



**The Democrat.**

HARVEY SICKLER, Editor.

TUNKHANNOCK, PA

Wednesday, Nov. 4, 1863.

S. M. Pettengill & Co.—No. 37 Park Row New York, & 6 STATE ST. BOSTON, are our Agents for the N. B. Democrats, in those cities, and are authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at our lowest rates.

MATHER & CO., No. 336 Broadway, N. Y., are our Authorized Agents to take Advertisements for this paper, at our published rates.

**A Little plain talk.**

We are about to perform one of the most unpleasant things connected with the publication of a country newspaper—a thing, that we would gladly refrain from doing, did not nature's first law—the law of self preservation, goad us to its performance. Do not start, kind reader; we are not yet going to commit homicide, nor suicide. We are going to do our best to keep this paper going and live, without the commission of any such grave crimes. We desire earnestly, to obviate the necessity of stealing for a living; by reminding some hundreds of our subscribers that they owe us for the *Democrat*; and that we cannot live on faith alone; nor put off our creditors much longer on mere promises to pay. We are obliged therefore to say to those who are indebted to us on subscription or for job work, that we must have our pay. The cost, to us, of every thing that goes to make up our paper, is nearly fifty per cent greater than heretofore. Most of the necessary articles of food and clothing are doubled in cost. The farmer finds a ready market and remunerative prices for the products of his labor. The mechanic demands more for his labor. But then such trash as they have for money now-a-days!—green as it is, we must have some of it. All these are the natural and necessary results of the monster green back paper bubble, which like a vast balloon hangs over and overshadows all things. All things, did we say? We will except the editor of a Democratic country newspaper, who furnishes it at \$1.50 the old price. He, isn't shaded by green backs nor any thing else. The storms of executive persecution beat pitilessly upon him. The angry waves of abolition fanaticism and mobocracy dash against him. The well filled vials of clerical wrath are poured upon his devoted head, but he heeds them not—he goes straight forward, trusting to the generosity of his patrons, the honesty of his cause and in the justice of Him who doeth all things well. When we commenced writing, we intended in a few plain words to say to our delinquent subscribers, that they must pay up, but we fear that we have grown a little ambiguous, and will close by assuring those who fail to take the hint, that we shall hereafter attempt to make the matter plain, to the most obtuse understanding.

**War News.**

The army of the Potomac has been exclusively used for political warfare of late, that it's "on to Richmond" progress has been very slow. The Democratic portion of it is now, either in or within safe distance of the trenches at Washington; large details of the abolition portion, having been made to carry the election in New York. The fall rains and mud will probably set in before they will join the army again. Thus closest the third year of this cruel war—a war, never honestly prosecuted, by those in power, for the union, but, one which has now been diverted from a war for the nigger, to a war against the Democratic party and for the spoils of office. How long? God of our Fathers, how long, will the nation have to drink of this cup of bitterness?

**A GROSS OUTRAGE.**—About twelve o'clock on Tuesday night an Abolition mob appeared in front of the Democratic head quarters, and assaulted with stones, bricks &c., all who attempted to pass in or out.

Several persons were severely injured before those in the room were aware of what was going on. When a descent was made the cowardly assassins fled.—*Lycoming Gazette.*

**DO YOU KNOW OF ONE?**—Reader, do you know of a single loud-mouthed, brawling Abolitionist, that has professed to be full of fight and fury in this war, who has been drafted, and means to go?

No not one! They all think that Democrats who labored to prevent the disunion which their sectional principles have caused, ought to go and fight out a war which their own disunion principles and abolition fanaticism has brought upon the country!

The Republican editors are greatly alarmed lest the Democracy shall "embarrass" the Administration. To read these papers one would suppose the Administration as easily embarrassed as a young girl while entertaining her first beau. It must be a pity to embarrass a thief while stealing your treasurer.

**Indiana Democratic.**

In the absence of the green-back influence and military discipline—used in carrying the Ohio and Pennsylvania elections,—the Indiana State elections have gone Democratic. Just as Pennsylvania and Ohio would have done without the interference of imported voters.

**The State Election.**

The election for Governor of this State, has resulted in the triumph of the abolition candidate, Andrew G. Curtin, by about fifteen thousand majority. It is useless to speculate upon the causes which have led to the defeat of the Democratic candidate: It is only necessary to examine the number of votes cast in this State on Tuesday, October 13th, 1863, to ascertain the cause. That George W. Woodward had a large majority of the legal votes cast in this State for Governor, no honest man can for a moment doubt. But the question will be asked why he was not elected? The reason why he was not elected was because the Abolition Administration at Washington and its minions in this State adopted an extensive system of colonization, by which they were enabled to throw into Pennsylvania some forty or fifty thousand men, who voted on the second Tuesday of October, without having the legal qualification of voters. That was the way in which the honest Democracy of Pennsylvania was defeated. When election officers and window committees resisted the votes of non residents, their qualms of conscience were speedily silenced by an application of greenbacks, and if that failed the pretended voter was marched off to some other election district where the consciences of the election officers were fully abolished.

The vote cast, it is said, will reach five hundred and twenty thousand. It is the heaviest ever cast in the State. In 1860 it was four hundred and ninety-two thousand, twenty-eight thousand less than that cast at the last election, and yet it is positively asserted that Pennsylvania has sent over two hundred thousand soldiers to the war, the most of whom are still in the service.—Whence came this great increase of votes when the State was so heavily depleted of its population to furnish soldiers for the war? There can be but one answer to the question. They must have come from other States. It is not possible that so large a number of legal voters should for a period of years, have failed to exercise the elective franchise. Such a proposition is absurd.—The abolition party in 1862 polled their full party vote. Their defeat last year left them little to hope for from the honest yeomanry of Pennsylvania, and they knew that unless they resorted to fraud and colonization they had no earthly chance of carrying the State election. The declaration that the administration at Washington could not afford to lose Pennsylvania, is enough to satisfy any one acquainted with the principal characters of that administration, that they would not scruple about the means to be employed for that purpose. Millions of dollars were expended for that purpose alone.

The Democratic party in Pennsylvania never polled as large a vote as that cast for George W. Woodward at the late gubernatorial election. The large accessions to our ranks of men who have heretofore voted and acted with the Republican party, were not sufficient to overcome the large importation of voters from other States, who were sent here to stifle the voice of the honest freemen of Pennsylvania. But the same despotism and tyranny which drove the honest, thinking and reading portion of the Republican party into the Democratic ranks, still exist, and, by this time next year, will have swelled the Democratic column to such gigantic proportions that colonization and fraud will neither be tolerated nor attempted. That we will elect our President next year, we have no more doubt of than we have of our own existence.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again, The eternal years of God are hers; But Error, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies amidst its worshippers."—*Pottsville Standard.*

**Daniel S. Dickenson.**

Daniel S. Dickenson, whose loyalty the *Gazette* has prated so much about, said at a meeting in New York on the 15th of December, 1860.

"It is not an amendment of the constitution that is wanted merely—the laws are well enough—but it is their execution according to the spirit in which they were enacted, that is called for and demanded on the part of the South. They insist upon the great principle of the equality of the States, they are entitled to it upon every consideration that can influence men, communities and States. The constitution makes them equal—they are equal in the sight of honest men, and are equal in the sight of God, and woe to him who undertakes to degrade and trample them down."

Hear him again: "I know there are those among us who say that the South do not intend to secede; they say that this is an unnecessary alarm; they say they can be coerced and driven back in their position. All that is necessary is firmness. But the South have seen for years these little rivulets of opposition forming upon the hills and forcing down through the gorges, until they form the black and bitter waters of one great sea of abolition, which threatens to overwhelm and engulf them.

"Let those who believe that this evil can be averted, and that the Union can be preserved by force, attempt that method: but let good men, every true patriot, set to work to correct the public sentiment. The South has been goaded and irritated until it has arrived, in a good degree, at a point of desperation.—The South cares little about the mere election of Mr. Lincoln—they viewed it as the development of a public sentiment, as a last and final evidence of the sentiment of the free States."

Great Daniel, how many greenbacks did it take to change you from a secessionist to a "loyal leech."

"My party, sir, will not lie in idleness," said an abolitionist. "Very true sir," returned his opponent, "your party is neither chargeable with lying in idleness nor idleness in lying."

**COMMUNICATIONS.**

**For The Democrat.**

NICHOLSON, October 29, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—The "brown October" is on the wane—its remaining days are numbered and few—its golden-hued forests are either denuded, or the withered leaves rustle mournfully as they brush against the swaying branches; and the tread of the squirrel and pheasant is no longer concealed from the sportsman's ear by the moss-clad rocks and springing grass. The nuts are all gathered and stored away in the garret, to add cheer to the coming lonely winter nights. Pippins and Russets and Greenings, and all the finer varieties of winter fruit, are being housed or sent to market—cider barrels are in great demand, and buckwheat cakes smoke upon the breakfast table, coaxing the appetite and giving grace to many an otherwise over frugal meal.

You, undoubtedly, have made the discovery, in the long ago time which dates back even beyond our school-boy days, that buckwheat cakes are one of the "institutions" of this once great and "ga-lor-ious" country, and enter largely into the household economy of every family in the land, at about this season of the year. For my own taste in such matters, I do not feel as though I am in any degree accountable to others, and yet I am quite willing to acknowledge an undue fondness for these reasonable luxuries. Their advent, in my opinion, should be welcomed with feasts and rejoicings, similar to those with which the vintage is welcomed on the vine-clad Rhine, or the feast of Roses in the sunny vales of Cashmere. I make no pretension to knowledge of your feelings upon the subject, but I'll warrant most of your readers enjoy these clear, bracing October days none the less from the fact that buckwheat cakes, swimming in butter, and garnished with golden syrup have been added to the morning meal.

Dealers in cattle, produce, game, peltry, &c., have been quite busy scouring the country and shipping vast quantities, during the past few weeks. Competition, of course, brings up prices to the highest figures, and producers cannot complain at a lack of demand, or that their produce does not get them all that it is worth. Apples find ready sale at 50 cts. per bushel; butter 25 to 27 cts. per lb.; buckwheat, 75 cts. per bushel; buckwheat flour, \$3.00 per hundred; wheat flour, \$8.00 to \$9.50 per barrel; potatoes 50 to 62½ cts. per bushel; but greenbacks and shimplasters are plenty and holders seem anxious to part with them—labor is in good demand, and nobly grumbles at hard-times, notwithstanding high prices, unheard of taxation and an unnatural civil war are added to the usual depressions which mark the approach of winter, to those who earn their bread by the hardest.

With the exception of Scranton, Nicholson Depot is said to be the most important on this line of Railroad, there being much more shipping done to and from this point than from any other Depot on the road. Mr. A. D. King the Agent—is quite popular with everybody, and presides over the interests of shippers and the Company with the highest satisfaction to all parties concerned. He is at present absent from his post, rusticated, I believe, somewhere in the "right smart" little village of Newark, N. J. Different people usually seek different modes of recreation. Some fly, during the hot summer months, to Newport, Saratoga, or some other fashionable watering place, where the codfish aristocracy most do congregate, whilst others leave comfortable homes to breathe the clouds of dust, and, out of courtesy, call it country air; but our friend King takes to himself no such opportunities, when half the world is agog pleasure seeking, he sticks to his desk and works with a will until the season arrives when he is likely to find his friends at home, then, like a sensible man, as he is, shoulders his baggage and trudges off, sure of a home welcome wherever he goes. It has been suggested that the object of his visit to the city once celebrated for the manufacture of leather, (if we are to believe the ancient Olney.) is that he may get from his friend John the style of vehicle designed to cut the daisiest swell over the frozen, snow-clad roads, this winter; and, by an occasional trip to Gotham, learn from his friend Charley, of Express notoriety, the price of game and other small produce, but I am not a believer in any such hypothesis.

Your readers will recollect the total destruction of Mr. S. Taylor's mill, together with a large quantity of grain, last spring.—Well, phoenix like, the mill has arisen from its ashes, and is now almost ready for operation. It will be, when completed, the largest and most complete establishment of the kind in this section of the country. Under the accumulation of misfortunes which befell Mr. T., he has displayed the most indomitable perseverance and the highest business qualifications; and his many friends and the public, who have suffered much inconvenience from the lack of the usual accommodation his establishment afforded, will rejoice to learn that he will soon re-commence operations.—Mr. Taylor is one of the most worthy and enterprising citizens of this place, and is deserving of the warmest sympathy and earnest support of the community.

Your quondam cotemporary, Tiffany, is flourishing here, in the Grocery and Provision line. He has recently added to his stock quite an extensive assortment of boots and shoes, and seems to be doing quite a flourishing business. He has broke ground for a new building, which will probably be completed in the spring. So, you see, his present business is seemingly better suited to his prospects and prosperity than delving among the dusty representatives of thought.

O. L. Hallstead & Son have recently added Fall and Winter goods to their former extensive stock. Now, I profess to be something of a judge of dry goods, whether made up, or upon the shelf, and I can truly say that I have seldom seen a better display of dress goods. The prints are said to be cheap,

by those who are better posted in prices than myself, and they are certainly beautiful.—I should any of your lady readers happen this way I would advise them to call and examine. I see that the firm advertises quite liberally, and I am sure you will agree with me that no better evidence can be adduced of its popularity and prosperity.

After all the good that I have felt constrained to write about Nicholson, I am sorry that truth compels me to say that the cause of education has not, latterly, received that attention which its importance to the rising generation demands. There are some eighty scholars in this School District, and only accommodations for, perhaps, half that number. A village containing the population, present and prospective, of this, surely should permit no lack of means for education. It ought, at least, to afford room for a graded school, and the means to keep it in operation not less than six months out of the twelve; and I am glad to be able to add that the matter is being agitated and discussed by those who feel something like an absorbing interest in it and hope that their efforts may culminate in the fullest success. Amongst those who have taken special interest and have labored earnestly to bring about the desired result. Dr. Blakeslee, well known to the citizens of your county, Mr. Wilcox, who, by the way, keeps a very nicely stocked Grocery Store opposite Ferrigo's Hotel, Mr. S. Taylor, mentioned in another part of this letter, and Mr. L. Harding, deserve more than passing praise; but the limits of this letter will scarcely permit all to be said which should be.

I must not, however, neglect to mention the new building which L. Harding, formerly of the firm of L. Harding & Co., is now erecting adjoining the Depot, for the purpose of storing grain, produce, &c., to the purchase of which, I am informed, he hereafter intends to devote his attention. The building is under roof, and, when finished, will be convenient and well adapted to the purposes for which it is intended. It will, no doubt, be a great public convenience.

Truly Yours, &c. CLINT.

We give the following letter a place in our columns, though we think it will only be of local interest,

MR. EDITOR:

I observed in the Wyoming Republican of Sept. 30th., an article headed "Notes on a Small Potato," and signed Wesley and Judson. But on reading the article, I found that by some unaccountable accident, they had lost sight of the subject entirely. However, it was pretty well done for Wesley and Judson. I had no idea they were so smart. I think Wesley must have had a severe attack of the "Nigger on the brain;" about that time, as he had just returned from a tour with his wench, said tour having been taken for the purpose of obtaining her freedom. As for Judson I think he must have been overshadowed by the dark cloud, which occasionally rests upon certain members of his family, and directs them to write. Or, possibly he had just received another letter from his brother "in the army" and consequently felt very patriotic.

The silver Circle spoken of, I know nothing about; nor how many children were frightened out of their wits. (Which Judson seems to think they never had, judging other children by his own, I suppose.) But I can safely say it is enough to frighten any child to see this "mighty warrior" dressed in uniform, as it is generally known that he has a peculiar ankle, which he can throw out of joint at pleasure: said ankle having been kept out of joint a good share of the time, while in the army, until he obtained his discharge. Therefore, children feel afraid that when dressed in uniform, his ankle may become dislocated; and if it should be would, of course, fall—possibly on some of them. However, I think they have nothing to fear as he is rather small sized. Indeed he is so very small that when in the army, the generals kept him for a plaything; or, using his own language—a pet. No doubt they thought they had Tom Thumb in camp, and anticipated the vast amount of shin plasters their treasure would bring them, when this "nigger war" was over. He is, likewise, a very aged warrior, nearly as old as Methuselah I think judging from his conversation. He can tell precisely the time the May Flower landed at Plymouth Rock, and was the first to introduce the passengers to the ancestors of the *Pedagogue*. Indeed he is good at every thing. If he had remained in the army a short time longer, he might have been appointed commander-in-chief. What a pity that he let one ankle blast the fond hopes of all his friends!

In regard to the "Skule Marm's" green veil, if used at all it must have been about the time the call was made for cloths for both union and rebel soldiers, who were wounded; and at that time, suffering in the Hospitals. Perhaps she, fearing her "rebel" was among the wounded, had parted with her handkerchief in hopes it might be of service to him. Or, probably she had lent it to Judson to wrap around the limbs that were amputated by him while engaged in surgery, which is one of his numerous occupations.

I think, however, that Wesley's eye sight must have been rather poorer than common, at that time. Probably it was soon after he had locked *Lizzie* in the granary, where he placed her for inspection as he discovered that he couldn't discern small objects with his spy glass, when at a distance. No wonder that everything looked green to Wesley—especially when his father insisted upon taking the keys and visiting the granary himself.

If the "Skule Marm" had thought Judson would have felt slighted she, no doubt, would have requested his services, and not "waded the creek to obtain those of the *Pedagogue*." What a pity, for her, that she didn't, for then a "copy" might have been sent to *Horace Greeley* or *Lincoln*, perhaps; but now it must be consigned to the shades of Rebeedom.

In regard to the "watch" which she carries as a memento of her rebel lover's devotion? I think, judging from observation, it is the kind that does not "cease ticking," and the finger ring the kind that does not lose its "unsullied brassness"—the material not being beef bone like those manufactured by Judson and Brother.

As to her private correspondence I am ignorant; having never aspired to so high an office as that of Postmaster's Assistant, consequently have had no opportunity of taking a "sly peep" at letters, as they passed through the Post Office.

In regard to the Shoemaker's son, I am satisfied that had it not been for the teaching of certain woolly heads, in this place, (who orfully hated to have a "copperhead" in their midst,) there would have been no necessity of correcting him.

In the blissful assurance of again hearing from Wesley and Judson, I remain

Yours, till death, Copperhead.

Mehoppany, Oct. 4, 1863.

**What can be done with Paper.**

A writer in Blackwood's Magazine says it is wonderful to see the thousand useful, as well as ornamental, purposes to which paper is applicable in the hands of the Japanese. He says he saw it made into material so closely resembling Russian and Morocco leather and pig skin that it was difficult to detect the difference. With the aid of lacquer varnish and skillful painting, paper made excellent trunks, tobacco bags, cigar cases' saddles, telescope cases, the frames of microscopes; and he even saw and used excellent water proof coats, made of simple paper which did keep out the rain, and are as subtle as the best Mackintosh. The Japanese use neither silk nor cotton handkerchiefs, towels, nor dusters; paper in its hands, serves as an elegant substitute. It is soft, thin, tough, of a pale, yellowish color, very plentiful and very cheap. The inner walls of many Japanese apartments are formed of paper, being nothing more than painted screens; their windows are covered with a fine, translucent description of the same material; it enters largely into the manufacture of nearly everything in a Japanese household; and he saw what seemed to be balls of twine, but which were nothing but long shreds of tough paper rolled up. If a shop-keeper had a parcel to tie, he would take a strip of paper, roll it quickly between his hands, and use it for the purpose; and it was quite as strong as the ordinary strings at home. In a short, without paper, all Japan would come to a dead-lock; and, indeed, led by the arbitrary exercise of his authority, a tyrannical husband should stop his wife's paper, the sage Japanese mother-in-law invariably stipulates that the bride is to provide to her a certain quantity of paper.

**PULMONARY CONSUMPTION A CURABLE DISEASE! A CASE TO CONSUMPTIVES.**

The undersigned having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLIC, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg Kings County, New York.

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**LIST OF PERSONS DRAWN TO SERVE AS GRAND JURORS FOR NOV. TERM, 1863.**

- EXETER.—Robt. Winters.
- WASHINGTON.—Daniel Carney, M. F. Allen
- MESHOPEEN.—Wm. H. Cortright, Robt. Dunlap, John Bunnell 2nd, N. P. Dunlap N. Overfield.
- NORTHMORELAND.—James Besteder, Robt. Canton.
- WINDHAM.—Royal Garey, Henry W. Fassett.
- EATON.—Wm. Hunter, E. Bortman, O. W. Benjamin.
- MEHOPANY.—Allen Furman, Albin Russell.
- BRANTZIM.—Lyman Keeney.
- TUNKHANNOCK TOWNSHIP.—D. Z. Michael, Franklin Decker.
- OVERFIELD.—T. W. Smith.
- CLINTON.—W. W. Carpenter.
- TUNKHANNOCK BOROUGH.—M. W. Dewitt.
- NICHOLSON.—Hiram Kelly.

**PETIT JURORS.**

- WASHINGTON.—Geo. Jenkins.
- CLINTON.—Peter Baker, Wm. Belcher.
- WINDHAM.—Rowell Garey.
- MESHOPEEN.—O. H. Loomis, P. C. Clayton, Wm. Blackmar, Jas. N. Kelly, Warren Brewster.
- BRANTZIM.—Erza Keeney, Simon B. Keeney.
- EATON.—Milton Wheeler, Wilmont Carpenter, Andrew Frutchy, Peter Strub, Damon Stevens, Geo. Neay, Chancey Brown.
- NORTHMORELAND.—Geo. Brungess, Jacob Rhodes, H. H. Brown, Thos Pinder.
- FORKSTON.—Calvin Robinson, John Hitchcock.
- NORTH BRANCH.—Henry Champin, Gilbert G. Adams.
- MEHOPANY.—J. L. Hahn, Geo. Barrowell, John B. Place, A. K. Farr.
- TUNKHANNOCK TOWNSHIP.—John Corish.
- LEMON.—John Cyphers.
- NICHOLSON.—Holloway Stephens.
- MONROE.—David Montanye.
- OVERFIELD.—H. H. Waiter.
- EXETER.—Hamford Smith.

**Teacher's Examination.**

The annual Examination of Teacher's for Wyoming County, will be held as follows:

- Meshoppen Township, at Laceyville, November 26th, at 10, A. M.
- Forkton and North Branch, at Forkton, November 7th, 10 A. M.
- Northmoreland and Eaton, at Thurston Hollow, November 14th, at 10, A. M.
- Mehoppany Township, at Mehoppany, November 21, 10, A. M.
- Brantzin Township, at Meshoppen, October 31st 10, A. M.
- Clinton Township, at Factoryville, Nov. 27th, 10, A. M.

Those desirous of Teaching during the ensuing year will please be present promptly at the time indicated. The Directors are earnestly requested to attend, also citizens.

W. LA MONTE, Co. Supt.

**LOCAL AND PERSONAL.**

**Wanted, on subscription, at this office,** Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, Buckwheat and grain of all kinds. Also, corn in the ear, hay, straw, good winter apples, potatoes, butter, lard, cheese and produce of most all kinds. Money never refused.

Read the new advertisements in to-days paper.

**Drafted Men** who have been notified to report at Troy Bradford co., will be pleased to learn that the board of examination has been removed from that place to Towanda. The office of the Provost Marshal is situated in Adam's block just beneath the Law office of Adams and Dewitt.

These gentlemen have facilities for attending to any business before the board which few possess.—Mr. Dewitt, lately a resident of this county, is acquainted with many of the concerns—besides he naturally has a fellow feeling for them, being one of their "class".

**Wm. M. Piatt Esq.,** We are informed, designs to be present at Towanda; during the entire period of examinations of drafted men for this county—embracing about a week. Those who desire the services of an attorney at that place and engage him will find him always on hand, diligent and attentive to their interests.

**A Mammoth Cabbage,** weighing upwards of 25 lbs. was presented as a day or two since by Mrs. House of this Borough, for which the donor is entitled to our sincere thanks, and our profound bow. The plant was grown by Mrs. H., herself, who raised quite a large bed of this kind of posies. It was the most valuable one any we have ever received can any body beat it? Send along your large bouquets of this sort! We're modest, but we can stand it.

**Prof. T. J. Cook,** our musical friends will be pleased to learn, is to be present at the next meeting of the Wyoming Co. Musical Convention at Factoryville. See advertisement.

**Wanted.**—A real live maz, to canvass Wyoming County for subscribers to *The Life and Speeches of Stephen A. Douglas.* For full particulars address R. P. SCOTT, Springville, Susq. Co. Pa.

**Stella of Lackawana,** has given our readers one of her sweetest carols, which will be found on our first page. We have a few more stanzas from the same gifted pen which will appear in our next. As the writer has been rather chary of her favors of late, we have concluded to make the most of them by giving them separately.

**Flap jacks,** our ever welcome correspondent, from Northmoreland, provokingly tells us has been introduced by the "guide housewives" of that favored region. We plead guilty to the intimation that we are fond of them; but in sorrow, confess that we have not tried them this year. Who some kind subscriber bring us a few kernels of buckwheat, so that we may not forget how these things taste?

"He made a few desultory remarks," said the schoolmaster. Mrs. Partington stopped suddenly in the bustle she was making around the table for tea, and gazed over her spectacles thoughtfully at him. Leaning on a plate apiece, as if to enforce her views by the support it gave her, "I suppose it was because he was weak," said she, "but Arren's Pills will cure him. I never knew 'em to fail! They are very solitary in such cases." "Really, madam," replied he, "I cannot guess your meaning." "You said dysentery," said she, laying down the plate and putting a spoon in the preserves. "I said desultory," said he, smiling; "quite a different thing." "No matter," said she, looking up in time to box his ears, who was putting paper down the chimney of the kerosene lamp. "The Pills are good for both, I dare say, for they cure almost all the diseases in the cornucopia."

**Died.**

FASSETT.—October 20th 1863, in Windham, Wyoming Co. Pa., JOHN D., eldest son of Charles and Mary Fassett, in the twentieth year of his age.

The deceased was an exemplary young man.—From infancy, he was always truthful, candid, sober and industrious. A dutiful son—a kind and affectionate brother. He was singularly unfortunate through life, having on several occasions, been brought by disease nearly to the gates of death.—He bore his afflictions with fortitude and ad-composure. His last illness was brief. Three short days of suffering, and death claimed its victim. In the morning of life he has left the stage of action where kind Parents, Brothers, Sisters and youthful associates are left to mourn his untimely death.

Oh, sweet emblem of the best, Thou hast gone to thy eternal rest, From the cares and toils of earth thou hast flown, To dwell in Heaven, where sorrow's unknown.

Thy body hath returned to its mother dust, Thy spirit to its home in Heaven, we trust, Thou hast been taken from us dear, To remind us ever that death is near.

Short was the illness that bore thee away From loving friends to the bosom of clay, May all, from thy short life a pattern take, And sin and folly, ever forsake.

L. W.

**Special Notices.**

**Register's Notice.** NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested in the following a count, viz: The Final account of Charles Eastwood and Austin Eastwood, Administratrix and Administrator of the Estate of John Eastwood, deceased. Filed Sept. 19th 1863. That the above will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Wyoming County, to be held November 16th 1863, for confirmation and allowance. SINTON WILLIAMS, Register. Register's Office, Tunkhannock, Oct. 20th 1863. v3-n11-4f.

**Subpoena in Divorce.** Jacob A. Thomas, vs. In the Court of Common Pleas of Wyoming County, No. 96, August Term, 1862.

Label for divorce from the bonds of matrimony. I Levi H. Stevens, High Sheriff of the said County of Wyoming, hereby make known unto the above named Laura Thomas, that she be and appear at a Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Tunkhannock in the County aforesaid, on Monday the 16th day of November, A. D. 1863, then and there to answer the said complaint, and show cause if any she hath, why the bond of matrimony, between herself and the said Jacob A. Thomas; her husband, shall not be dissolved. LEVI H. STEVENS, Sheriff. Tunkhannock, Oct. 19, 1863. v3-n11-4f.

**Executor's Notice.** NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration of the goods, chatties, &c., which were of Abraham Trausse, late of Northmoreland, Dec'd, have been granted to me. All persons indebted to said estate are notified, to make payment, and all persons having demand against the same are notified to present the same to me at my house in said township, duly authenticated by settler. CHARLES HOUSER, Adm'r. Sept. 1, 1863.

**To Drafted Men.** Wm. M. Piatt will prepare exemption papers for Drafted men, and will attend to their claims before the Board at Troy Tunkhannock. Oct. 14, 1863.