

# 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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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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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 the comforts and accommodations of a first class Hotel, will be found by all who may favor it with their custom.

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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

**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.

**TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS OF BOTH SEXES.**

A REVEREND GENTLEMAN HAVING BEEN restored to health in a few days, after undergoing all the usual routine and irregular expensive modes of treatment without success, considers it his sacred duty to communicate to his afflicted fellow creatures the means of cure. Hence, on the receipt of an addressed envelope, he will send (free) a copy of the prescription used. Direct to Dr. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 168 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. v2n24ly

**LIME FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZER** for sale at MESHOPEEN, Sept. 19 1861.

Fresh Ground Plaster in Quantities and at prices to suit purchasers, now for sale at Mesheppen. K. Mowry Jr

**J. V. SMITH, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,** Office on Bridge Street, next door to the Democrat Office, Tunkhannock, Pa.

## Poet's Corner.

### WOMAN.

But such is woman! mystery at best; Seeming most cold when most her heart is burning, Hiding the melting passions of her breast Beneath a snowy cloud, and scarce returning One glance on him for whom her heart is yearning; Adoring yet repelling; proud but weak; Conquered, commanding still; enslaved, yet spurning; Checking the words her heart would bid her speak, Love raging in her breast, and banish'd from her cheek

He who would read her thoughts, must mark unseen, Her eyes' full undivided expression, trace (If trace he could, while distance stretched between) The feelings, blushing, quivering on her face; He who would know her heart must first embrace, And feel it beat uncheck'd against his own; Child'd not by pride, or fear, nor time nor place; And in a dream, unwitnessed and alone, when every thought unconsciously has flown.

### HOW SOFTLY.

How softly on the bruised heart A word of kindness falls, And to the dry and parched soul, The moistening tear drop falls; Oh, if they knew, who walk the earth, Mid sorrow grief and pain, The power a word of kindness hath, 'Twere paradise again

The weakest and the poorest way This simple pittance give, And bid delight to withered hearts Return again and live; Oh, what is life if love be lost! If man's unkind to man— Or what to heaven that waits beyond This brief and mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea In mimic glory shine, So words of kindness in the heart, Reflect the soul divine: O, then be kind, wh'er thou art That breathest mortal breath, And it shall brighten all thy life, And sweeten even death.

Written for the Democrat ALONE.

BY NELLIE CLIFTON.

Leadon grey clouds were trooping across the dull, sodden sky. Fitful gusts of wind rung weird notes on the bare branches of the old elm, that flung its gaunt arms over the half ruined tenement house. Within a bare cheerless room, a woman lay on a couch, dying. The fire on the hearth burned low, and the little tongues of flame were ever and anon shrouded in a pile of livid white ashes. Corn fortless enough was the cold, bare room, where grim poverty sat throned; yet, in its perfect neatness, breathing of the innate purity of her whose feet were going down into the dark River.

The thin hand lying on the one, scant covering, told its tale of unwarded toil—of the long, slow creaking of pain and anxiety.—The face was almost transparent, yet beaming traces of wondrous beauty in the blue, lustrous eyes, the sweetly curved mouth, and the tangled masses of golden hair that the invalid had tossed over the pillow in the feverish restlessness of the last struggle.

Going down into the dark River, with no hand to clasp hers until her feet touched the other shore. Alone, alone in that dread hour with no loving eyes to meet her last yearning glance, no tender voice to whisper cheering words until the angel's "welcome home," struck on her ear. God help her in that last, sad hour; for her heart turned toward the one heart on which she had leaned in those earlier, brighter days. She remembered that her lips had been warm with his kisses—that her ear had been no stranger to the sweetest story that a woman ever hears.

Alone, with no requiem but the November wind sighing and sighing like a human being in agony, through the garbled old elm at her window. No warmth or light except the dying embers, fitfully glowing on the deserted hearthstone. No, not alone, for Jesus of Nazareth stood beside the dying woman.—She reached out her weary hands to Him, as the cold waters rolled over her, and the All-Pitiful gathered her in his loving arms. The light of the other shore shone on her marble face. The peace of Heaven, the sweet trust of a sanctified spirit was in the smile that lingered on her perfect lips. The long, dark eyelashes rested on the marble cheek; but the pallid face bore the seal of Him who had supported her through "the valley of the shadow of death." Never could anything be lovelier than the chiseled features of the lonely dead, curtained in hair that showed the lustre of gold in the last faint flicker of the expiring embers.

Perhaps it was only the creaking of the dry branches against the window; but surely the welcoming anthem of the New Jerusalem were not far from that little room, from which that white soul went out to meet its God.

Footsteps are on the stair. A man crosses the apartment with heavy tread. An ashen pallidness creeps over that fine face as he kneels beside the lonely bed. Alas for you! Cecil Vanner, the dead face before you is that of the only woman you ever loved. No reply comes to your passionately murmured words—no response to the kisses you press on the pale brow of your dead darling. Too late comes the caressing touch of your fin-

gers on the dear, dead face of your betrothed wife.

You came to claim your bride and find her thus. You went to a distant land to win a name, and make a fortune, to share with her, your bonny Eloise. You had no hopes for the future not linked with her and this is your welcome back. Your mother coveted your gold. She knew you would never care for another, so she drove her out from the home where you had left her sheltered, with bitter taunts of your faithlessness. She deliberately stole your betrothed's letters, and intercepted yours.

Then Eloise begged that you might be with her in the last, sad hour—that your hand might clasp hers when the cold waves crept up to her feet—then your mother refused and she died without you, trusting and loving you to her latest breath. She died with your name written on her pure heart and she waits and watches for you on the other side of the River. Put back the tangled hair from that fair brow—press another kiss on the pure lips that breathed your name with her latest sigh—then stand by and see the coffin lid shut out that beautiful face forever.

Let the mother who cared more for her son's gold than for his happiness, stand by and see her work. Do not think she will relent. Her heart has no remorse for the sure death she sent to the woman whose golden curls you meant the winds of Heaven should not visit too roughly.

I know, Cecil, there is no comfort in an hour like this, only to feel that the good God leads you in the path her feet have trodden. Take up your burdens cheerfully. Only a little while and you shall go home to her who waits for you. Her pure spirit is ever near you and draws you to that better land, where no grave-yard sods will ever again lie between you and the heart you loved best.

Try to forgive the mother who embittered your betrothed's last hours with the unavailing wish to have you with her—who drove her out with sharp, bitter words of scorn, that wounded your sensitive darling to the death. It was a cruel, wicked wrong—a wrong that shall plant her dying pillow with thorns—but you can leave her with Him who hath said "Vengeance is mine: I will repay."

### THE BLACK REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The organization of the Republican party in 1854, and its bold though unsuccessful race for the Presidency in 1856, awakened most serious alarm among good men throughout the country.

An evil genius had arisen, inspired with dreadful purposes, and eager to pull down, over the heads of a devoted people, the very temple of their liberties. The birth of this party was attended by the shedding of innocent blood; and the crimsoned field of Kansas, and the savage raid of old John Brown into Virginia, must ever be memorable as the historic solution of its character. To sectionalize public sentiment; to break down the safeguard of the Federal Constitution; to undermine the State Governments, the very bulwarks of American freedom—these were the purposes that gave life and strength to their party. Civil war and disunion were thus foreshadowed as the inevitable consequences of its success.

In 1860, when the Republicans met in Convention at Chicago, as if to signalize their ultimate design, they assembled in a wigwam, adopted their resolutions with Indian war-whoop, while a bowie knife, eight feet in length, hung above the head of their presiding officer.

That spectacle of delirious fanatics threw over the people a deep cloud of gloom, which lingered around the Capital like a great funeral pall; and, on the sixth of November, nearly three years ago, the intelligence of the election of Abraham Lincoln broke upon the public ear like a sepulchral voice from the cemetery of nations. It was the knell of the American Union.

Yet this anxious people might have been saved; the ship of State might have been rescued from the perils of civil strife. Sectionalism was the bane of the hour, and an effective remedy for the disease had been pointed out by the elder statesmen of the country.

There was the case of 1820; there was the parallel of 1832; there was the terrific wound which had been healed in 1850; and there, too, written in the national annals was the balm successfully applied to each compromise, mutual conciliation.

It is not necessary to break the form of Constitutions and laws, to produce revolution, or rebellion. The violation of the spirit of a system will often suffice to move a people to deeds of blood, prompted by the fear of actual usurpation.

This was the case of 1861, The Republican party, whose success has alarmed the whole body politic, was installed in power, with the responsibility of the natural life upon its hands. New and perilous issues were to be determined, yet their decision could easily have been made if guided by the lead-marks of history. But, Abraham Lincoln and his coadjutors, jubilant and defiant over the triumph of their party, saw not the crumbling ruins of the Republic, in the midst of which they stood.

The conservative press urged upon them the sacred duty with which they had been intrusted; the people petitioned for compromise, conciliation; the public councils rung with appeal for a speedy and peaceful adjustment—but all in vain! with cold, cruel indifference, the Republican party, clutching its Chicago bowie knife with firmer grasp, stood over the prostrate form of the Republic denying it the spirit—the life of the Constitution. The Republic was shrouded for the grave—'twas buried. And, now, what do we see before us? A carnival of blood over the tomb of the nation! and a vast hecatomb of human bones is being gathered to commemorate this deepest crime in history.

This great war is but the fruit of that germ which, under the auspices of James G. Birney, was planted in the Presidential contest of 1840. Thus springing up in definite shape, more than twenty years ago, its growth has been like that of the deadly Upas. In its very origin, great and good men but too truly predicted its fatality to the Union.

But this Republican party, though in the strength of its wickedness it has gloated over a fallen, blood-stricken people, itself must die! The soul of American freedom is immortal, and, though its body crumble away, that soul will return again to animate the buried hopes of a nation. The American Union is to come up, at last, through all the disaster which has fallen upon it.

The good angel of Democracy will roll the stone away from the grave in which its enemies have placed it. The morn of resurrection is not far distant—in whose peaceful radiance we shall behold a mighty people once more united in the bonds of the Constitution. Our temple of liberty shall be built again; and we shall worship together at its altar; and they who now reign in blood shall be enslaved by a curse 'throughout the earth!—Dayton Empire.

**SOME PLAIN TRUTHS.**

The Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, in his speech delivered at the Democratic mass meeting at Lancaster, thus disposed of the flippant talk of the shoddyites about Democrats opposing the Government:

### GRAPE, CANISTER AND SHRAPNEL.

An officer in the 14th Massachusetts regiment, recently communicated the following interesting article to a Lawrence paper:

Grape consists of nine shots, arranged in three layers, which vary in size according to the caliber of the gun; they are held together by two plates of about 1 1/2 inches less diameter than the caliber of the guns, two rings, a bolt and a nut. The canvas bag arrangement is too old for this war; it is not so simple or durable, and has not been used for years. Canister for a gun contains 27 small cast iron balls, arranged in four layers—the top of six, the remainder of seven each; for a howitzer it contains forty eight small iron balls, layers of twelve each; for the same caliber, you will see that the balls for canister are in a tin cylinder, closed at the bottom by a thick cast iron plate or a wooden plate, with a handle attached; the interstices between the balls are closely packed with sawdust, to prevent crowding when the piece is fired.—Shrapnel consists of a very thin shell, which is filled with musket balls; the interstices are then filled by pouring in melted sulphur; a hole is then bored through the mass of sulphur and bullets to receive the bursting charge.

How to explain the difference between a "shrapnel" or "spherical case" and a "shell." The destructive force of a shrapnel is what it receives from the charge in the gun, the powder in the shrapnel being only to break the envelope and spread the balls, they still moving forward by force of the impulse they received from the charge in the gun. A shell is made very much thicker than the envelope of a shrapnel, and is nearly filled with powder, and will do great execution if it explodes on the ground, it having destructive qualities in itself, aside from the discharge of the gun. A shrapnel shell has only half the charge of powder that a shell proper has; thus a 24-pounder shrapnel contains 175 musket balls, six ounces of powder, and weighs 21.75 pounds. A 24-pounder shell has twelve ounces of powder, and weighs 19.75 pounds. A 6-pounder shrapnel has 29 musket balls and 2.5 ounces of powder.

### REPUBLICANS HAVE BROUGHT UPON US CIVIL WAR.

Douglas said so; Pugh said so; Crittenden said so; Everett said so. They would not compromise, but were in favor of "bloodletting."

Chandler said so; Brough says so; Wade says so—all say so. They are not in favor of the Union as it was.

Butler says so; the Chicago Tribune says "it is a thing of the past, hated by every patriot, and destined never to blot the page of history again." Bingham says it is a scandal and Stevens says "God forbid it."

They spit upon "the Constitution as it is." Webster said it was all he asked for, while Beecher calls it a "sheepskin parchment," and Garrison "a league with death."

Beecher and Garrison, and Stevens, and the Chicago Tribune all support the administration.—Dubuque Herald.

### SUN SHINE.

Seclusions from sunshine is one of the misfortunes of our civilized life. The same cause which makes potato vines white and sickly, when grown in dark cellars, operates to produce the pale, sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health and strength. One of the ablest lawyers in our country—a victim of long and hard brain labor—came to me a year ago, suffering with partial paralysis. The right leg and hip were reduced in size, with constant pain in the loins. He was obliged, in coming up stairs to raise the left foot first, on every stair dragging the right one after it. Pale, feeble, miserable, he told me that he had been failing several years, and closed with, "My work is done. At sixty I find myself worn out." I directed him to lie down under a large window, and allow the sun to fall on every part of his body; at first, ten minutes a day, increasing the time until he could expose himself to the direct rays of the sun a full hour. His habits were not essentially altered in any other particular. In six months he came running up stairs like a vigorous man of forty, and declared with sparkling eyes, "I have twenty years of work in me." "I have assisted many dyspeptic, neuralgic, rheumatic, hypercondriacal people into health by the SUN SHINE. I have so many facts illustrating the wonderful power of the sun's direct rays in curing certain classes of invalids, that I have serious thoughts of publishing a work to be denominated the "SUN CURE."—Dr. Dio Lewis.

Pat was hungry, and got off the cars for refreshments. The cars very thoughtlessly went on. "Ye spalpen!" he cried, starting on a run and shaking his fist as he flew after them. "Stop there ye old steam wagon, ye martherin stame engin, ye've got a pasenger aboard that's left behind!"

A wag writes that he has postponed the draft in order to visit Canada.

Self defence is the clearest of all laws, and for this reason—lawyers don't make it.

### A DYING SOLDIER'S TALE.

A boy of some eighteen summers lay on the battle field near Fredericksburg, mortally wounded. He lay all day, unmindful of the scorching and the roaring artillery. Cannon balls flew past, fanning his pale cheek on their deadly mission, but he knew it not. At last he awoke to consciousness and looked around him. The moon was shining calmly on the boyish face; the blood oozing slowly from his side was evidence that his young life was almost spent.

For a moment he pressed his trembling hand to his side to ease the throbbing pain, and the pale bloodless lips parted with a sigh of agony. A wounded soldier near, hearing his groans, inquired if he was badly wounded. "Yes," replied the dying boy, "I am dying, and I want my mother! for when they compelled me to leave her she bade me come back to her, for I was the staff of her declining years. I promised her I would; but I am dying now, and shall never see her more."

The boy went on to say, for it seemed to most greatly relieve his mind to talk, when they told my mother her only child was drafted and would have to go to war, she said not a word until we were left alone; then she came to me and laid her white arms around my neck and kissed me. I could not speak then, so I returned her caress silently. At last she spoke; "George, I have buried two sons, and the next one called was your father. With a sad, almost broken heart, I heard the clods of the valley fall on his coffin lid, and tried to bear this great affliction with christian fortitude, and I succeeded, for I had you to lean upon, my son! But the cup that Abraham Lincoln is pressing to my lips to night is too bitter," and she fell fainting on my bosom.

It would be useless to tell you of the days spent by me to raise money to buy a substitute. We were poor and they told me to go and they would care for my mother until I came back. They said it was but nine months and it would soon pass away. But I am passing away instead, and my poor mother will be left alone! Here his voice sank to a whisper and his last words were, "mother, heaven!"—and the moon came out of a cloud and revealed the childish face set in death. This was all. But is it all? God forgive the agitators of this most unholy war, and bind up the hearts of widows and mothers in their great sorrow.—From the Columbus (Ohio) Crisis.

### A FAMOUS LAND.

If there be a part of world which ought to tempt the traveller, it is assuredly that region of Asia which lies between the Caspian and Black seas. Tradition declares this to be the cradle of the human race. Here, say the Persian and Arminians, was the garden of Eden; here, as every one knows, stands the Ararat, from which mankind spread after the deluge.

Here are the best and most undeniable physical evidences of that astonishing catastrophe. Here hunted the Biblical Nimrod, here Noah planted the vine. Here languished Prometheus, chained to the rock with vultures ever gnawing at his liver. Hither sailed Jason and the Argonauts, and hence departed the enchantress Medea. One of the rivers of this region still bears the name of Cyrus the Great. Alexander of Macon is a household word among the Caucasian villagers. Hence flowed Greeceward, that stream of gorgeous fable widened into Hellenic mythology. Here Pompey conquered, and the soldiers of Emperour Rome bled in vain. Here Gregory preached, and Amerland and Genghis Kahn spread havoc; the Turks uprooted the Georgian on these shores, to be themselves uprooted in due time by the more opportune Russians. Over the Caucasian wall, at the dread hour when Allah's time shall sound, Gog and Magog shall cross to put an end to the empire of Islamism on earth, and destroy the kingdom of the true believers.—When the Russians swept away the Georgian throne in 1800, learned men at Tiflis exclaimed in their anguish that the fallen monarchy had existed without interruption since the time of Abraham; there is good historical evidence to prove a line of kings over a period of 2,345 years.

### THE LATE COL. S. W. BLACK.

There has recently turned up a sad but interesting memento of Col. Black. It is now in the possession of his respected wife. A rebel officer who witnessed the engagement in which the gallant Colonel lost his life, and no doubt intensely admired the bold dash and chivalrous spirit which characterized his movements on that memorable occasion, saw him fall and die on the battle field. He was so much interested in the man, although an entire stranger and an enemy, he caused a photograph to be taken of him when dead, and endorsed on it, "A Brave soldier." The photograph happened to be shown in a group of rebel officers, and one of them at once recognized it as the image of Col. S. W. Black, of Pittsburg, Pa. This simple and brief tribute to the bravery of the Colonel, elicited from a stranger, and an enemy, is not needed here.—Pitts. Com.

"Talk of raining bricks," said Dr. Spooner in a late shower, as he made the fifth ineffectual attempt to attract a driver, "is nothing to hailing omnibuses."