

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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Wm. H. CORTRIGHT. June, 3rd, 1863.

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June 3, 1863.

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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.

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Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post Office. Dec. 11, 1864.

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A GOOD STORY.

My father was a country lawyer of a considerable eminence. His family was good, but not wealthy. In early life he married one of the co-heiresses of a city banker, and by ante nuptial agreement her property was strictly secured to any heirs she might have. She died while I her only child, was yet an infant, and her wealth became mine, held by my father in trust for my use until I should reach the age at which it would come into my possession.

I was left to the care of servants, principally, for my father, though very fond of me was always immersed in business, and spent but little time in the splendid but comfortable home over which no mistress presided.

I could not remain thus. My aunt St. Clair returned from Europe when I was about fourteen. She came with her family to Verdhill by my father's invitation, to remain until her house in town could be put in order for her reception. She saw and was astonished at my wild appearance and hoydenish manners. She quickly decided that her sister's child, and a great heiress, must not be allowed to remain thus, and it was arranged that I should accompany her to the city enter at once upon the course of instruction so necessary and so long neglected.

At the age of sixteen summers my aunt had succeeded in having me "finished" according to the fashionable pattern. I was beautiful, willful, utterly selfish, and a devotee of the art of flirting. So accomplished I went to my old home, and my aged father, who welcomed me with pride and fondness. A gay party went with me whom I was to make the round of the watering place with after a short visit to my father.

The Sabbath before we were to start, we all went to the old village church. I shall never forget that day. As we all sat silent there was a slight rustling of leaves, and the imperceptible stir that announces a new comer, and I turned to see that the clergyman had entered noiselessly. He was kneeling at his desk, his face buried in the snowy handkerchief he bore in his hand, but when after a moment he rose, I saw a pale intellectual face a grand head covered by light, waving hair of golden brown, a tall figure finely proportioned, but a little too slight for the indications of robust health. I was attracted and interested at first, but when he commenced to read, the deep melodious reflections of his voice completed the charm. I listened entranced.

From that instant I saw nothing, felt nothing but his presence, and when the service and the sermon were ended and he sank down in the last, silent prayer, it was as if the sun had been withdrawn from my world and I left in darkness.

Mechanically I followed my friends into the porch. A sudden shower was gathering—the air was chill, the bird songs were hushed, and all nature wore the gray hue so ominous of her coming convulsions. I had been unconscious of the change, but the chill wind had been blowing upon me from an open window, as I sit in church, and now I shuddered, as taking my father's arm I hurried homeward. Before we reached the house the storm broke and all but the swiftest pedestrians, were thoroughly drenched. Ere nightfall a burning fever alternated with icy chills in my frame and the effect of draft and drenching declared themselves.

Mr. Fletcher had been invited by my father to dine with us, but had excused himself with the simple remark that his duties absorbed the entire sabbath-day. But during the week, and after our friends had left us he called. I saw him in the little morning room where I rested upon a couch and he dined with my father. This visit was followed by many others, until at last he dined with us nearly every day and spent most evenings in listening to my performance upon the piano-forte, or in conversation with me.

I saw the effects of my charm. I knew that I was beautiful, and the world declared me brilliant. And I brought every art that I had learned, to lure this silent, grave youth to my feet. It was a triumph to bend his glorious intellect to a girl's will, and I liked him, too, more and more as time—that love ly summer time wore on. But I am sure no thought of the future or of the consequences of my acts ever intruded upon me. I had been taught to look upon life as a game, and forgot that all players were not skillful like myself.

And yet I suffered, too, for I was not destitute of sympathy, and my heart not wholly untouched, either by profound devotion to this silent grave mad—with all his learning and mental discipline powerless to his declaration of love, and spoke the words that separated us forever.

I went up to my room half angry with myself, listening to some smothered reproaches of my conscience, yet repeating that I, heiress and beauty, with the honors of bellehood not yet fallen into tradition, could not marry a poor country clergyman, whose whole estate was his hands and surplice and the pittance these villagers paid him for those wonderful sermons and all his heavy pastoral labors.

And yet I had been struck and pained with the palor that overspread that noble face as it bent toward me in farewell.

Something told me that I had been hard and cold with him, even while my own heart pleaded with him. But I stifled the silent monitor, and ordered my maid to prepare for the journey I was about to take to join my friends at Newport.

The morning I left home my father mentioned, casually, that he had heard Mr. Fletcher was very ill. I felt myself grow pale and cold, but I stifled my emotions, and in a constrained voice expressed my regret at these tidings and begged my father to provide the invalid with every heeded luxury from Verdhill, and to inform me in his letters of his state.

Two years later I was in Italy with my husband—the husband of my Aunt St. Clair's choice. I had made a grand match, but I was not happy. Diamonds bound my aching brow, and flashed above a throbbing heart. I was cold and unloving to my husband, and he returned my indifference with scorn. A few months had brought us to this pass—that he lived out of doors amidst pleasures in which I had no share and which I shrunk from even guessing at, and I was alone in society, a mark in my beauty for continental gossip.

One night I saw my husband making his way toward me through a crowded saloon. I pressed forward for I felt the need of his protection from advances that were insults, though perhaps not intended as such. He drew my arm in his, did speak until we reached the ante room.

Then he told me that he had been summoned to the bedside of a dying countryman, and that he had come from this melancholy visit to conduct me thither. He would tell me no more, and when I refused to go, he compelled me, almost by force, to accompany him.

It was to Mr. Fletcher we were going. We found him in humble lodgings, for he had spent his last dollar, and was reduced to the midst of poverty and deprivation. He had heard of us, had seen us when he crawled forth upon the piazza, and had ventured to send for us in his extremity. He uttered no reproaches, though he told me, in hollow accents, that my rejection had been his mortal illness, using as in duty bound, all means of restoration, but without hope. And now that he was dying, he desired only to look upon my face, best loved on earth, ere he committed his soul to his Creator.

I knew then how I had loved John Fletcher, and if the sacrifice of my life would have saved his most gladly would I have died that hour.

But God willed otherwise. I held my hand in his, but his last words were not of his crushed earthly hopes, but of those that reached beyond the rending veil of flesh.

I told my husband all, as we returned, in the purple Italian twilight, from John Fletcher's funeral. We had hated each other before, but now a new antagonism had arisen. We felt that the false and hollow bonds that bound us must be snapped asunder. I left him in Naples, and returned alone to America, thus voluntarily renouncing the station of wifehood, and compelling myself to seclusion and solitude and scandal strove to find cause for this unprecedented act, and made itself busy with my fair name.

Years have passed since that hour. My father has long been dead, and I should live quite alone at Verdhill, but for the sweet presence of a fair young girl—John Fletcher's sister. I found her—a mere infant—on my return, abandoned to poverty by her brother's death, and she has been with me ever since—my adopted child. An inexorable comfort and consolation has she been to me ever. In my care of her I have striven, in some little measure, to repair the great wrong of my life. And when the terrible blindness, that shuts out all external life from eyes that wept themselves into darkness, fell upon me, she became my stay and my support. But for her, life would be all dreary, and no gleam of pleasure would light the passage of a sorrowing penitence to the grave.

A Yankee editor lately closed a leader in this unhappy strain—"The sheriff's office is waiting for us in the other room, so we have no opportunity to be pathetic; we are wanted and must go. Delinquent subscribers—you have much to answer for!—Heaven may forgive you, but we never can."

LEARNING.—By too much learning many a man has been made mad—but never one from the want of it. Hence, some would draw an argument against learning; but as well might the advantages of steam be called in question because, when raised too high, an explosion sometimes takes place.

A pretty girl of our acquaintance says that no one falls in love with her unless they are "dreadful wicked" or "awful pious." Is there no young man between these two extremes that would like to try his luck.

"If you wish to appear agreeable in society," says Talleyrand, "you must consent to be taught many things which you know already."

HON. C. L. VALLANDIGHAM AG. IN IN OHIO.

CINCINNATI, June 15.—Hon. C. L. Vallandigham arrived at Hamilton, Ohio, this morning, and made a speech in the public square, after which he left for Dayton. A good deal of excitement occurred at Hamilton during his stay there.

The 6th Ohio Regiment, the "Guthrie Grey," arrived here to day, to be mustered out of the service. A grand reception was given them.

AT HOME.

CINCINNATI, June 15.—Hon. C. L. Vallandigham arrived at Dayton at 5 30 P. m., and proceeded immediately to his residence. There was no demonstration, but rumors are current that soon after his arrival he had taken the night train for Toledo, but subsequently announced he would make a public speech to-morrow.

HIS SPEECH.

CINCINNATI, June 15.—Mr. Vallandigham made his appearance at the Democratic District Convention, held at Hamilton to day to the apparent surprise of a large portion of the assemblage. He was received with great enthusiasm.

He spoke briefly from a written document narrating his arrest and defending his action. He said the assertion of the President that he was arrested because he labored with some effect to prevent the raising of troops and encouraged desertions from the army, or had disobeyed or failed to counsel obedience to lawful authority, was absolutely false. He appealed for proof to every speech he had made and to the record of the military commission by the trial and sentence of which he was banished.

"The sole offense" was said, "which was laid to my charge in words of criticism of the public policy of the Administration addressed to an open political meeting of my fellow-citizens. For more than one year no public man has been arrested, no newspaper has been suppressed within the State, for the expression of public opinion, while hundreds in public assemblies and through the press, with violence, and violence in which I have never indulged, have criticised and condemned the acts and policies of the Administration and denounced the war—maintaining Southern Confederacy. I do not mean any longer to be the only man of the party who is to be the victim of this arbitrary power.—If Abraham Lincoln seeks my life let him so declare. He shall not again restrain me of my personal liberty, except upon due process of law.

He denounced Order No. 38, under which he was arrested, and said it was against the Constitution and the laws, and without validity. All proceedings under it were null and void. "The time has arrived," he continued, "when it becomes me, as a citizen of Ohio, and of the United States, to demand, and, by my own act, vindicate the rights, liberties and privileges which I never forfeited, but of which for so many months I have been deprived. He reiterated his right to criticize the acts of the Administration, and cautioned his political friends to abstain from any acts of violence on his account, although he advised none to shrink from any responsibility, however urgent, if forced upon them.

Mr. Vallandigham was accompanied to the depot by an enthusiastic crowd, and arrived at Dayton to-night, where it is understood he will make a speech.

The Convention elected Mr. Vallandigham a Delegate to the Chicago Convention.

Meeting of Democratic Members of Congress.

We have heard it rumored that a meeting has been suggested, or will soon be held, by the Democratic and conservative Members of the Senate and the House of Representatives to discuss the propriety of a change of the time, and probably the place fixed for the meeting, of the National Democratic Convention.

The Draft and the \$300 Exemption.

Provost-Marshal General Fry has written the following reply to Hon. W. G. Steele, a member of Congress from New Jersey constraining the \$300 exemption for commutation for the draft:—

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., May, 20, 1864.

Hon. Wm G. STEELE, U. S. Ho of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

SIR:—In reply to your inquiry of this date, as to length of time to which the payment of commutation money exempts a man from liability to service, I have the honor to state that the language of the law seems to me to make the subject plain. The law says "if any drafted person shall hereafter pay money for the procurement of a substitute under the provisions of the act to which this is an amendment, such payment of money shall operate only to relieve such person from draft in filling that quota." It should be necessary to make several drawings of names in order to fill that quota, that is to say, the quota already assigned, the person paying commutation-money will be exempt on account of such payment, from all the drawings to fill that quota made subsequent to the one in which he was drawn, and for which he paid the commutation. I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obt. servant, JAMES B. FAY, Provost-Marshal-General

MAKING FUN OF PEOPLE.

Once when travelling on a stag e-coach says a writer in a contemporary, I met with a young lady who seemed to be on the constant lookout for something laughable. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, while the cows and sheep looked demurely at us, little dreaming that folks could be merry at their expense.

All this was, perhaps, harmless enough. Animals were not sensitive in that respect.—They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing.

So it seemed to me, for, after a while, an aged woman came running across the fields, lifting up her hands to the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop. The good natured coachman drew up his horses, and the old lady coming to the fence by the road side, squeezed herself through between two posts which were very near together.

The young lady in the stage-coach made some ludicrous remark, and the passengers laugh ed it seemed very excusable, for, in getting through the fence, the poor woman made sad work with her old black bonnet; and now, taking a seat beside a well dressed lady really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind.

This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card, pretended to take a pattern of her bonnet, and in various other ways sought to raise a laugh at her.

At length the poor woman turned a pale, face towards her and said: "My dear girl, you are now young, healthy, and happy. I have been so, but that time is past. I am now old and forlorn. The coach is taking me to the death-bed of my only child. And then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, all alone in the world, where merry girls will think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes and sad appearance, forgetting that the old woman has loved and suffered and will live forever.

The coach now stopped before a poor-looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry of the mother.

"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house. The driver mounted his box, and we were upon the road again. Our merry young friend had placed the card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and you may be sure that I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which we greatly hoped would do her good.

A CONSCIENTIOUS MINISTER.—There is a story told of a traveling preacher, whose opinions in regard to horse flesh were quite as ready on orthodox as were the views of scriptural doctrine of which he instructed his backwoods audience, who once stopped at the house of a brother of the same faith, who had reared a beautiful colt. Between the morning and afternoon services on Sunday, the two ministers visited the barn of the resident preacher where the latter introduced his promising colt to the traveling brother.—The guest was so much delighted at the fine points of the animal that he could not restrain himself, and he immediately blurted out the question, "Suppose it was not the Sabbath, Brother—how would you trade?"

Mr. Bacon called his wife "unrivaled" in the epitaph upon her tomb stone. The second was fully her equal. When she died he ordered these words: I was mistaken In the first Mrs. Bacon; Here's another As good as t'other.

DID THEY TELL THE TRUTH?—Washington said the triumph of a sectional party would bring disunion—did he not tell the truth? Webster said the triumph of abolitionism would bring disunion—did not Webster tell the truth? Henry Clay said the triumph of Abolitionism would bring disunion—did not Clay tell the truth? Madison, Monroe, Wright, Pierce Douglas and every other democratic statesman predicted that the triumph of abolitionism would bring disunion and civil war—did they not tell the truth?

The iron mountain of Missouri is exactly in the geographical centre of the United States. It is an almost solid mass of specular iron ore, rising from a level plain 260 feet. Its base covers 500 acres. The ore contains 67 per cent. of iron, and yields one ton of pig for two tons of ore. It costs about 50 cents a ton to quarry; little if any blasting is required. One hundred and eight bushels of charcoal make a ton of iron.

Bob, how is your sweetheart getting along? "Pretty well I guess, she says I needn't call any more."

MICROSCOPIC REVELATIONS.

Brush a little of the fuzz from the wings of a dead butterfly, and let it fall on a piece of glass. It will be seen on the glass a fine golden dust. Slide the glass under the microscope, and each particle of the dust will reveal itself as a perfectly symmetrical feather.

Give your arm a slight prick, so as to draw a drop of blood; mix the blood with a drop of vinegar and water, and place it on the glass slide under the microscope. You will discover that the red matter of the blood is formed of innumerable globules or discs, so small as to be separately invisible to the naked eye, yet appearing under the microscope each larger than a letter of this print.

Take a drop of water from a stagnant pool or ditch, or sluggish brook, dipping it from among the green vegetable matter on the surface. On holding the water to the light, it will look a little milky; but on placing the smallest drop under the microscope, you will find it swarming with hundreds of strange animals that are swimming about with the greatest rapidity. These animalcules exist in such wonderful multitudes that any effort to conceive of their numbers bewilders the imagination.

This invisible universe of created beings is the most wonderful of the revelations of the microscope. During the greater part of man's existence on earth, while he has been fighting, taming and studying the lower animals visible to his sight, he has been surrounded by these other multitudes of the earth's inhabitants without any suspicion of their existence. In endless variety of form and structure they are bustling through their active lives, pursuing their prey, defending their persons, waging their wars, multiplying their species, and ending their careers, countless hosts at each tick of the clock passing out of existence and making way for new hosts that are following in endless succession. What other fields of creation may yet, by some inconceivable method be revealed to our knowledge?

A baby is a problem which is propounded by the world, to be solved by time. Typographically speaking, a short article, with a heading in small caps. Graphically speaking, a moral of humanity, which is generally the admiration of one sex, and the aggravation of the other. Philosophically speaking, moral lesson in long clothes, set before us to remind the greatest of what they have once been, and to worry the irritable old bachelor with what he has a great dislike to come to.

A MUTUAL MISTAKE.—Two gentlemen were riding in a stage coach, when one of them displacing his handkerchief, rashly accused the other of having stolen it; but soon finding it, had the good manners to beg pardon for the affront, saying it was a mistake; to which the other replied, with great readiness, "Don't be uneasy, it was a mutual mistake; you took me for a thief, and I took you for a gentleman."

"Does your Reverence know the difference between a priest and an ass?" asked a young fop, of a priest, one day.

"No, I do not," returned the Priest.

"Why," said the young man, "one carries a cross on his breast, and the other on his back."

"And now," said the priest, "do you know the difference between a conceited young man and an ass?"

"No, I do not, said the young man."

"Nor I either," said the priest, and the applause of the passengers seated to be retort and the rebuke.

A young girl loses her freshness by mingling with fashionable society, as a bright stream does by mingling with the sea.

The boys in New York have caught the fever for speculation. It has been a favorite operation of late to visit the Sub-Treasury, and join the procession of gold certificate buyers for the sake of selling their "turns" to those whom time is more an object than a trifle in money.

A thoughtless old gentleman, the other day, sat down on the spur of the moment. His screams were horrible.

Action is the great law; it is by steady strong, continuous action that all great works accomplished.

Finn the celebrated comedian, once stumbled over a lot of wooden ware in front of a man's store, whereupon the man cried out—"You came near kicking the bucket, this time, Mr.!" "Oh no," said Finn, quite complacently, "I only turned a little pail!"

Even those who smoke and drink at the expense of others do so still more at their own.

Don't confide your money, your secrets, or your wife, to a friend over anxious for the trust.