

# 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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DR. J. C. CORNELIUS, HAVING LOCATED AT THE FALLS, WILL promptly attend all calls in the line of his profession—may be found at Beecher's Hotel, when not professionally absent. Falls, Oct. 10, 1861.

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M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.

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## Poet's Corner.

### RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the humid shadows gather,  
Over all the starry spheres,  
And the melancholy darkness  
Gently weeps in rainy tears,  
'Tis a joy to press the pillow  
Of the cottage chamber bed,  
And listen to the patter  
Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles  
Has an echo in the heart,  
And a thousand dreamy fancies  
Into busy being start;  
And a thousand recollections  
Weave their bright hues into wof,  
As I listen to the pitter  
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes thy mother,  
As she used to, years ago,  
To survey the infant sleeper,  
Ere she left thee till the dawn;  
I can see her bending o'er me,  
As I listen to the strain  
Which is played upon the shingles,  
By the pitter of the rain.

Then my little scraph sister,  
With her wings and waving hair,  
With her bright eyed cherub brother,  
A serene angelic pair!  
'Tis around my wofeful pillow  
With their praise or mild reproof,  
And I listen to the murmur  
Of the soft man on the roof.

There is naught in art's bravuras  
That can work with such a spell,  
In the spirit's pure deep fountains,  
Whence the holy passions swell  
As that melody of nature—  
That subdued soul-stirring strain,  
Which is played upon the shingles,  
By the pitter of the rain.

NOT NOW.  
[BY ARCADE CAROL.]  
The path of duty leads me on,  
I stand with conscience in my eye,  
And all her paths are plain;  
Calling and crying the while for grace,  
'Some other time, and some other place—  
O, not to-day—not now!"

I know 'tis a demon boding ill,  
I know I have power to do it will,  
And I put my hand to the plough;  
I have fair, sweet seeds in my barn, and I lo!  
When all the turnews are ready to sow,  
The voice says, "O, not now!"

My peace I sell at the price of woe—  
In heart and in spirit I suffer so—  
The anguish wrings my brow,  
But still I plow and cry for grace—  
'Some other time, and some other place—  
O, not to-day—not now!"

I talk to my stubborn heart and say,  
The work I must do I will do to-day;  
I will make to the Lord a vow;  
And I will not rest and I will not sleep  
Till the voice I have vowed I rise and keep,  
And the demon cries, "not now!"

And so the days and the years go by,  
And so I register up-on life,  
And I break with Heaven my vow;  
For when I would boldly take up a sand,  
This terrible demon stays my hand—  
'O, not to-day—not now!"

## Select Story.

### THE MISER'S REQUEST.

The hour hand of Philip Acre's old-fashioned silver watch was pointing to the figure-eight—the snug red curtains slant out the sun and darkness of the March night, and the fire snapped and crackled behind the red hot bars of the little grate in a cozy and comfortable sort of way, casting a ray of light into the thoughtful brown eyes that were tracing castles and castles in the burning coals.

For Philip Acre was, for once, indulging himself in the dangerous fascination of a day-dream.

"If I were only rich!" he pondered to himself. "Ah! if! Then good-bye to all these dusty old law books; good-bye to mended boots and thrice-turned coats, and all the ills and means that turn a man's life into a wretched bondage! Wouldn't I revel in new books and delicious painting and high stepping horses? Wouldn't I buy a set of jewels for Edith—not pale pearls or sickly emeralds, but diamonds, to blaze like fire upon her royal throat! Wouldn't I—what nonsense I'm talking though!" he cried suddenly, rousing himself. "Philip Acre hold your confounded tongue! I don't suppose you were a fellow of more sense! If you are, neither rich nor distinguished, but a simple law student, while Edith Wylis is as far above your unobscured aspirations as the Queen of Night herself! She loves me though—she will wait—and the time may come when she will love me more than ever!"

It was only the serving maid of the establishment, carrying a letter between her finger and thumb!

"Please sir, the postman just left it—two cents to pay."

"Here are your two coppers then, Katy—a pretty fair equivalent for any letter I may receive. Now, then," he gazed at the door-closet behind Katy's substantial back, "let's see what my unknown correspondent has to say. A black seal, eh? Not having any relations to lose, I am not alarmed at the prognostic!"

He broke the seal, and glanced leisurely over the short, business-like communication contained within, with a face that varied from incredulous surprise to sudden gladness.

"Am I dreaming?" he murmured to himself as if to insure complete possession of his senses. "No, I'm wide-awake and in my right mind; it is no delusion—no part of my waking visions! But who would ever suppose that old Theron Mortimer, whom I haven't seen since I was a boy of sixteen, and picked him out of the river half dead with cramp and fright, would die and leave me all his money! Why, I'm not even the shadow of a relative; but, then, I never heard that the old man had any kin or kin so I can't imagine any harm in taking advantage of his odd frisk! Rich—am I really to be rich? Is my father's money to be an actual fact? Oh, Edith! Edith!"

He clasped both hands over his eyes, sick and giddy with the thought that the lovely, far-off star of his adoration would be brought near to him at last by the magnet of Gold! All those years of patient waiting were to be bridged over by the strange old miser's request; he might claim Edith now!

How full of heart sunshine were the weeks that flitted over the head of the accepted lawyer—brightened by Edith's smile—made beautiful by the soft radiance of Edith's love! There was only one alloying shadow—the almost imperceptible tones of distrust and suspicion with which started Edith Wylis greeted his future son-in-law. Ah! the fear that just his only child to the keeping of a physician who had not been proved in the eyes of the world.

It was precisely a week before the day appointed for the wedding, and the soft light revealed by the shades of ground glass were just lighted in Dr. Wylis's drawing room, where Edith sat among her white roses and dahlias, working on a bit of cambric ruffing, and singing to herself. She was a slender girl, with violet gray eyes, a blue veined forehead, and glossy abundant curls of that pale gold that old painters love to portray.

"I wonder if Mr. Mortimer's place is so very lovely," she said, "a silver haired lady who sat opposite 'Philip' in going to take me there when we returned from our wedding tour; she says it is the sweetest place a poet's fancy could devise, with fountains and statueries and green delicious copses! Oh! I don't want to be happy there!"

She started up with a bright sudden blush, her eyes while the words were trembling on her lips, Philip Acre came into the room, his handsome face looking a little troubled yet cheerful with Mrs. Wylis with an arch nod at her niece, disappeared into the parlor, re-appearing in the conservatory, leaving the lovers to themselves.

"You are looking grave, Philip," said Edith as he bent over and kissed her tiny cheek.

"And I am feeling so, darling. I have a very unpleasant disclosure to make to-night—our marriage must be postponed indefinitely."

"Philip; for what reason?"

"To enable me to realize sufficient means to support you, dearest, in a manner satisfactory to your father's expectations and my own wishes."

"But, Philip, I thought—"

"You thought me the heir of Theron Mortimer's wealth? So I was, Edith, a few days since, but I have relinquished all claim on it now. When I accepted the bequest, I was under the impression that no living heir existed. I learned to-day that a distant cousin—a woman—is alive, although my lawyer tells me, in ignorance of her relationship to Theron Mortimer. Of course, I shall transfer the property to her immediately."

"But, Philip, the will has made it legally yours?"

"Legally, it has; Edith, could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and honor to avail myself of old Mortimer's foolish freak, at this woman's expense? I might take the honor of wealth, but I should never respect myself again, could I dream of legally defrauding the rightful heir. Nay, dearest, I may lose name and wealth, but I would rather die than suffer a single stain on my honor as a Christian gentleman."

"You have done right, Philip," said Edith, with sparkling eyes. "We will wait, and hope on, happy in loving one another more dearly than ever. But who is she? What is her name?"

"That's just what I didn't stop to inquire. I will write again to my lawyer to ask these questions and to direct that a deed of conveyance be instantly made out, and then, darling—"

His lips quivered for a moment—yet he manfully conquered the bitter sentence: "Then I will begin the battle of life over again."

And Edith's loving eyes told him what she thought of his noble self-abnegation—a sweet testimonial!

"Hem!" said Dr. Wylis, polishing his eye-glasses masterfully with a crimson silk pocket handkerchief. "I didn't suppose the young fellow had so much stamina about him a very honorable thing for him to do. Edith, I have never felt exactly certain about Phil Acre's being worthy of you before—"

"Papa!"

"But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again?"

"This evening, sir," faltered Edith, the violet eyes softly drooping.

"Tell him, Edith, that he may have next Wednesday, just the same as ever! And as for the law-practice—why there is time enough for that afterwards. Child, don't strangle me with your kisses—keep them for Phil!"

He looked after his daughter with eyes that were strangely dim.

"Tried and not found wanting!" he muttered indistinctly.

The perfume of orange blossoms had died away, the glimmer of pearls and satin were hidden in velvet pockets and traveling trunks—and Mr. and Mrs. Acre, old married people of full a week's duration, were driving along the shores of the Hudson in the amber glow of a glorious June sunset.

"Hullo! which way is Thomas going?" said Philip, leaning from the window, as the carriage turned from the square road.

"I told him the direction to take, Phil!" said Edith, with bright, sparkling eyes. "Let me have my own way just for once—We are going to our new home!"

"Are we?" said Phil, with a comical grimace. "It is to be love in a cottage I suppose."

"Wait until you see sir!" said Mrs. Acre, turning up her little nose-pud of a mouth. "And Philip!" he called dutifully.

"Where are we?" he asked, in astonishment when the carriage drew up in front of a stately pillared portico which seemed not entirely unfamiliar to him. "Surely this is Mortimer Place?"

"I should be surprised if it was!" said Dr. Wylis, emerging from the door way. "Walk to my boys—come Edith! Well, how do you like the looks of your new home?"

"Our new home?" repeated Philip. "I do not understand you, sir."

"Why, I mean that your little wife yonder is the sole surviving relative of Theron Mortimer's cousin, but some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two branches of the family. I was aware of the facts all along, but I wasn't sorry to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing what kind of stuff you were made of, Phil Acre! And now the deed of conveyance isn't made out yet, I don't suppose your lawyer need trouble himself about it. The lawyers won't quarrel with you, I'll be bound!"

Philip Acre's cheek flushed, and then grew pale with strong hidden emotions, as he looked at his wife, standing beside him in the sunset turned her bright hair to coils of shining gold, and he thought how unerringly the hand of Providence had straightened out the tangled web of his destiny.

Out of darkness had come light!

## Miscellaneous.

WORKING GIRLS.—Happy girls—who cannot love them? With cheeks like a rose, bright eyes and elastic step, how cheerfully they go to work. Our word for it, such girls will make excellent wives. Blessed indeed will the men be who secure such prizes.

Contrast those who do nothing but sigh all day, and live to follow the fashions; who never earn the bread they eat; or the shoes they wear; who are languid and lazy from one week end to another. Who but a simpleton and a popinjay would prefer one of the latter, if he were looking for a companion? Give us the working girls—they are worth their weight in gold! You never see them musing about, or jumping a dozen feet to steer clear of a spider or fly. They have an affectionate, silly sister about them. When they meet you, they speak without putting on a half dozen airs, or trying to show off to better advantage, and you feel as if you were talking to a human being, and not to a painted or fallen angel.

If his knew how sadly they miss it, while they endeavor to show off their delicate hands and unsifted skin, and put on a thousand airs, they would give worlds for the situation of the working girls, who are above them in intelligence, in character, in everything, as the heavens is above the earth.

WHO ARE HAPPY.—Lord Byron said "The mechanics and working men who can maintain their families, are in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness but even poverty is perhaps to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning disposition of the high orders." Another says: "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great, but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing home his wages at night."

## A MOSQUITO STORY.

The mosquitoes down on the Mississippi river are supposed to be rather large, and tolerably ferocious. I am not prepared to believe the story of the man who came to look for his cow one day, and found the skeleton on the adjacent tree picking his teeth with one of the horns. But I will say that it would take a man gifted with considerable imagination to exaggerate the prowess of these Southern swamp mosquitoes. We were discussing them one night in a hotel in New Orleans, when one gentleman told the following anecdote:

There was once a man in the city who insisted that he was mosquito proof, and who offered to lie down in the worst place that could be found and let mosquitoes bite him for an hour for ten dollars. My friend hearing him make the offer took him at his word, and with several others they both started off for a nice marshy place between the town and Lake Pontchartrain—a regular mosquito paradise. Arrived on the ground the mosquito chaf took off his shirt and coat, and lay down on his face:

The insects came in crowds, lighted on his back, and the biting commenced. If the man scratched then he would lose his ten dollars; even squirming was prohibited. But he stood it like a Trojan; didn't give utterance to a single grunt. Half an hour passed. The ground all around was covered with gorged mosquitoes, who had sucked until they were as drunk as judges, and were staggering about in a most discreditable style. A quarter of an hour ensued; more intoxicated suckers, and the man as unmoved and indifferent as a log. Suddenly one of the gentlemen took two or three strong puffs at his cigar, and then chuckled it on the mosquito chaf's back. First he winced, and then he squirmed, then he yelled and scrambled up.

"I have come across a considerable number of mosquitoes in my life," he remarked, scratching with one hand and working into his shirt at the same time, but I assure you, gentlemen, I never see a mosquito like that before. He wasn't much to hum, gentlemen, but when it comes to biting gentlemen, that mosquito was a snorter!"

He lost his ten dollars, and went home grumbling that when he made that ar bet he hadn't calculated on no bumble bees being smuggled in.—Harper's Magazine.

## ASURE ROAD TO A COMPETENCY.

Not one man in five hundred will make a fortune. But a competency and an independent position is within the reach of most men. This is obtained most surely by industry and economy. If a man has ordinary talents and ability, in any profession or trade, he can, by pursuing an economical persevering course, be pretty sure of finally obtaining an independent position in life. Let his expenses fall below his income. Let him live cheap, very cheap if necessary; but let him be sure and make his income more than cover his expenses. It can be done in almost all cases, notwithstanding the positive denial of ever so many housekeepers. A man may not have more than two or three hundred dollars a year, and may have a family as large as that of John Rogers, and he can find a way to live comfortably, and lay up something into the bargain. There is much, may all in knowing how the thing is done. And that is the thing people who are going to make money have got to learn.

It is wonderful how few real wants we have, and how little it takes to give genuine happiness. If we could get rid of our artificial, senseless and expensive way of living, we should find ourselves better off in purse, in prospects and in heart. Let any one who has any ambition to go ahead in life, try the experiment this year, and see how much there is in economy. Make your expenses less than your income, and see how much you will have gained not only in money, but in the feeling that you are in the condition which the yankees denominate "forehanded!" Try it.

A physician took a young student to see a patient who was confined to his bed. "Sir," said the physician to the sick man, "you have been imprudent; you have eaten oysters."

The patient admitted that he had. Returning home, the student asked the doctor how he discovered that the man had eaten oysters.

"Why," replied the doctor, "I saw the shells under the bed."

A few days after, the student was sent to visit the same patient. He soon returned however, saying that he had been kicked out of the house for telling the patient he had been imprudent; he had eaten horseflesh.

"Horseflesh, you young fool! what do you mean?" cried the doctor.

"Because, sir, I saw a saddle and a pair of stirrups under the bed."

How we printers lie, as our devil said when he got up too late for breakfast.

The mother of a large family was one day asked the number of her children. "Ls, me" she replied. "I've got a lot of 'em mostly boys and girls."

## SLEEP.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that, in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is, also, that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they can not sleep. The practical inferences are these:

1. Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep.

2. That time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate.

3. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, compelling them to retire at some regular hour, and to rise the moment they wake; and within a fortnight, nature with almost the regularity of the sun, will unloose the bands of sleep, the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and efficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, such must be a rule for himself. Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.

## MODERN ECONOMY OF TIME.

The Scientific American thus shows how time has been economized by the application of machinery:

"One man can spin more cotton-yarn now than four hundred men could have done, in the same time in 1769, when Arkwright, the best cotton spinner, took out the first patent."

One man can make as much flour in one day now as a hundred and fifty could a century ago.

One woman can make as much lace in a day as a hundred women could a hundred years ago.

It now requires only as many days to refine sugar, as it did months thirty years ago.

It once required six months to pot quick-silver on a glass; now it needs only forty minutes.

The engine of a first-rate iron-clad frigate will perform as much work in a day as forty-two thousand horses."

MATRERNAL TENDERNESS.—Women are generally cited by philanthropists as models of tenderness and affection. This incident from the Worcester Sentinel, furnishes the community another example of her devotedness;—"Not long since a number of condemned criminals were led out of prison to the place of execution. One of them found his mother waiting to see him at the door, and the following conversation took place:

"Where are you going my boy?"

"To the gallows, mother."

"Well my dear, be a good boy, and don't be hanged in your Sunday suit; give it to me your every day waistcoat is good enough to be hanged in!" Excellent mother.

A CHAP who had been paying his "distresses" to a girl for some time, without daring to "pop the question," finally one evening made his passion known. Much to his surprise she refused him. Becoming wrathful, he told her in no very choice terms that there was as good fish in the sea as ever caught.

"Yes," she replied, "but they don't bite at toads!"

An English writer says in his advice to young married women that their mother Eve married a gardener. Some old bachelors was mean enough to reply that the gardener, in consequence of the match lost his situation.

A soldier, gaining his knowledge of military phrases entirely from his own experience, gives the following definition of "Picketed": "These are chaps that are sent out to borrow the backer of the infantry and see if the rebels has got a pass."

Senator Cowan, of this State, has purchased a mansion on Capitol Hill, in Washington, and it is understood that he intends to practice law in the Supreme Court.

Kindness is a language that even dumb brutes can understand.

The Princess of Wales is in a delicate situation. The prince expects to be a papa next March.

Be not a slave of authority? if you think anything of yourself, think for yourself.

Philosophers tell us that nature never errs. They certainly cannot mean human nature.

When is an erator likely to get stuck?—When he comes to a point.

What emperor's name did a farmer use when ordering a constable to levy on a cow? Julius SEIZE-HER!