Burth Branch Democrat.

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VEW SERIES.

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1863.

VOL.2, NO. 44.

Aorth Branch Democrat.

devoted to Pol News, the Arts at Tunkhannock, oming County, Pa. HARVEY SICKLER.



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September 11, 1861.

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IME FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZE they are right," and she sought in her own Meshoppen, Sept. 18. 1861.

Poet's Corner.

[From the N. Y. Home Journal.

SOUTH WINDS.

Our readers will be pleased to have placed beore them another beautiful poem from the pen of "Stella of Lackawana" -- one of the most valued of our fair contributers.] - Wayne Co. Herald.

'Tis a sorrowful tale ye breathe, south winds-A sorrowful tale to me!

Not from the plains where the palm-tree blooms, In the sunshine by the sea; And the pomegranate blossoms hide away,

Should there come such plaints to me! Ye tell of a beautiful clime, south winds!

Of a beautiful, sparkling time,

Where the sun pearls drop o'er the melting fruit, In a long, bright summer time; And the ringing voices of countless birds, With your own low cadence chime :

Ye hint, on your winding way, south winds, Of many a trodden plain, Where the fiercest hate of the human breast,

Gloatheth strangely o'er the slain : And the corses of mingled heroes sleep. Away from the bayonet pain!

Whisper me tidings glad, south winds! Whisper me tidings glad! For the cries of my country haunt my rest, Till my very soul grows mad ! My dreams are of woman's tearful face, And of warriors, stern and sad.

Hum me a lighter song, south winds! Hum me a lighter song! For my life is as weary as life can be. With the wailings of human wrong; Rest on my waiting cheek, south winds !

And hum me a lighter song! Tell me, do lovers sigh, south winds, Tell me do lovers sigh, When the moon in her radiance, sails down The blue of the southern sky?

And wander on, in her witching light,

Where the waltzing rill leaps by ? Tell me, do maidens pine, south winds! Do beautiful maidens pine, In the shadowy groves, wher the myrtles creep, At the feet of the proud-necked vine;

Where the blood of a thousand veins gush out, In the richest and redest wine ? In the bright land, whence ye sped, south winds, In the land from whence ye sped,

Do the blushing roses ever fade O'er the couch of the lovely dead, Or the trill of the blue-bird plaintive grow

'Mong the music-leaves o'erhead ? On my cheek, yet once more lie, south winds !-On my check caressingly lie!

With a low, responsive sigh, For the loneliest thing on this loveless earth-On this wild, wide shore, am I.

Rosanna the Ugly One.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"But look, then," said Mrs. Moore, to her husband, "how ugly that little one is. Is

And Mr. Moore who was sitting in a rock. rig-chair, amusing himself with poking the fire, laid down the tongs he held, and gravely answered his wife:

"But, my dear, your have already said so one hundred times, and were you to say it one hundred times, more, Rose would not be come less ugly for your saying so." Rosanna was a little girl of about fourteen.

She was their only child, and, to do her mother justice, was really very ugly-nay almost revolting: with her little gray eyes, flat nose, large mouth, thick protruding lips, red, hair, and, above all a form remarkably awry. Rose was, then, very ugly-but she was a

sweet girl nevertheless. Kind and intelligent she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to have compensated her with every good quality of the heart for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt as she listened to her mother's observation, Oh, you little fright, you will never get a husband."

Eight o'clock struck: Mrs Moore was

vas sorely vexed. "Go to bed, Rosanna."

Tremblingly the little girl approached her mother, to give her the kiss of good night. "'Tis useless, you little monster," said her

A tear rolled from the little ones eye She nastily wiped it away, and turning to her father, presented him the yet humid cheek

He kissed her tenderly. "I am not altogether miserable," she murnured, leaving the room.

Retiring to her chamber, she commenced embroidering a scarf, and worked thus, part of the night, for she desired to present it to

her mother, when she arose in the morning. The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow Rose presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little the faithful companions of our lives, accomone experienced, when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments which were to have been the sweet little one's reward. add 114 74

Her, eyes by chance, glanced over a neighboring mirror, gsD s'again

"Yes," she said, internally. "I am uglyhead to find a remedy for ugliness.

And then in the world-new pangs wounded the little ugly one's heart. A first impression alienated all the young girls of her own age - but then she was so good so amiable, so amusing, that they approached, then listened, and then loved her. Now, indeed, our little one was happy.

One day Mr. Moore went home in a violent passion, and became, in consequence of some trifling prevarication, highly incensed against his wife. Their domestic felicty was troubled for eight long days,-for eight long days Mrs. Moore was continually crying. Rosanna in vain racked her young brains to discover why-but her father still continued angry, and her mother was still continually weeping At last she reflected in her mind how to reconcile them.

They were all three seated in the parlor-Mr. Moore was arranging the fire when this was concluded, he threw the tongs from him, s natched a book from the mantle, and opened it abruptly; but, after a moment's perusal, he closed it again, in a violent humor, cast a fierce glance at his trembling wife, and hurriedly rose from his chair

Rosanna, deeply moved, clasped her arm s about his neck as he was about to rise and affectionately caressed him. He could not reject her innocent coaxing, and the little girl, thinking she had succeeded in touching his heart, took in her hands the moistened handkercheif wherewith her mother had been drying her weeping eyes, and dried them a second time therewith; she then tenderly embraced her mother, who returned her affectionate caress with all a mother's fondness-

The parties being now favorably disposed, naught remained but to establish the peace This was no easy matter-neither would make, the first overture-and without the penetration of little Rose the reconciliation would not have taken place.

She took her father,s hand between her own little hands, and pressed it to her bo som : she then took her mother's hand and joined it to her father's as it lay on her heart Human pride could resist no longer-the al icnated parents rose at the same moment and

embraced each other. From that hour Rose was the idol of them

Six years after this, Resanna, the ugly Rosanna, was the ornament of every society to which her mother presented her. Amiable, witty, and observing, her conversation was universally courted.

One summer evening, the sun, which, during the day, had shed over nature an intense heat, had just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long wide bands of redclouds more and more dark were heaping themselves on the eastern sky-the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would deem the earth returning to the sun the heat she had been receiving during the day. All was heavy and weary-the air inhaled seemed rather to suffocate than nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one.

In a saloon, whose every window was thrown open, might be seen gliding, here and there, in the darkened light, groups of young females, whose white dresses, slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical whereen the imagination loved to dwell. A low laughing whisper was then heard, like the soothing murmur of some distant rivulet. A pressing her heart's sentiments by an extemporary melody, now smooth and tender, now deep and trembling.

No more whispering, but a general silence took place, for here was a celestial symphony, a seraph's song.

Lord Underwood, a fine blue-eyed young nobleman, was so deeply touched by the melody, that his frame seemed agitated by a mo. mentary convulsion. He listened to the ange, ls voice, so softly harmonizing with the tones of the instrument, and felt an indescibable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice still vibrated on Underwood's ear, and there was a charm in the witty and original trifle to which he listened, that transfixed him where

"How beautiful must that young girl be," thought Underwood. "Happy the man on whom may fall her choice," and he involuntarily sighed.

Suddenly lights were brought in. The young woman was the ugly Rosanna. Lord Underwood was stupefied-he closed

his eyes, but the charm of that voice haunted his memory. He gazed on her a second time and he found her less ugly; and Rose was indeed, less ugly. The beouties of the mind seemed transferred to her person; and her gray eyes small as they were, expressed wonderfully well her internal sensualities.

Lord Underwood wedded Rosanna, and be came the happiest of men in the possession of the kindest and most loving of women.

Beauty deserts us, but virtue and talents, pany us to the grave.

The editor of the New Orleons Times says the corsets worn by the ladies of that city will bear a monstrous strain, judging the crew fearfully diminished, the supplies from a lady he saw, who was so nearly cut in two that a man might be amenable for bigamy should he marry her.

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From the Metropolitan Record. "NOBODY'S HURT.

Two years ago the United States were at the summit of earthly prosperity, Kingdoms gray with centuries sought its alliance, nations whose record was the history of civilization, gazed with wonder on the new star that appeared in the political firmament the oppressor looked to it with wondering dread, and the oppressed with yearning love and reverence. In every tongue it was a synonym for freedom, and its example fired the heart and nerved the arm of struggling patriots in every land.

ages of smiling peace and plenty, a land flow- following picture of the doings at Utica:ng with milk and honey, a people prosperous and contented -honored abroad and hap-Then an American citizen meant a freemanto his country, and fealty only to his God. the Pacific seaboard, resounded the hum of feast, prepared by the ladies of Utica. thriving industry, for peace was within our borders, and we were at peace with the world at three stands. The officers at each stand without. Two short years ago we might were principally Seward men; so were most have defied the world in arms, now we tremble at the thought of intervention. Two short years ago the complications in European politics were of no account to us, save | The most bitter speeches were those of Wilwhen our spmpathies were aroused by the mot, of Indiana, one of the leaders of the gallant struggle of some oppressed nationali- Know Nothing movement, and that of Lyty: now we look to those uprisings as a providential diversion in our favor, and calculate the effect they will have on the duration and ultimate result of our war of the sections .-our dwellings and wailing throughout the

land? " Nobody's hurt." "Nobody, s hurt!" Yet, on the plains and in the valleys of Virginia, fell thousands upon thousands of American citizens, whose death left a gap in many a fireside circle, an aching void in many a desolate heart, who died without religious consolation and medical aid-without the soothening ministration of friends or the loving care of kindred -amid the horrors of battle, with the sound of carnage, or the rush of charging squadrons, or the groans of wounded comrads in their ears with the earth for a pillow and the wind for a requium.

" Nobody's hurt !" Yet, from the waters of the Mississippi, from the harbor of Charleston, and from the waves of the Ocean and the Gulf comes up a gurgling cry, heard faintly and at intervals amid the iron storm that lashes the waters into frenzy and gives the lie direct to the axiomed untruth.

"Nobody's hurt" Yet every day onr forces dwindle and our Army of the Dead increases; for death has issued a Conscription Bill and he draws his quota chiefly from our great military centre.

"Nobody's hurt l" Yet there is grief in wooden shanties and brown-stone mansions. in town and country, at home and abroad .-Our t roubles have paralyzed the manufactures of England; they have discouraged the commerce of France; they have violently changed the course of European emigration. young woman, seated before a piano was ex- But what of that? "No body's hurt!" North and South are bleeding at every pore; the life of the nation is oozing out drop by drop : immense tracts are laid waste ; fertile districts depopulatde; the national prestige is lost; the national credit is destroye :d the national honor tarnisned; but, "nobody's hurt" That glorious anti-Climax re-assured us .- ' NOBODY'E HURT!" Hark how the echoing chorus swells from Manassas and Fredericksburg, from Shiloh and Antietam, from Vicksburg and New Orleans, from the Potomac and

the Mississipp. "NOBODY'S HURT!" Tell it to that miserable woman with her helpjes starving family, tell it to those orphans thrown upon the cold charity of an unfeeling world; or that old man trembling on the brink of the grave; or to those troops of maimed and wounded soldiers who are thrown back upon their State like so much damaged goods-tell them if you dare, that "nobody's hurt. " That woman's husband went down in the ill-fated Cumberland those childeren's father fell at Edwards Ferry, that old man's sole support was trampled under the hoofs of Stuart's cavalry, that wounded soldier lost his arm where many a gallant comrade lost his life, on the banks of the bloody Rappahannock. Tell them "nobody's hurt."

And when you have had the moral hardihood to do that, then turn to the Administra tion, every member of which from the President down to the lowest officer has lost charicter and reputation, the respect of the civilized world, and the regard of their fellow-citizens-lost not only political capital, but political life-and tell them "nobody's hurt."-It is probable they could understand the force of the saying better to-day than two short years ago. Then they were starting on their four years cruise elate and sanguine; now they lie stranded on the breakers' and the good ship Constitution battered on all sides, gone, the reckoning lost. New ring in their ears the mocking cry with which they statred , Nobody's hurt"

\$10 (B. 855)

THE SOLDIERS AND THE "LOYAL" LEAGUERS.

The New York "Loyal" Leaguers sought to make their demonstration, last week, at Utica, formidable and "taking by parading the returned soldiers in their ranks, and by the lavish use of free tickets succeeded in taking with them from New York about 300 which number was somewhat increased on the route to Utica. The soldiers, generally, turned up their noses at the whole affair, and seemed to comprehend it all by instinct. Moreover, they were not backward in dissenting from and denouncing the aims of the political schemers who had them in tow .-America !- the very name suggested im- The correspondence of the Herald has the

The procession of soldiers and citizens was formed about half past eleven, near the railpy at home. No citizen of Rome, in Rome's road depot, the soldiers, numbering about palmiest days, bore a prouder title than he six hundred, in front, Colonel McQuade, who who failed from the Republic of the West .- has, after a gallant service of two years -one year as acting Brigadier-just returned from one who owned no lord, "saving the Lord on the war, in command' About a thousand high," who held his rights at the option of citizens were also in the procession. They no petty despot, who owed allegiance only marched to Chancellor Square, where the ovation was held. The soldiers were, on From Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to their arrival there, treated to a sumptuous

In the meantime meetings were organized of the speakers. Governor Seymour was denounced for his Vallandigham letter, and the arrest of the latter gentleman approved. man Tremaine. Both were quite bitter.

While the latter was speaking, a company of soldiers worked their way into the crowd. and began an incessant cheering for McClel-Why is this? and why is there sorrow in lan- Word was sent to Col. McQuade that the soldiers were trying to break up the meeting. He went immediately to see what the trouble was, and found that they were cheering for McClellan. He told them that it was very nice to cheer for "Little Mac," but complaints were made that they were breaking up the meeting. At that they commenced cheering for Col- Mcquade. Similar demonstrations were made at the other stands. The cry was raised that they were a lot of drunken soldiers, but with the exception of two or three, whoever states that. utters a base calumny against the brave soldiers and heroes of many hard fought battles.

> A recess was taken from about five o'clock antil evening. A lot of soldiers immediately ook possession of one of the stands, cheering for McClellan and praising him as a that could lead the Army of the Potomac on to victory; denouncing in bitter terms the was settling the war in a business-like manner, and was interfering in their schemes to make capital out of it. They were especially bitter on the radicals in Congress and the in our opinion, with the Quaker, who, on be-Committee on the conduct of the War.

> The remarks of the different soldiers on these points were greeted with great applause by their comrades. Some of them declared that many of their comrades wers butchered at Fredericksburg to satisfy the intrigues of the politicians. " Down with the Washington political conspirators," and others thou recollectest how many more titles, and would cry, " Give us McClellan to lead, and I cannot trust thee. When brother Obed up will resuru to the war."

This demonstration by the soldiers was kept up for nearly an hour in that style. It in fact, seemed as though they could not say too much in praise of "Little Mac," or denounce in bitter enough terms the intrigues against him at Washington.

I heard of numerous other instances of soldiers manifesting enthusiasm for McClellan, but will mention but one or two as being significant. Whilst Mr. Bruce was speaking at one of the stands, a soldier in an officer's uniform mounted a barrel and declared this gathering a Abolition sell: that he had not heard a word from the speakers, and then commenced cheering far McClellan. The soldiers of the Tenth Regiment rallied around him and joined in the cheers. They kept the matter up for some time, cheering first for McClellan and then Porter. The result was the crowd around the stand nearly all left, and they were obliged to send for the band, who played the "Red, White and Blue," before the audiance would return. Their cheers were interspersed with groans for the politicians. Mr. Townsend was also

interrupted in a similar way. During the recess some of the Zouaves vaited upon General Nye at the hotel, and told him that the only way to put down this rebellion was to place McClellan at the head of the army, and that it was his (Nye's) duty to tell those gathered here so. Hundreds of other instances of this kind took place .-

A debating club in Worchester late y discussed the important question: "Whether a rooster's knowledge of daybreak is the result of observation or instinct."

ALL THE TIME, WITH THE SOLDIERS.

What may be taken from you before you get it? Your portrait.

THE OPPOSITION.

It is amosing as well as interesting to recall the names by which the opposition to the Democratic party have been known since the Revolution. We have prepared a list, but, do no, pretend to say that a!l the different parties that have attempted the overthrow of Democracy since the formation of our Government are named therein, for like the color platforms and pretensions of the persons cemprising them, they are innumerable. They

In 1775, Loyalists or Loyal to King George

or Tories.

In 1776. LovalTories. It 1780, NovaScotia Cow-Boys and Tories.

In 1786, Convention Monarchists. In 1789, Black Cockaders.

In 1808, Anti-Jefferson improvement Men. In 1811, Brittish Bank men,

In 1812. Peace and Submission men. In 1813, Blue Lights.

In 1814, Hartford Conventionists. In 1816, Washington Society Men.

In 1818, No Party Men In 1810, Federals.

In 1820, Federal Republicans.

In 1826, National Republicans. In 1828, Anti-Masons.

In 1834, Anti-Masonic Men. In 1836, Conservatives. In 1837, Independent Democratic Whigs.

In 1838. Abolitionists. In 1839, Log Cabin-Hard Cider Demo-

cratic Republican Abolition Whigs. In 1843, Native American Whigs. In 1844, Coon Party or Anti-Annexation

In 1845, The Whig Party.

In 1846, Mexican Whig Party. In 1847, Anti-Mexican War Party.

In 1838, Rough and Ready Party, In 1850, Clay Whig Party.

In 1852, Scott Whigs. In 1854, Know Nothings. In 1855, Native Americans.

In 1856, Freemonters, or Abolitionists and Know Nothings.

In 1857, Black Republicans In 1859, Opposition and People's Party.

In 1860, Wide Awakes Cap and Cape Party In 1852, NO PARTY. In 1853, Union-League. No-Party. Emanci-

pation High-Taxation-Centralization-Confiscation-Negro-Equalization-Usurpation-Admin istration Party. There, reader, is but a few of the names under which the "Loyalists" of to-day have flourishes, in attempting to overthrow the Democracy and the principles of our government. From the beginning they have had the same intention, and that is the establishment of a monarchy. They have ever, as General: declaring him to be the only man to-day, been despisers of the Constitution of the United States, violators of law and ouder, advocates of mobocracy, supporters of politicians in Washington, Congressmen and the suppression of the freedom of speech and Senators, as opposing McClellan because he of the press, and in favor of a military despotism, and the social and political equality of the negro with the white, Every inteiligent honest, man must, by this time, agree,

> ing urged by a leading Abolitionist to join the Union League, replied: "Friend, thou changest thy name too often ; I have known thee as a Whig, as a Free Soiler, as a Native American, as a Know-Nothing, as a sneerer at the Union, as a friend of the Union, as a Loyal Leaguer, and fell from grace, and became a rogue, he changed his name; and I have found that whenever men design making their living by dishonest means they are always likely to do the same. If thou dost ever adopt one name and set of principles, and hold on to them for fifty years, as the Democrats have done.

We are in pessession of an infallible recipe for making a lady's cheeks red without paint. For their especial benefit we publish it without charge. Here it is:

I may begin to trust thee."-Exchange.

Place her at a wash-tub, with her sleeves roled up' and hands full of dirty clothes --Then let her beau suddenly enter, and her cheeks will be a glowing red in an instant. Snooks says this recipe has never been known to fail. Just try it, ladies, and if it fails, let us know, that we may publish Snooks as unreliable authority-

A NATIONAL CONVENTION PROPOSED. Mr. Levi Bishop, chairman of the Michigan Democratic State central committe has issued a recommendatory call for a National Democratic Convention to consult generally on the state of the country ; to compare opinions' and if possible to harmonize them and the Democratic and conservative press ; te enunciate principles and a policy in accordance with the Constitution and laws for the future guidance of our citizens ; and finaly, to adopt such measures as the wisdom and patriotism of the IT IN FACT; IT WAS MCCLELLAN'S PIRST, AND convention might deem proper to rescue the nation from the fearful condition into which we are already plunged' and from the more terrible one into which we are rapidly hast-

For the time July 15 is recommended, and for the place Harrisburg, and it is finaly suggested that each Sate send a number of delegates equal in number to its senators and representatives in congress.

ture Conversions of the Posts Democracy

industry, as virtue has placed with in it.