

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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Particular attention given to the treatment of Chronic Diseases, Tunkhannock, Pa.—v2h2

WALL'S HOTEL, LATE AMERICAN HOUSE, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

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. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor. Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

MAYNARD'S HOTEL, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING COUNTY, PENNA. JOHN MAYNARD, Proprietor.

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.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL, MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA. Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r

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, 3rd, 1863

Means Hotel, TOWANDA, PA. D. B. BARTLET, PROPRIETOR. [Late of the BEAUBIEN HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y.]

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, 1y.

M. GILMAN, DENTIST.

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, 145 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. v2h24y

Poet's Corner.

THE BURIAL.

BY R. H. BROWN.

The measured time Of the Abby chime, Fell softly on my ear, A mourning train Moved o'er the plain, Preceded by a bier.

A silence fell O'er rock and dell, As that sad train moved on, In garb of woe, With footsteps slow, And faces pale and wan.

Until at last The porch they past, A triple arch of stone, Onward stealing, Organ pealing, With low and solemn tone.

The tomb is deep Where he must sleep, Beneath the fettered dome, That chilly grave, Within the nave, Embosomed in the stone.

The tears that fell To the organs swell, Sweet incense burning there, Funeral lights Flash on the sight, And upward goes a prayer.

They laid him down In the evening brown, In that dim aisle to sleep, Where the moon-beams bright, Through the lonely night, Their silent vigils keep.

They turn about And winding out, Adown the aisle so dim, Returning night, Hides from the sight The tomb they reared for him.

Thus sleep the great In chilly state Cemented down with stone, I'd rather lie 'Neath the veiled sky Beside some brook alone.

Let the zephyrs sigh As they swiftly fly Above my silent tomb, A grassy mound Where all around The flowers of summer bloom.

Where the evening star That beams afar, From out nights spangled dome, May shed its light, So meek, so bright, Down on my long, long home.

eight feet apart, and layed a featherbed on the floor between them, and they were then exercising themselves by jumping from one bed to the other. There was one fat girl, about as broad as she was long, and no way calculated for physical exertions; but she got upon the bed and stood swinging her arms to and fro, making every indication for a desperate jump. By this time I was out on the floor, and my place at the curtain supplied by another spig of mischief. He leaned down and whispered—the fat girl was going to jump.

"Oh, golly!" said he, "if Fan only falls wont she roll over nice?"

I was determined to see this; and climbing up again, we both occupied the tottering pile. With one hand over our mouths, and pinching our noses, to prevent a burst of laughter, we stood breathless; awaiting the awful calamity.

"There she goes, by jingo!" I exclaimed. She didn't though—for her feet just resting on the round of the bed, she balanced but for a moment, and fell backwards, head down and feet in the air, rolling and puffing in the air like a porpoise, but displaying no mean agility for so embarrassing a situation.

We could hold in no longer, but shook with laughter. The chair tilted, and down all came together, with a crash like a young peal of thunder.

"To-bed—to-bed, boys," says I, "and leave the rest to me.

In an instant all was quiet, everybody was in bed and sound asleep, with the exception of myself. O! such attempts to snore as might have been heard—but we were all used to playing the possum, and I now concluded to give the approaching tutor and wife a sample of somnambulism.

"Now don't laugh for the world, boys, and see me do the thing."

I raised the table on its legs, and getting on it, was concluding my speech that I had written and committed to memory, for the day—and here the trainers of young ideas entered, but still I continued—

"Friends and fellow students: Overwhelmed as I am, with gratitude for your kind attention, I cannot refrain from expressing thanks, yes, warm and heart-felt thanks; and to you, dear sir, (this of course meant the tutor, and at the point is my vacant staring eyes were upon him,) will my heart ever yearn. I look upon this moment of my life with a pride that swells my young possum almost to bursting; and when manhood shall close my youthful career, and my country shall call me to her halls of legislation there will I exercise every truth and virtue instilled into my heart by your kind and fatherly tutoring. These boyish years of joy will yet swell to a gushing stream of ambitious glory—and then will I look back to these days, and with you uppermost in my thoughts, exclaim, 'twas you, yes, you, sir—that made me what I am!'

"Bravo! Bravo! my boy," they both exclaimed.

I got off the table now, seeing I had the game in my own hands, and walking slowly up to the window, gave myself up to deep sobbings, and really appeared much affected. The tutor approached me and called me softly by name, but I answered him not; and turning slowly from him I walked to the other side of the room, avoiding the rays of the lamp which the mistress was directing upon me.

"He is asleep, my dear," exclaimed the tutor, "and it must have been the dragging of the table over the floor that made such a rumbling noise. Give me the lamp, and go bring me a basin of water—I will effect a lasting cure upon our somnambulist."

I heard many suppressed titters, and could see sundry corners of sheets going into sundry mouths. This nearly destroyed my equilibrium; though I mastered myself, and again went to the window, though the mention of the basin of water caused a momentary shudder to shoot through my whole frame.

The good dame returned with what I magnified into an uncommonly large vessel of water; but it was no delusion—for in her haste she brought the "filterer," and I knew certainly it was a cold ducking I was to have. Could I escape it? I would try. I walked first to one bed, then to another—the tutor following with the filterer, his wife playing "torch-bearer," while the heavy breathing of "possessing sleepers added to the solemnity of the scene. I still walked on, turning away every time he proposed to douse me. They had completely cut off the retreat to my own bed, and I saw at once I should have to take it. I walked boldly out and placing myself before him, he upset the contents of the jug upon me.

I gasped caught my breath, tottered, and played the frightened boy so well, the deception was complete. I heard a merry laugh in the next room—my schoolmates on their beds rubbed their eyes and enquiring the matter.

"Where am I?" I asked; "what awful thing has happened? Did I come near drowning?"

Then looking up, my eyes encountered those of the mistress. I hung down my head, crouched my little form together, for I was minus my musn't-mention-ems. She sympathized with me, and left me in the care of the tutor, who afforded me every facility for drying my drenched skin and changing my robe

de nuit. I betook me once again to sleep. We were alone again; but never did I pass such a merry night—and not till long after the old upright clock had told the midnight hour did we close our eyes.

Upon awakening next morning, I thought for the first time of the laugh I heard in the girl's room; and on going to the door through curiosity, I found the rag was gone from the key hole!

Miscellaneous.

THE DREAM OF THE QUAKERS.—There is a beautiful story of a pious old Quaker lady who was addicted to the use of tobacco. She indulged in this habit until it increased so much upon her that she not only smoked a large portion of the day; but frequently sat up in bed for this purpose in the night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died and approached heaven.—Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the Book of Life. He disappeared, but replied, upon returning, that he could not find it.

"Oh," she said, "do look again; it must be there."

He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face.

"It is not there."

"Oh," she said, in agony, "it must be there. I have the assurance that it is there! Do look again."

The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence he came back, with his face radiant with joy and exclaimed—

"We have found it, but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it."

The woman, upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.—The following is taken from the Sandy Hill Herald:

"Pray tell me, my dear, what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh, such a disgrace!"

"What—what is it, my dear? Do not keep me in suspense."

"Why, I have opened one of your letters supposing it addressed to myself. Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife's opening her husband's letters?"

"No harm in the thing itself; but the contents! Such a disgrace!"

"What has any one dared to write me a letter unfit to be read by my wife?"

"Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste and gentlemanly language. But the contents! the contents!"

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and commenced sobbing aloud, while the husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had been the means of nearly breaking his wife's heart. It was a bill from the printer for three years subscription! To the N. B. Democrat!

"STAND IN AMONGST THE PINS."—A good story is told of a Yankee who went for the first time to a bowling alley and kept firing away at the pins to the imminent peril of the boy, who so far from having anything to do in "setting up" the pins, was actively at work in an endeavor to avoid the balls of the player, which rattled on all sides of the pins, without touching them. At length the fellow seeing the predicament the boy was in, yelled out, as he let drive another, "stand in among the pins boy, if you dont want to get hurt."

THE COAL TRADE.—The Philadelphia Ledger says: "Everything connected with the coal trade prospers wonderfully. With the increased price of coal, and its greatly increased production, this could scarcely be otherwise. The total net profits of the Reading Railroad for ten months, to the enormous aggregate of \$2,351,173, and for the year will probably reach three millions of dollars!—The coal crop of the State this year we have heard valued at fifty millions of dollars.

GOOD REPLY.—A country girl once riding past a turnpike gate, without paying the usual fee, the tollman hailed her and demanded it; she asked by what authority he demanded toll of her; he answered that the sign would convince her that the law required sixpence for man and horse. "Well," replied the girl, "this is a woman and mare, therefore you have nothing to expect?" and she rode off, leaving him the laughing stock of the bystander.

How to GET RID OF YOUR CORNS.—Rub them over with toasted cheese, and let your feet hang out of bed for a night or two, that the mice may nibble them. If the mice do their duty the remedy will be sufficient.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PERSEVERANCE AND OBSTINACY.—The first is a strong will, the last a strong won't.

THE TEMPERATURE OF ROOMS.

The following sensible remarks upon the proper temperature of rooms, we cut from the Gardiner (Me) Home Journal. We would particularly call the attention of our lady readers to what the writer says of the insufficiency of female apparel in winter-time. That ladies should absolutely wear thinner clothing from head to foot in winter than men wear in summer, is certainly an irrational practice, an anomaly that requires correction. With a suitable quantity of warm clothing there is no doubt that the temperature of rooms could be reduced without inconvenience, and health, instead of suffering as it now does from vitiated air and sudden changes, be vastly benefited. The economical aspect of the question is also worthy of consideration at this time. As it takes a double expenditure of fuel to raise the speed of a steamer from twelve to fourteen miles an hour, so it takes double also to raise the temperature of a room, in cold weather, from 65 degrees 75.

THE PROPER TEMPERATURE OF ROOMS.

—We think, as a general thing, in winter, nearly every one keeps his room too warm. The other evening we were in a neighbor's house, and the good woman was sitting close by the stove, which we thought uncomfortably warm. A thermometer was hanging in the coldest part of the room, and we had the curiosity to look at it, and found it standing at 86. Nor was this an extreme case, for we have seen it in the same house at 97, and notwithstanding all we can say about it we find it just about as bad at home. Now, why is it that people want their rooms so hot in winter—when wood is \$7 per cord—so much warmer than they can bear in summer when the sun warms them for nothing.—The hottest day we had last summer the thermometer was down to 84 in our office, and we could hardly stand the heat.

We think the trouble is that we—ladies especially—do not wear clothes enough, and so, as soon we step into the cold we get unduly chilled, and then when we get where the fire is, we have to have more than is healthy to warm us up again. We advise all to wear more clothes and keep less fire.—Don't allow your rooms to go above 70, and if you can bear them down to 62, so much the better. We keep our office down to that temperature, and work in our shirt sleeves.—A man, however, in his shirt sleeves, has more clothes on than women usually wear.—If the weaker (but tougher so far as standing exposure is concerned) sex would wear more good warm clothing and shoes, and have their clothing more equally diffused over their whole system, we should have a far healthier race of women. (and man, too, for the sins of the mother are visited on the offspring.) than we now do. Is not this question, ladies, one worth thinking of, and will it not be better, and cheaper too, to burn less wood, and take the money thus saved and lay it out in wool? Will you pardon us, if we advise to take more out-door exercise—no matter if it is cold weather; wear more flannel and keep less fire.

Gen. McClellan was removed, it was alleged as the excuse, because he did not advance rapidly enough towards Richmond. Three Generals have subsequently tried during more than a year which has since passed, who did advance rapidly towards the recalcitrant city; but who came back as fast as they went. Whose plan, we ask, was the best? Was it that of the prudent general who, by every step taken, meant to make all sure? or that of the headlong officers who risked all on a hazard rashly taken, and lost it?—Boston Courier.

PAIN.—Pain is life's sentinel. It gives warning of danger. It is nature's monitor. It says, take care—you have violated the laws of health—you have wounded yourself—desist or you die. But when the wound is mortal beyond hope, the sentinel gives no challenge. Pain is of no use then. The victim must die, and usually he suffers little. Pain therefore, if it be a penalty is also a mercy. This is destined only to tell us of danger and to make us avoid it.

FEMALE MODESTY.—Modesty in a young female is the flower of a tender shrub, which is the promise of excellent fruit. To destroy it is to destroy the gem of a thousand virtues, to destroy the hope of society, to commit an outrage against nature. The air of the world is a burning breath that every day blasts this precious flower.

A violent Republican in Hartford met a coal-dealer on the street, and asked the price. "I suppose your coal is loyal?" queried the radical. "Well, it is black enough—if that's what you mean," rejoined the other.

How to GET RID OF YOUR CORNS.—Rub them over with toasted cheese, and let your feet hang out of bed for a night or two, that the mice may nibble them. If the mice do their duty the remedy will be sufficient.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PERSEVERANCE AND OBSTINACY.—The first is a strong will, the last a strong won't.

The Man of Integrity.

We love to gaze upon some beautiful planet in the heavens, and watch its course every night as in majesty it travels on among the stars. We are filled with admiration; and like ourselves thousands are gazing on the same planet, filled with inexpressible emotions.

Like a planet in a dark sky is a man of unbending integrity. We look upon him with the same feeling of love and admiration, as we watch his daily course among his fellow men. In troubled times his light goes not out, though it may burn feebly. He still exerts the same glorious influence, and hundreds gaze upon him with delight. No seats of honor dazzle him, no wealth seduces him. He pushes straight onward in the path of duty. The fear of God is continually before him, and he feels the importance of every woman's work to lead mankind to the fountain of truth and purity. Behold the man thus freed with true love to God and his fellow creatures! Every act tells nobly for the cause justice and humanity. Every deed is a living epistle to the truth.

Would you share in his glory? Labor in the same field. Would you lessen the toils of humanity, and assist immortal beings to reach the skies? Imitate his example, and walk in the same virtuous paths.

THE BLOOM OF AGE.—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if virtue and benevolence dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view.

When we look upon a good woman, we never think of her age. She looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed upon her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. Who does not love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy?—We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirit, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue, and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life a garden of sweets—ever fresh and ever new.

ADMIRABLE EXAMPLE.—Geo. Washington, when young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman; everything was arranged, the vessel lay opposite his father's house, and the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her, but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned to the servant and said: "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him, "George God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe he will bless you."

THERE are many men whose names will never go down to history, who think very lightly of a mother's feelings or opinions.

SAVE THIS PLANK.—The Chicago platform having served its purpose to foist abolitionism into power, is now abandoned as a useless fabric; but to illustrate the honesty and consistency of the party which adopted it, one plank from the ruins is worthy of preservation. It declared:

"That the people justly viewed with alarm the reckless extravagance which prevades every department of the Federal government, that a return to rigid economy and accountability is indispensable to arrest the systematic plunder of treasury by favored partisans; while the recent startling developments of frauds and corruptions at the federal metropolis shows that an entire change of administration is imperatively demanded."

WHISKEY AND SUNDAY.—One Saturday afternoon, a poor, besotted specimen of humanity applied to the proprietor of a country grocery for a quart of whiskey.

"I can't let you have but a pint, Jerry," said the grocer.

"Oh, nonsense," answered Jerry. "Give me a quart, I want it to keep sunday with."

"I reckon you can keep it on a pint," said the grocer.

"Well," said Jerry, "I suppose I could do it but how in the devil would it be kept?"

A Northfield (Conn) man carried a fat hog to a butcher in Westboro' to sell. The butcher said the hog was such a fine one that he would make the owner a present of the head, which he did, weighing the hog minus the head, and making the payment accordingly. It was several days before the Northfield man saw the point; then he thought the butcher a little sharp.

No nation or people have ever degenerated so rapidly from a Democracy to an aristocracy, as have the Americans within the past three years. The poor are growing poorer, and the rich are rolling in a superabundance of wealth.