

# The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

TERMS: \$1.50 PER ANNUM.

NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 25, 1863.

VOL. 3, NO. 16.

## North Branch Democrat.

A weekly Democratic paper, devoted to Politics, News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pa. BY HARVEY SICKLER.

Terms—1 copy 1 year, (in advance) \$1.50. If not paid within six months, \$2.00 will be charged.

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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. DASHALL, 163 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. v2n244

THE CONFESIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF A NERVOUS INVALID.

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## Poet's Corner.

### THE WAR-CHRISTIAN.

What stay the adieu and chancel,  
Of old cathedrals dim?  
What stay the pealing organs  
In chant and solemn hymn?  
'Terror of adoration  
And love in sweet accord,  
Love for the meekest mortal,  
And glory to the Lord?

What saith the great 'War-Christian,'  
High perched above the crowd,  
With his hands so white and dainty,  
And his heart so black and proud?

He draws a little circle,  
As narrow as his mind,  
And shuts from all around it  
God's mercy to mankind.

He rants, he raves, he blusters,  
And from his sensual jaws  
Pours vulgar slang, mistaking  
Men's laughter for applause,  
And when the land is deluged  
With blood and widows' tears  
Incites redoubled slaughter,  
And prates of guns and spears.

Forgetful or defiant  
That he whose cause he shames,  
Whose teachings he dishonors,  
Whose Gospel he disclaims,  
Was Lord of loving kindness,  
And sought that war should cease,  
That swords should turn to ploughshares,  
And nations live in peace.

I'd rather for my preacher  
Have wild winds on the shore,  
Or breeze amid the branches,  
Or birds that sing and soar,  
Or silence high and holy,  
Than Christians' such as he,  
Who dares to counsel bloodshed,  
And knows not charity.

### MC CLELLAN.

The soldier stands aloft—not now  
He seeks the crest of fame:  
His country's love bound on his brow,  
Her blessings on his name;  
He served her well when foemen throng  
The gauntlet in her face,  
And fierce the strife that brought to view  
The manhood of our race.

His right hand was served to lead  
Potomac's gallant men—  
Brave men of every clime and creed  
From rugged mount and glen—  
With him they fought and bled and fell,  
And struck the foeman down;  
And blood-stained Antietam speaks well  
The soldiers' bright renown.

Though Catalinas infect our land,  
As in the Roman time,  
And stay the might of him whose hand  
Brands treason as a crime;  
Though reckless men do sorely press  
The hero's dear bought fame,  
A nation's throbbing heart will bless  
McClellan's honored name.

## Select Story.

### SAVED.

BY MARY CHIEF.

"I've a soldier for my bean."

Very sweet and musical was the voice of Mildred Brown, as she stepped out on a balcony of the Continental Hotel one bright morning in the early spring, singing with her bird-like voice the above piece of honest confession and very pretty her confusion as she almost ran over Colonel Bates, comfortably ensconced by the window, lazily watching the graceful spirals of smoke that wound upward from the fragrant Havana, nestling under his heavy moustache.

At the sound of the voice, the Colonel's face had smiled, as much as such a dark stern face could smile, and his eyes had lighted up, as much as such cold stony eyes could light up; and now, on the rustling of Mildred's fresh muslins, and the appearance of her beautiful face he flung his cigar over the balcony, and sprang up to meet her saying:

"My kingdom for the soldier's name Miss Mildred!"

"We, young ladies are not responsible for the sentiments of the songs we sing. Our melodies are quotations from the experience of others," answered Mildred blushing.

"Nay, there was a tenderness of tone in your confession, Mildred Brown, that said to plainly the poet's doom was thine," said the Colonel earnestly. "And the guilty blushes that have been playing over cheek and brow confirm the tale. O Mildred! Best beloved! May I hope the soldier's name is mine?"

He had taken both her hands in his, but the color faded from Mildred's brow, and she averted her face from his searching glance, and strove to free herself, but the passionate soldier rapidly continued:

"I startle you by the abruptness of my avowal; but I have loved you long and you have ever received me so kindly, and listened to me always with so much interest; that I have fancied you were not indifferent, and before I go away, I would take with me your promise to be my bride."

"It cannot be Colonel Bates. I regret your error, for you are mistaken. I do not love you."

Her words came piteously slow, dropping like molten lead on the heart of Colonel Bates,

His face grew doubly dark and stern, and his voice was harsh and discordant as he said: "You do not love me? You reject my offer?"

Mildred's voice was full of deprecation, as she replied: "More than I can tell do I regret that I have unintentionally deceived you. I have been kind to you, for every soldier has a claim on my kindness. I have listened to your tales with especial interest, for it has pleased you to accord high praise to a friend, of whose bravery I am justly proud; and I fancied you might know—"

"I know nothing, save that I desired your love. I know nothing now, save that it is given to another. That other is a soldier!"

"He whom I love is a soldier," answered Mildred firmly, and quietly.

"And in my regiment? His voice was full of concentrated passion.

"In your regiment," Mildred's voice was low, her manner calm.

"And his name is Captain Logan?" Deeper and hoarser was the Colonel's tone.

"His name is Captain Logan," echoed Mildred, with a tender pride and loving cadence.

"And now, Colonel Bates," she added, with a new kindness in her manner, "I fully appreciate the great honor you have done me—much as we both regret it; and I pray that you will accept my friendship, for my love was given to another before you asked it."

"Certainly, we are friends," said Colonel Bates, used to self control, took the small white hand pleadingly extended, as Mildred bowed and passed out of his sight, leaving him with an angry light in his stony eyes, and a vindictive fierceness about the unsmiling mouth.

It was after the siege of Vicksburg, and Mildred Brown with a pale face full of suffering, stood at the window, softly singing:

"When this cruel war is over,  
Praying that we meet again."

There was a plaintive undertone to the sweet melody of her voice, for that morning her eyes had run anxiously over the list of killed and wounded, and then stopped suddenly, and dimmed with anxious fear as they rested on the name of "Captain Logan, missing. Hopes, doubts, and fears were written on the fair young face, but they all gave way to a sudden lightning up, as she eagerly darted forward and met the postman with two letters—both from the Army, but neither bearing the familiar writing of the loved hand!

Oh, the fearfulness of that moment when but a word stands between suspense and certainty! How the heart will cling to the old, fearful reality? And Mildred Brown, so young and unused to life's rough ways, it was pitiful to see the hands that had rested on her lover's head so tenderly, shake with fear as she unrolled the seals that stood between hope and despair; it was pitiful to see the eyes, all unused to weeping, gather up the terrible truth, as they glanced over the page, and pitiful, to hear the cry of anguish that went up from Mildred, smitten and afflicted; for the door had closed over futile hopes, and her soul groped blindly in the darkness and utter pitilessness of certainty. The letter was from Colonel Bates, gently and tenderly written, but containing the sad news of Captain Logan's death. The other letter was from a Lieutenant, who had promised his Captain to write to Mildred, if aught occurred disabling him. He wrote of the exposed situation which his Captain held in obedience to their Colonel's command, and of his fall in noblest discharge of most fearful duty.

The same sad tale that has come to so many homes during this cruel war! No last words or looks for future remembrance, no loving ministrations of tender hands to comfort the heart in after days! Death, cruel death, in all its terrible, with none of the alleviations that take away its sting! In such an hour, when earthly comforts fail, thrice blessed they who, like Mildred, can turn for consolation to that Holy Volume which declared: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Turning the sacred pages, she opened to the story of David and Uriah, and as she read David's command, "Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him that he may be smitten and die"; she involuntarily shuddered and thought of Colonel Bates.

The summer passed with its mingled good and ill, and the earth put on its autumnal glories, robes of flame, and gold, and russet-brown, and a few days since Colonel Bates was pleading again with the fair Mildred, saddened and subdued by the memories of her summer sorrow. Colonel Bates was skillful in his reading of the human heart, and knew that to his gentle sympathy and persevering devotion Mildred could not be totally indifferent, and now he urged no forgetfulness of the lost love, only her acceptance of his lifelong devotion. And Mildred lonely and desolate, was thinking of her life so valueless to herself, and wondering if she had a right to withhold it from one to whom it seemed so precious, when, in the mingled thoughts that crowded on her mind, came instinctively the story of David and Uriah, and she turned away wearily, saying, she must think; she could not decide until the morrow.

And thinking there alone; thinking of all

the precious past and dreaded future, there came a step upon the walk that made her heart stand still; for it was a tread she never expected to hear again—a footfall of one whose body lay mouldering in the ground, and whose soul was marching on. She believed she was dreaming and started from her chair. Then a voice she thought stilled forever, sounded in the hall. She staggered forward, and there was the pale, handsome face, full of its old strength and tenderness, that she had schooled herself to think as rigid and motionless, and she fell fainting in the arms of Captain Logan.

Like a resurrection from the dead was his sudden appearance; but he soon told how, in the thickest of the fight Colonel Bates had assigned him a post, to hold which was almost certain death. He had fallen, and was thought dead, but before his comrades could return to him, he had revived, and was taken prisoner. For weeks and months he had thus remained without power to return or apprise his friends of his existence, but at length had made his escape home to the North; home to love and Mildred.

Colonel Bates came for his answer early the next morning—so early that the disarranged household had not met for family devotions, and he was invited to remain. Mildred's old grandfather read for his morning selection the story of David and Uriah, and all who glanced at Colonel Bates saw a troubled man, ill at ease.

Ever and anon he turned anxiously to Mildred's fair face, full of holy peace and joy, but its deep meaning was unfathomed, until Captain Logan entered, and he was answered.

### A REAL CALAMITY.

The re-election of Andrew G. Curtin has fallen like a sad presentiment of future evil upon the people of Pennsylvania. It was accomplished by the Administration through imported votes and green backs, and is not the expression of the bona fide residents of the State: Even the Republicans, as they look into the future and consult their own better judgment, can but feel that it is the greatest calamity that ever befel our Commonwealth. Instead of arresting the plunder, the ruin and the overthrow of our Government by the election of a man who regards the Constitution, the liberty, the life and the property of the people we have fastened upon us for three years to come, a man who has proved recreant to them all.—Pennsylvania has been made to endorse the wild revolutionary doctrines of the old Abolition party, and to approve all the outrages of the corrupt men at Washington. If the Republicans of this State do not live to regret the part they have taken in the matter it will be because they are too corrupt to love good government or too ignorant to appreciate their position. That they will pay dearly for their partisan blindness none can deny.

### TRUE COURAGE.

A little drummer boy in one of our regiments who had become a great favorite with many of the officers, by his unremitting good nature happened to be in an officer's tent when the banner of the soldier's life was passed around. A captain handed a glass to the little fellow, but he refused it, saying, "I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now. I insist upon it. You belong to our mess to-day and cannot refuse."

Still the boy stood firm on the rock of total abstinence, and held fast to his integrity. The captain, turning to the major, said: "H— is afraid to; he will never make a soldier."

"How is this said the Major playfully and then assuming another tone, added, 'I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders.'"

The little hero, raising his young form to its full height and fixing his clear blue eyes, lit up with unusual brilliancy, on the officer said:

"Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army, I promised my mother on my bended knees, that by the help of God I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey your orders, sir, but I would rather suffer disgrace than disgrace my mother and break my temperance pledge."

This noble little drummer boy is now a wounded sufferer at the Hospital in West Philadelphia.

HOW TO RAISE 150,000 MEN.—We invite the attention of the President to the following short and sensible and patriotic paragraph from the Louisville Journal. While some of his "loyal" friends in Pennsylvania are doing their best to prevent voluntary enlistments, Prentice comes to the rescue, and shows in four lines how one half of the number of men required can be obtained. He says:

"We don't know that the President can raise 300,000 new volunteers, but he can raise Buell and McClellan in the field, and that would be worth half the number."

John R., having been requested to open some oysters, after knocking them about for some time exclaimed: "Upon my conscience but they are mighty hard to peel!"

### AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

Not long after the battle of Gettysburg, some three thousand soldiers had assembled within the confines of a mammoth chapel-tent for the purpose of evening worship. A half hour had elapsed since the opening of the discourse when a terrible clap of thunder burst upon the ears of the startled congregation, causing even the boldest to shudder at its power and volume of sound. The noise of the huge rain drops as they pattered upon the pavilion, was as the "long roll" beaten by a hundred drums. In vain did the minister endeavor to make his own voice heard; nor was he permitted to do so, until the "heavens were bottled up," and the rain had ceased.

A party of three young men standing near the entrance of the tent, having been particularly uneasy during the service, were observed to leave their comrades, one of them remarking as they stepped outside, "Let's go to our tent, I'm afraid of neither God nor devil." A short time only had elapsed, ere a commotion near the door betokened that something unusual had happened. A tent had been struck by lightning, and a man killed. The body was brought in and placed near the centre of the tent. That body was all that remained of the youth who had expressed his contempt of the Deity. There, pale and cold, with distorted features and eyes glaring in mockery of life, lay he, lately so buoyant in full health.

Upon leaving the tent, the three young men had sought the shelter of their own small accommodations, and lying down side by side, prepared for sleep. While yet awake the bolt of Heaven had fallen upon them.—The unfortunate youth whose soul had been required, had been singled out from between his two comrades. They, also, had received injury, but after a little time recovered and begged to be led into the chapel tent, that they might commune with the chaplain. It was a most affecting sight. There, in the presence of that vast assembly, before the remains of that deceased brother in arms, these two young men snatched from the jaws of death, like "brands from the burning," expressed their gratitude to God for his mercy, and their determination to do better in the future. The chaplain now addressed the meeting, taking for his text, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." And that multitude, so little used to tears, now sobbed almost as a body. The effect produced by that scene will never be effaced from the minds of those who were present. Many were the vows made by the soldiers upon that occasion, to recollect the text, and also to remember that "He will not hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain."

### A GOOD WORD FOR THE SKUNK.

The American Agriculturist says of the skunk:

"All summer long he roams your pasture at night picking up beetles and grubs, poking with his nose in potato hills where many worms are at work. He takes possession of the apartment of the woodchuck, who has quartered himself and family upon your clover field or garden, and makes short work with all the domestic arrangements of unmitigated nuisance. With this white backed sentinel around, you can raise clover in peace, and the young turnip will flourish. Your beans will not be prematurely snapped, and your garden sauce will be free from vermin. The most careful observation of his habits shows that he lives almost exclusively upon insects. While you sleep he is busy doing your work, helping to destroy your enemies. If any fair account is kept with him, the balance must be struck in his favor. Thus we often find friends under the most unpromising appearances, and badly abused men are not unfrequently the benefactors of society."

DISCOVERIES OF GOLD AND COPPER. Simultaneously we have Gen. Clark's report in reference to the gold fields of Arizona, glowing accounts from California of the richness in gold and copper, of newly explored parts of that State; also accounts of the excitement in Canada occasioned by the discoveries of precious metals.

From California, in the first half of this year, 4,000 tons of copper ore were shipped from San Francisco, most of it going to the smelting works at Boston; and for the entire year the shipments will probably be 10,000 tons. Hereafter much will go to the smelting works near New York. The ore averaged about twenty per cent. Prospects are considered very hopeful. The Alta California says:—There is reason to hope that California will at no distant day, be the first copper-producing-country of the world. Cupiferous ore has been found in nearly every county, and rich lodes have been opened at both ends of the State and in its centre. The value of the copper mine and the character of the ore and vein can only be ascertained by examination at a considerable distance below the surface; and the prospectors have not had either the time or the money to make such examination of most of the lodes. It is well known that a large proportion of the deposits of copper are not true veins, and that only a small share of the true veins will pay. It would not, therefore, be strange if nine out of ten, perhaps ninety-nine out of 100 of the copper claims in the State would prove worthless; but the remainder will do wonders.

The explorations of Mr. Aubrey in Arizona (a gentleman who was early identified with the history of California and New Mexico), and the recent official report of Gen. Clark, have served to establish several important facts and conclusions, the most notable of which is, that near the line of the 34th parallel of north latitude and west of the 110th degree of longitude are gold fields of great value, and that within a few years they will be adding millions annually to the general wealth of the country. The Santa Fe Gazette is much elated with the mining prospects of this region, now that there is less danger from the excursions of hostile Indians, yet, to guard against too sanguine anticipations, says:

Doubtless the reports which will go out in reference to the productiveness of these mines will induce many to try their fortunes amongst them. Indeed, at the last accounts we had from there, there were already going 1500 persons at the mines and more about. But it should be remembered by all who have any desire to emigrate thither that it is one of the most inhospitable regions of country, excepting the climate, that is to be found on the continent. It produces comparatively none of the necessaries of life. It cannot be made to support a large population. All supplies will have to be transported from New Mexico or California.

Discoveries of gold and copper in Lower Canada are receiving much attention from the provincial press, no less than fifteen principles bills having been passed at the late session of the legislature, to incorporate mining companies. The Toronto Leader says:

At length gold seeking—we cannot call it mining—is getting a fair trial, in Lower Canada. Enough has been done to show that loose gold, varying in size from large nuggets to fine grains, is to be found in quantities which appear to leave a fair profit after paying for the cost of collection. The existence of metal in this shape is no new discovery; but the question at first raised by Sir William Logan, whether it will be found in sufficient quantities to pay unskilled labor, like most doubts, spreads a gloomy influence over the prospect.

### ICE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

A correspondent of the Providence Journal vouches for the efficacy of ice as a cure for diphtheria, croup and all ordinary inflammation of the throat. The manner of application is as follows:

"Break up a small lump of ice in a towel and put the pieces in a bowl. Take position slightly inclined backwards, either on a chair or on a sofa. Proceed for half an hour with a teaspoon to feed yourself with small lumps of ice, letting them dissolve slowly in the back part of the mouth or the entrance of the throat. A single such application will often break up a common croup throat, which otherwise would have a course of two or three days. In case of a bad sore throat, use the ice frequently and freely. In case of ulceration or diphtheria, keep a small lump of ice constantly in the mouth."

An officer who was inspecting his company one morning, spied a private whose shirt was sadly begrimed.

"Patrick O'Flynn!" called out the captain.

"Here your honor," promptly responded the man, with his hand to his cap.

"How long do you wear a shirt thundered the officer."

"Jist 25 inches, yar honor," said the rejoinder.

What church do you attend, Mr. Partington? Oh, any paradox church where the Gospel is dispensed with!

Nearly every evil has its compensation. If a man has but one foot he never treads on his own toes.

"What is eternity?"—A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a line that has no end."