

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, JAN. 6, 1864.

VOL. 3, NO. 21.

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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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. September 11, 1861.

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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, 2nd, 1863

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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.

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. v2u24ly

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF A NERVOUS INVALID.

Published for the benefit and as a caution to young men and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, and their kindred ailments—supplying the means of self-cure. By one who has cured himself after being a victim of misplaced confidence in medical humbug and quackery. By enclosing a post-paid directed envelope, single copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYNARD, Esq., Bedford, Kings County, New York.—v3-15-1y.

Poet's Corner.

LITTLE BESSIE, AND THE WAY IN WHICH SHE FELL ASLEEP.

Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight,
I am cold and tired mother,
And I feel so strange to-night,
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast,
Oh I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day, while you were working,
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said—
How the kind and blessed Jesus,
Loves his lambs to watch and keep,
And I wish'd He'd come and take me
In his arms, that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted,
Just before the children came,
While the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name;
All at once the window opened,
In a field where lambs and sheep,
Some from out a brook were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep!

But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I raised my eyes to see;
And I wonder if He saw me,
If He'd speak to such as me;
In a moment I was looking
On a world so bright and fair,
Which was full of little children,
And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing, oh how sweetly!
Sweeter songs I never heard;
They were singing sweeter, mother,
Than can sing out yellow bird;
And while I my breath was holding,
O'er, so bright upon me smiled,
And I knew it must be Jesus,
When he said, "Come here my child

"Come up here, my little Bessie,
Come up here and live with me,
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see,"
Then I thought of all you'd told me
Of that bright and happy land,
I was going when you called me,
When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me; I would go;
Oh! to sleep and never suffer—
Mother, don't be crying so,
Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
Oh how much I love you mother;
But I feel so strange to-night!

And the mother pressed her closer
To her overburdened breast;
On the heart so near to breaking
Lay the heart so near its rest;
In the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness calm and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep!

Select Story.

ROWENA RAWDON.

BY ELLIS GRAEME.

One might have fancied her a statue as she stood there in the oriel window; so pale, so motionless, with the moon shining full upon her, enhancing the marble whiteness of her complexion. Edgar Haughton, as he gazed, thought he could understand why men, though paying homage to Rowena Rawdon's wondrous beauty, dared not speak to her of love. Love could have no power over a nature cold, passionless such as hers. He approached her.

"Miss Rawdon, 't is wronging such a night as this to stay in-doors. That flower-dotted panther," pointing from the window, "invites to a walk. What say you here?"
"Thank you. I find it very pleasant here," was the answer, in a tone that seemed to imply: "Your politeness is intrusive; I would rather be alone."

A long silence.
"Miss Rawdon."
She started slightly as the sound of his voice broke the stillness.

"Such a night as this always saddens me, bringing back vividly a melancholy event that occurred four years ago in the field of Balaklava,—the death and burial of a beloved friend, an English soldier. All day long had the battle raged fiercely, and when the moon rose she looked down upon a crimson-dyed plain and into the ghastly, upturned faces of the dying, the dead. I had been wounded, but slightly, and had returned, with several others, so soon as I could to the carnage, to seek for my friend, who was missing. After a long search we found him. He had received a mortal wound and was dying, the warm life blood ebbing fast away. I knelt beside him. He knew me smiled, and, raising one hand, pointed to a ring which glittered on a finger of the other. Then his lips moved. I bent low to listen, but could only distinguish the words, 'To my wife.'

"A few moments more and the soldier was at rest, his warfare ended.

"With our swords we dug a grave, and buried him by the pale moonlight, on the spot where he fell. Poor Vernon! His last words were a mystery to me. I could never understand them, for, in the eyes of the world, he was a single man. I have thought perhaps he may have been secretly married. He had been gazing from the window while he spoke. As he ceased he turned towards his companion. An exclamation of surprise escaped his lips. Her hands were tightly clasped, and an expression of agony rested upon her face. Apparently by a great and painful effort she regained her self-mastery, but there was a tremor in her voice as she said: "My emotion must seem strange to you, but I, too, lost a friend on that fatal day, and your word caused to vibrate painfully a long untouched chord in my heart."

"Would that I had known this!" he exclaimed, earnestly. "Pardon an offence innocently committed."

She extended her hand, and as it rested a moment in his he felt how icy cold it was. "Good night," and she was gone.

Edgar Haughton stood where she left him, absorbed in thought. So she could feel, after all, and deeply too! Ah, it was clear to him now! She had loved the friend to whom she referred, hence her strange emotion. He thought he understood her. She was one of the few with whom "Love is love for evermore."

From that night Miss Rawdon's manner towards Edgar Haughton changed. To him she was kind, almost gentle; but to others as cold, as proud as ever. The change in him was fatal. He learned to love her with all the intensity of a strong pure nature, yet feeling that he was

"Nursing a heart-flame that might be quenched only with his tears."

But will the storm cease at man's bidding, or the avalanche stay its course? As soon will the tempest of passion be still, or love obey the dictates of reason.

Edgar Haughton stood in the oriel window, with the moon smiling down upon him as coldly, calmly as it had six weeks before, when Rowena Rawdon had been beside him. On the morrow he must leave Rawdon Hall. He had lingered there too long already, and yet it was very hard to withdraw from the presence of the woman he so madly worshipped. Should he go without telling her of the great love that surged through his whole being, and like the ever-moving sea, would not be still? He knew she could not love him, but she would pity him; and even her pity would be grateful to him.

The rustle of a dress startled him from his reverie. He turned and saw Miss Rawdon just rising from a divan, near the window. He had not heard her come in; she must have been there a long time; but being in shadow he had not discovered her.

"Do not go, Row—; Miss Rawdon," he pleaded, eagerly reaching forth a hand to detain her, as she was gliding by him.

She quietly took her place beside him in the window.

"Do you remember the last time we stood here together?" he asked, and without awaiting a reply he went on. "That night I learned that you loved once, and I knew that with such a you, to love once is to love always. Yet certain as I felt of this, I could not teach my heart submission to my will; and day by day the feeling I entertained for you deepened, until it has become the intensest, strongest passion of my nature. Oh, Rowena, would to God you could love me!"

He had spoken calmly at first, but, at the last the wrong heart would wail forth one cry of anguish.

She laid her hand softly upon his arm, and in a voice of gentle, pitying tenderness murmured:

"Oh, my friend, I would rather have died than that this should have happened. I did not dream that any one could love me. For so long have I shut myself up in hermit-like isolation of heart and soul, repelling the affection, sympathy, even the friendship of my fellow-beings, that I thought no man could ever wish to link with his life so chill, so joyless as mine. You love me—alas! that you do—you are my friend. I know you honorable, noble, true, and do not fear to trust you. Listen. He you laid to rest on the battle-field of Balaklava was my friend as well as yours; nay, he was more, he was my lover—my husband!"

She felt the strong frame shiver beneath her hand.

"When I first met Elliot Vernon, I was a wayward girl of eighteen. A creature all feeling, all impulse, singularly sympathetic and impressive, and delighting in the romantic.—You know that he was a man to command a woman's admiration, love. He won my heart; but my father, in his pride, so soon as he knew of it, forbade him the house, and ordered me to cease all intercourse with him. His daughter should not marry the penniless son of a country curate. I secretly rebelled and a few months after Elliot's dismissal we were clandestinely married. My father discovered it, and his rage knew no bounds.—He swore that he would kill my husband if he crossed his path. He kept me a close prisoner at home, and ensured submission on my part by promises not to injure Elliot.—All this time, as I afterwards learned, he employed means to impose plausible stories

upon my husband, which he pretended to prove to him, causing him to doubt the love of his wife. In his despair he joined the army. The rest you know. You understand my manner towards you, of late. You were his friend; you were with him at the last. You said truly, for me there is but love for a lifetime. My heart is in the soldier's grave.—Edgar Haughton in silence took in his hand that still rested on his arm, and placed upon one of the delicate fingers the ring he had always worn. As he did so a tear fell upon it and glittered there a moment in the moonlight.

"I have fulfilled the dying request of my friend," he said, sadly.

"I cannot tell you, my friend, how deeply the knowledge that you love me grieves me. I beseech you, strive to forget this sad episode in your life. You deserve a happier fate than that of one doomed to heart-loneliness and soul-desolation, as I am."

"For me, as for you, there is no second love. I thank you for the trust you have reposed in me. It will never be betrayed.—God bless you, Rowena," and with a passionate kiss upon the hand he had retained in his clasp, he left her.

They never met again. Edgar Haughton is an old man now, but still fresh in his heart lives the remembrance of the only woman he ever loved. Yearly he makes a pilgrimage to the grave where she has so long peacefully slumbered, and is waiting.

MASONRY AND THE WAR.

An interesting fact is connected with the death of Capt. Isaac Nicoll, of the 124th, who fell at Gettysburg, and whose obsequies were recently attended at Washingtonville.—Before his departure for the seat of war, Captain Nicoll was initiated into the Masonic fraternity by the Newburgh Lodge. After the news arrived of his fall at Gettysburg, friends were despatched on to seek for his body. It was unlike many thousands of other victims on that field, readily found, from the fact that a board was placed at the head of the grave, bearing his name, the number of his regiment, and a Masonic symbol. On removing the earth above the body, overgreens were found deposited in the grave. Those engaged in the disinterment knew nothing of the significance connected with this fact, but on their return, a letter was received from a rebel officer, we believe a Georgian, who stated that a testament was found upon the body of Captain Nicoll, on the fly leaf of which was written his name, and some direction in case of his death, and a symbol showing his confraternity. True to the obligations of the brotherhood, though they had met in hostile array on the battlefield, the rebels stopped to give decent rites of sepulchre, and left directions with a resident in the vicinity to have the testament forwarded to the friends of the deceased.—By some accident this was delayed until after the body was found as stated above.

It is a beautiful and touching incident of the strength of that tie of brotherhood which not even the horrors of that terrible field could smother or even loosen.—Newburgh Telegraph.

A Model Railroad.

On the Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad, travelers and conductors have the gayest possible times. The train is only about two hours making the first nine miles.

The other day, near Peosta, a boy ran alongside the cars for nearly half a mile, yelling, "Mr. Cawley! Mr. Cawley!" at the top of his voice. At length the conductor heard him, and asked what was the matter—"Why," said the boy; "father's big bull has jumped on the hind car."

The conductor ran back, and sure enough, on the platform of the hind car stood a big bovine leisurely chewing his cud, and contentedly viewing the country from his exalted position. The conductor had the brakes whistled down, and the noble critter was helped off. He had been standing on the side of the track several days, and had probably deliberately come to the conclusion that he could wait till the train passed, and then catch up to it, jump on the hind car and take a free ride. He tried it and won.—Since then the conductor has placed a cow-catcher at the rear end of his train, and has had no more trouble with animals on his hind car.

The Dubuque and Sioux City is a great road for time. You can ride longer on it than on any other road in the country for the same amount of fare.

When a young lady offers to hem a cambric handkerchief for a rich bachelor, she means to sow in order to reap.

Why should the highest apple on a tree be a good one? Ans.—Because it's a "tip top" apple.

"THE JERSEY BLUES."

"The Democratic Association of Camden," (New Jersey) have adopted the report of a committee appointed to prepare a declaration of the views of that organization with regard to national affairs. The report is manly and patriotic, and recommends that prompt action be taken by the people to rebuke the unlawful acts of the President and his subordinates, and to compel them to respect the Constitution and the laws—and proceeds to indicate some of the constitutional means of defending the assailed rights and liberties of the States and citizens.

The report declares, justly, that—
"It has become manifest that the men who now control the National Administration do not intend to bring the war to an end, until they have subdued the people of the free States, and perpetuated their own power; and there is much reason to believe that the military force, and the financial resources of the country, will be made use of to defeat the popular will at the next Presidential election; and that by these means the tyranny which is now oppressing the people of the free States will be permanently established."

The association, adopting the language of their committee, assert that "the Constitution has been overthrown, and a despotism of the most tyrannical character has been established in its place," and prove their position by the subjoined catalogue, which, although incomplete, abundantly sustains them:

I. The freedom of speech has been violated by the arrest and imprisonment of a number of persons charged with no crime, and whose only offence was the utterance of sentiments distasteful to the men in power.

II. The freedom of the press has been subverted by the suppression of a number of newspapers.

III. The right to security from arrest when no crime is charged, has been disregarded in the arrest and incarceration of a large number of persons, denounced by the parasites of the Administration as "sympathizers with the rebellion."

IV. The right to security from unlawful searches and seizures has been violated in numerous instances, in which domiciles have been visited, and papers, etc., seized without legal authority.

V. The right to a trial by jury has been refused in the cases of citizens arrested and imprisoned, or banished by military orders or court-martials.

VI. The right to personal freedom has been taken from poor men by the Conscription act, which compels persons, who are unable to pay \$300 to enter the army. This act is an assumption of power, not given, by the Constitution, and it makes a grossly unjust distinction between the rich and the poor man.

VII. The freedom of every citizen has been taken from him, by the illegal and unnecessary suspension of the writ of habeas corpus.

VIII. The right of property has been abrogated by the Emancipation Proclamation and the Confiscation act.

IX. The inviolability of contracts has been destroyed by the act which makes depreciated Treasury notes a legal tender for all debts.

X. The freedom of religious worship has been violated on repeated occasions by the interference of military officers.

XI. The right of States to management of their militia has been taken from them by the Conscription act, which places the whole military of the country at the disposal of the President.

XII. The formation of the State of West Virginia was a violation of the 3rd section of the 4th article of the Constitution.

XIII. The heretofore undisputed right of the people to elect their legislators and rulers has been taken from them, and the will of majorities disregarded, as is abundantly manifested in the manner in which elections have recently been carried by the grossest corruption in Northern States, and by military orders in the border States of the South.

corrupting influence of a free expenditure of Treasury notes and thus the last vestige of freedom has been taken from us."

"It therefore becomes us as men 'who know our rights, and have the courage to maintain them,' to speak to those recreants to truth, justice and honor, who have flinched from us all those noble rights which freedom love, in tones which may not be misunderstood, telling them that our Constitution shall and must be restored; and that we will not be deterred by threats, menaces, insults and outrages, from maintaining the noble heritage which we have received from the hands of the patriots and sages of the purer days of the Republic."

THE LOST INDIAN.—Hon. George B. Smith of Wisconsin, tells an Indian story, in illustration of the position and pretensions of certain "life long Democrats," now in the camp of the Abolitionists, which runs as follows:

An old Indian having strayed from his wigwam, found himself lost on trying to return to it. After looking about into strange "lodges" here and there, the Indian exclaimed in dismay, "Injun lost!" but recovering himself and unwilling to acknowledge such short-sightedness, continued, drawing himself up: "No—Injun no lost—wigwam lost—(and striking his breast) Injun here!"

So with the wandering Democrats—they are unwilling to acknowledge they have strayed from the party—it is the party that is lost. The bolter says, "No, I'm no bolter, it is the party that has bolted. I'm here," (and that's right in the center of the Abolition camp.)

As the cold blasts of winter strike us, let us remember that they strike the contrabands as the chills of death, by reason of their having come from a warmer climate, and the scantiness of their covering. Supplies are needed now as winter is setting in.—CLEVELAND LEADER.

Ye "and the cold blasts of winter strike hundreds and thousands of poor white people, as the chills of death." In the garrets, and damp cellars of our large cities are huddled together thousands of shivering, half-famished men, women and children, some of them wives and children of men who have sacrificed their lives in this "civil war," but the Leader has no words of sympathy or appeal in their behalf. They are, unfortunately white. The contrabands engage the entire attention of these Abolition negro worshippers. They urge on the conflict of brother against brother and shout hosannas as rank after rank of brave men are swept away in the tide of battle, and all for the negro. "Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

In an affecting account of his courting with "Betsy Jane," Artemus Ward says:—"There was many affecten, ties which made me hanker after Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined ours; their cows and oorn squenched their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both stars in their foreheads; the measles broke out in both families at nearly the same time; our parents (Betsy Jane's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin' house, and the nabors used to ohsarve:—"How thick the Wards and Pezles air!" It was a sublime sight in the spring of the year to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so that they couldn't sile 'em effeshun'tely bilin soap together and aboosin the neigh bors."

How it works.—A widow in Western New York, whose husband was killed in the war, had left her by him a note for about five thousand dollars secured by mortgage. At the same time she owed in Canada a debt of less than \$4,000. Under the legal tender law she is obliged to take greenbacks for what is due her in New York, while she is obliged to pay specie or its equivalent for the sum she owes in Canada. The five thousand dollars is not of course, sufficient to pay this debt. The widow don't clearly understand it, and has lost faith in "Olde's Abbe's" proposition that it is easier to pay a large debt than a larger one.

Some young men, traveling on horseback among the White Mountains, became exceedingly thirsty, and stopped for milk by the roadside. They emptied every basin that was offered, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought out an enormous bowl of milk, and set it down on the table saying—"One would think, gentleman you had never been weaned."

A countryman once brought a piece of board to an artist, with the request that he should paint upon it St. Christopher as large as life. "But," returned the artist "that board is too small for that purpose." The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery. "That's a bad job," said he; "but look 'ere sir, you can let his feet hang down over the edge of the board."

Domestic quiet is a jewel; love the light of it.

Transported for life—the man who marries happily.

The conclusion of the declaration is that—
"The recent elections have made it manifest that the will of the people has been overborne by the military authorities and the