

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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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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Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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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.
Wm. H. CORTRIGHT.

June, 3rd, 1863

MAYNARD'S HOTEL,
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HAVING taken the Hotel, in the Borough of Tunkhannock, recently occupied by Riley Farmer, the proprietor respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. The House has been thoroughly repaired, and the comforts and accommodations of a first class Hotel, will be found by all who may favor it with their custom.
September 11, 1861

M. GILMAN,
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M. 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.
Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post Office, Dec. 11, 1861.

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Poet's Corner.

[Written for the Democrat.]
A LAY ON HOUSECLEANING.

BY STELLA OF LACKAWANNA.

"The melancholly days have come,
The saddes of the year,"
When careful housewives rise, en masse,
To put things out of gear.

Oh women, found to charm, when e'er
You set your wits to work,
Why rear a nest, and call it home,
Then spoil it with a jerk?—

And why your slender hands contrive
To raise a yearly row,
And tumble furniture pell-mell,
No matter where, or how;

Dragging old carpets from the floor,
And curtains from the wall,—
Starting agog, the cat, and dog,
And baby-hood a-bawl?

"When lovely woman stoops"—to scrub,
Minus her erinoline,
Her plump arm to the shoulder bare,
And resolute her mein—

Don't mind your pretty sentiment—
Your nonsense, and all that,
But quietly, Oh wretched man,
See where you left your hat!

Though beautiful her white arm be,
And witching her bright eye,
Some other time will do as well,
For you to sit, and sigh,

And conjure idle wishes up,
As man has since the fall?
If you have business, go your way,
If not, decamp—'t's all!

Alas, for husbandly repose,
And calm domestic bliss—
The meek-eyed man, who "rules in fear,"
May bear all things, but this—

To want his slippers, double-quick,
And not know where to look—
To miss his coat, that hung before,
On one consistent hook;

To want a letter that he laid
Upon a corner shelf—
In fact, to need a guide, to tell
If he is quite himself;

To wander vaguely through the land,
In search of this or that,
Nor find a single thing in place,
From pet-cake, to cravat;

To come to dinner, but to munch,
A comfortless, "cold bite,"
Nor all the time allowed to sneer,
But killingly polite.

Poor martyr, in a common cause—
Victim to "woman's rights!"
When spring-time laughs its beauties out,
And blossoming delights.

One spirit moves all womankind:
("I write it with a tear")
"The melancholly days have come,
The saddest of the year!"

**THE CONSTITUTION AS IT IS
THE UNION AS IT WAS.**

BY G. F. FURBERSON.

Ho! Democrats of every State,
Who love your country's laws,
Prepare ye for the conflict now
For near the battle draws;

And let your banner blazon forth,
The watchword of our cause—
"The CONSTITUTION as it is,
The UNION as it was!"

The warning voice of Washington,
Still echoes through the land—
The Constitution must be saved,
Though danger be at hand,
All violations of the law
Should instantly be checked
Without the chart of liberty,
Our freedom would be wrecked
Permit no "State necessity"
To mar its smallest part,
For 'tis a tyrant's listed steel
To pierce the nation's heart.

The Sage of Monticello spoke,
And warned us of the worst;
He said by sectional disputes
Our Country would be cursed,
His prophet eye beheld the North,
Against the South arrayed,
Gainsay geographic party lines,
The dying statesman prayed,
The right of each and every state
Its own affairs to rule,
The doctrine was of Jefferson,
And all since of his school.

The Hero of the Hermitage
This sentiment expressed—
The Union it must be preserved
All wrongs by law repressed;
The rights reserved by every State
Still sacred must remain,
The freedom of the press and speech,
No power should e'er restrain
Whoever dares to break the law,
To trial straightway bring,
And if his treason be e'er mine!
Like Haman let him swing!

The Constitution as it is
We want no higher law:
Our fathers, when they made it,
The coming dangers saw,
They formed it broad enough for all!
Declared the work was good—
The agit of our liberties—
A bond of brotherhood,
It covered North and South alike,
United East and West,
And made our country prosperous,
Our people free and blest

Ho! Democrats of every State,
Who love your country's laws,
Prepare ye for the conflict now,
For near the battle draws;
And let your banner blazon forth,
The watchword of our cause—
"The CONSTITUTION as it is,
The UNION as it was!"

Select Story.

THE RETRIBUTION.

BY ELIZA S. PRATT.

"Is all said?" inquired Eugene Reyburn.
"All!" replied Margaret.

"Then adieu forever, and may heaven forgive you, as I do!" and the young man who uttered these words, drew his hat over his eyes, and, with a flushing brow and burning cheek, rushed from the apartment. But his foot was yet upon the threshold and his hand upon the door lock, when a low, scarcely heard voice fell upon his ear, yet so deep and passionate, that he stopped as if spell-bound to the place.

"Stay, Eugene, there is yet one condition on which my hand is yours; one which I have not, and durst not name to you yet—perhaps you can bear it now?" and the blue eyes of the young girl were raised to his with an expression not easy to define, combining, as it did, both subtlety and frankness, passion and perhaps indifference.

The youth re-closed the door, and drew near the beautiful speaker—beautiful she was, if almost perfect features and a faultless form combined, can constitute beauty—and listened with parted lips, and dilating eyes, as she went on.

"You do not know, perhaps, what it is to feel as I do, a thirst for power—a desire combined with the very essence of your being and growing up from day to-day, till it has become a mighty and unconquerable passion, a terrible thirst, to which everything else is as nothing; you do not know, perhaps, what it is to look upon your fellow-men—those who now in their might look down upon you—and to feel that you must and will have dominion over them, to know that the day shall come, in which those who now tower above you, shall cringe and fawn at your feet—fawn for the very favors that now they dare deny you; you do not know this perhaps," (and the color sank gradually from the cheek of the girl, leaving it of an ashy paleness as she went on,) "but I have known it, and felt it from my earliest childhood. Ever since I have known what it was to think or feel, I have thirsted for dominion over others, and have felt that the time would come, I knew not when or how, that this passion of my life would find its reality. These hopes grew to palpability; and now I ask, must this passion I have so nurtured from my infancy, be crushed forever?"

The youth recoiled from her touch, as in the impulse of the moment she approached him, and laid her slender finger upon his arm and his eyes, for perhaps the first time in his life, dropped beneath the almost burning gaze of her whom he had so loved while a light shiver crept over his frame as he replied—

"Go on—I do not as yet perfectly comprehend you."
"No! you cannot; but know you not that woman seldom arrives at this power, unless through another?"

"Ha!" he exclaimed, drawing a pace backwards, and shading his brow with his hand, "he whom you marry then, must possess this power—this talisman of might—is it so?"

"You have rightly divined—he must have it, in some way or other or he can never fully possess my heart?"

"And you have recalled me, Margaret, to tell me this, to put a new unconquerable barrier between us. Why did you not suffer me to leave the house and you forever, without this new burden upon my heart?"

"I recalled you, Eugene, to give you hope—the only hope I could give you—and to show you the way to the realization of all your dreams. Get possession of this talisman—be above others, and I am yours, heart and hand, forever!" and as she ceased speaking, she threw herself into a feteuil, and calmly watched the effect of this dangerous revelation.

There was a long pause, in which a strange variety of emotions were fluttering in the breast of Eugene Reyburn. If ever man loved, purely and deeply, he had loved the girl before him; but until now he had not penetrated her real character, nor would he have believed that an exterior so gentle could conceal poison of so deep a nature.—But the charm had not been broken, nor lessened perhaps though it was changed in character—though he saw something to dread, he still worshipped.

"This power is rarely given to men," said he at length, slowly raising his eyes, with a deep sigh—"the mighty of the earth are but few and far between. Genius may claim dominions, and talent and learning, honor; but I, Margaret, have neither of these, you well know, and may never hope for them either. Why tantalize me thus?"

"I would not tantalize you, Eugene, but I would give you hope. Is there then no talisman to which men bow, even mightier than genius?"

"Gold!" exclaimed he, in a deep, passionate tone. "Gold!"

For an instant Eugene held his breath, and the very blood seemed curdled about his heart, but the next he drew his cloak around him and rushed from the house.

With a feverish impatience, the youth hurried homeward over the pavement. Strange thoughts were in his heart; new hopes and new desires were holding their unbidden councils there—yet he crushed them within him, or strove to do so; but the word "gold!" seemed forever ringing in his ears. He was what the world would term a "moral and upright youth," conscientious in all his dealings with others, and until this moment, he put no value upon money, farther than it was necessary to the comforts, or perhaps the luxuries of life. But now it suddenly possessed a new value in his eyes. The logic and passion of Margaret were like electricity they had entered his system, and unconsciously to himself, remolded his whole being.

He had proceeded with a rapid and uneasy step a considerable distance over the pavement, when he was startled from his reflections by a hand laid somewhat rudely upon his shoulder.

"I knew you by your gait, Eugene," exclaimed a deep, sonorous, voice, "though the late hour almost belied my senses. Have you anything in hand—anything in view for the night, eh?"

"How! Harry! Ah! you frightened me sadly it isn't so pleasant to be grasped at midnight by the hand of one knows not whom."

"No, but I have something to tell you, and he glanced around him hurriedly; then drawing drawing close to his companion he whispered in his ear.

For an instant Eugene hesitated, and the light that flashed from a neighboring window showed his countenance of ghastly paleness. An hour before he would have utterly refused the temptation but now, he pondered; and while a course of rapid and undefined thoughts was going on within his heart, his friend drew him aside, and they entered one of those dark dens of iniquity, which are the bane of popularities, and where wealth and beggary are made the playthings of an hour, and almost life and death the sport of the gaming table.

Fortune sometimes strangely favors the guilty as well as the brave, while the honest and upright are apparently going down hill. It was almost Eugene's first decided compromise with conscience and it succeeded.—For many days, every successive night found him at the gaming table and when, at the close of a fortnight, he found himself the master of a considerable sum of money, by an effort certainly uncommon, he stepped in this career of sinful uncertainty, and with his small capital, immediately commenced business for himself as a merchant.

Success followed success—his business and capital increased. Months and years went by and wealth flowed into his coffers. He drew the girl whom he had so won—won at the gaming table—to his own hearth stone, and she deemed herself happy for they were rich, and who can deny that they were honored? He had gained that power over others for which she had thirsted—and men looked up to him, and bowed low as they passed him on their way, and flesh and blood oringed at his feet for even a single touch of his finger!

One cold, windy night December of 18—just as the clock tolled one, the shrill and startling cry of fire, was heard echoing through the deserted streets of New York. Eugene slept soundly, with his wife and child by his side. As the cry struck his ear he started, turned, and murmuring "it is nothing," drew the clothes more closely about him, and slept. Still the cry arose louder and louder on the air, of "fire!" at momentary intervals; and men and boys were hurrying through the streets, with rapid and eager steps, towards the princely house of the sleeper. Still he awoke not from his almost unearthly sleep, till the crash of the door broken in from without startled him to his senses, and he leaped from his bed just as the flames were rolling and flashing through the room, and upon the instant the bed curtains caught, and his wife and child were enveloped in the flames!

It was the work of an instant to rescue them and hurry down the already burning stairs. But the work of destruction was done. Many a block, and two or three whole squares, were consumed before the flames could be subdued, and with the dwelling house of Eugene his large mercantile establishment was burned to ashes. That very day the insurance company failed.

Nor was this all. The morrow brought tidings of the wreck of a ship in which he had invested a large part of his fortune, and Eugene Reyburn was ruined!

Could we trace the destinies of mankind, and penetrate into the secrets of their lives, we should see oftener than we now suppose, that the work of retribution is accomplished here, to a considerable extent, at least. The goods of this world, unlawfully gained, are not unfrequently wrenched violently from the grasp, or if retained, become, in some way, the curse of life.

His wife lay on her death bed. The flames which had entered her vitals were rapidly finishing the work of destruction, and who can say that she had not wrought her own doom.

"Eugene," said she, in a low voice laying her thin hand in his "it is all over now. I have been thinking of the past—that night on which I breathed into your ear that thirst for power, that deadly ambition which tortured my soul, and I have traced it all along from that hour to this, and (her eyes were lifted to his with an almost prophetic expression, while a slight shiver crept over her frame.) I believe that this moment is the seal of that. Not that one may not desire power and honor; but never, Eugene, never—clasping her shadowy fingers together—should they be built upon the sins of others, or upon the violation of a sacred conscience. Could I live now, Eugene, she continued as the large tears started into her eyes, could I be with you in poverty, I believe that God would grant me the power to make you happy; yes happier than we have been in wealth. But I am dying. I leave our dear child with you; teach her to fear—"

But tears choked her utterance, and at this last charge, the husband groaned aloud. She knew not that her parting breath would leave him forever alone in the world; that child already lay cold in death, a victim to the terrible flames that sealed the death doom of the mother.

The last faint beams of the setting sun fell upon the death sealed face of the young wife; and Eugene turned from the room a broken hearted man, but better and worthier than before the retribution was accomplished.

COMING TO HIS SENSES.

The direct tendency of such arbitrary and wrongful proceedings, as the arrest and trial of Vallandigham, is too apparent to escape the attention of the most thoughtless even.—Even the most abject and unscrupulous apologist for the administration, Forney, is alarmed at the inevitable consequences—which he thus portrays in a letter to his paper, the Philadelphia Press:

"There is one policy that can never lead us astray, and that is, peace and respect for the laws. In times of war, when men's passions are insatiable and bloody, nothing should be done to excite them. Nothing more terrible than an appeal to the mob. It is one of those fearful exhibitions of tumult that pass over society like lava from the crater, destroying everything, the shrubbery, the weeds, the flowers, things of beauty and taste as well as things that have no attraction.—The mob is the embodiment of man's basest passions. Invoked by those who have nothing to lose by anarchy, and nothing to gain by peace, who see immunity for their own crimes in the crimes of others, and afraid to strike themselves, make the innocent and ignorant the instruments and victims of their revenge, we hardly know from whence it comes or whither it goes. Like a mad, unthinking, destroying monster it varies with every breath, following one leader to-day, murdering him to-morrow, and anxious that blood should be shed, merely because it is blood. There is nothing more easily invoked; nothing more difficult to quell.

Benjamin Franklin tells us, in one of his letters, that when he was a boy, a little book fell into his hands, entitled *Essay to do Good* by Cotton Mather. It was tattered and torn and several leaves were missing. "But the remainder," he says, "gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life: for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than on any other kind of reputation, and if I have been a useful citizen, the public owe all the advantages of it to the little book."

Jeremy Bentham mentions that the current of his thoughts and studies was directed for life by a single phrase that caught his eye at the end of a pamphlet. "The greatest good of the greatest number." There are single sentences in the New Testament that have awakened to spiritual life hundreds of millions of dormant souls. In things of less moment reading has a wondrous power.

Robinson Crusoe has sent to sea more sailors than the press gang. The story about little George Washington telling the truth about the hatchet and the plum tree has made many a truth teller. We owe all the Waverly novels to Scott's early reading of the old traditions and legends; and the whole body of pastoral fiction came from Addison's Sketches of Sir Roger DeCoverly in the Spectator. But illustrations are numberless. Tremble ye who write, and ye who publish writing. A paragraph may quench or kindle the celestial spark in a human soul—in myriads of souls.

A BUTTERNUT PIN.—The Vincennes (Ind) Sun, says: "A little girl not quite three years old, was observed by a lynx-eyed, top-eared, Abolition spy, out upon one of the streets of Indianapolis, a few days since, who had her dress fastened up at the neck with a small butternut pin. This Abolitionist—thinking this a splendid opportunity to render his country a great service, without endangering his own precious life informed some Federal soldiers that there was a traitor and endeavored to have them take the pin away from the child. The soldiers were too gentlemanly to carry out the patriotic suggestion and refused to do it. There are some abolitionists in this city who are just about as mean as this man was. They would choke an infant to get away from it a copper cent, or a butternut playing it might have in its possession."

POWER OF EXAMPLE.—Example is a living lesson. The life speaks. Every action has a tongue. Words are but articulate breath. Deeds are the *fac similes* of the soul; they proclaim what is within. The child notices the life. It should be in harmony, with goodness. Keen is the vision of youth; every mark is transparent. If a word is thrown into one balance, a deed is thrown into the other. Nothing is more important than that parents should be consistent. A sincere word is never lost; but advice, counter to example, is always expected. Both cannot be true, one is false.

INDUSTRY.—There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to. It is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries, and by all nations. It is the philosopher's stone that turns all metals, even stones, into gold, and suffer no want to break into its dwelling. It is the northwest passage that brings the merchant's ships as soon to him as he can desire. In a word it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution.

The report of the insanity of Mrs. Vallandigham, occasioned by the forcible arrest of her husband at midnight, is said to be true.

Miscellaneous.

WHY I AM A DEMOCRAT.
(From the Age.)

1st. Because I believe in the Constitution, as it was formed by the Fathers of the Republic, and under which our country has prospered, as no other nation has prospered, for eighty years, or since the end of the war of the Revolution, and would have prospered more and been united still, had not abolitionism, with its frantic teachings, obtained possession of the Government.

2d. Because I am opposed to any infringement on the right of *habeas corpus*, the great security for our personal liberty.

3d. Because I believe in the right of *free speech*, without which we are worse than slaves.

4th. Because I am opposed to a *consolidated Government* which would reduce the people to the condition of serfs or subjects.

5th. Because I am opposed to the *rule of abolitionists*, with the enemy to our glorious old Constitution, calling it "a covenant with Death and a league with Hell."

6th. Because I am opposed to *frauds in government contracts*, which have been so many and so great, during the war, as to be beyond calculation, and seem as yet to have gone unpunished.

7th. Because I am in favor of freedom of the press and the fair criticism of those who conduct the affairs of our Government.

8th. Because I am opposed to all interference, from whatever source, with the right of suffrage.

9th. Because I am in favor of equal rights in all the States, as guaranteed by the Constitution, and as interpreted by the Supreme Court.

10th. Because I am opposed to Emancipation Proclamations making free the slaves of the South, and inciting to insurrection, which while it has united the South as one man against the North, has divided the North against itself.

11th. Because I believe that the salvation of our Government can be attained only by the elevation of the Democratic party to the control of the Government, which, while it had the power, maintained the dignity of the nation at home and abroad.

JACKSON.
Philadelphia, May, 13, 1863.

An eastern paper recently had the following: "Young girl wanted by _____" (the blank being filled by the advertiser's name.) Next morning he found at his door a large basket carefully covered with a shawl, containing a plump, healthy baby, of the feminine gender, around whose neck was a ribbon with the following letter of introduction:

"Mr. _____: You advertise in this week's paper that you wanted a young girl. I hope the article I send you will meet your requirements. I could have sent her still younger if your advertisement had appeared before, but she is only a week old. I hope her age will be no objection. I have no younger one at present."

Rats Leaving a Sinking Ship.
Senator Trumbull, we learn from the Chicago Times, made a speech in Court House Square, in the city of Chicago, which, if made by a Democrat, would have entitled him to be called a "Copperhead." He attributed the bad progress of the war to the incompetency of the Administration, condemned arbitrary arrests and military suppression of newspapers, and said many other good things that were distasteful to the Jacobins who persistently interrupted him by calls for Jenning, the Kansas Jayhawker. Jennings afterwards led an Abolition procession in the city.

"The Trumbull defection," says the Times, "must be attributed to that instinct which drives rats from a sinking ship. He concludes not to go down with the Administration; but where else will he go?"—Jeffersonian.