

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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We respectfully announce to the citizens of Wyoming County that they have located at Tunkhannock where they will promptly attend to all calls in the line of their profession. My office is at the Drug Store, and not professionally absent.

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

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Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r

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,
TUNKHANNOCK,
WYOMING COUNTY, PENNA.
JOHN MAYNARD, Proprietor.

HAVING taken the Hotel, in the Borough of Tunkhannock, recently occupied by Riley Warner, the proprietor respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. The House has been thoroughly repaired, and all 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,
DENTIST.

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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TIME FOR FARMERS. A FERTILIZER
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Poet's Corner.

[Written for the Democrat]

OUR QUARREL.

BY STELLA OF LACKAWANNA.

It is strange, that in this moonlight, tender thoughts should come of you.
Archie Grey, that bring me from you, as the night-breeze flings the dew.

Could you marvel there should linger, something of the olden bliss,
Of two in struggling nature, in a glorious night like this?

Archie Grey, you were my lover, and I trusted you in all,
But some danger lurks in loving, as deadly in I save that fall.

We were lovers—that expresses all the happiest heart could say,
But some peril I built a barrier high between us, Archie Grey!

So we parted, each reluctant, and with slowly-lingering feet,
Wondering if, upon the morrow's mystic twilight we should meet?

Oh, we parted in a moonlight, streaming grandly down like this,
Lovers still, yet all too haughty for a single good-night kiss!

Never stole your arm around me, as in forewells oft before,
And your professed hand was colder, than the storm-wave on the shore.

How I peered, with wistful questioning, in the dark light of your eye,
But your lips grew very weary, for I missed the soft reply.

Then I formed brave resolutions, that in day-hours, I may keep,
But something in this moonlight softens down the heart to weep.

Call it weakness, call it woman's lack of spirit if you will!
Better so, than eyes too frozen for the warmth of tears to fill.

Wait! a memory steals across me; 'twas a vesper hour 'twa June,
When, through the open casement, toyed the fingers of the moon.

With the fragrant hair of summer, ruffled by the zephyr breeze,
As it lightly came coquetting, from the honey-blossoming trees.

That your face grew touched with sadness, holier than the passion's play,
And upon your struggling lashes, lay a tear-drop, Archie Grey!

If 'twere weakness, angel gazers, from your blue, and silent sphere,
Might be won by human frailty, glittering in the crystal tear.

Ah me, Archie, I have wandered where I never meant to go,
But this moonrise o'er my spirit, else too darkened moves me so.

I forget my haughty nature, and the slight it could not brook—
I forget your pride of manner, and that half veiled parting look!

All my maidenly resentment is this sweet hour dies away,
And I only know I love you—love you madly, Archie Grey.

I DREAMED MY BOY WAS HOME AGAIN.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CHAS. CARROLL SAWYER.

Lonely, weary, broken hearted
As I lay me down to sleep,
Thinking of the day we parted,
When you told me not to weep.

Soon I dreamed that peaceful angels
Hovered o'er the battle plain,
Singing songs of joy and gladness,
And my boy was home again.

CHORUS—How well I know such thoughts of joy—
Such dreams of bliss are vain,
My heart is sad; my tears will flow—
Until my boy is home again.

Tears were changed to loud rejoicing,
Night was turned to endless day!
Lovely birds were sweetly singing,
Flowers bloomed in bright array,
Old and young seemed light and cheerful—
Peace seemed every where to reign.
My poor heart forgot its sorrow,
For my boy was home again.

CHORUS—How well I know &c.

But the dream is past; and with it
All my happiness is gone;
Cheerful thoughts of joy have vanished;
I must still in sorrow mourn.

Soon may peace with all its bliss be
Our unhappy land reclaim;
Then my tears will cease their flowing,
And my boy be home again.

CHORUS—How well I know &c.

THE DRAFT.—Attorney General Bates has prepared an opinion, which it is said, is accepted by the Department, that the law of Congress regarding the payment in lieu of service when a person is drafted, is mandatory and that this sum, and no less, must be fixed in all cases, but it is also held that this only exempts the party from that particular draft when the money is paid, and that a similar liability is incurred upon each and every draft.

Select Story.

THE HEIRESS OF GLENMORE.

BY MRS. C. P. GERRY.

In a picture gallery of a grand old castle in England, hangs a portrait, which I am about to describe. It was painted by Copley, and represents a girl in the first flush of her youth and loveliness. Her beauty is of the blonde type; she has the sunniest of blue eyes, the sunniest of golden tresses rippling down from the brim of her jaunty hat, the sunniest of smiles, hovering about lips as red and dewy as the rosebuds clasped in one hand. The figure is ethereal in its grace, and robed in white muslin; the bare arms are faultless in their proportions, and the foot peeping from the folds of her dress, as dainty as ever pressed the green sward, broad blue ribbons are tied about her waist, loop up her sleeves, and float from the crown of her hat, and a few flowers are wreathed amid her hair.

Such is the report of Alice, the heiress of Glenmore, in her sixteenth year; thus looked she, as she traversed the fields of her princely estate one glorious summer afternoon. On, on she kept, till she reached a rustic bridge, which had been built across a brook, that went dicing through a ravine on the verge of the upland pastures. Here she paused, and peering through the shrubbery, gazed at a path that had been worn by the feet of sheep, which the shepherds were in the habit of driving to the brook to drink. At length she drew back with a clout on her fair brow, and began to pick the blossoms from a vine, which had wound itself round and round the railing on which she leaned.

"I—I have stolen away from the castle and hastened hither, but 'tis all in vain—Robert will not water his flock this afternoon."

She had scarcely spoken, when she heard a rich, clear voice singing a snatch of some old song, and the next moment a flock of sheep came hastening along the path, followed by a young shepherd. He was only eighteen, but he had already attained the height of manhood, and his face was a most noble one—the forehead broad and high, the eyes large, dark and dreamy, and the mouth very spirited.

"I will hide," said Alice, to herself; "so I may see whether he cares for me or not," and she nestled down among a clump of hazel bushes and watched and listened. There could not have been a prettier picture than the ravine, with the brook winding through it, bordered by reeds and flowers that love the water, and spanned by the rustic bridge, with its drapery of moss and vines, and the sheep quietly drinking, and beside them, in thoughtful mood, stood the young herdsman, with his picturesque costume and gallant bearing. He sank upon the grass, but though he had assumed a posture of indolent grace, he ever and anon started and gazed anxiously at the castle, whose turrets loomed above the distant foliage. At length he sprang to his feet, and began to pace to and fro.

"I might have known it," he muttered, "I might have known that Alice, the high-born lady, could not even be a friend to a poor shepherd lad. I shall not meet her today."

"Yes you will!" rejoined the mischievous girl, and coming from her place of concealment, she stood before him in all her beauty, with flushed cheeks and drooping eyes.

"O, Alice, how glad I am that you have come once more! This is the last time we shall meet for years, if we ever do again!"

The girl's rich color faded, and her eyes were moist with tears as she raised them to his.

"It cannot be," she faltered, "it cannot be you are going away?"

"Yes, I am."

"And where?"

"I will tell you. I was not born for the humdrum life of a shepherd. I have tastes beyond tending my flock."

"I know it; you draw beautifully, and have never had a lesson."

"Alice, I am going to Italy. When I see you again, with God's blessing, I shall be an artist."

"But who will help you?"

"Last night an uncle of mine, who run away from home when he was a little boy, came back to Glenmore."

"Go on."

"Well, he is an artist; he says he is not rich, but he can afford to care for and teach me, till I am able to take care of myself."

"My parents frown upon what they call high flown notions, but they say I may go if I set upon it."

"It will be hard to leave your home, your brothers and sisters?"

"But harder still to leave you, Alice; you are dearer to me than anything else in the world, but I know 'tis folly to love one so far above me. You will forget the shepherd lad—I shall hear of you as a nobleman's wife!"

"No, no, you won't!" exclaimed Alice, her tears gushing forth afresh; "I shall not love anybody but you!"

"Me—me—Robert, the herdsman's boy?"

Do you love me, Alice?"
"Yes, with all my heart!"
"Then if you will keep yourself free till I have won fame and fortune, I will come and claim you. And now I have one favor to ask."

"What is it?"
"Stand here just as you are, and let me sketch you in a drawing I have made of Rocky Brook."

The girl remained, and he proceeded to sketch her, who was the "day star" of his dreams. When he had finished it, he brought it for her inspection. She gazed at it with tearful eyes, and then with many a fond word they parted.

The light of the Italian sunset lay warm and rich on hill and vale and stream, and lingered lovingly in a studio, occupied by two men. One of these had passed the prime of his manhood—the other had scarcely reached it; his hair was brushed back in careless waves from his broad brow; his eyes were full of light, and a smile came and went about his well cut lips, as he stood before his easel. On it lay a painting, to which he had just given the finishing touches—a landscape, representing a gorge, threaded by a clear stream and a flock of sheep drinking, and a young girl, with a white muslin robe and a coquetish hat.

"Robert," said the young artist's uncle, "I can teach you nothing more."

But the dreamer did not hear his words he was lost in a profound reverie. At length a chariot, with the arms of a noble English family emblazoned on the panels, rolled to the door, and a man with a patrician air alighted and entered the studio. He paused passed from picture to picture, till he came to the landscape I have described. Then he stopped, and after gazing at it in silent wonder, said:

"That is English scenery, I believe."

"Yes sir."

"And that lady is the heiress of Glenmore?"

"It is."

"And may I ask the name of the artist who has immortalized Lady Alice's beauty?"

The painter drew forth a card, on which was traced the name of Robert Thornton, the quondam shepherd boy.

As the stranger read it, he resumed:

"You are, then, of English extraction?"

"Yes, sir; in my youth I was a shepherd at Glenmore."

"Why you astonish me! I must tell Alice, and bring her to see you."

"I should be happy to meet her," was the low reply, and the next moment the stranger took his leave.

Morning came, and at an early hour young Thornton went out for a walk on the Campanian. He had gone but a short distance, when he met one of the most beautiful of the Tuscan maidens. She called gaily to him as he was passing, and he was chatting with her, when an equestrian party was seen approaching. Among them rode Lady Alice, and Thornton's heart beat fast as she bowed and gazed with the stranger who had entered his studio the day previous, riding at her bridal-rein.

Weeks passed, and they met—Lady Alice and Thornton—now the famous artist—but they met in coldness and distrust. She was always accompanied by the dashing nobleman, to whom rumor said she was affianced; and Thornton thought she had grown strangely proud and distant, while she in secret wept over the change which she thought time had wrought in him.

But at last the malaria prevailing in the city attacked the despondent artist, and as he lay tossing on his couch, Lady Alice came to minister to his wants, like an angel of mercy. Then, there in that lone chamber, all was explained, all forgiven, solemn betrothal vows were interchanged, and when Robert Thornton grew convalescent, he led to the altar the beautiful Heiress of Glenmore.

Miscellaneous.

THE CRIME OF SILENCE!—"The man who stands by and says nothing when the peril of his government is discussed, cannot be misunderstood."—Lincoln's last.

"Was anything so extraordinary ever before uttered by the chief magistrate of a free country? Men are torn from their homes and immured in bastiles for the shocking crime of SILENCE! Citizens of the model Republic of the world are not only punished for speaking their opinions, but are plunged into dungeons for holding their tongues."

When before, in the annals of tyranny, was silence ever punished as a crime? Citizens who disapprove of the acts of the administration are denied even the refuge of a dignified silence.

"I much more desire the extermination of slavery, if it can be constitutionally effected—as I believe it can—than I do to see the Union restored. I wish to see slavery at an end when this war should end, if it can be constitutionally accomplished."—Senator Fessenden.

And if it cannot be constitutionally done we suppose like all the rest of his party, he wants to see it done anyhow.

VALLANDIGHAM ESCAPES.

The New York Herald says, "that Vallandigham has run the blockade from Wilmington, N. C., to Nassau, whence it is stated he will proceed to Canada. When he arrives in the British provinces he will no doubt take up his abode in Chatham, opposite Detroit, where a Ferry connects the two cities. From Detroit to Dayton, Ohio, there is railroad communication, and the distance is short. If he does not think it prudent to return just now he can easily keep up communication with the State, and issue telling addresses, which will be published in the newspapers. If he should return we think it very questionable if he would be further interfered with by Burnside. Certain it is that if he should be elected Governor of Ohio as it is highly probable he will be, he will boldly cross the frontier at once; and to meddle with him after that would be out of the question."

It has been suggested that Vallandigham will cross the Canadian frontier into the State of New York, and remain there under the protection of Governor Seymour, until his State calls him to administer its government; and there can be no doubt that he would feel more at home in the Empire City than he would in a little Canadian village; and we feel assured that Governor Seymour would not permit him to be arrested contrary to law. But as the Democratic candidate for the Governorship of Ohio could render more aid toward his own election by posting himself on the frontier of the State than by remaining in New York, he will probably be found at Chatham, Niagara Falls, or somewhere on the Northern shore of Lake Erie, till next October, where he will do infinitely more damage to the administration and its candidates than if he were permitted to return unmolested to his home in Ohio. So much for the vain attempt to violate with impunity the prohibition of the constitution against the abridging of the liberty of speech."

HON. GEORGE W. WOODWARD.

Hon. George W. Woodward, our nominee for Governor, is a native of Wayne County. The Luzerne Union says he came to Wilkes-Barre when about a young man, to attend the school of Dr. Orton, the then principal of the old Academy, under whose tuition he completed his academic education. He then went to Geneva, N. Y., where he graduated in the same class with Gov. Seymour, and between whom we understand there has ever existed the firmest friendship. About the year 1828 George W. Woodward entered upon the study of law in the office of Garrick Mallory, Esq. Upon the appointment of the latter gentleman to the Judgeship of the Northampton district, young Woodward took charge of Mr. Mallory's extensive practice, and in a very short time attained a high position at the bar. His clear legal and logical mind, his untiring industry, and the unswerving integrity of his character, made him a mark of admiration far beyond his years, among the Spotts, the Conyngams, the LeClintocks, the Denisons and the other great distinguished minds then composing the Luzerne bar. Thus much for his early manhood in the profession of which he has since become so bright an ornament. His subsequent attainments are too well known to need further reference. From the unaided boy he has become a lawyer and a jurist unsurpassed in the State; while his learning, his ability, his unspotted life, and last, though not least, his orthodox Democracy, all pointed to him as the proper man in the present crisis to direct the destinies of this great Commonwealth.

The abolitionists say they are opposed to peace on any terms, "if you are so fierce for war, why don't you take your gun and go to war?" If you prefer war to peace go in—shoulder your gun, and take a position in the front ranks. Your services are wanted. Example is better than precept on this subject. Practice what you preach, and do not urge and force others to do what you won't do yourselves. You like war, go in and enjoy it!

If it takes an oath to make an abolitionist loyal to the government, how many oaths would it take to bring his patriotism up to a volunteering and fighting pitch? Democrats need no oaths, they have always been loyal, but the men now joining the Union league should take such an oath three times a year. They have always been disloyal.

The abolitionists are very anxious that the people should sustain the Administration, right or wrong. Let the President sustain the right and the people will sustain him but they will not sustain the wrong. They will oppose that and him with it so long as he sustains it.

A country paper says the best sewing machine in the world is one about seventeen years old, who wears gaiter boots and a pocket to put her wages in.

More law-suits than love-suits, are brought on by attachments.

Wyoming Seminary.

The undersigned in behalf of the Board of Visitors of the Wyoming Conference Seminary for the present year, would report as follows: We feel ourselves happy in having been appointed on this Board, both on account of the interest we feel in this Institution and in the many things we have observed in its present condition. It is true that the Wyoming Seminary, in common with all other institutions of high grade, has shared in the blighting influence of the times; from this cause many young men of the country who would have been or would now be in its classic halls, are marshalled in the tented field. It is true also that the recent introduction of graded schools into our cities and larger towns, has temporarily caused a diminution of its members. Nor has it escaped our attention that the premises need repairs and the finances require careful attention. But war times we trust will not be protracted, and if they should be, we need knowledge quite as much in War as in Peace; the graded schools while they are a great improvement upon the system of education in their several localities will not ultimately impede the prosperity of our Higher Institutions of learning; but by cultivating a more general interest in education, will multiply their number and send to them a grade of students more advanced in years and proficiency. And as to the finances, we are happy to state that the Trustees are fully awake to this question, are completing a subscription for repairs in the sum of two thousand dollars, and are about to take decisive measures to liquidate the entire indebtedness of the concern. We understand the rooms are to be put in excellent order throughout and made as attractive as any that can be found in the very best Institutions. It gives the committee special satisfaction to state the fact of the return of Dr. Nelson to the chief management of the Institution, he has again become Principle in place of G. C. Smith resigned. Prof. Smith has done well for the interests of education here. The Trustees and the public are under great obligations to him for his untiring and devoted labors for many years. But believing the proper time has come, he now carries into execution a purpose long entertained of devoting himself fully to the Ministerial work.

The great success Dr. Nelson has already achieved, both as an educator and a financier will inspire the greatest confidence in the public mind, with regard to the future of the Seminary. His return will be universally felt as a pledge that its halls will soon be thronged with scholars, and its finances placed ultimately on a safe and permanent basis; but these most desirable ends cannot be compassed by one man alone; the friends of the Institution must co-operate with him, and it will be necessary for him to put forth a manly and determined effort. Nothing less than this will meet the exigency of the case. Every minister in the Conference is loudly called upon by the circumstances to solicit scholars. And all our people should be ready to contribute liberally for the improvement of its finances.

The academic year of this Institution has just closed. The examination of classes commenced on Friday the 19th inst. and was concluded on Monday the 22nd inst. The pupils gave evidence of a thorough knowledge of their studies. If we were to specify classes we would do injustice unless we mentioned nearly all in each department. There are classes in Latin, Greek, French, German, Geology, Botany, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Algebra, Geometry, Surveying Trigonometry, Arithmetic and Grammar. Prominent among the departments was that of Instrumental Music, over which a very competent teacher has charge. Of the department in fine arts, Drawing and Painting we would speak in highly commendatory terms. Both of these departments are in a very flourishing condition. The number of pupils in the Musical department is unusually large, and their performances at the examination excited general admiration, the painting also exhibited great artistic skill and taste.

Ample arrangements are being made for establishing a COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT in connection with the Seminary, which will be under the supervision of a highly competent Professor, with all necessary assistants. The design of the Trustees is to furnish here advantages for obtaining a thorough commercial education, equal to that of the best commercial colleges in the country, a model bank store etc. will be put in operation, combining the actual business department, with the theoretical. A permanent Normal department will be organized, commencing with the next session, which will afford those desiring to teach, an excellent opportunity to prepare for their vocation.

The Faculty had made ample arrangements for the usual Anniversary Exercises; but the public excitement on account of the Rebel raid in Pennsylvania, together with the unroofing of one of the academic buildings, by a tornado on the 17th inst., so deranged matters that the regular exhibition on Tuesday the 23rd inst. was dispensed with. The public lost by this arrangement the pleasure they had anticipated from the address of Caleb Wright Esq. On Friday and Monday evenings however, we were favored with original pieces in composition and declamation, which evinced thought and care in their production. Four young ladies having passed through the required course of studies for graduation, received their Diplomas with appropriate remarks from Dr. Nelson, President of the Board of Trustees.

N. ROUNDS, W. J. JUDEL,
W. LA MONT, C. L. RICE,
G. H. BLAKESLEE, J. G. ECKMAN,
W. LA MONT

Sept. 23rd 1863