does the fragrance of the rose long after the vase is broken. If you are right stick to it. If wrong, never be ashamed to own it. Keep your head above the water, no matter how deep the stream or swift the current—somebody will help you.—Don't grumble—don't fret—don't whine. It is as easy to be cheerful as to snarl around, and good natured men always make the handsomest corpses.

Don't change your business every time you have the blues—changes is not always beneficial. If you have been cheated, don't cheat some one else. If you have made a bad bargain, don't stop trading, but try to make a better one next time. If you get in a scrape, get out, and look closer next time—never be caught twice in the same trap.—People may forget errors, but they have no sympathy for fools.—If you wish to be a leader always go ahead—and remember that the smoother you pick out the less complaining there will be among your followers; and about all, Valtor, my boy, no matter what the circumstances, never be the first to go back on your friends. Be honest and faithful—God and good fortune will never desert you long.