

# The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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## North Branch Democrat.

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## Business Notices.

BACON STAND.—Nicholson, Pa.—C. L. JACKSON, Proprietor. H. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Newton Centre, Luzerne County Pa. GEO. W. TUTTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tunkhannock, Pa. Office on Stark's Block, Bridge Street. W. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Stark's Block, Bridge Street, Tunkhannock, Pa. R. W. & S. W. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office on Toga street, Tunkhannock, Pa. HARVEY SICKLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW and GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT, Office, Bridge street, opposite Wall's Hotel, Tunkhannock, Pa. DR. J. C. CORSELIUS, HAVING LOCATED AT THE FALLS, WILL promptly attend all calls in the line of his profession—may be found at Beemer's Hotel, when not professionally absent. Falls, Oct. 10, 1861.

DR. J. C. BECKER & CO., PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS. Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wyoming that they have located at Tunkhannock where they will promptly attend to all calls in the line of their profession. May be found at their Drug Store when not professionally absent.

J. M. CAREY, M. D.—(Graduate of the J. M. Institute, Cincinnati) would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wyoming and Luzerne Counties, that he continues his regular practice in the various departments of his profession. May be found at his office of residence, when not professionally absent. Particular attention given to the treatment of Chronic Disease, Luzerne County, Pa.—v2n2

WALL'S HOTEL, LATE AMERICAN HOUSE, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

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.

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 asks 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.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL, MESHOPEEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA. 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.

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.

LINE FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZER VERMOREL Mesheppen, Sept. 18, 1861.

A GENTLEMAN, cured of Nervous Debility, Insomniac, Epilepsy, &c., and Young Men, cured of Gonorrhoea, and all the ills which attend it, by the use of a certain medicine, which he will be happy to furnish to all who need it (free of charge). See the recipe and directions for making the simple Remedy used in his case. Those wishing to profit by his experience—and possess a Valuable Remedy—will receive the same, by return mail, (carefully sealed), by addressing JOHN B. OGDON, No. 69 Nassau Street, New York.

Fresh Ground Flour in quantities and at prices to suit purchasers, for sale by J. B. SMITH, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office on Bridge Street, next door to the Democrat's Office, Tunkhannock, Pa.

## Poet's Corner.

### MY MOTHER.

BY ANON. SIXTY.

When wandering in a stranger land,  
A strangely bending o'er me,  
And thoughts of home and boyhood's band,  
Are thronging fast before me;  
And as they rise, each friendly face—  
Or father, sister, brother—  
And seek in mind the fond embrace,  
Comes first of all my mother!

A brother's warm and faithful heart,  
Draws closely to me ever;  
A sister's love's beyond the art  
Of chance or change to sever;  
My father's form, revered, will rise,  
Priced far beyond all other,  
Save when I see, with boyhood's eyes,  
In memory's glass, MY MOTHER!

Earth's other ties may seem full strong;  
Loved spirit's bond is hoiver;  
And beauty, fame, and wealth, and song,  
May win me for their lover;  
But still will memory's magnet true,  
Point ever to one other,  
Investing with hope's brightest hue,  
That most loved form—MY MOTHER!

Then let the poet sing for fame;  
The miser hoard his treasure;  
Let warriors win a deathless name,  
An fill their glory's measure;  
Go, if they will, and at the shrine  
Of proud ambition, mother,  
Each noble impulse yet may miss  
Forever seek MY MOTHER!

Or seal us now, howe'er the tide  
The barren sands o'er life's ocean,  
One heart to mine is still allied  
With unimpair'd devotion;  
Let fortune fall, and friends forsake;  
There's one, and there's no other,  
Whose love no lapse of time can shake;  
That one? She is MY MOTHER!

In childhood's hours, maturer years,  
From life's bright noon till even,  
She aids our hopes, allays our fears,  
And points the path to heaven;  
And if a sky-born spirit e'er  
Was sent to guide another,  
In mortal guise, from yon pure sphere,  
That spirit is—MY MOTHER!

### A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The following is one of the most remarkable compositions ever published:

[EXPLANATION.—The initial capitals spell, "My honest as in the glorious Cross of Christ." The words in italics, when read from top to bottom and from bottom to top, form "The Lord's Prayer."]

Make known the gospel truths, Our father, King,  
In us thy grace, dear Father from above,  
Bless us with hearts which coolly can sing,  
Our life thou art for ever, God of love!

Assuage our griefs in love for Christ we pray,  
Since the bright prince of Heaven and glory died,  
To ask all our shame and hallowed the display,  
Infant being first a man and then was crucified.  
Stupendous God! thy grace our power make known,  
In Jesus' name let all the world rejoice.

New labors in thy heavenly kingdom own,  
That blessed kingdom for thy saints the oblation;  
We come to thee to all our ills,  
Enemies to thy self and all thy thine,  
Graceless our will, we live for vanity,  
Loathing thy cry being evil in desire,  
O, God, thy will be done from earth to Heaven,  
Resting on the gospel let us live,  
In earth from sin deliver and forgive,  
Oh! as thyself but teach us to forgive,  
Unless its power temptation doth destroy,  
Sure is our fall into the depths of woe,  
Carnal in mind, we've not a glimpse of joy,  
Raised against heaven; in us no hope can flow,  
O give us grace and lead us on thy way,  
Shine on thy love and give us peace,  
Self and this sin which rise against us lay,  
Oh! grant each day our trespasses may cease,  
Forgive our evil deeds that oft we do,  
Convince us daily of them to our shame,  
Help us with heavenly bread, forgive us, too,  
Recurrent lusts, and we'll above thy name,  
In thy forgiveness we as sinners can die,  
Since for us all our trespasses so high,  
Thy Son, our Savior, bled on Calvary.

### IS THERE GROUND FOR HOPE?

We are often asked, says an exchange, is there any ground for hope of good in the future? There is—but it can be reached only by a change of rulers. The present "powers that be" have proved themselves unfit and unworthy; the progress of affairs under them, has been, and is likely to be, from bad to worse; they have shown themselves ignorant and reckless experimenters, vainly sacrificing the blood and treasure of the nation, to such an extent that there is now no choice left to the people, but a RUINED COUNTRY, OR A CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION.

### SIR, THE ABOLITION PARTY IS A DISLOYAL ORGANIZATION. ITS PRETENSED LOVE FOR FREEDOM MEANS NOTHING MORE OR LESS THAN CIVIL WAR AND A DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION. HONEST MEN OF ALL PARTIES SHOULD UNITE TO EXPOSE THEIR INTENTIONS AND ARREST THEIR PROGRESS.—ANDREW JACKSON.

### HONEST OLD ABE.

Honest old Abe, when the war first began,  
Denied abolition was part of his plan;  
Honest old Abe has since made a decree,  
The war must go on till the slaves are all free,  
As both can't be honest, will some one tell how,  
If honest Abe then, he is honest Abe now?

## Select Story.

### LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY KELLIE WILD.

"She was, and I thought her cold,  
Thought her proud, and I feel over these."

Today I have been looking at a picture of Bretzel Castle. It was built two hundred years ago, principally of light grey stone, now darkened at the buttresses into purple and green, and hither, by the storms of centuries, on the south the magnificent gardens slope towards the sea, which tumbles and foams on a rocky coast. Westward is a fine village, and on the other sides the park stretches for miles away.

I know the history of Bretzel Castle, and sometime I will tell you the story of the original of each of the portraits that hang in the hall. But to-day can only relate the story of the wedding of its present lord and lady.

Fifty miles north of Bretzel lives Sir Ralph Preston and his only child, Amabel, a brown-eyed, stony haired girl of eighteen summers.

My story opens on the first morning in May, a warm moist morning, and beautiful as June. Amy, dressed in white and green, danced till noon with the village girls, after crowning the queen of May. Early in the afternoon there were several fresh arrivals, and Amy ran to meet her old friend and playmate, Arthur Morton, younger brother of the haughty young heir of Rothwell Manor. What care! Amy for the village party then? She strode away with Arthur, and presently the woods echoed their distant laughter. They rambled about till radiant sunset, chatting about old times and absent friends. At last Arthur told Amy that he was going to leave England.

"I knew it before," said Amy. "Howard told me."

"My brother? When did you see him?"

"Last week. He came with Lord Bretzel."

"Then you have seen Roberto. Do you like him, Amy?"

"Yes; he is splendid. So says Howard, so says my father, and so says I."

Arthur bit his lips.

"He looks like the pictures of the Knights of Saint George, with his raven hair, flashing eyes, and marble face. But every woman likes a commanding presence, and a lip shadowed by a moustache as dense as a Centaur's of the Old Guard." Arthur laughed rather scornfully at Amy, who was watching the changing reflection of the jalousie by to the fish pond. She saw a slender figure, blue eyes, chestnut hair, but a smooth lip shadowed by a moustache as dense as a Centaur's of the Old Guard.

"Of course you will stay, Arthur. But your invitation comes too late. I have promised to go with Lord Bretzel."

"I am sorry you will be so kind words for me to-morrow. Why do you not ask why I leave England so suddenly?"

"Because I do not believe that you will go so soon."

"But indeed it is true, Amy. I have only a younger brother's portion, and it will never satisfy me. I must win a name, Amy, I can never be content. As an artist I hope to do this, I shall go to Italy, and I can but fail."

"My father says you were not born an artist; you can paint well, but you will never find fame or fortune in Italy."

"I shall try."

The next day a splendid carriage, drawn by superb horses, drew Roberto and Amy to Rothwell, a distance of five miles. Arthur followed slowly on horseback. Passing by the pond he saw a green and white scarf that Amy had dropped the day previous—He put it in his bosom and rode on to Rothwell.

No expense had been spared to make the fête magnificent. All the beauty and noble blood for fifty miles around assembled to honor the future Lord of Rothwell. Arthur was the merriest of the merry young men who loved him far better than his haughty brother. Amy Preston, in a robe of violet silk, and with pearls on her neck and arms, was envied by all fair ladies, because of the marked attention paid her by the young Lord of Bretzel. At midnight Arthur found her alone and proposed a walk on the terrace. "It will be our last for many months, perhaps years," he said.

Amy consented reluctantly; Roberto had left her but for a moment, and she was awaiting his return. But she allowed Arthur to lead her away, and night and the stars found them walking among the early flowers. They talked of the past and the present, but not of the future. Music floated out from the hall; dancing had commenced.

"You will dance the first with me, Amy, will you not?" Arthur asked pleadingly.

"I have promised Roberto. See, he is approaching. You will come to Preston House to bid me good-bye before you go, will you not, Arthur?"

"If I can; but I shall see you to-morrow early, perhaps."

Amy danced and sang till midnight. Her eyes were brighter than usual, and her step lighter. Roberto was often by her side, and she blushed beneath his meaning glances and at his earnest words. But she walked with Arthur, and sang his favorite song.—That night, from her turret chamber, Amy could see Arthur's window in the main building on her left. His light burned till the morning star grew dim at day dawn, and she watched for one glimpse of his face, but she saw nothing. She fell asleep at sunrise.

Five days later Amy met Arthur in the hall at Preston House; he had come to bid them good-bye, for he was going away the next morning.

"I will go as far as the old oak with you," said Amy as Arthur was leaving the house.

Arthur looked pleased. They walked slowly in the bright sunshine, and talked of the time when the trees would cast a darker shadow when the grass would be taller and the flowers would blossom under the hedge rows. Not one word of the friendship that had bound them so closely in the years that had gone. If either heart ached the face and voice gave no sign.

"You will not see the roses bloom that you planted a month ago, Arthur?"

"No, only in dreams."

"Nor the autumn woods that you love so well?"

"No matter; I shall not forget them."

"Nor the Christmas fires. What will Christmas be to your father without his favorite son, Arthur?"

Arthur did not reply. Amy thought his lip quivered, but it might be fancy.

"You will be at home on Christmas eve, Arthur?"

"Not unless you bid me come, Amy."

Did Amy see the wistful, imploring, questioning glance he cast upon her as he said this. If she had would she have answered as she did?

"Unless I bid you? You are not my servant, Arthur. You will do as you please; but you know that no other can ever fill the place vacant in our hearts and homes—your father's home and mine."

The words contained more of regret at his departure than any he had heard her utter; but even they were too cold for his purpose. They reached the old oak tree; Amy paused, and Arthur said:

"Good-bye, Amy; think of your old playmate sometimes; and if you are ever happier than you have been in years that are past, send me a line across the sea, and I will congratulate you, and send you my blessing if it is worth anything." So they parted in the May sunshine.

Arthur walked rapidly homeward. He did not turn back, thinking that he heard a voice calling him; but it was only fancy. The words "stay with me" would have kept him in England for a time, eager as he was to see the land of romance—fair Italy. He knew that he should never be happy in a distant land, far from home and kindred; but he could brave everything for fame. At last he could not win it as an artist; he might mortify his eloquence if he could stand in his brother's place. He was but a younger brother, yet far nobler and more fitted for the master of the Rothwell than Howard.—He knew this, and yet he never envied his brother the position fate had given him.—The day following he left England.

### Chapter II.

"'Tis good to be merry and wise;  
'Tis good to be honest and true;  
'Tis good to be off with the old love,  
Before you are on with the new."

Fair is this land, dear Amabel,  
The land of all my boyish dreams;  
But dearer is my native land,  
And fairer are its woods and streams.  
I watch the sunshine as it falls  
On many a shrine of song and story;  
And oh! my heart beats high to win  
One sparkle of the golden glory.  
And yet I sigh—thou art not here!  
The hours go by on leaden wings;  
Sometimes I hear your favorite song,  
And every bell of memory rings,  
And then I long to see your face,  
And fame and fortune, wealth and power,  
All that I'd hope to win on earth,  
I'd barter for my olden place  
Beside you, Amy, one short hour.

I did not tell my love for you,  
And yet you knew it, Amabel;  
You read it in my eyes, my lips  
Could not have spoken it as well;  
And in your eyes, as in the stars,  
I thought I read my destiny.  
Yet when we parted, you were cold,  
Nor reached one word of hope to me;  
And now I pine in this wet land,  
With only dreams of earlier years.  
That makes me sad—too proud to shed  
Floods of regretful, bitter tears?  
I am not weak, yet all of life for me  
Is cast upon one hope, one joy—on thee.

Any dropped the caressing verses and took up the miniature. There was one more struggle between love and ambition, and the former conquered. She dared not meet Roberto until she had sealed her fate, for there was a fascination in his voice and eyes that few could resist. She took up a pen and wrote rapidly:—

"Come to me, Arthur; I have received your letter, and I am happier than when I parted with you. Come and congratulate me to me on Christmas eve. AMABEL."

Was there hope? but for her pride she would have written—"You are dearer far than all the world beside."

She sealed the note, gave it into the hand of a servant, and went down to Roberto and told him her heart-changes. She told him everything but that she would have married to satisfy her ambition; for that surely was not all. She was confident that his love would give place to contempt; but she told her story honestly, and he believed her.

"I have loved you," she said, "far better than I ever did or ever could love any one except Arthur. I could have made you happy, Roberto."

"I know it, Amabel, I know it. I can forgive you the pain you have caused me, for I love you still, because you did not understand Arthur and human nature coupled with pride, and yourself least of all. I could not have made you happy—but no more of this. I shall leave England; when I return we shall meet as friends I trust."

He grasped Amy's offered hand, and leaving a kiss on her flushed brow, was gone in a moment. It was years before Amy saw him again, and when they met, a dark-eyed German girl sat at his feet, and sang an English song that brought the color to Amy's cheek. "It is his favorite song," said the beautiful Wina. She little knew why.

### Chapter III.

"Ring, Christmas bells, ring merrily,  
My Willie has returned to me."

Christmas eve came and with it Arthur, they met as they had parted, without a word or a sign of love that was in their hearts.

"I know that you would send for me said Arthur, in a tantalizing tone.

"I shall send you away when I have amused myself with you, as I do Barto," Barto was a Greyhound.

"I hear that you have rejected Lord Bretzel."

"It is true. Have you won fame as an artist?"

"Not yet."

"You never will."

"I fear not, Amy. I shall stay in England if you will let me."

"As you please."

The day following Arthur told his history while absent, his love and pride.

"You could not understand such love as mine," he said. "It was unselfish, for I could have given you up to Roberto, or any other who could have made you happier without causing you pain by a declaration that could result in nothing but coldness between us who had been friends so long. I saw that you were dazzled, bewildered by the attentions of Roberto and that you were blinded by ambition. I knew that you admired Roberto, and I feared that you already loved him. If you cared for me my absence would test your affection and mine. I wanted no divided heart."

"If you had told me this I should have bade you stay."

"You gave no sign of love, of regret even; or I could not have held my peace."

"I was proud, Arthur."

"So was I. I cannot blame you."

When the June leaves rustled there was a wedding in the church where Amy was baptized in her infancy. Very fair was she in her white robes as she stood at the altar beside the manly form of Arthur Morton.

Three years after the bridal, Howard Morton was laid in the mausoleum of his ancestors; and not long after Lord Rothwell was laid by his side. Arthur succeeded to his fine estates, and years afterward took his seat in Parliament. There he won the fame, the distinction he craved in his boyhood. Even Amabel's ambition was satisfied.

### ANOTHER FEMALE SOLDIER.

The police of Manayunk arrested, a few days since, a small lad, for wandering about the streets, who gave the name of Chas. Martin. The youth stated that he had volunteered his service with a captain of a company, and had been at the seat of war. He had just returned, having had a severe attack of typhoid fever, and had come home to recruit his health. He was committed to the House of Refuge, but he was still suffering from the malignant disease he was sent to the Pennsylvania Hospital. After being admitted into this institution the nurse who had charge of him discovered that the youth was a girl. Upon the detection of her sex, the girl said that her real age was fourteen years, she having stated, when taken up, that she was but twelve years of age, in order to carry on the deception. Up to the hour of her admission into the Hospital no one ever dreamed of this poor unfortunate creature being a female. She resided in Bucks county, and during her sojourn in the army had passed through seven or eight battles, during which time she acted as a servant, and performed all the duties of one in that position.