

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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DR. J. C. BECKER & CO., PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS, 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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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.

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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, 3rd, 1863

Means Hotel, TOWANDA, PA. D. B. BARTLET, [Late of the BRANSAID 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.

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 REVERENT 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. DAGGALL, 106 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. v2n24ly

Poet's Corner.

WATCHING.

Watching when the morning breaketh
O'er the mountains cold and gray;
Watching when the evening fadeth
In the last long flush of day;
Watching when the stars look gladly
Over all the moonlit sea,
When the night is silent round us—
Love, for thee

Holy memories steal o'er me
Of the far distant past;
Fairest visions float before me,
All too bright, too sweet to last.
Watching in the midnight dreary,
Longing thy dear face to see;
Watching till the heart grows weary,
Love, for thee

Ceaselessly against the window
Beats the diemal phasing rain,
Telling stories weird and wretched
Of what ne'er can come again;
And the night-lamp burneth faintly
On the table cheerlessly,
And my heart is weary, watching,
Love, for thee.

Watching for the lightest footstep
While my soul is deeply stirred
By a murmur 'neath the casement,
By a softly spoken word;
And I gaze into the darkness,
Rain and darkness, dreamily
Watching, longing, longing, watching,
Love, for thee.

Oh! the day succeeds the night-time
With its floods of rosy light;
Following the gloomy winter
Comes the summer warm and bright.
The light comes to the flowers,
And the leaflet to the tree,
And all is gay in spring-time,
Love, but me.

The air will mate them gladly
When the year is in its prime;
The flowers will smell the sweetest
In the happy summer-time.
I, sad, alone, will watch it—
The wide, the cruel sea—
While its billows bear thee farther,
Love, from me.

Watching all the happy summer,
When the days are long and bright;
Watching while the autumn moonlight
Fadeth slowly into night;
Watching through the dreary winter,
When the spring's first buds I see;
Watching till the heart grows weary,
Love, for thee.

Select Story.

STELLA.

BY HARRIET W. STILLMAN.

"Cousin Stella, I promised, some days ago, to tell you a story. Everybody is gone to night; we have the house all to ourselves. Come with me to the bay-window in the parlour—no, don't bring any lamps, Stella; this mellow moon-light is all the light we need. Sit there Stella, and I'll take this ottoman opposite you. Now for my story, *ma belle Stella*; it is about—myself."

Stella inwardly smiled, but remained outwardly expressionless. He, however, drew his seat a trifle nearer his companion, that he might more narrowly observe, though all unseemingly, the effect his narration might produce. His face was in the shadow—he had no wish to be himself observed. Stella apparently did not notice this slight movement, but she drew instinctively back into the deeper shadows of the white rose-bush that draped the outside of the window, thus escaping the full flood of moonlight which fell upon her face. Horace had done better to have kept his first position.

"The story I was going to tell you," he continued, "is about myself. Though we were nominally cousins, and I have been now these three weeks a favored guest in the house of my uncle, your step-father, yet we are almost wholly strangers, and you know comparatively nothing of my life. This much you and your family know, that I am and have been, for years, alone in the world. Not a known relative have I except this kind old gentleman, my uncle, to whose hospitable doors chance, or rather, kind Providence, at length brought me. My father died when I was an infant, so of him I have no remembrance. My mother—blessings on her memory—lived to guard and guide me till my thirteenth year, then she too died. How vividly do I remember her death-scene—the heavenly smile that irradiated her pale, sweet countenance—the last gentle pressure of her hand upon my head—her faintly-uttered words, the last to me,

My loved son, be good, love God. He will be to you father, mother, friend: He will?" And thus she died. Ever since then, when sin has beckoned me forth to the luring pathway of destruction, that gentle hand and voice have interposed. When the full tide of desolation has swept over my soul, her mild, sweet smile has come back to cheer me, and to make me forget that I am alone.—This blessed memory of my mother, this constant spiritual companion, if I may so call it, has been the great, effectual barrier between me and vice, while among dissolute companions

ing to acquire the education necessary to fill honorably and usefully the place I had marked out for myself in life—that of a physician. My toils and studies I will not detail to you. It is, perhaps, enough, to say that, with God's blessing, and the little heritage my parents left me, which was barely enough, with constant economy, to feed and clothe and educate me, I have succeeded even beyond my most sanguine hopes. Now, while I am firmly treading the high-road to fortune, I walk, also, in a path of usefulness. When I die, Stella, God keeping me, it shall not be said I have lived in vain—that the world is no better for my having lived in it.

"In many, in most respects, my life has been an uneventful one. Yet there is a portion of it may interest you. I have been, as I before told you, alone since my mother's death—shut out from all those social bonds that link families and hearts together.—More acutely have I felt this desolation when in the midst of a crowded city. Where all around me seemed to have friends or kindred, I had none. You Stella, blessed as you have been by the common, yet sacred associations of home, cannot imagine the desolate isolation from my kind that for years has darkened my life.—But the human soul, however solitary, will find for itself companions. Mine, at first solely, and always in greater or less degree, were books. But a time came when my heart took to itself another companion.—What human heart has not done so in some period of its existence?"

Did Horace perceive the nervous tremor that, for a moment, only, agitated his auditor? Perhaps not, for he did not pause or hesitate in his narration.

"While I was pursuing my studies with Dr. Stowe, in the city, I used daily to see a fair, young school-girl pass my window.—That she was a school-girl I knew by the hours in which she regularly passed up and down the street, by her books, some of which she always had with her, and by the gay companions that often went back and forth with her. I knew nothing about who she was, what her name, or where her home.—I scarcely cared to know—at first. It was enough to know that in the morning and in the afternoon, like a stray ray of sunshine, she would flit by my window—enough to reveal in my dreams of this new divinity, at whose shrine my very soul bowed to do homage. It was my mother's smile in her face that so riveted my gaze on that morning when I first beheld her; and each day as I watched for her advent, she seemed to me the visible embodiment of my mother's gentle spirit. Do you wonder, Stella, that I thought of her only in vague, wild dreams—that that fair apparition was never spoken of to those around me? that I never took any steps to ascertain aught concerning her, but dreamed on blindly, like one enchanted? If you wonder, you have never dreamed."

Stella drew back still further into the shadowy recesses of the window, but neither sigh nor stifled sob escaped her. Had Horace's listener been a spirit she could not have been more noiseless.

"At length my divinity came no more. I watched for her mornings—she might be late to school. Late or early she never came. I watched for her afternoons—possibly I had missed her in the crowd that jostled by my window. Ah, no—she was in the crowd no more. Slowly, reluctantly, I admitted the fact—she was gone. I might never see her again. Then the light went out of my heart. From that time, I was like the father of Ginevra, wandering as in search of something I could not find. I, indeed, pursued my studies and made my daily round of calls on various patients, but thro' all this I was rather like an automaton than a living sentient being.

"But my sun rose again. Oh, what a glorious morning was that to my lonely, stricken heart! This was the manner of its dawning. Dr. Stowe changed his office to a more central portion of the city; for convenience, I too, changed my lodging to a place near his new office. One day I had occasion to return to my room at an hour when usually I was engaged at the office, and as I approached the front entrance, my divinity issued therefrom. There was the same smile upon her lip, the same unspeakable expression in her eye that had graced my mother's when she used to caress me, her child, with looks and words of tenderness. I started grew almost dizzy with emotion as the vision flitted by me, and was lost among the crowd; then I rushed forward through the door-way and up to my room utterly overwhelmed with the new thoughts that struggled in my heart.—Did she really live within the same dwelling that sheltered me? Was it possible that I was breathing the same atmosphere with her? that one roof nightly covered us both? Oh, what blessedness was in the thought! Who could prophecy what full fruition of earthly hopes the boundless future should not bring to me? Aye, even to poor lonely, desolate me."

"Again for weeks I did not see her. The house in which I hired a solitary room was leased to separate tenants of whom I knew nothing. If she dwelt there I never chance to meet her in door or on stairway. If she lived elsewhere, and only visited here occasionally, it was only while I was absent.—There was a mysterious lady who sometimes

sang and played on a piano in the next room. I met her on the stairs occasionally, and sometimes I caught sight of her floating drapery just disappearing in her doorway.—One day I chanced to hear her speak of her music scholars to another lady that stood with her upon the landing as I passed.—Then I thought this mysterious lady might be her teacher. Perhaps, could I be there at the right hour, I might even catch the silvery tones of her voice—might possibly meet her and find some way of forming her acquaintance. I feigned illness for a few days. I need scarcely have feigned it, for the mental wear of the last few months had made me quite thin and sallow. I found my conjectures correct. She came at regular intervals, and I enjoyed the supreme blessedness of listening to her sweet, half-childish voice. What plans I had to meet and speak with her. What air-castles I built on the sunny future. But they were built alas on no tangible foundation. Ere I had completed any of my schemes the mysterious lady removed, the voice of my beloved was heard no more, and a new tenant occupied the next room. I sought my angel, as I fondly called her, all over the city, but I found her nowhere. From thenceforth, Stella, I was changed. I gave up useless visions of love and sympathy, and—her. Hopelessly, as to the joys of this life, yet earnest in the labor that should tell upon the life to come, I resolutely set myself at work to become a proficient in my calling, that thus I might the better help to lessen the sufferings of humanity. I have made my mother's last words the watch word of my life. And, Stella, even in my comparatively joyless life, I have been blessed. But, why are you leaving me so hastily, my cousin? Stay a few moments. Is my story, then, so tiresome?"

Stella had risen suddenly, and like a spirit, was gliding from the room. The last words recalled her. She sank down silently upon her seat. If she was agitated, perhaps the shadows concealed it. If she was pale and trembling, how should Horace see it. Should she betray the folly in which she had unconsciously fallen! Should she, in her weakness allow the stranger to comprehend what she herself had not until to-night—that she loved him? No! she could, she would command both word and manner—would stay and hear all, though each new sentence struck like a blow upon her heart. Why had she dared to hope and what had she dared to hope for? Poor child, she had not known her heart until now—now when it was to late.

Horace resumed his seat.

There has been another era in my life, Stella. Since coming to this place I have seen that sweet embodiment of my dreams; aye, have spoken with her—have learned to call her friend. I have found her all my heart could dream of—loveliness. Again such hopes as I had believed were utterly dead within me have sprung up into new life; but are these new hopes also doomed to die? must they be trodden in the dust? Stella, do you know what it is to give life for life? love for love—life for life? Nothing less do I seek. This friend of yours and mine, Stella, seems to love me. I believe that it is but to ask and she is mine. But will her whole heart be mine—mine alone? Will she give me love for love—life for life? Of this I have been in doubt. You have a woman's tact, Stella, will you sound her heart for me? Will you—"

This passionate appeal was suddenly broken off, for Stella pressing a hand against her forehead with a quick convulsive movement, rushed out of the room. Horace lingered a moment, then went to seek her. She was not in the sitting-room nor yet in the library. She had not taken the way to her own room. He turned his steps toward the garden. In a retired corner, beneath the thickly over-arching trees, was Stella's favorite resort—a beautiful summer-house. As Horace noiselessly approached hidden by the dense foliage a heavy, half-suppressed sob reached his ear—then Stella's own voice, exclaiming—

"Oh, this blow—this last bitter blow—could he not have spared me that?"

"Dearest Stella have I struck you? Do you, then, love me wholly? Do you love me Stella? You alone have been the day-star of my life. It was you, and you only, that I so long, so blindly worshipped. Forgive me for wounding you thus. I was selfish, Stella. I would know whether you could be happy without me."

Horace had flung himself at the feet of the weeping fugitive. Again she would have fled from him, but his strong arm detained her, his low voice breathing words of tenderness. From that night Horace, the orphan was no longer alone, and unloved.

STEPHEN GIRARD'S RULE.—That merchant prince and eminently successful millionaire, Stephen Girard, in speaking of the agents which contributed principally to his success, said: "I have always considered advertising liberally and long to be the great medium of success in business and prelude to wealth. And I have made it an invariable rule, too, to advertise in the duldest times, long experience having taught me that money thus spent is well laid out as by keeping my business continually before the public, it has secured me many sales that I would otherwise have lost."

Miscellaneous.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

Some three years ago a household in our sister city Covington was thrown into commotion by the sudden disappearance of a daughter twelve years of age. She was tracked to the ferry-boat, but whether she had passed safely over or had been drowned was not discovered. Patient and anxious waiting brought no tidings of her. The frenzied and unhappy father, although in moderate circumstances, sought the newspaper officers and advertised a reward of \$1,000 to whoever should return his missing child.

All proved unavailing. Some time afterward the corpse of a young lady was found in the river near Vevay, about forty miles below here and hearing of it, he went there but it was not his daughter.

Time wore on, and no tidings came of the lost child. She was dead to them but they could not visit her grave. About twelve months since the stricken family moved to Mexico, and took up their abode in a country foreign in language and customs, in features and in habits from that in which they had met with their great loss. It might wear away their thoughts from sadly ruminating on the past, and enable them, in a region devoted to religious duties, to look more hopefully toward the great future. There they still are.

About a week since a steamer arriving from Memphis was crowded with passengers who were upon the guards straining their eyes to gather into one look the multitudinous objects which throng the public landing. One, however a young girl budding into womanhood, sought the outer rail and looked wistfully over the naked shore of Covington, to where, hid away under a clump of trees, was the cottage of her childhood, hoping in vain to see the curling smoke announce to her a warm welcome within.—Quickly she passed over the ferry, where long since she had disappeared; no one noted or knew her, and she went without interruption to the door of her father's house. It answered not her knocks, woods had grown up round and rough where she had left flowers, and no signs of human life were to be found there.

It was the turn of the wayward child to weep and when by inquiry, she found how far and almost hopelessly she was separated from her parents, she began to feel desolate. Piqued at some chiding or some punishment of mother, she had gone upon a steamboat; where a female passenger hired her to go with her as a nurse. After a little while the war broke out, stopped all intercourse with the South by the river, and though she soon found that untried friends but seldom prove steadfast in trouble, and that the harshness of a parent is melting kindness beside that of a stranger, yet she was unable until lately to return. A kind lady of Covington has given shelter to the wanderer until her return is made known to her parents.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A GIFTED FAMILY.—A religious friend in Ohio writes:

A few years ago there dwelt in one of the wealthiest sections of the state a host of rich relatives by the name of Brown—all, or nearly all of whom belonged to the church.—They were among the most prominent and influential, if not the most exemplary members of the congregation, and at prayer-meetings they generally monopolized the "privileges." They were all "gifted" in prayer, and consequently did the most of it. On one occasion, however, the class-leader thought himself of a poor but worthy brother who was present, and whom he had never called upon to pray before, and the following dialogue took place:

Class Leader—"I see Brother Smith is here. Brother Smith, will you lead in prayer?"

Brother Smith—"I'm not gifted; excuse me. Let another one of the Browns pray!"

The congregation all saw the point, and the rebuke was so just that it effectually put an end to the Brown monopoly of privileges in that congregation.

A HUMOROUS DRIVER.—A veritable Jehu, who drives one of the stages of that line that runs up to High Bridge, perpetrated a dry joke the other day. A middle aged female passenger requested to be left at Forty-ninth street, and so, when Forty-ninth street was reached, Jehu reigned in his horses and stopped. The old lady got out, and staring wildly up at the driver's perch exclaimed:

"Well, now, I would like to know why in the name of goodness you have carried me a mile beyond where I wanted to stop?"

"You told me, madam, to leave you at Forty-ninth street."

"Well, I meant Twenty-ninth street and, any way, you might have known where I live, for I ride up here every week, in your 'busses."

"Madam," said Jehu, with Napoleonic composure, "I've druv stage on this line about ten years or less, and I never yet misad leaving a passenger where he or she directed me to leave him or her; and madam, if you don't know where you live, you'd better move!"

WANTS A WIFE.

The following appears in a St. Louis paper:

WANTED.—I have lived solitary long enough. I want some one to talk at quarrel with—then kiss and make up again. Therefore, I am ready to receive communications from young ladies and blooming widows of more than average respectability, tolerably tame in disposition, and hair of any color. As nearly as I can judge of myself, I am not over eighty nor under twenty-five years of age. I am five feet eight or eight feet five, I forget which. Weigh 135, 315 or 531 pounds, one of the three, recollect each figure perfectly well, but as to their true arrangement I am somewhat puzzled. Have a whole suit of hair dyed by nature and free from dandruff. Eyes buttermilk-brindle tinged with pea green. Nose blunt, according to the Ionic order of architecture, with a touch of the composite, and a mouth between a cat-fish's and alligator's—made especially for oratory and large oysters. Ears palpalated, long and elegantly shaped. My whiskers are a combination of dog's hair, moss and briar-bush—well behaved fearfully luxuriant. I am sound in limb and on the negro question. Wear boots No. 9 when corns are troublesome, and can write poetry by the mile, with double rhyme on both edges—to read backward, forward, crosswise and diagonally.—Can play the jewsharp and bass drum, and whistle Yankee Doodle in Spanish. Am very correct in my morals, and first rate at ten pins; have a regard for the Sabbath and only drink when invited.

Am a domestic animal, and perfectly docile when towels are clean and shirt buttons all right. If I possess a predominating virtue it is that of forgiving every enemy whom I deem it hazardous to handle. I say my prayers every night, mosquitoes permitting; as to whether I snore in my sleep, I want somebody to tell me. Money is no object, as I never was troubled with any never expect to be. I should like some lady who is perfectly able to support a husband, or if she could introduce me to some family where religious example would be considered sufficient compensation for board, it would do just as well. Address X. 22, St. Louis, P. Q.—*Luzerne Union.*

Taking the Starch out.

A capital example, writes a reader, of what is often termed "taking the starch out," happened recently in a country bank in New England. A pompous, well-dressed individual entered the bank, and addressing the teller, who is something of wags, inquired:

"Is the cashier in?"
"No, sir," was the reply.
"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.
"Very well; I will wait."
The pen-peddler took a chair, and sat composedly for a full hour, waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but sat twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes, and seeing no prospect of a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon the cashier would be in.

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should come back in that time."

Peddler thought he would not wait.
"Oh, stay if you wish," said the teller—very blandly. "We have no objection to your sitting here in the day time, and you can probably find some place in town where they will be glad to keep you nights."
The pompous peddler disappeared without another word.

A SETTLEMENT.—A correspondent writes.

Having occasion not long since to ride in the Mount Auburn cars, I could not help hearing a part of the conversation carried on by a lady and gentleman who entered near Mount Auburn. They had evidently been in search of a "lot," and although too grave a subject to excite one's raptibilities, yet the business style in which the gentleman spoke of the "City of the Dead," will excuse me for furnishing you with one of his observations.

"Ah," said he, "I didn't get that avenue which the agent wished to show me; didn't think it worth my while. The fact is, the man was anxious to begin a settlement there."

No harm in this; only the idea of "beginning a settlement" in such a place struck me as decidedly original.

VERY NATURAL THOUGHT.—A native of the green isle of Erin called at one of our drug stores, the other day, with a prescription, the putting up of which he watched with great curiosity. "What's that? any way?" asked the customer. "This," said the obliging apothecary, "is tincture oem-citaga racemosa and liniment of saponis, cantharides and opii." A look of bewilderment changed to one of grave concern as the Irishman inquired, "And what is the price?" "Thirty-seven cents," was the reply. "By jabbers," said pat, "I thought two such names as that would cost me at last a dollar and a half."