

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 which is not professionally absent.

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Particular attention given to the treatment of Chronic Disease.

entomologist, 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 contents 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 BERNARD HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y.] PROPRIETOR.

The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the County. 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 REVEREND GENTLEMAN HAVING BEEN restored to health in a few days, after undergoing all the usual treatments, and regular courses of medicine, 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 JOHN M. DUGAN, 66 Eulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. v2n24ly

Poet's Corner.

RORY'S KISSING.

"Bout a kiss do ye ask! Its me that can tell; For old as I'm now, I'm minding it well. When a spallin' of throes with how much delight My mother kissed Rory and bade him good night.

But my mother she died and left Rory behind, And the lassies I met brought her so to my mind, That at kissing I went first one and another, Because they wore bonnets and looked like my mither.

At last, would you think it, swate Briget O'Flynn Had scarcely been kissed when she kssed me agin, And told me a preest, away down in the city, Would say, if we'd ask him, a kind of a ditty.

"A ditty, swate Briget, and what might it be?" "N'er mind, my dear Rory, but just come wid me!" We trudged to the city, and sure as my life, He said a short ditty, and called her my wife.

We got a wee cottage, a pig and a spade; Briget skelened; I whired her sister for maid; The maid I was kissing, when, true as ye're there, I felt the odd divil a pulling my hair—

"Begone, ye odd varmint!" I yelled in affright, And out of turned round to be getting a sight; What did I dislik'er? Instead of an 'it, Swate Briget O'Flaherty there just herself.

"O Rory!" she blubbered, still pulling away, "But sick is my heart with your conduct to-day; A kissing my sister while I'm in my bed, Nor able to raise from the pillow my head.

"Truth! Briget," says I, perhaps you are mind When ye to the kissing were greatly inclined; Ye kissed me and kissed me at Donnybrook fair, And now by the jabers ye're pulling my hair, Begone! ye odd fool, wid a rumpus like this, I'm only a learning your sister to kiss!"

Select Story.

THE SILVER KNITTING SHEATH.

Over the sun-bathed pastures, above the fragrant billowy swamps and the upland glens, floated the liquid clarion of the staghorn dying amid great piles of mossy rocks and mountain gorges, where the most adventurous footpaths had never trod, with a sweet, melancholy cadence, until you had distinguished its burden from the gurgle of the brooks and the wood birds.

News from the seat of war! The village mail had come in, with its undisciplined freight of grief and lamentation, pride and sadness. What else could it be, when Sun-nybill, like all the rest of our New England villages, had sent the flower of its young men to the battle-field; and every mother held her breath with vague apprehension and turned from the bright flush of June roses with a shuddering thought of that other crimson which dyed the pale daisies of Southern meadows.

The noontide sun shone full into the great old-fashioned kitchen of the farm house, with its white board floor and windows hung with chintz curtains. On either side of the broad flat door-stone were wooden boxes of rank leaved hydranges, and the giant maple that seemed to stretch its leafy branches above the roof, was all musical with the stir and twitter of little birds. Just in the cool impenetrable shadow of that same maple Agnes Miller stood, folding up the read and re-read letter of her brother in the wars—with a flushed cheek, and wishing for the thousand and first time that she was a man to join in the glorious cause.

It would have done your heart good, in those days of pale faces and wasp-like figures, to see such a rosy, healthy, bit of bloom as Agnes Miller? Round cheeked, bright-eyed, with a light elastic footstep that never seemed to be weary, and a brow just tinged with the mountain winds and June suns.

Agnes did not know what headache meant, and was only acquainted by reputation with the hippo! she was as pretty in her pink calico dress as any duchess in rose-colored satin, and the single spray of white wax apples twisted it to her hair glimmered like gigantic pearl-drops.

All of a sudden, as she stood there thoughtfully turning the letter round and round, an arm was stole about the trim little waist and another shadow fell on the velvet grass!

"Don't, Charles!" You see she was not a bit startled, and Charles, like a sensible fellow that he was—interpreted "don't" in the right way, and immediately stole another kiss.

"Come Agnes, let's sit down on the door-stone, and you shall tell me what Harry says, for I see you have a letter from him there.

Side by side, in the moving shade of the dense old maple, the two lovers read over the hastily scribbled lines. It was a pretty tale, yet you could not have helped wondering how it was that so fresh and beautiful a creature as Agnes Miller could ever have fallen in love with that pale little shonemaker, stunted in growth and lame in one foot. But the truth was Agnes looked beyond mere exterior, and saw the noble heart and steadfast will that shone out through Charles Denison's pale, thoughtful face.

"Well," said Charles at length, folding the letter once again, "it seems that his ardor is as glowing as ever.

"Yes," said Agnes, abstractedly; adding a moment afterwards, "How I should like to send the dear fellow something! O Charles! if we were only rich!"

"Just the thought that was in my heart—scarcely an hour ago," said Denison. "Do you know, Agnes, that if I had a thousand dollars in cash, I could buy that little shoe store in the village?"

"Could you?" said Agnes, turning her wistful hazel eyes full upon him. "O—Charles—and then—"

"And then we could get married," said Charles, taking up the broken thread of her words in the most natural manner possible. "But I haven't got the money, nor do I see any probability of getting it, so, for all I can see, the best way is to rest contented with the blessing God has already sent us!"

"And I have just half an hour to sit here in the sunshine and breathe in the fragrance of the springing grass, before I must return to my shop.

Agnes was tying up a little nosegay of white syringas, fragrant as the breath of spice islands and roses, with sprays of green southwood, for Charles to carry with him to the place where he toiled for daily bread.—He liked to look up from his monotonous employment to see the bright blossoms on the window seat—it made him think of Agnes!

"I shall write Harry a long letter to-night said the girl, pensively, as she leaned over to gather a fresh rose, 'although, to be sure, I have not much news to communicate—except about Aunt Hepsey's death.'

"How strange it was, Agnes," said Denison, "for the old creature to leave all her antiquated brocades and venerable wardrobe to strangers, and nothing to you, who tended her through her last illness, and was always supposed to be her favorite grand niece.

"Nothing, Charles?" You forget the huge old work-basket, with its rusty shears and steel thimble and a ball of wrinkled wax?"

"Well, that amounts to nothing, unless indeed you sell the working implements for old iron," said Charles, laughing.

Agnes shook her head with a smile. "No, I shall never sell anything that belonged to dear, funny old Aunt Hepsey. I shall keep the basket, not because of its intrinsic value, but because it was hers."

"I have heard," said Charles, taking the completed bouquet from Agnes' lap, and disposing it with lovely ostentation in the button hole of his coat, "of legatese discovering broad gold pieces in crannies of work-boxes, but unfortunately yours is a basket! I'm afraid, Agnes, that Aunt Hepsey only wanted to give you a hint on the subject of industry when she bequeathed you these rusty shears!"

"Nonsense," said Agnes, laughing. But she stood on the threshold a long, long time gazing after Charles Denison as he walked slowly down the road, under the green, overhanging boughs of the wayside elms.

"Dear Charles!" she mused; is it not hard that we should be obliged to work so constantly, when others revel in luxury? But I am wrong to complain; how many girls mourn their nearest ones dead upon the Southern plains, while my lover is safe at home. Poor, lame Charles! if I could only suffer for you!"

She stood a moment, musing and then roused herself determinately, exclaiming, half aloud:

"I know what I will do for Harry, poor fellow! I will knit him a pair of those old-fashioned, cotton stockings that Aunt Hepsey always said would outwear a dozen woollen affairs. It will keep my fingers busy, and perhaps still the wanderings of my mind. I don't think I have forgotten the art of winding the knitting needles?"

The old farm-house garret! Have our readers ever passed beneath the shadow of its dreary precincts? The massive brown rafters overhead—the little crescent-shaped window just beyond the brick chimney where your eye roves over the summer landscape, stretched out in sunshine their bunches of summer savory and pennyroyal dangling from the beams—and the worn trunks and boxes piled against one another, like pilgrims whose journey is done. Somehow there was an atmosphere about this silent garret that made Agnes Miller feel as if she was breathing the influence of half a century back—as if she was an intruding ghost on the hush of the past! But the cracked mirror leaning against the chimney reflected the image of a pretty little ghost, with pink calico dress and cheeks to match, whose small feet patted on the massive shingles above in the days of April and violets!

There the knitting needles lay in the great wicker basket, which, with all its contents, "useful or otherwise," as Aunt Hepsey's will said, was bequeathed to Agnes Miller. They were rusty and discolored, but Agnes knew she could rub them bright; so she took the basket in her hands, and tripped away down stairs, lightly, softly as she went!

There was a window just in the sight of the staircase, where I loved to sit—a window looking down into the green wilderness of a

mammoth sweet briar bush, whose spicy odors rose up like a column of incense in the summer air. There Agnes established herself for her afternoon task; and there a matronly old lady, capped and spectacled, found her about five minutes later.

"Why Agnes, child, what are you doing?" Mrs. Miller looked through a treacherous mist that swarmed before her eyes, and pronounced that the cotton was about the right size.

Then she settled down a stair below her daughter, ostensibly because it was a cool place where she might "pick over" her basket of ruby red currants, freshly gathered from the bushes—in reality to talk about Harry, with Agnes for an audience!

"These mothers! how lovingly they treasure up the absent ones in the very heart of hearts!" Agnes was fastening on her taper waist the same old silver knitting sheath, set into a diamond shaped piece of blue brocade, long since faded into dim indistinctness, that had once been the pride of Aunt Hepsey's heart.

"Why, mamma, how strange! The needle will not run in the sheath!" "Perhaps it is broken," suggested Mrs. Miller.

"It is not I think something must be in the sheath—it seems to be obstructed."

Agnes fastened it as she spoke, and examined the small tube closely.

"It looks like brown paper rolled up very tightly mamma. Please lend me a pin to take it out."

Mrs. Miller leaned over her daughter's shoulder and took up the tiny bit of paper that dropped from the sheath, while Agnes composedly secured the small implement to its place again.

"Agnes, my love—surely my eyes do not deceive me, old and dim though they are growing! exclaimed Mrs. Miller. "Tell me what this is!"

And Agnes saw that the despised piece of paper was a bank note for one thousand dollars.

Poor old Aunt Hepsey—no earthly persuasion had ever induced her to patronize savings banks or investments! But when her will was made, she had bequeathed the wicker basket to Agnes, her favorite niece, having intended to reveal to her the secret of the silver sheath. But the death-blow came suddenly, as it always will, prepare for it as we may, and the old lady died and made no sign!

"Mamma!" said Agnes, when their first astonishment had subsided I have read something like this in fairy books of wild romance, but I never dreamed that such an adventure could happen to me!"

Little Agnes you have yet to learn that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction!

The poor whip-poor-will was singing in the fringe of woods that bordered the mountain pastures, and the dew lay heavy on the white lilies by the garden fence, when Charles Denison came up to the old door stone, where Agnes was generally tending her border of pansies, at that hour. She was there, all blooming in her pink dress, and ready to welcome him, in a soft little kiss.

"Charles?" she said "what were you telling me about the village shoe store this morning."

"That I could buy it for a thousand dollars, why do you ask? I am not likely to make a purchase at present."

"Charles," she went on hesitatingly, you—you would not scorn to accept help from me, would you?"

"Are we not one, dearest?" he returned gaily. "But what does this mysterious question mean?"

"You have not come into possession of a gold mine have you?"

"Almost!" whispered Agnes, laying the bank bill upon his hand. "Now, Charles, I understand what dear old Aunt Hepsey meant when she left me the wicker-work basket."

Of course, Charles was astonished—and more so than ever when he heard the whole history of the slip of brown paper. However, he came to the conclusion that Aunt Hepsey's inscrutable will had more meaning in its clause than had been at the time supposed.

And when the golden harvest moon of August was mellow in the sky, Harry Miller, the "bold soldier boy," came on a furlough to attend his sister's wedding.

A STEP SON.—A few mornings since, we were relating to our family the fact of a friend having found a child on the door step, a fine little male infant, whom he had adopted, when one of the olive branches remarked: "Pa, dear, it'll be his step son, won't it?" We thought it would decidedly.

"I once," said a friend, "saw a regiment of Tennessee niggers on parade, and when they came to the 'right dress,' with the whites of their eyes all turned, it looked just like a chalk mark.

A company of Frenchmen has been formed in Chicago, for catching rats, curing their skins, and exporting them to Paris, where they are made up into the finest quality of kid gloves.

Miscellaneous.

Phreological Character of Mr. Mark Milberry, Esq.

Given at the office of Prof. John Billing, practical phrenologist, price \$4.

Amativeness—Big. Sticks out like a hornet's nest. You ought to be able to tell the whole human families with your bump at onst. You will never be a widerer long nor enny.

Politytics—You have got the natral wa.—A splendid bump. It feels like a Dimmockratk bump, too. Menny a man has got to be konstable with half your bump.

Kombativeness—Sleightually, very much.—You might fite a woman, tuff match. I shud like tew bet on the woman. This bump wants poulticing.

Villes—Thunder what a bump? I shud think ye cud eat a hoss and cart, and chase the driver three miles, without any praktis. Thunder and lightning! what a bump!—what a bump. Let Barnum get his hand on this bump and yure fortin is made. What a bump! what a bump.

Music—A sweet, pretty bumpy. About the size of a lima bean. If I had this bump, I wud buy me a jules harp, and wander among the rocky mountains. Pon my word Mr. Milberry, my advice is, nus this bump.

Greenbaues—Well developed. A gorgeous bump. A fortin to enny man. Yu kant help but die rich, if this bump don't go back on you. Gorgeous bump! happee man! die when you feel like it, deth won't have enny sorrows for yure relashuns that this bump won't heal.

Be Content.

Never complain of your birth, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something, if you only had a different lot and sphere assigned to you.—God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want better than you do. The very things you most depreciate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. No! trace to all such impatience. Choke that envy which gnaws at your heart, because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and do his work, in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but consistent with it.

Hobson's Choice

As the term, "Hobson's Choice," will last to the end of time, it is well to learn the circumstances on which it is founded. Mr. Tobias Hobson was a carrier, and the first man in England who let out hackney horses. He lived in Cambridge, and observing that the scholars rode hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once without going from college to college borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man. When a man came for a horse he was led into the stable, where there was great choice; but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door, so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice. From whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you' to say Hobson's choice.—Historical Magazine

Vote for Curtin and avoid the draft said Republican journals before the election. "Tax the people to avoid the draft is the cry since the election.

What will the next be?—Er Why some other lie or false pretense of course. They have been changing names cheating, robbing and sailing under false promises ever since they had an existence.

Some abolitionist who reads the above will doubtless say "that's a lie?" no stop and think, it is as true as holy writ.

A man came into a printing office to beg a paper. "Because," said he, "we like to read newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one.

A Darkey who blacks boots at the National Hotel, in Washington has the following motto conspicuously displayed over his stand:

"No North, no South, No East, no West, NO TRUST."

A new counterfeit two dollar note on the Stroudsburg Bank has just made its appearance. The vignette is a locomotive and cars. The safest mode is to refuse all bills of this character.

The more music you can make on one string, the less it will cost you to keep your fiddle string.

The Princess of Wales give birth to a son on Jan. 8. The mother and her child were both progressing favorably.

LOCAL EDITOR'S ANNUAL REPORT.—The Local of the Memphis Bulletin publishes the following annual report, which may be taken as a fair average of the experience of local editors generally:

Times asked to drink	11,898
Drank	11,892
Requested to retract	416
Didn't retract	416
Invited to parties, receptions, presentations, etc., by people fishing for puffs	3,333
Took the hint	33
Didn't take the hint	3,300
Threatened to be whipped	174
Been whipped	0
Whipped the other fellow	4
Didn't come to time	170
Been promised bottles of champagne, whisky, gin, bottles, rum, boxes of cigars, if we would go after them	3,650
Been after them	1
Good again	0
Been asked "What's the news?"	300,000
Told	14
Didn't know	200,000
Lied about it	99,987
Been to church	2
Changed politics	33
Expected to change still	33
Cash on hand	\$00
Gave for charity	\$5
Gave for terrier dog	\$23
Sworn off bad habits	722
Shall swear off this year	723
Number of our bad habits	0

Look out for the Women.

Young men keep your eyes open when you're after the women. If you bite a naked hook, you are green. Is a pretty form or dress so attractive, or a pretty face even?—Flounces boys are no sort of consequence, a pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smiles of the flirt will give way in the scowls of the termagant. Another and far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiles and eats your candy. The Coquette will not shine in the kitchen corner, and with the once sparkling eye and beaming countenance will look daggers at you. Beware, keep your eyes open boy, when you are after women. If she blushes when found at her domestic duties be sure she is one of the dishrag aristocracy, little breeding and a good deal less sense. If you marry a girl that knows nothing but how to commit women slaughter on the piano you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up.—Find one whose mind is right, and then pitch in. Boy don't be hanging around like a sheep thief as though you were ashamed to be seen in day time but walk up like a chicken to the dough pile, and ask for the article like a man.

STOPPING PAPERS.—The latest instance of the insane policy of stopping a newspaper because one number contained an article that was displeasing, was that of Miss Sophronia Jones, at the West, who ordered her subscription to the Pioneer to cease, because the editor had not independence enough to refuse to publish the marriage of her old sweetheart to Amanda Brooks. It was bad enough, Sophronia thought to lose her bear, but to have his marriage to another put into her paper, was more than flesh and blood could stand. Hereafter she will borrow, the paper of her neighbor Proctor, and will of course read the marriages first thing. Never borrow your neighbor's newspaper; the chances are that he wants to read it himself. Smoke fewer cigars, drink less ale, and subscribe for the paper yourself. Then, and not before, you will discharge your duty to yourself and to your family.

SINGULAR DISCREPANCY.—In General McClellan's report in a letter from him to E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, under date of June 28, 1862. In "the report on the conduct of the war" (Part I, folio 339) is the same letter with a slight variation. In Gen. McClellan's report the two last sentences of this letter are: "If I save this army now I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you, or to any other person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army." In "the report on the conduct of the war," the charge against Stanton is omitted.

Query? Was it properly left out in the copy furnished the committee by Stanton to shield himself, or by the committee to whitewash him? If so it shows the partisan conduct of that committee, and throws a suspicion on the truth of their whole report.

Mickey takes care of the horses at one of our hotels. The other day a dashing establishment drove up, the owner of which said to Mickey, with his blindest smile:

"Take good care of the horses, Mickey. Rub 'em down well, keep 'em clean and give 'em plenty of oats. I'll see you before I go away.

"Yes, yer honor," said Mickey, "they'll get whatever they needs, and more too besides. But in case yer honor and myself shouldn't meet again, wouldn't you be good enough to look at me now?"

The look was given; our traveller saw it, and a nice fifty postal warned the palm of Mickey's hand thereafter.