

# 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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June, 3rd, 1863.

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## Poet's Corner.

[For the Democrat.]

OUR LIVES.

BY STELLA OF LACKAWANA.

What wearying tasks are ours to bear!

Nor friend, nor neighbor, yet can say,

"My life glides bright and glad away,

Without a sorrow, or a care."

No doom for living human heart,

But loveless toil, and ceaseless pain,

And hopes that lived to die again,

And lives that only meet to part.

No rest to-day; to-morrow none;

What hath a soul to do with rest,

With frailties to itself compressed?

But one unceasing round goes on.

What low thoughts vex us every hour,

And wrest from us our angel wings,

And bind our feet to sordid things!

Is there no way to flee their power?

Nor yet, 'mong all this lovely scope

Of teeming earth, and gleaming sky

No single gift to satisfy

The soul that starves on earthly hope?

No lack of nature's kindly smiles,

Of silent dew, and dropping rain;

And corn, and wine, and golden grain

Reaped high, in most luxuriant piles.

Nor death of beauty for each sense,

And over all, a spirit-fire

Steals forth from some impassioned lyre,

Till life seems all magnificence:—

And yet some lack, the spirit cries,

And turns, dissatisfied, from all.

That wrest with sordid chains enthral,

And for a nobler birthright sigh.

NEVER AGAIN.

Broken the golden chord,

Severed the silken tie;

Never again will the old days come,

Darling, to you and I.

Dead the beautiful Past!

Scattered around its bier

Pale thoughts lie thick, and memories

Of days that were so dear.

Memories? Fuld them up—

Lay them sacred by.

What avails it to dream of the Past!

That future! For you and I.

Broken the silken chord,

Severed the golden chain,

Linking us with the beautiful days

That never can come again!

It was with them as it has often been with others; just when the cup was sweetest it was dashed away. A series of misfortunes and reverses occurred with startling rapidity, and swept away from them everything but love and their babe. Spared to each other and to that, they bore a brave heart, and in a distant city began a new fortune. Well and strongly did they struggle, and at length began once more to see the sunlight of prosperity shine upon their home. But a little while it stayed, and then the shadows fell. The husband sickened and, lay for many months upon a weary couch, languishing not only with mental and bodily pain but often times for food and medicine. All that she could do, the wife performed with a faithful hand. She went from one thing to another, till, at length, she who had worn a satin garment upon her bridal day, toiled at the wash-tub for the scantiest living. In a dreary winter, long before light, she would rise morning, after morning, and labor for the dear ones of her lowly home. Often she had to set off through the cold, deep snow, and grope her way to the kitchens which were sometimes smoky and gloomy, and toil there at rubbing, rinsing, and starching, not infrequently wading knee deep in the drifts to hang out the clothes that froze, even ere she had fastened them to the line. And, when night came, with her scanty earnings she would again grope through the cold and snow to her oft times lightless and fireless home; for her husband was too sick to tend even the fire, or to strike a light. And oh, with what shivering heart she would draw near, fearing ever she would be too late. It is a fact, that for six weeks, at one time she never saw the face of her husband or her child, save by lamplight, except on the Sabbath.—How glad she would have been to have had once in a while, a small washing gathered for her.

"One dark winter morning, as she was preparing the frugal breakfast, and getting everything ready before she left, her husband called her to the bedside.

"Ada," said he in almost a whisper, "I want you to try and come home early to-night; to be home before the light goes; do, Ada!"

"I'll try," answered she, with choking utterance.

"Do try, Ada. I have a strong desire to see your face by daylight. To-day is Friday; I have not seen it since Sunday. I must look upon it once again."

"Do you feel worse?" asked she, anxiously feeling his pulse as she spoke.

"No, no, I think not, but I do want to see your face once more by sunlight; I cannot wait till Sunday."

"Gladly would she have tarried by his bedside till the sunlight had stolen through the little window, but it might not be, money was wanted, and she must go forth to labor. She left her husband. She reached the kitchen of her employer, and, with a troubled face, waited for the basket to be brought. A smile played upon her face as she asserted its contents. She could get through easily by 2 o'clock; yes, and, if she hurried, perhaps by one. Love and an anxiety lent new strength to her weary arms and five minutes after the clock struck one, she was just about emptying the tubs, when the mistress came in with a couple bed-quilts saying:

"As you have a small wash, Ada, I think you may do these yet."

"After the mistress had turned her back a cry of agony, wrung from the deepest fountain of the washerwoman's heart, gushed to her lips. Smothering as best she could, she set to work and rubbed and rinsed and hung out. It was half past three when she started for home, an hour to late!" and the aged narrator sobbed aloud.

"An hour too late!" continued she, after a long pause. "Her husband was almost gone! He had strength given him to whisper a few words to his half frantic wife, to tell her how he longed to look upon her face; that he could not see her then, he lay in the shadow of death. One hour she pillowed his head upon her suffering heart and then he was at rest!"

"Mary, Mary, dear," and there was a soul touching emphasis in the aged woman's words, "be kind to your washerwoman.—

Instead of striving to make her day's work as long as may be, shorten it, lighten it.—

Few women will go out to washing daily, unless their needs are pressing. No woman on her bridal day expects to labor in that way; and be sure Mary, when she is constrained to do so, it is her last resort.—

That poor woman, laboring now as hard for you, has not always been a washerwoman.—

She has passed through terrible trials, too.—

I can read her story in her pale, sad face.—

Be kind to her; pay her what she asks and let her go home as early as she can."

"You have finished in good time to-day, Susan," said Mary, as the washerwoman, with her old cloak and hood on, entered the pleasant room for the money she had earned.

"Yes, ma'am, I have; and my heart is relieved of a heavy load. I was afraid I should be kept till night, and I am needed so at home."

"Is there sickness there?" said the aunt kindly.

Tears gushed to the woman's eyes as she answered.

"Ah, ma'am! I left my baby almost dead this morning; he will be quite so to-morrow. I know it. I have seen it to many times, and none but a child of nine years to attend him. Oh, I must go, and quickly!"

And grasping the money she had toiled for while her babe was dying, she hurried to her dreary home. Shortly after they followed her, the young wife who had never known sorrow, and the aged matron whose hair was white with trouble, followed her to her home—the home of the drunkard's wife; the drunkard's babes.

She was not to late. The little dying child knew his mother. But at midnight he died, and then kind hands took from the mother the breathless form, closed those bright eyes, straightened the tiny limbs, and bathed the cold clay, folding about it the pure, white shroud; yes, and more they gave what the poor so seldom have, time to weep.

"Oh, aunt," said Mary, with tears in her eyes, "if my heart blesses you, how much must poor Susan's? had it not been for you, she would have been to late. It has been a sad, yet holy lesson. I shall now always be kind to the poor washerwomen. But, aunt, was the story you told me a true one—all true, I mean?"

"The reality of that story whitened this head, when it had seen but thirty summers, and the memory of it has been one of my keenest sorrows. It is not strange, therefore, that I should pity the poor washerwoman."

## Miscellaneous.

Playing into Each Other's Hands.

Not a year ago, Thurlow Weed, the Republican leader, uttered in the Albany Journal, these startling and true words:

"The chief architects of the rebellion, before it broke out, were aided in their infernal designs by the Abolitionists of the North. This was too true, for without such aid the South could never have been united against the Union. But for the incendiary recommendations which rendered the otherwise useful Helper Book a fire brand, North Carolina could not have been forced out of the Union. And even now the ultra abolition press and speech makers are aggravating the horrors they helped to create."

Thus they play into the hands of the leaders of the rebellion and keeping down the Union man of the South, and rendering re-union difficult if not impossible.

If this was true in 1862, how doubly so is it now! The two extremes of agitators and factionists are playing into each other's hands.

The Richmond Enquirer and New York Tribune, agreeing in common hatred of the Democracy, play into each other's hands now as before the rebellion. The Enquirer publishes insulting articles to inflame and unite the North, and the Tribune utters doctrines which consolidate the South.

Those two organs started years ago upon this dishonest work. Each inflamed to the utmost the fanaticism of its followers.—Each taught them to hate the opposite section. While the Southern States were hesitating on the brink of secession Greeley came out and proclaimed to them that they had the same right as the Colonies had in the revolution.

He assured them they might securely try the experiment. Thus urged on, they took the fatal plunge.

Now the question before the country is, whether the slaveholding States will be allowed to return. Never, cry the radicals, except upon the basis of emancipation and the stipulation of negro rights. All State constitutions must be abolished, as already the Federal Constitution has been broken down by the violence of fanatics.

Such men are indeed "the architects of ruin." But are we contentedly to sit by and contemplate their work? Are the great majority of the people—the masses who loved the old Union, the conservatives who dread revolution, to set sumpily by and see this monstrous work of desolation go on? No, let the people rise and confront these fanatics, who have no strength but imposture, and no courage but the insolence of ephemeral power.—Albany Argus.

The Hartford Courant says of the freemen in that city; "The men were dressed in their new uniform, consisting of a shirt, hat-front and belt, and looked admirably." Comfortable, that! Any lady spectators?

THE UNION.—There is but one Union—There never has been but one Union—the Union under the Constitution. He who asks violent measures against that is a traitor.

A Dancing Master was taken up in New York lately, for robbing a fellow-boarder. He said he commenced by cheating a printer, and after that, everything rascally came easy to him.

RATHER CLOSE.—The Tribune, figures the House of Representatives: Democrats and Border State members, 90; Abolition, 92.

## THE FIRST MARRIAGE.

We have always thought Adam, in his courtship, a sensible man. He fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke and found himself a married man. He appeared to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting Eve, and she, without any flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of this first event in this world we have, however, our thoughts, and sometimes in a poetical mood we wish we were the man that did it. But the deed is done. The chance was Adam's, and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden. It is good taste. We like a private wedding.—

Adam's was private. No envious beaux were there; no croaking old maids; no chattering aunts or grumbling grandmothers.—

The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light upon the scene.—

One thing about the wedding brings queer thoughts to us, spite of scriptural truth.—

Adam and his wife were very young to be married—some two or three days old, according to the sagest speculations of theologians—

mere babies—larger, but no older, without a horse, without a pot or kettle—nothing but love and Eden. Speaking of love and lovers, here is an instance of *ereet simplicity*:

A good looking, honest faced country girl came to town with her "bean" one day to do a little shopping. The magnitude of the shop, the piles on piles of goods, the dazzling array of articles, the rows of shopmen, quite overpowered our good friend who scarcely knew what to do. Her "beau" obstinately refused to go in, but loitered about the door. The shopmen being all busy at the time, the young woman was obliged to remain standing a few moments. At length a dapper fellow with a gold chain and flourishing whiskers, came bowing and smiling up to the blushing customer with—

"Anybody waiting on you, madam?"

The color deepened on her cheeks as she hesitated and drew a long breath, till finally, with a nod of her head towards the door, she faltered out—

"Yes, sir; he is."

A Chinese boy who was learning English came across the passage in his Testament. "We have piped into you, and ye have not danced," rendered it thus: "We have toot toot to you, what's the matter you no jump?"

A runaway thief having applied to a blacksmith for work, the latter showed him handcuffs, and desired to know if he made such kind of work. "Why, yes, sir," answered the fellow, scratching his head, "guess I've had a hand in 'em."

CERRAN said of the liberty of the press: "That great sentinel of the State, that grand detector of public imposture; guard it because when it sinks there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject and the security of the crown."

Among the novelties of the age is a seedless apple. A tree has been found in Dutchess county, New York, bearing this fruit. There are no blossoms; the bud forms and without any show of petals, the fruit sets and grows entirely destitute of seeds. In outward appearance the apples resemble Rhode Island Greenings.

RATHER SUPERSTITIOUS.—An old lady, of rather superstitious proclivities, remarked the other day that she "had a resentment that she should eventually die in a trance, adding that the resentment troubled her a good deal, but that she expected to finally get immured to it!"

FAITH.—Recently a backslider from temperance, who was in a condition somewhat mellow, found himself at a gathering of sober people, at Benny's and attempted to address them.—"Brethren," said he, "I been thinking of that passage which says, 'if you only have faith like a mountain you can tip over a grain of mustard seed—hic—most any time!'"

When Cromwell first coined his money, an old cavalier, looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side: "God be with us;" on the other, "The Commonwealth of England." "I see," said he, "God and the Commonwealth are on different sides."

Mrs. Fitzdragon had been waiting to visit Highgate Cemetery, and the other day she said to her husband, "You have never taken me to the cemetery?"

"No, dear," said he, "that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation."

We appreciate fine writing when it is properly applied, so we appreciate the following burst of eloquence in one of our exchanges:

"As the ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courser bounds in her rear, as the winged lightning leaps from the heavens when the thunderbolts are loosed, so does a little nigger run when a big dog is after him."

Revenge is a more punctual paymaster than gratitude.

GENERAL MEADE wrote to a friend in New Jersey immediately previous to his late movement across the Rapidan, in which occurs the following paragraph:

"I am fully aware of the great anxiety in the public mind that something should be done. I am in receipt of many letters, some from persons in high positions, telling me I had better have my army destroyed, and the country filled up with the dead bodies of the soldiers, than remain inactive. While I do not suffer myself to be influenced by such communications, I am and have been most anxious to effect something, but am determined, at every hazard, not to attempt anything unless my judgment indicates a probability of accomplishing some object commensurate with the destruction of life necessarily involved.—

I would a thousand times rather be relieved, charged with tardiness or incompetency, than have my conscience burdened with a wonton slaughter, uselessly, of brave men, or of having jeopardized the great cause by doing what I thought wrong."

These are the words of a true soldier and a wise and prudent leader. Whatever the flight-at-any cost people may say, we believe that the country at large will warmly indorse the course of General MEADE. He is at least a safe general—just the sort of one we want in front of Washington.

## AN HONEST DEACON.

Deacon M. was an honest old coddler, a kind neighbor, and a good christian, believing in the Presbyterian creed to the fullest extent; but lackaday! the deacon would occasionally get exceedingly "mellow," and almost every Sunday at dinner, he would indulge his favorite cider brandy to such an extent that it was with difficulty that he reached his pew in the broad aisle near the pulpit, and between the minister and the village squire's. One Sunday morning the parson told his flock that he should preach a sermon touching many glaring sins so conspicuous among them; and he hoped they would listen attentively and not flinch if he happened to be severe. The afternoon came and the house was full; everybody turned out to hear their neighbors "dressed down" by the minister, who, after well opening his sermon, commenced upon the transgressors with a loud voice, with the question "where is this drunkard?" A solemn pause succeeded the inquiry, when up rose Deacon M., his face red from frequent draughts of his favorite drink, and steadying himself as well as he could by the pew rail, looked up to the parson and replied in a trembling and piping voice, "Here I am." Of course a consternation in the congregation was the result of the honest Deacon's response; however the parson went on with his remarks as he had written them, commenting severely upon the drunkard, and closed by warning him to forsake at once such evil habits if he would seek salvation and flee from the coming wrath. The deacon then made a bow and seated himself.

"And now," said the preacher in his loudest tones, "where is the hypocrite?" A pause, but no one responded. Eyes were turned upon this and that man, but the most glances seemed directed towards the squire's pew, and ended the parson seemed to squint hard in that direction. The deacon saw where the shaft was aimed, or where it should be aimed, and rising once more, leaned over his pew to the squire whom he tapped on the shoulder, and thus addressed: "Come, squire, why don't you get up? I did when he called on me."

NOT A FICTION.—Newspaper subscriptions are infallible tests of men's honesty. If a man is dishonest he will cheat the printer in some way—say that he has paid when he has not—or sent money and was lost by mail—or will take the paper and will not pay for it on the plea that he did not subscribe for it, or move off, leaving it come to the office he left. Thousands of professed Christians are dishonest, and the printer's book will tell fearfully on the final settlement of the judgment day. How many who read this paragraph will be guiltless of the offence.

Bust of A. Lincoln and Dan Rice Rice were placed together at the Great Fair in Chicago, and labeled, "the two American humorists." It is said Dan intends to bring a suit for libel.

Poor Krown, who is married, says the only peace he ever has is a piece of his wife's mind.

Pench says women first resorted to fight bearing to prove to men how well they could bear squeezing.

The pleasure of doing good is the art of being contented with what we have.

Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of it; but it is a good natured enough if you meet it like a man.

A modern tourist calls the Niagara River "the pride of rivers." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall.

The payment of the troop, called out to suppress the New York riots will cost that city \$227,248.64, exclusive of the board bills.