

North Branch Democrat.

A weekly Democratic paper, devoted to Politics, News, the Arts and Sciences. 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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Particular attention given to the treatment Chronic Diseases. Centreonoreland, Wyoming Co. Pa.—v2n2

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 BEAUFORT 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, n 21, 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 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 advertisement envelope, he will send (free) a copy of the prescription used. Direct to Dr. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 69 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. v2n24ly

Select Story.

A CONVICT'S STORY.

BY A NATIVE OF CANADA.

I was told I had committed murder. That's what I was told, when I found myself, heavily ironed, in a dark, damp, noisome cell of a gloomy prison.

Whom had I murdered?

Moses Gilworth, the usurer. Whom had I murdered?

Ha! Moses Gilworth! Let me think! I had been to him to get a bill discounted. He had charged me sixty per cent., for I had needed ready money; and he would touch it on no other terms. He was a small mean wrinkled, dirty skinned, sordid old wretch, with an eye like a hawk's and nose like his bill; and I remember having wondered if such a thing had a soul.

So I had killed him, had I? How?—When? Where?

With a burglar's crow-bar, in the dead hours of night, in his own office, where he slept. I had beat in his brains, and myself and co partners in crime had robbed the place and made off with the booty. I had been taken, all besmeared with blood, with a portion; but my accomplices had escaped.

Then, along with my confederates, I had committed murder and robbery; and there was proof enough to hang me. This was a strange tale for me to hear for the first time in the place where I was, with no remembrance whatever of anything after leaving the usurer's office except going into a drinking saloon and calling for some brandy.—

Could it be possible that I had drank too much, had fallen in with wicked strangers, and while in a state of temporary insanity, had been persuaded or forced into the awful crime of which I stood charged? It must be so, if the story was true: for no other hypothesis could I frame my explanation of the mystery.

I had been committed to take my trial, and in due course of law it came on. Meantime I had secured eminent counsel, who were not able to set up any better plea than that I had drank freely through the evening preceding the murder, and was insane at the time of perpetrating the horrid deed. And that I had drank to excess was conclusively proved by several witnesses. Also, that I had been seen, at a late hour, in company with two suspicious looking men, reeling down through a dark, narrow street in the direction of Gilworth's office. Some hours after this I had stumbled against in a dark, narrow alley, about a quarter of a mile distant from the place of crime, by a man who was returning home from a printing office, where he had been at work through the night, and who, calling the police, delivered me into their hands. I could then walk with a little assistance, and on being taken to the lock-up and found besmeared with blood, I had stated, in answer to questions that I had been killing a wolf and getting well paid for the act, exhibiting the money stolen from the miser's office as a proof. Early the next morning the murder had been discovered and fixed upon me, and I had been committed to take my trial, with no remembrance of the facts, as I have already declared.

The plea of my counsel, which was a true and honest one, and amounted to nothing with the court and jury, and I was found guilty of murder in the first degree. A motion for a new trial also availed nothing, and in the proper course of justice I was sentenced to be hanged by the neck till dead.

I pass over the intervening time between the sentence and the hour of execution, and come to the strangest part of my story—I was conducted to the gallows attended by a minister of the gospel, the high sheriff, and other officials, and found myself surrounded by a vast concourse of people, who had come to amuse themselves by seeing me hanged for one of the darkest crimes known to the law. I could perceive at a glance that I had no sympathy—that all believed me guilty—that I was looked upon as a wretch for whom hanging was too mild a punishment; and yet, in the very depths of my soul, I was innocent as a child of the crimes for which I was to suffer.

"Do you feel, my friend, that the grace of God has yet marked a change in your soul?" inquired the clergyman, in a mild tone of humility, as, side by side, we ascended the steps of the dreaded scaffold, upon which so many poor culprits had gone before me with quaking knees and sinking hearts. "Do you humble yourself in the dust, truly repent and confess all, the vilest, criminal alikes with the lightest transgressor?"

It was evident that he still believed me guilty of the crime with which I stood charged, notwithstanding my oft-repeated declaration to the contrary.

"I should suppose," answered I, in a somewhat offended tone, "after all the conversation we have had together, that it would hardly be necessary for me to again assert that I am innocent of the guilt of murder; and that is all my sins, so far as I know, I have repented long ago, and humbly and sincerely asked forgiveness."

"Do you say, then, here on this dreadful gallows that is about to launch you into eternity, that you are unconscious of ever having done Moses Gilworth wrong?"

"With my dying breath I deny it."

He looked at me steadily for a few moments, as if debating within himself whether or no to believe my statement, and then asked if I had any hope of a reprieve.

"None whatever," I replied. "How could I have, when I can see that every one, yourself included, believe me guilty of murder?"

"Do you believe that the witnesses in court swore falsely or truly?" he asked, riveting his eyes upon mine.

"I have no reason to doubt that they swore truly, according to the best of their knowledge and belief."

"Then, by your own confession, you admit you murdered Gilworth?"

"I do not deny the act—the only guilt. I am prepared to admit, under all the circumstances, that I killed Moses Gilworth in the manner related; but I deny that I was sane conscious, and responsible at the time of doing the awful deed."

"I believe you," he said, grasping my hand "and would to heaven, my poor friend that I could save you! It is terrible to be ignominiously punished for a crime of which in your very heart you are innocent; but the ways of Heaven are not our ways, and it is doubtless permitted for some wise purpose."

He then prayed with me, and took a sad and tearful farewell. The hangman then secured my hands behind me, placed me on the fatal drop, adjusting the rope about my neck and drew over my face the cap which was intended to shut me from the world for ever.

For a few moments I stood praying in that agonizing suspense more terrible than death itself; and then, along with a rattling sound, I experienced a sense of falling, a thousand balls of fire flashed and danced before my eyes, a mighty rushing and roaring as of a hundred cataracts, filled my ears.—Then gradually but swiftly, these lights faded and sounds died away, and a momentary darkness and stillness succeeded. Then there came a faint stream of light, as from a distant sun; and this gradually but rapidly increased in brightness, till my eyes seemed dazzled by its brilliant splendor. Then along with the sweetest strains of an unearthly music, a most glorious vision burst upon my enraptured senses—a vision beyond the power of human imagination to describe. In a celestial world, where every sense was filled and thrilled and made faint with excesses, I seemed to be borne swiftly along, upheld by some invisible power. The sounds were as a thousand melodies, all blending into one grand sympathy, swelling out and dying away alternately; and the scenes were as a swiftly revolving sun, filling the whole space of the heavens and throwing off scintillations of the most gorgeous and varied hues. In this atmosphere of melody and color. I was borne rapidly onward, as a something filled with rapture—existing and yet not existing—without apparent individuality or identity a focus, as it were of sensation without body or form.

How long this glorious vision lasted I cannot say; it might have been seconds—it might have been minutes—it might have been hours; but suddenly, there seemed to be a crash, and the sense of a blow, followed by darkness, horror and pain.

I opened my eyes, my mortal eyes, and found myself lying naked upon a long, narrow table, or platform, in a small lamp-lighted apartment, with two men standing over me, their faces white with terror, and their forms trembling.

"Gracious heaven! what means this?" cried one; "Is he really alive?"

"Alas, yes! gasped I, as the most choking horrid pains shot through me.

I lost all consciousness again immediately—lost all reason and comprehension—and yet retained a sense of suffering. When I again opened my eyes understandingly, I found myself upon a bed wrapped up in blankets, with the same two men regarding me with the most intense interest, but no longer with fear.

"I do believe we shall save him yet!" said one. "see his eyes are resuming their natural expression; and if I am not mistaken, his reason is returning also."

"How has this happened?" inquired I, in a low, faint tone, feeling very weak.

"My friend," answered one of the two, "you must not exert yourself to talk now—by and by we will tell you all. Here, take this and remain quiet," and with the words he poured some liquid from a phial into a spoon.

I swallowed the potion and soon fell into a sweet, refreshing sleep.

Some hours later I awoke again, feeling my body stronger and my mind clearer. The two men were still with me—they had watched over me as a mother over an infant.

"Now tell me all," said I, as memory became busy with events that seemed but the wild vagaries of some monstrous dream.

"What do you remember?" inquired one.

"Such that is terrible to think of," I answered, with a shudder; "prison—a trial—a sentence—a scaffold!"

"Do you remember being hanged?"

"I remember all the preparations for that awful event and some horrid sensation immediately afterwards, followed by a glorious vision, from which I awoke in your presence."

"Yes you were hanged till believed to be dead, after which you were cut down and given to us for dissection."

"You are surgeons then?"

"Yes; we had you conveyed to our dissecting room, and thither repaired ourselves, after dark, prepared for our work. The first incision made by one of our knives brought you to life; and constant care and attention since together with the administration of proper remedies, have enabled us to save you."

"And am I really saved?" I eagerly demanded, or do you intend to hand me over to the authorities, to be legally murdered again?"

"Ah, that is the very question we are now considering. The law has taken its course, and you have been miraculously saved; but it is not our duty to hand you back into custody!"

"Not when Heaven has refused the sacrifice of an innocent man!" said I. "But hear me before you decide, and then, if you believe me my tale, oh, let me plead for that mercy which you may sometime need yourselves, either here or hereafter?"

I began and told my story in my own way and it was an impressive one. The two men listened attentively, and gave me their sympathies, even if they doubted my narration. Then they consulted together, and decided to give me liberty on condition that I would sacredly keep their secret and speedily leave the country never to return. I accepted their conditions, was provided with a disguise, and three days after was on board a vessel bound to a foreign clime. I have never seen my native land since, and never expect to behold it again. The public believe me dead, but my friends know I live—and that is enough for me. My tale is a strange one, and I ask none to believe it but it all true nevertheless.

Miscellaneous.

THE N. H. States and Union forcibly and bluntly remarks:

"We have frequently said, in substance—that Abolitionism is the most fiendish, the most totally depraved and devilish of all the enormities which ever traversed the face of the earth. It is a hideous, deformed outlaw, which no decent civilization ought to tolerate anywhere. It has taken possession of our Government in spite of a majority of two to one against it. How it is managing the affairs of the great people, how it is piling up the national degradation, is patent to all.—The history of civilized man will be searched in vain for a parallel to its transcendent infamy."

That is the way to talk about the present party of barbarism.

WHAT WILL PEOPLE THINK?—Mr. and his wife were sitting, a few days since quite close to each other, in their home; the husband feeling somewhat loverlike, although for years a married man, put his arms around his wife and saluted her affectionately. The wife pushed him away saying:—You should not do such things when the door is open and the people are passing. They will think we are not married if they see us kissing each other."

Rev. Dr. Kirk of Boston, has delivered a sermon to show that "the Church is in danger of infidelity." Then we fear the Church has the worst of it—for it will be a long time, in this country, before infidelity will be in danger from the church. The church has, alas forsaken Christ for negroes! Logically, we may expect all white men, who respect themselves, to be infidel to such churches.

"Snobs," said Mrs. Snobs to her husband, the other day, after the ball, "why did you dance with every lady in the room last night, before you noticed me?" "Why, my dear," said the devoted Snobs. "I was only practicing what we do at the dinner table—reserving the best for the last."

What the world calls avarice is some times no more than compulsory economy, and extravagance. A jus. man being reproached with parsimony, said that he would rather enrich his enemies after his death than borrow of his friends in lifetime.

Sweet is the music of the sea shell. We can't say as much for that of the bomb shell.

An industrious girl's needle is an instrument by means of which she both sews and reaps.

Generally women adorn themselves for their enemies even more than for their friends.

The man who is hung dies in a fit—a pretty close one.

The memories of joys and sorrows are their pale ghosts.

CHURCH MIDDLING WITH POLITICS

The Louisville True Presbyterian contains the following caustic remarks on the above subject:

If the Church continues this intermeddling with things of the State, how long will it be till the State will meddle with the Church? A sample of this was recently seen in Glasgow, Kentucky where the military authorities sent the national flag into the Methodist Conference, with the demand that each minister should salute it. But this treating an ecclesiastical body as though it was a political body would never have been thought of had it not been for the common political maneuvering of preachers. If as ecclesiastics they invade political ground, they certainly may expect to be invaded in turn.

The Church thus sets an example dangerous to herself as well as to the country. Her nature, her policy and her intentions are all more easily learned by the public from what she does than from her creed. And who, that has been studying her these last few years in the light of what she has been doing would for a moment dream that she was not of this world—that she was in her nature and appointment a purely spiritual and ecclesiastical body—a great institution of peace set up in the world to that end? As they have listened to her in her pulpits, and as they have looked in upon assemblies and caught the tone and object of a large portion of her debates, and read her long and labored political acts—as they saw her worldly temper—more eager, more ardent and more warlike than military men—who of them all thus learning the nature of the Church from her acts could believe that the great Head and Teacher of the Church was the Prince of Peace? Such a conclusion from such premises would be impossible.

But this is not all, going into the armies; of this great war, they find companies, regiments battalions and divisions headed by Rev. Captains, Colonels and Generals.—Christ said my kingdom is not of this world; but what can be more of this world than heading armies and fighting battles. They have left the pulpit to take the sword, and thus give their highest testimony to the supremacy of the world over the kingdom of Christ. Paul said, "God forbid that we should glory, save in the art and practice of war." The same apostle said, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel;" but these men say woe to us if we are not front on the battle field and in the slaughter of our enemies.

The love of the brethren is one of the evidences of Christianity, but when Rev. military men meet in battle and strike each other in death, have they not abandoned and falsified all their ministerial engagements and professions? What a strange idea of the Christian religion what would a heathen get by witnessing all these things! The report which he would carry home would certainly be a terrible caricature of Christianity, and a powerful obstacle to its reception, where such a report was known and believed.

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THE BRIDGEPORT FARMER SAYS:—The Abolitionists are supposed to be philanthropists—that is the title by which they desire to be known. They are particularly zealous in ameliorating the condition of the blacks gathering them into camps, instructing them, and directing their labor. But when the touchstone of truth is applied, we read of such results as the following:—

"About four thousand contrabands died in the camps near Memphis within three months of destitution."

Well may the miserable wretches exclaim—"Save us from our friends" whose embrace means hunger, want, misery, destitution, death!

At the time of the Barricades in 1858, the celebrated Achilles Harley, First President of the Parliament of Paris, was seized by the League and sent to the Bastille. On entering the horrid fortress he said: "It is a great pity, when the servant is able to dismiss the master." Now, after two hundred and eighty three years, the people in the United States, the masters are seized by the President, their servant and sent to bastilles. And, strange to say, the instrument of this lawless power calls itself the League, as it did in France, nearly three hundred years ago. Look out of thy grave, oh most noble Achilles Harley! and behold how the servant dismisses and imprisons the master, as in thine own time.—Day Book.

A RIDDLE.—There is a father who has twelve six sons; these sons have each thirty daughters; parti-colored, having one cheek white, and the other black, who never see each other's face, and do not live more than twenty-four hours.

A printer named Winn, who died at Rochester, England, recently was heard to murmur to himself a few moments before his death:—"I am on my last stickful; I am coming to a paragraph, and I suppose I'll have to wait for old Death to put in a period."

Edward Everett has been trying to persuade the President to reverse his unjust and outrageous decision in the case of Fitz John Porter.

"Confiscation"

The New York Day Book says:

"This city is full of rare and valuable old pictures and paintings, which have been stolen from the private mansions of the south by the servants of Mr. Lincoln, and brought here and sold for the benefit of the thieves, while libraries have also been stolen by the Abolition patriots, who seem to regard books, as well as works of virtue and art, as being contraband of war. Everything is looked upon as contraband of war which is of a portable nature, and which can be disposed of for the private benefit of the official thief who has the good luck to be first to lay hands upon it. A short time ago a cargo of pianos arrived in the harbor of Portland, Maine, several of which were addressed to Gen. Neal Dow—the result of that gentleman's successful foraging among the planters' houses in the neighborhood of New Orleans. Not pianos, but four or five army chests, the property of the United States, were found marked to the address of the same General, well filled with silver plate of all description, which must have been stolen from the private houses, and from the persons of females. The custom is it seems to destroy whatever cannot be brought off."

Of course this is perfectly justifiable, for are we not told that "the rebels have forfeited all rights under the Constitution?" and therefore, what right have they to own property? After the emancipation proclamation we cannot be astonished or shocked at anything, for people who will steal niggers will steal anything else they can lay their hands on.

A DRINKING JUDGE.—Some years ago on Christmas, a few Irish boys hired horses from a livery stable in the town of G.—and determined to have a good time generally. One of the horses, never recovered from the effects of the ride, and the livery-man sued the rider for the value of him. The lawyer for the plaintiff was an ex judge. He was trying to prove by one of witnesses that all hands were drunk, and commenced by asking him "where did you stop first after leaving the livery stable?"

"We stopped at Michael N's."

"Did you take a horn there?" asked the judge.

"Yes"

"Where did you stop next?"

"At the N.—Gardens."

"Did you take a horn there?"

"Yes."

"Where did you stop next?"

"At the four mile house."

"Did you take a horn there?"

By this time the witness began to smell a rat.

"Horn!" says he; "I want to know what has a horn to do with this case. I suppose because you are a drinking kind of a man yourself you think everybody is drunk."

You ought to have heard the explosion which shook the court-room. The exjudge did not ask any more questions.

The New Hampshire States and Union says:

"Fourteenth street, Washington, is said to contain, throughout its whole length, south from Willard's, not one house that is not a house of ill fame. A contract has just been made to build a house of the same character, that is to cost \$80,000! Old Babylon and ancient Rome were models of purity compared with Washington under Republican rule—the party whose platform was to "restore the Government to the purity of the Fathers." Perhaps they meant the very early fathers—those who live in Hercules and Pompeii, and the exhumed stony symbols of whose faith and practice have in modern times excited the astonishment (but not the admiration) of beholders."

It is said that there are within the limits of the city of Brooklyn, 210 babies named for Henry Ward Beecher. Good heavens!

THE NEXT DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.—At a meeting of the Democratic National committee, held in New York, Jan. 12th inst., it was unanimously voted that the next National Convention, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States, be held at Chicago, Illinois, on Monday, July 4, 1864.

By a vote of the Committee, at a meeting held September 7, 1863, the number of delegates for each State was fixed at double the number of its electoral votes.

JUST REPEAT.—A preacher of small intellect, depending more of a sanctimonious long face for a passport through life, than for any important good he could accomplish, rebuked a brother for a social fireside; and perhaps somewhat frivolous conversation: "Brother," he replied, "I keep my nonsense for the fireside, while you give yours from the pulpit."

A bevy of children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest got reading, spelling and definitions. "And what did you get?" said the father to a rosy cheeked little fellow, who at the time, was slyly driving a tenpenny nail into the door panel. "Me! Oh, I gets readin', spellin', and spankin'."