

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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

WALL'S HOTEL

LATE AMERICAN HOUSE, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING COUNTY, 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.
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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 refitted, 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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June, 3rd, 1863.

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The MEANS HOTEL is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Hotels 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.
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M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.
ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION.
Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post Office.
Dec 11, 1861.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS OF BOTH SEXES.

A FEW ENGLISH GENTLEMEN HAVING BEEN affected 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, he will send (free) a copy of an advertisement, and a copy of a prescription used. Direct to Dr. J. M. GILMAN, 146 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.

Poet's Corner.

THE BETRAYED.

BY FRANK WILLOUGHBY.

And is this New Year's eve, mother! Oh mother can it be!
And what a sad, sad change, mother, hath this year wrought in me!
Last year there was no lighter heart, there was no brighter eye,
There was no merrier heart than mine. Now mother, what am I!

A theme for every idle jest, sunk lower than the slave!
With blighted name and broken heart, and very near my grave!
For I feel my hours are numbered, that my life is waning fast,
And the thought is strong within me, that this night will be my last.

Tis just two years ago to-day since Mary Ann was laid,
Amid the tears of young and old, within the churchyard shades,
How sad we thought the fate was, of one so young and gay,
To die thus in the morn of life, upon her marriage day,

But now I envy her the doom: what joy for you and me!
If I had died then, mother, when innocent and free,
Ere I became what I am now—the saddest thing in life—
Fallen, deserted, betrayed, a mother, but not a wife.

Of a group of lads and lassies, I caught just now a glance,
My old companions were they all, hurrying to the dance;
And they will pass the night away, in sooty mirth and glee,
And perhaps amid their revelry some one will think of me.

And of our last year's sleigh ride, over the frozen snow,
How we danced till the day dawned, and the skies were in a glow,
I was the lightest hearted one of all the merry throng,
For he was by my side that night, whom I had loved so long.

And very proud I was of him, for he was far above
The other lads, and all the girls were envious of his love;
And I was young and guileless, and how could I believe
That when he spoke of love to me, he meant but to deceive.

I think I was bewitched mother, by the light of those dark eyes,
By those murmured vows of tenderness, and all those flattering lies;
I had scorned enough for others, who sought to win my love,
But he seemed to my unpracticed eye as guileless as a dove.

And even now I cannot think so ill of him as you;
I cannot think his heart so base as many others do;
I know he's done me cruel wrong, and bowed my head with shame,
But yet the fault was not all his—I must have been to blame.

I know you warned me, mother, told me oft the truth;
That village maids were seldom wed by high and courtly youth;
But I thought of many tales I'd read, and of the songs I'd sung,
How noble men loved lowly wives, it beautiful and young.

I thought of the lord of Burleigh, and his gentle, peasant bride,
I thought of Lady Gowrie, and many more beside.
He told me I was lovelier than any in the land,
But fatal was my vanity—he never asked my hand!

Then judge him not too harshly, mother, I was easily beguiled—
Though now he strives to blight my name, and will not own his child;
The time will come when he will feel his need to be forgiven,
And you'll forgive him, for my sake, when I am gone to heaven.

Some there may be who'll not regret that I am brought thus low,
For I was proud and scornful, but I am punished now.
I prized to much the beauty, which at last has proved my bane,
And scorned the honest lovers, who offered me their name.

But now they'll not speak to me, they think I am so vile,
And name me with a scornful look, or with a meaning smile,
It's very hard, perhaps it's right—but still I think I know,
If they had borne what I have borne, I could not treat them so.

But you're very kind, mother, though I've disgraced your name,
You soothed me in my sorrow, nor spoke a word of blame!
I should have been a solace to your declining years,
I should have been a comfort, but I've only caused you tears.

I never can repay you now for your patience and your love,
But your kindness and your tenderness are registered above;
And He'll reward you, mother, who said to one of the person who stood highest in her afflictions

"Neither do I condemn thee, go, daughter, sin no more."

Oh! how we mourned when father died, but now I'm glad his so,
He never could have borne with me, as you have done, I know;
He was so just, so good himself, he could not understand
The temptation that beset the weak, the snares on every hand.

But now he sees more clearly, in that blest home above,
And then he'll judge more mildly, and welcome me with love,
When I leave this weary earth to find a heavenly home,
Where sinful souls are purified, and sorrow cannot come.

And you'll keep my baby, mother, and rear her as your own,
And may she repay you better than I have ever done—
Poor babe, she has her father's smile, his bright and beaming eye—
Had she a right to bear his name, how peacefully I'd die.

If she grows up mild and gentle, and easily controlled,
Unlike her hapless mother, oh! let her ne'er be told!
Oh! never let her hear her wretched mother's name,
To sadden her young spirit, or flush her cheek for shame!

But if she's like that mother, as wayward and a wild,
Though 'tis a fearful legacy to leave a guileless child,
Then tell her all my story, though she think of me with hate,
Better to scorn her mother's name than share that mother's fate.

And now, good night, dear mother, I hope that ere the sun
Sheds its first ray to-morrow morn, my trouble will be done,
And do not weep for me mother, when I have left you here,
Within a better dwelling-place will dawn my glad New Year.

Select Story.

BEGINNING LIFE.

I began life by running away from home. Boleau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate and the peck of a turkey. Attila started in life with no other cause and capital than an old sword, and when he palmed off for the divine weapon of Darius; and Robespierre owed his political career to wetting stockings, and there heard "words which burn," which fired his soul and determined his course in life. My running away from home arose from minor mortification caused by carrying a pretty girl over the brook.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded, with little more than friendship, pretty Helen Graham "our oldest girl at school." We romped and danced together, and this lasted such a length of time, that it is with feelings of bewilderment that I look upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But the time was to come when jealousy lit her spark in boyish my bosom, and blew it into a consuming flame.

Well do I remember how and when the "green-eyed" perpetrated this incendiary deed. It was on a cold October evening, when Helen Donald and myself were returning with our parents from a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford where the water ran somewhat higher than ankle deep, we proposed to carry Helen across as we were accustomed to with hands interwoven "chair fashion," and thus carried our pretty passenger over the brook. Just as we were in the middle of the water—which was cold enough to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardly than ourselves—a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was I knew not, for we had carried Helen across the brook ere now without emotion, but this evening I thought or fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her arm around his neck, while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my jacket.

No flame can burn so quick, or with so little fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank, I wished Donald at the "bottom of the sea." Being naturally impetuous I burst out with—
"You need not hand-saw gingerly, Helen, as if ye feared a fa. I can aye carry ye lighter than Donald can carry half of ye."

Surprised at the vehemence of my tone, our queen interposed with admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparing my power. But Donald's ire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in feats of moral courage. On such topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite bank, it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly bearing Helen across the ford in our arms.

Helen was to determine who carried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance, that the one who had obtained the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her afflictions.

The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day, that I could have carried Donald and Helen on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.

We suffered all the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned Helen with the utmost care. I carried her like a infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before that I embraced her beautiful form and felt the pressure of her cheek against mine. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly for a minute. But alas, in the very deepest part of the ford, I trod on a treacherous bit of wood which rested, I suppose, on a smooth stone. Over we rolled, bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise till fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald, or the more accusing silence of Helen. Both believed that I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated his superiority, bearing her in his arms a long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house, Helen feeling dry and better humored, attempted to conciliate me. But I preserved a moody silence. I was mortified beyond redress.

That night I packed up a few things and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the negation which I received, and prompted me to better results than generally attend such irregularities. I went to Edinburgh, where I found an uncle, a kind hearted, childless man, who gladly gave me a place in his house, and employed me in his business. Wealth flowed upon him. I became his partner—went abroad—resided four years on the continent, and finally returned to Scotland rich, educated, in short, everything but married.

One evening, while at a ball in Glasgow, I was struck by a lady of unpretending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and high-toned expression indicated a mind of extraordinary power. I was introduced, but the Scottish names had been unfamiliar to my ear, and I could not catch hers. It was Helen something, and there was something in the face, too, that seemed familiar—something suggestive of pleasure and pain.

But we became well acquainted that evening. I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country, had been educated, her parents had lost their property and she was now governess of a family of the city.

I was fascinated with her conversation, and was continually reminded by her grace and refinement of manner that she was capable of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have allotted her. I was naturally not talkative, nor prone to confidence; but there was that in this young lady which inspired both, and I conversed with her as I had never conversed with any. Her questions of the various countries with which I was familiar indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature, and an incredible store of information.

We progressed in intimacy, and as our conversation turned upon the cause which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that I owed my own travels to falling with a pretty girl into a ford.

I had hardly spoken these words ere the blood mounted to her face, and was succeeded by a remarkable paleness. I attributed it to the heat of the room, laughed, and at her request, proceeded to relate my ford adventure with Helen Graham, painting in glowing colors the amiability of my love.

Her mirth, during the recital, became irrepressible. At the conclusion she remarked:
"Mr. Roberts, is it possible you have forgotten me?"

I gazed an instant, remembered, and was dumbfounded. The lady with whom I had thus become acquainted was Helen Graham herself.

I hate, and so do you, reader, to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married—Helen and I made our bridal tour to the old place; and as we approached in our carriage, I greeted a stout fellow in a field, who seemed to be a better sort of laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answered well enough, and I was about to give him sixpence, when Helen stayed my hand, and cried out in the old style—
"Hey, Donald, mon, dinna ye ken ye'r old friend's?"

The man looked up in astonishment. It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by its style; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage and answer our numerous queries as to our friends.

Different men start in life in different ways. I believe that mine, however, is the only one on record of a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

RULES FOR THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

Wash yourself now and then.
Change your inner garments occasionally.
Chew your meat, eschew greasy gravies.
Don't chew your tobacco.
Drink as little as you choose.
Don't eat much more than your stomach will hold.

Keep your temper.
If a soldier, don't rest upon your laurels until they are well aired.
Avoid falling out about trifles.
Fall out of windows as seldom as possible.

If your constitution requires you to sleep during the sermon, see that the sexton has an aired night-cap for you, and a box of hot bricks to put to your feet.
Keep your mouth shut on dusty days.
Never open your mouth in frosty weather.

Close your mouth very close when the wind blows from the east.
If your business compels you to go out before breakfast, have some breakfast first.
If it is wet under foot house your poor feet.

Beware of the ices of summer and the snows of winter.
Do not swallow too many telegrams.
Keep out of the streets when Gold is falling.

If the silver of advancing years is on your head, don't change it for paper.
Don't let your circulation slacken, especially if you are a newspaper man.
Use tooth powder instead of gunpowder.
Neither sleep in hot rooms nor eat mush-rooms.

Live on six nickel cents a day, but don't earn them as some wretched speculators are doing now.
Partake sparingly of wildfowl—particularly of the "canards" that come from the army.

Violate, persistently, all the sanitary rules insisted on by Hall's Journal of Health.
If you cannot account for the milk in the cocoon, do not hesitate to make free use of it.

Never eat your own words, unless you are madly desirous of giving an additional flavor to the cup of bitterness.
Should your thermometer indicate an extreme degree of cold or heat immerse in cold or hot water, until it arrives at a proper sense of its duty.
If you are subject to swelling, wear kid gloves next to your skin.

Rise early, before your are twenty-five, if possible.
Don't let your physique go to the dogs.
Always dress yourself with care.
Never dress your salad with cod-liver oil.

SOMETHING OF A MEAL.—A fellow at a "donation" party in Poughkeepsie, recently stored away in his physical cistern some where the following items at a Supper table:
Eight large biscuits,
Seven cups of coffee,
Forty good sized pieces of cake,
Ten pieces of cheese,
Five pickles,
Three cups of tea.

When the plate was passed round for contributions he placed thereon five cents.

SECRET OF BEING LOVED.—Wm. Wirt's letter to his daughter on the "small sweet courtesies of life" contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned:
I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller of Man-field, who cared for nobody—no not he—because nobody cared for him. And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause.

Let every one, therefore, see that you care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls "the small sweet courtesies" in which there is no parade; whose voice is to still to tease and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and the little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment, at the table, in the field walking, sitting or standing.

DYING—DYING.—Senator Dolittle said in Congress the other day: "Slavery, Mr. President, is dying, dying, all around us." To this the Dayton (O) Empire says:
"Yes; And Constitutional liberty is dying; morality, public and private, is dying; all that we have prized, of peace, of social order, of neighborly kindness, of friendly intercourse in society is dying. And dying, too, by hundreds of thousands, are the brothers, fathers, sons of this most frenzied, deluded, and miserable people. Why did not Senator Dolittle tell it all, while he was about it?"

Mr. George Thompson thirty years ago visited the United States for the purpose of sowing the seeds of civil war. He now comes, when the harvest of death is ripe, to reap the reward of his labors in the applause of abolitionized Republicans.

It is easier to be an honest man than

Vallandigham on Mobs.

WINSOR, C. W., MARCH 7, 1864.
Messrs HUBBARD and Bros., Dayton, Ohio: GENTLEMEN—I read, several days ago, the telegraphic announcement of the "riddling" of the Empire office by "furloughed soldiers," I offer you no sympathy, for that will avail nothing now or hereafter. I do express to you my profound regret that you were not prepared to inflict on the spot, and in the midst of the assault, the complete punishment which the assailants deserved; but I am gratified to learn that some of them did soon after receive their deserts. But these cowardly acts cannot always be guarded against. And they do not primarily come from the "soldiers." There is, therefore, but one remedy for past and preventive of future injuries: and that is, *instant, summary, and ample reprisals upon the persons and property of the men at home, who by language and conduct, are always inciting to these outrages.*

No legal nor military punishment is ever inflicted upon the immediate instruments.—Retaliation, therefore, is the only and right remedy in times like these. I speak advisedly, and recommend it in all cases hereafter. It is of no avail to announce the falsehood that "both parties condemn it," after the destruction has been consummated.—The time has gone by for obedience without protection. I speak decided language; but the continual recurrence of these outrages—frequently attended murder, and always without redress—demands it. They must be stopped, let the consequence be what it may. Reprisals in such cases are now the only way left for a return to law and order.

Very truly,
C. L. VALLANDIGHAM.

EXCUSES FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH.

Over-slept myself; could not dress in time; too cold; too hot; too windy; too dusty; too wet; too damp; too sunny; too cloudy; don't feel disposed; no other time to myself; look over my drawers; put my papers to rights; letters to write to my friends; mean to take a walk; going to take a ride; tied to business six days in a week; no fresh air but on Sundays; can't breathe in church, always so full; feel a little feverish; feel a little chilly; feel very lazy; expect company to dinner; got a headache; intend nursing myself to-day; new bonnet not come home; torn my muslin dress coming down stairs; got a new novel, must be returned on Monday morning; wasn't shaved in time; don't like the liturgy, always praying for the same thing; don't like extemporary prayer; don't like an organ, 'tis too noisy; don't like singing without music, makes me nervous,—the spirit willing, but the flesh weak; don't like an extemporary sermon, it is too frothy; can't bear a written sermon, to prosing; nobody to-day but our minister, can't always listen to the same preacher, don't like strangers; can't keep awake when at church; fell asleep last time when I was there; shan't risk it again; mean to inquire of some sensible person about the propriety of going to such a public place as church: will publish the result.

Josh Billings, the philanthropist begs leave to state:
That onions are good for bad breath.
That Rockaway claims are a good opinion for every young man.
The ships are kelled she, bekos they always keep a man on the lookout.
That "turning water into wine" is a miracle, in these days worth at least three hundred per cent.
The boy ain't apt to turn out well who don't get up till ten o'clock in the morning.
That if a man is going to make a business of serving the Lord, he likes to see him do it when he measures up onions as well as when he hollers glory hallyluyer.
That wisdom ain't nothing more than educated cunning.

A friend in the 107th New York Volunteers sends us the following:—
On the Antietam campaign of 1862 Gen. Gordon commanded our brigade. Now the general was a strict disciplinarian, who would never have any words with a private; and hence a joke. While on the march one of the 107th got ahead of the brigade, when the general halted him and ordered him back. The soldier stopped, turned around, stared at General G. with a bold, saucy look, and replied—
"Who are you?"
"I am Gen. Gordon, commanding Third Brigade."
"Ah, general, I am very happy to make your acquaintance!" was the complacent answer; and the soldier proceeded on his way, encouraged by a roar of laughter from the general's staff.

FREEDOM OF ELECTION.—The New Orleans correspondent of the Tribune says with a coolness characteristic of the partisans of absolutism under popular forms, (speaking of the proposed "election" in Louisiana):
"This election will be in some respects an *exparte* affair, those who are opposed to the policy of the administration having little or nothing to do with it."