

# The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wyoming that they have located at Tunkhannock where they will promptly attend to all calls in the line of their profession. May be found at his Drug Store when not professionally absent.

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Particular attention given to the treatment of Chronic Diseases. Centre, Luzerne County, Pa.—v242

**WALL'S HOTEL,**  
LATE AMERICAN HOUSE,  
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THIS establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House.  
T. H. WALL, Owner and Proprietor.  
Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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HAVING taken the Hotel, in the Borough of Tunkhannock, recently occupied by Riley Warner, the proprietor respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. The House has been thoroughly cleaned, 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.  
Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r

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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.  
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June, 3rd, 1863

**Means Hotel,**  
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[Late of the BRAINARD HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y.]  
PROPRIETOR.

The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country. It is fitted up in the most modern and improved style, and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping-place for all.  
v 3, n21, ly.

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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, 105 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. v2624ly

## Poet's Corner.

[From the *Carbonate Advance*]

### DEAD LEAVES.

BY STELLA OF LACKAWANA.

Dead leaves everywhere—  
Clinging to the stricken trees—  
Floating on the sickle breeze;  
Still at last, as slumberous seas,  
In the soft, spring air.

Dead leaves everywhere:  
Pressed beneath the dews of night—  
Folded in the sunny light;  
Sombre-hued, or golden bright,  
Mournful everywhere

Dead leaves at my feet;  
Oh the saddest sight of all,  
When these summer nurslings fall.  
Spreading wide one desolate pall  
O'er the merry street!

Dead leaves as I pass—  
Drooping sorrowfully down,  
By the way-side; pale, or brown,  
From the stray trees of the town;  
Poor dead things, alas!

Dead leaves on the waves:  
Pitiful waves that may not rest,  
With their white uncertain crest,  
And the death-freight on their breast.  
Borne to brook-side graves.

Dead trees everywhere:  
Hear the chill winds' muffled moan,  
Through the maples, mullein-grown,  
With their proud arms outward thrown!  
Proud, but ah, how bare!

Dead hopes everywhere:  
Dropped from yOUTH'S delicious laugh—  
Lodged on pillow cheek and brow:  
Count them—dead, or dying now—  
Dying everywhere.

Dead faces everywhere:  
Could I rest my weary eye,  
On a spot beneath the sky,  
Where these dead lives did not lie,  
Then away despair!

### SOFT GLIDE THE SHADY HOURS.

BY DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

I.  
Soft glide the shady hours,  
When gentle song doth come,  
To ease her woe of flowers  
Upon a happy home.  
Time's footsteps lightly presses  
Where music and where mirth  
Bring the beaming joy which blesses  
The happy homes of earth.

II.  
Song hath no voice of sweetness,  
Joy hath no sound of mirth,  
Time hath no step of festivity,  
Beside a lonely hearth.  
Hope shows no golden arrow,  
Thought brings but care and pain,  
When Memory broods in sorrow,  
O'er true loves broken chain.

III.  
The other day, Mr. — and his little son Charlie were sitting by the fire listening to the music of a piano upon which the child's mother was playing. After she concluded, it being about the child's bedtime, Mr. Carey said to his prayers and go to bed. As was his custom, he knelt down beside his mother, his head full of the music he had heard, repeated the well known child's hymn—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
My soul go to the Saviour!"

As may be imagined the solemnity of the occasion was sadly interrupted by the peals of laughter from father and mother.

Mere physical insensibility to danger does not constitute courage. Nearly all brave men have been of finely organized, and, therefore nervous temperament. Julius Caesar was nervous, so was Bonaparte, so was Nelson. The Duke of Wellington saw a man tara pale as he marched up to a battery. "That," said he "is a brave man; he knows his danger but faces it."

Becky Brethard thinks it provoking for a woman who has been working all day mending her husband's old coat to find a love letter from another woman in the pocket.—*Ex.*

Perfect nonsense—there is not a woman under heaven but would find the letter before she began to mend the coat—then it wouldn't be mended at all.—*Boston Post.*

A work has just been published showing "how young ladies should receive attentions." The author, Mrs. Harris says, "might as well write about telling young folks how they should kiss, eat honey, or suck new cider out of a bung hole. Some things come by nature, says she "and courting is one of them. Teach a girl to court! It can't be done."

"Do you consider lager beer intoxicating?" "Vel," replied W. — "as for dat I gant say I drink feety or sixty klasses in von day and it no hurts megut I ton't know how it would pe if a man vas to make a tam hog of himself."

What sort of table do they keep at our boarding-house? said Jim to his chum, Dick "What sort of a table, Jim? why unpalatable."

## SPEECH

OF  
C. C. BURR, Esq. at a  
Festival in Bergen County, New Jersey.

The following speech was recently delivered by Mr. Burr before a numerous body of citizens of Bergen County, New Jersey, in reply to the toast, "Blessed are the Peacemakers."

GENTLEMEN—A man might suppose that those who asked him to speak to this sentiment had some designs on his liberty. Behind this divine word, there sits a bastle. It was the Son of Man who said blessed are the peacemakers; but Abraham Lincoln and all the worshippers of blood and negroes declare them accursed. To pray for peace was once a Christian virtue. It was the evidence of a pure heart, and of an elevated intellect. It is treason now. The paths of peace instead of leading men's footsteps to heaven, lead to a dungeon. If you dare speak for peace there will come such a clamor of profanity, impudence and brutality about your ears as was never heard out of Pandemonium. But still we dare speak for peace. Appealing to God for the rectitude of our motives, and despising the base wretches who would impugn them, we cry aloud for peace, as a man cries for water when his house is on fire. We are for peace; not alone because we know that war is tending the restoration of the Union impossible, but also because it is destroying the organic life of our Government. It is tearing out the keystone of the arch on which the whole edifice of the American principle and American liberty rests. This is the irrepressible reason why every patriot opposes the war. To cover up this black spot, and draw away the public mind from the real issue, the Abolitionists cry out "what would you let the South go?" No, we would not if we had the power to prevent you from driving them off eternally. It is precisely because we do not intend to abandon the Union, that we are for peace, just as you are for war, because you have abandoned it. You boldly declare that the Union as it was, can not and shall not be restored. Vice-President Hannu says it is demagoguism to talk of such a thing. Therefore you are not fighting to restore the Union. There is but one Union. That is the Union as it was—formed by the Constitution as it is, which you affirm shall never be restored, because it would perpetuate the labor institutions of the South, as they are secured by the Constitution. It is as impudent a lie for these Abolitionists to call themselves friends of the Union, as it would have been for the French revolutionists of 1789, to have called themselves friends of the throne of France. They were seeking to revolutionize the Government of France, as the Abolitionists are trying to revolutionize the Government of the Union. Roosevelt says, "away with the throne that grants letters patent of nobility." Lincoln and his party say "away with the Constitution that allows white men to hold negroes as taxable property." This is the milk in the cocount. The cocount is a negro's head. That is what we are fighting for.

In relation to the war, there are three parties: First the Abolition or Republican party, which says the Union shall not be restored under the Constitution as it is; second, the party of non-descripts, or War Democrats, who profess that they want the Union back just as it was, and yet support a war which they admit is for the purpose of destroying the Constitution and the Union. This should be called the lunatic party. Must not men be crazy to support a war which they denounce as unconstitutional, carried on, and meant to revolutionize the Government and destroy the Union? It is a charitable conclusion to suppose that such men are crazy. Is it for plunder and office that they connive at the barbarous murder of hundreds of thousands of our people; and at the everlasting destruction of the Union that was formed by our fathers, and the overthrow of the Government of the United States? Is it for plunder that they connive at these base and brutal designs? Then are they dogs, and not men? But we are told that it is policy. What is policy? Is that the mild name that you give to the base cowardice that immolates your own laws, and aids the Abolitionists in breaking to pieces the altars of liberty that were built by our fathers? But the people are not yet ready for the truth. When will they be ready for the truth, if you continue to teach them a lie?

But the people are not yet ready for the truth. Is it the cowardice or treachery of the politicians that has confused and demoralized the ranks of the people. The meaning of this word policy is a lie; it is the last refuge of a coward and a scoundrel. If the word was not made in hell it ought to have been, for it is the devil's own trick to cheat a man out of his virtue. It was not policy that won liberty for these States. It was principle.

The policy mongers said, wait! the time is not yet. But the true man said, strike, the time to be free is now and forever! On no lighter terms was liberty ever preserved.—The true policy of the Democracy is to stand by its principles of State sovereignty and State equality. These are the foundations of our Government. Strike them down and the whole superstructure falls.

When Federalism, or centralized despotism

obtained control of the Government in 1798 under John Adams, it commenced a war upon the sovereignty or equality of the States, which threatened, as now, the destruction of the Constitution. Under the lead of Jefferson and Madison, the one the father of the Declaration of Independence and the other of the Constitution, the Democracy rallied around the banner of State Sovereignty, defeated the usurpers and buried Federalism, so deep that it lay quietly in its grave for more than sixty years. But now Federalism has come to the surface again, and is waging its old war upon State Sovereignty with a fury and malice that threatens to strike the sun of liberty out of the sky of Columbus.—This is the paramount object of the war. Opposition to secession is a secondary matter with the party waging the war. They know the war is neither a constitutional nor a possible remedy for secession, and they have the frankness to declare they will never consent to the restoration of the Union under the Constitution as it is. Therefore the war is for disunion, for the overthrow of the Constitution, and for the destruction of the sovereignty of the States. It is as much a war against the organic being of the Northern as of the Southern States. It is a war upon State sovereignty, and thus far in its progress it has been much more successful in subverting the sovereignty of the Northern than of the Southern States. Behold the pitiable condition of Governor Seymour, of the once proud sovereign State of New York, now humiliated, sitting disgraced and silent in the dust, surrounded by Federal bayonets, its citizens dragged beyond the jurisdiction and protection of its courts by Federal officers, its courts superseded by the President; its jails filling up with Federal prisoners tried by no jury and sentenced by no court of justice, but by military commission at Washington. Do we men of New Jersey shudder at the humiliation of our sister States? Let us shudder for ourselves, for we are no better off. We too, are reduced to a military district, in which the Federal Government, appoints creatures to watch us, who always occupied the social position of thieves in our midst; and patient people that we are, one head has answered each of these satraps for a good many months now. The State of New Jersey has ceased to exist; it is only a military district. What made us a State? Not the sky above us; not the slopes and glades and fruitful fields within our borders. Constitution and laws constituted us a State, and these have been suspended by the Federal Administration, and it can take one or all of you whenever it pleases and send you to be the equal of a negro, or to a dungeon.

New Jersey is already just such a thing as the Abolitionists threatened to make of each Southern State, a Federal colony, or military district. Mr. Lincoln has succeeded in doing to us what he has been unable to do to the people of South Carolina, suspend the *habeas corpus* and abolished trial by jury, in such cases as he pleases. Now, the war has been made the excuse for all this outrage and despotism. But we know this despotism is really the object of the war. Every Jerseyman in favor of this war is a foe to his own State, and to the very principle of government on which the Union of the States was founded. Then, show us a Jerseyman who dare be any thing but a Peace man; stand him up and let us look at him. Mark him well, for the time must come when he will be held to an awful responsibility for the part he has played in carrying on a war that is confessed to be for the destruction of the Union, and is known to be for the overthrow of the rights of the States. We are opposed to the war, because we are in favor of the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is, and because we are for preserving the sovereignty and honor of the State of New Jersey—nay, of defending that sovereignty and honor against whatever power dares violate them. If any man says we are opposed to the war because we mean to abandon the Union, we hurl the falsehood back into the har's teeth. We tell him that we know his falsehood, and we charge him that he is for the war because he is against the Union and the Constitution, and because he is an enemy to the sovereignty of his own State. He is a double traitor. He is for allowing New Jersey to be reduced to the status of a colony of the Federal Government, and of tamely submitting to a despotism that puts the property and liberty and life of Jerseyman at the mercy of a cabal of farious and bloody imbeciles in Washington.

Let an inventory be taken of the demagogues or cowards who shrink from any conflict that may be necessary to defend the sovereignty of our State, and vindicate the manhood of our people. Acting within the limits of the Constitution, Mr. Lincoln cannot do to much to bring the revolted States back to their place within the Union. In such a work we should stand by him to the last hour. But may God Almighty never pardon our sins if we support him in the bloody business of driving and baring them out, and closing the night of despotism and African barbarism over the fruitful fields!—Bad as secessionism is, it is not so great a crime against Government, against civilization, and humanity, as Lincolnism. Secession claims to withdraw certain States from the jurisdiction from the United States.—There its crime ends. It makes no war upon our constitutional form of Government

nor upon the theory of popular sovereignty of which our country was born. But Lincolnism seems to annihilate these States, to strike them out of existence, and totally repudiate the American principals of Government. Secessionism inflicts no wound upon the organic life of the remaining States.—Lincolnism acknowledges its design to kill one third of the Sovereign States of America, and its purpose to subvert the sovereignty of the other two thirds; it is perfectly apparent Secessionism is a runaway—Lincolnism an assassin. For the runaway there is yet hope—for a return to the deserted family. But there is no remedy for Lincolnism or assassination. It is death, and there is nothing beyond but the desolation of the grave. Night! night! Eternal night! Night without a star, without the hope of dawn! With sick heart we turn away from these scenes of crime and carnage to find rest in the words of the majestic Prophet of Judeah: "Blessed are the peacemakers."

## Miscellaneous.

Hymn of The Marsellaise.

The Marsellaise was inspired by genius, patriotism, youth beauty and champagne.—Rouget de Lisle was an officer of the garrison at Strasbourg, and a native of Mount Jura.—He was an unknown poet and composer. He had a pleasant friend, named Dietrick, whose wife and daughter were the only critics and admirers of the soldier poet's song. One night he was at supper with his friend's family, and they had only coarse bread and slices of ham. Dietrick, looking sorrowfully at De Lisle, said, "Plenty is not our feast, but we have the courage of soldier's heart; I still have one bottle left in the cellar—bring it my daughter, and let us drink to liberty and our country!"

The young girl brought the bottle; it was soon exhausted, and DeLisle went staggering to bed; could not sleep for the cold, but his heart was warm and full of the beating of genius and patriotism. He took a small clavichord and tried to compose a song; sometimes the words were composed first—sometimes the air. Directly he fell asleep over the instrument, and waking at daylight, wrote down what he had conceived in the delirium of the night. Then he waked the family, and sang his production; at first, the women turned pale, then they wept, then burst forth into a cry of enthusiasm. It was the song of the nation and of terror.

Two months afterwards, Dietrick went to the scaffold, listening to the self-same music, composed under his own roof and by the inspiration of his last bottle of wine. The people sang it everywhere; it flew from city to city, to every public orchestra. Marsellaise adopted the song at the opening and close of his clubs—hence the name. "Hymn of the Marsellaise;" then it sped all over France.—They sang it in their houses, in public assemblies, and in the stormy street conversation. DeLisle's mother heard it and said to her son, "What is this revolutionary hymn, sung by bands of brigands, and with which your name is mingled?" DeLisle heard it and shuddered as it sounded through the trees of Paris' rung from the Alpine passes, while he, a royalist, fled from the infuriated people, frenzied by his own words. France was a great amphitheatre of anarchy and blood, and DeLisle's song was the battle cry.

There is no national air that will compare with the Marsellaise in sublimity and power; it embraces the soft cadences full of the peasant's home and the stormy clangor of silver and steel when an empire is overthrown; it endears the memory of the vine dresser's cottage, and makes the Frenchman in his exile, cry, "La belle France!" forgetful of the torch and sword, and guillotine, which have made his country a spectre of blood in the eyes of nations. Nor can the foreigner listen to it, sung by a company of exiles, or executed by a band of musicians, without feeling that it is the pibroch of battle and war.

ARTEMUS WARD.—I was fixin' myself up to attend the great war meetin' when my daughter entered with a young man, who was evidently from the city and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression in his eye. In one hand he carried a portfolio, and in his other paw clasped a bunch of brushes. My daughter introduced him as Mr. Sweber, the extinguished landscape painter from Philadelphia.

"He is an artist, papa. Here is one of his masterpieces—a young woman gazin' admirably upon her first borne, and my daughter showed me a really nice picture dun in ile, "Is it not beautiful, papa? He throws so much soul in to his work."

Does he! does he? said I. "Well" I reckon I'd better hire him to whitewash our fence; it needs it. What will you charge, sir," I continued, "to throw some soul into my face?"

My daughter went out of the room in a very short meeter, takin' the artist with her, and from the very emphatic manner in which the door slammed I concluded she was somewhat disgusted with my remarks.

She closed the door, I must say in *italics*, I went into the closet, and larded all alone by myself for over half an hour.

Only A Child.

"Who is buried there?" said I to the sexton,

"Only a child, ma'am."  
Only a child! Oh! had you ever been a mother—had you rightly billoved that little golden head—had you slept sweeter for that little velvet hand upon your breast—had you waited for the first intelligent glance from those blue eyes—had you watched its slumbers, tracing the features of him who stole your girlish heart away—had you wept a widow's tears over unconscious head—had your desolate timid heart gained courage from that little piping voice to wrestle with the jostling crowd for daily bread—had its loving smiles and prattling words been a sweet recompense for such an exposure—had the lonely future been brightened by the hope of that young arm to lean upon that bright eye for your guiding star—had you never framed a plan or known a hope or fear of which that child was apart. If there was naught else on earth left for you to love—if disease came,—and its eye grew dim, and food, and rest,—and sleep, were forgotten in your fears—if you paced the floor hour by hour with that fragile burden when your very touch seemed to give comfort and healing to that little quivering frame—had the star of hope set at last—then, had you hung over its dying pillow, when the strong breast that you should have wept on was in the grave, where your child was hastening—had you caught alone, its last faint cry for the help you could not give—had its last fluttering sigh breathed out on your breast—Oh! could you have said—"This only a child?—Fanny Fern."

The Blessed Home.

Home! To be home is the wish of the seaman on the stormy seas and lonely watch.—Home is the wish of the soldier, and tended visions mingled with the troubled dreams of trench and tented field, where the palm tree wastes its graceful balm, and birds of jewelled lustre flash and flicker among the gorgeous flowers, the exile sit staring on vacancy; and borne on the wings of fancy over intervening seas and lands he has swept away home and hears the lark singing above his father's field and see his hair haired brother, with light foot and childhood's glee, chasing the butterfly by his native stream. And in his best hours, home his own native home, with his father above that starry sky, will be the wish of every Christian man. He looks around him—he finds the world is full of suffering; he is distressed with its sorrows and vexed with its sins. He looks within him—he finds much in his own corruptions to grieve for. In the language of a heart repelled grieved, vexed, he often turns his eyes upwards, saying, "I would not live hear alows. Not for all the gold of the world's mines—not for all the pearls of the seas—not for all the pleasures of her flashing, frothy cup—not for all the crown of her kingdoms—would I live here always." Like a bird about to migrate to those sunny lands where no winter sheds her snows, or stripes the grove or buds the dancing streams, he will often in spirit be pluming his wings for the hour of his flight to glory.

TAKE CARE OF SMALL THINGS.—No man ever made a fortune, or rose to greatness in any department, without being careful of small things. As the beach is made up of grains of sand, so the millionaire's fortune is an aggregation of single adventures often inconsiderable in amount. Every eminent merchant, from Girard and Astor down, has been noted for attention to details. Few distinguished lawyers have ever practised in the courts, who have not been remarkable for a similar characteristic. It was one of the most striking peculiarities of the first Napoleon's mind, the most petty details of household expenses, the most trivial facts relating to his troops, were in his opinion, as worthy of attention as the tactics of a battle, the plans of a campaign, or the revision of a code. Demosthenes, the world's unrivaled orator, was as anxious about the texture of his argument or the garniture of his words. Before such examples, and the very highest walks of intellect, how contemptible the conduct of small minds who despise small things.

A MIXED CURRENCY.—The editor of a contemporary, in his distress and anguish, puts forth the following appeal, which is the most desperate attempt to "inflate the currency" that we have yet seen: "Wanted—Hoop poles shoe pegs, old boots, cat fish, saur kraut, corn husks, saw dust, porcupine quills, waton keys, matches, fire crackers, peanuts, snapping wrils, old scraps, pig ears, tooth picks, cigar-stumps, walnuts, old gum shoes' mowing scythes, wagon wheels, drums, jewsharps, old shoe strings, horse shoes, bees in the hive, old pocket books, (full of money,) postage stamps, bank checks, shin plasters, good bank bills, and all others at this office in payment of subscription, etc., at the highest market value."

Mrs. Sniike says the reason why the children of this generation are so bad is owing to the wearing of Balmoral boots instead of old fashioned slippers.—Mothers find it too much trouble to take off their boots to whip their children, so they go unpunished; but when she was a child, the way the slippers used to do double duty was a caution to the whole family.