

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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Poet's Corner.

HOW SOFTLY.

How softly on the bruised heart,
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul,
The moistening tear-drop falls;
Oh, if they knew, who walk the earth,
'Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twere paradise again.

The weakest and the poorest may
This simple pittance give,
And bid delight to withered hearts
Return again and live;
Oh, what is life if love be lost!
If man's unkind to man—
Or what to Heaven that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the soul divine.
Oh, then, be kind to'er thou art.
That breathe'st mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

Select Story.

WEARY OF LIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Midnight was past, and the lights of the vessel lying in the stream were beginning to be extinguished, when two men hurried from different directions towards the shore. The elder of the two had already reached the stand and was preparing to make a leap, the design of which was not to be mistaken;—but at that instant the younger seized him by the arm exclaiming:

"Sir, I believe you want to drown yourself."

"You have guessed it. What is that to you?"

This was the answer spoken in a most angry tone.

"Nothing, I know. I would simply request you to wait a couple of minutes, when, if you like, we will make the great journey together. Arm in arm is the best way of dying."

With these words the younger extended his hand to the elder, whose hand was not withheld. The former continued, in a tone of seeming enthusiasm—

"So be it. Arm in arm. Truly I did not dream that a human heart best with mine in this last hour. I will not seek to know who you are—an honest man or a villain. Come let us begin the journey together."

The elder held the young man back and fixing the dim, half extinguished eyes, searchingly upon the countenance of his companion he exclaimed—

"Hold! You seem too young to end your life by suicide. A man of your years has still a brilliant, alluring future in his grasp—"

"Brilliant!" answered the young man scornfully. "What have I to hope for in a world full of wickedness, falsehood, treachery and unhappiness? Come quick."

"You are still young. You must have had very sorrowful experiences to make life thus unupportable to you."

"I despise mankind."

"Without exception?"

"Without exception."

"Well, then, perhaps you have now found a man whom you will not necessarily despise. I have, believe me, during my whole life, lived an honorable man."

"Really! That is highly interesting! It is a pity I did not make your acquaintance sooner."

"Leave me to die alone, young man, live on. Believe me, time heals all wounds, and there are men of honor yet to be found in the world."

"Now, if you take this view, why are you hurrying so fast to give your farewell to the world?"

"Oh! I am an old, sickly man, unable to make a livelihood; a man who cannot, will no longer see his only child, his daughter blighting her youth, and laboring day and night to support him. No, I would be an unfeeling father, I would be barbarous, if I lived on thus."

"How, sir? have you a daughter who does this for you?" asked the young man surprised.

"And with what endurance, with what love does she sacrifice herself for me, she goes hungry for me, and has only the tenderest words of love—a sweet smile for me always."

"And you want to commit suicide? Are you mad?"

"Shall I murder my daughter? The life which she is now leading is her certain death," answered the old man, in despair.

The old man followed the younger without opposition. A few minutes later, over full glasses the elder began—

"My history is soon told. I was a merchant's clerk, but always unlucky. As I had nothing for inheritance, and the girl I married was poor, I was never able to commence business on my own account, and so remained on to old age in a dependent subordinate position. Finally I was discharged on account of my years, and then began the struggle for subsistence. My wife died of trouble, and now my poor child wears to gain my support. I cannot bear to see her working herself to death for me; therefore, it is better I go. Now you know all."

"Friend," exclaimed the young man, "you are the most unfortunate man I ever encountered in my life. It is insane to call that misfortune. To-morrow I will make my will, and you shall be—no resistance—my heir—"

The coming night is my last. Before this, however, I must see your daughter out of pure curiosity. I would for once see how one looks who really deserves the name of woman."

"But, young man, what can it be that so early has made you so unhappy?" questioned the elder, much moved.

"I believe it was the wealth which my father left me. I was the only son of the richest banker in this city. My father died five years since, leaving me more than was good for me. Since that time I have been deceived and betrayed by every one, without exception, with whom I have any connection. Some have pretended friendship for me on account of my money; and so it went on—"

I often mingle, dressed in the garb of a simple workman, with the masses, and thus one day became acquainted with a charming being—a young girl, to whom my whole heart went out in love. I disclosed to her neither my name nor my position. I longed to be loved for myself alone, and for a time it appeared as if I was going to be happy at last. The young girl and I, whom she still regarded as a simple workman, met every afternoon in the Marcusplatz, where we walked up and down together, passing many happy hours—"

One day, my girl appeared with red eyes—had been weeping—and told me we must part, confessing that her life belonged to another! With these words she tore herself from me and disappeared in the crowd. Her faithlessness decided my destiny. Vainly did I rush into pleasures which, so called, good society has to offer, but found my lost piece of soul never, never! I then determined to bring my joyless existence to a close."

"Unhappy young man," said the elder wiping his eyes, "from my whole heart I pity you. I must acknowledge that I was more fortunate than you; for I, at least, was by two women—my wife and daughter—tenderly loved."

"Will you give me your address, good sir, that I may convince myself of the truth of your story? It is not exactly mistrust, but I must see to believe. To-morrow I will arrange my affairs, as I have already told you. You will remain in this inn to-night, and early in the morning I will return. Give me your word of honor that you will not leave this house until I come back, and that you will not, in the meantime, speak to any one of what has taken place between us."

"You have my word. Go to my dwelling, to my daughter, and you will find that I have told you the simple truth. My name is Wilhelm Seibert. Here is my address."

With these words he handed the young man a paper giving the locality of his dwelling. It lay in a suburb inhabited by the poorer class at some distance from the city proper.

"And my name is Carl Thomas, said the young man. Take this bank note; it will last until my return."

Carl rang for the waiter, had the proprietor called, commended the old man to his care in suitable terms, and left the house.

Hardly had the morning broke, when Carl found himself on his way to the suburb where lived the daughter of the old man with whom he had become acquainted under such peculiar circumstances. It was not without some trouble that he found the house. It was a poor situation. The young man knocked, opened the door, and involuntarily stepped back.

What did he see?

The young girl whose inconsistency had made his life unbearable stood before him—"

She had grown pale—very pale; but he knew her at the first glance. It was Bertha whom he once honored to call his own.

At his appearance the young girl sprang towards him, overcome with joy, holding out her little hand. The young man waved her back, exclaiming—

"You did not expect to see me?"

The young girl sank into a seat, and covered her pale, beautiful countenance with her hands.

"Are you Wilhelm Seibert's daughter?" asked the young man, quite coldly, after a pause.

"I am," answered the young maiden very timidly.

"And who or where is that other, to whom, as you told me at parting, your life belonged?"

"That other is my father," answered the young girl, looking up to the young man's

face with a glance which spoke the ten dearest love.

With lightning quickness the truth dawned upon him; the scales fell from his eyes, and suddenly all was clear.

Speechless he rushed to Bertha, took her in his arms and pressed her to his breast.

"Come to your father," he faltered to the young girl.

"My father? Oh! I forgot, where is he? He has been out all night. I have watched for him in tears the long night through."

"Your father is safe, he is with me," was Carl's answer, as he hurried the young girl onward through the streets to the arms of her father.

A fortnight later in the midst of the greatest splendor, the marriage of the rich banker Carl Thomas to Bertha Seibert took place.

ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS.

Senator Wilson, chairman of the Military Committee in the Senate, in a recent debate upon a motion to amend the conscription law, stated that since the 17th of October last, six hundred thousand white men and one hundred thousand negroes have been enlisted in the Union armies; he also, stated that since that time one hundred and twenty-five million dollars were expended in bounties. Seven hundred thousand men since last October is a pretty heavy draft upon the people, especially in view of the present and coming conscriptions. But what in the name of all that's horrible, have become of these men? Without the aid of those previously in the field, these seven hundred thousand ought to be sufficient to have marched from Washington to Charleston, South Carolina. We may with propriety and emphasis echo the World by enquiring, "was there ever such waste of blood and treasure since the world began?"

Were this statement to come from some Democrat, it might be disputed by the Loyal Leaguers and exclusive patriots, but its author is no less a personage than the heavy Abolition chairman of the Military Committee of the U. S. Senate; its reliability, therefore, can not be questioned. It follows then that during the past six months men and money enough have been raised to have crushed the rebellion at once; the question arises then why has it not been accomplished?—

Senator Wilson may well say, remarks the World, that no nation in history has ever made such tremendous exertions as have the people of the North to supply men and money, to their Government; and he might have added, with equal justice, that history records no other instance of vast means so wickedly and idiotically wasted. We presume, however, that the secret of this matter is, that the money has been spent, the men put upon the pay-rolls, but that they are not to be found in the army. We verily believe that an investigation would show that of the one hundred and twenty-five million dollars appropriated for recruits, at least one-half of it found its way into the pockets of the fellows who are now howling for Lincoln and Johnson. If seven hundred thousand men have been recruited, the country has a right to know where they are, and it is amazing that this matter has not attracted more attention in Congress. It should be understood, moreover, that the number mentioned by Senator Wilson does not include the hundred-day men; two thousand of whom, it is known, have been sent to the field.

Another fact mentioned in this official debate throws some light upon the expenditure of human life during the recent battles in Virginia. General Grant, it is officially stated, was re-enforced by forty-eight thousand men up to the 8th of June last. How many more since then is not known; but it must be a very great number, as reinforcement are constantly going forward.—*Ex.*

Demoralization of War.

Tongue cannot tell, pen cannot write, imagination cannot conceive of the demoralizing effects of this war upon society. It is not confined, by any means, to those whose sensibilities become hardened by the barbarities of war, but its effects pervade every ramification of society. It has thrown thousands of helpless women on the streets in all the large cities and towns. Read the following from the Boston Post, of the 30th ult.—

It says: "A young girl, neatly though plainly dressed, was arrested by a police officer for improperly soliciting men upon the street—"

When taken to the station-house she admitted the charge, and said she was compelled to adopt that course of life or starve. She came from Vermont, with her mother and another sister, because they could find no employment there. Since their removal the mother had been sick, and their support had devolved upon this girl, who worked in a shop on Essex street, and received ten cents for making thirteen coat button holes. Work as hard as she might, could not earn enough to support the family, and so was compelled to add to her earnings by going upon the street. She told her story plainly, but with an apparent feeling that she was justified by her necessities. Other facts known to the police corroborated her story, and there is no doubt that she was driven to a life of shame. Such facts show that there is still work for Philanthropists and reformers at home, even in Boston.

AN AWFUL REBUKE TO THE CLERGY.

Under the head of "Dead Faith and an Apostate Church," the Presbyterian deals some terrible blows at the head of the bloody infidel minister of the United States, who have literally turned our churches into dens of thieves. It says:

We loudly thought that, poised upon the truth animated by the grace, and obliged by the commands of her glorious Head, the Church would have proved a bulwark against the rushing tide of evil. We thought she would be an oasis in the desert, where weary travellers might refresh themselves; we thought she would be an island in the stormy sea, where shipwrecked mariners might find safety and shelter. We did not expect to hear in her solemn assemblies the voice of human anger, much less of satanic malice. We believed that in the hour of civil commotion, when States were sundered, and armies met in the shock of battle, she would lift up holy hands without wrath and doubting, and implore her Master to drop from heaven the olive branch of peace; that she would gather her sons and her daughters about her and say to them "My children love one another," that she would lay one hand upon Ephraim and the other upon Manassah, and bless them both. We need not say how sadly we have been disappointed. In spite of her boasted conservatism and fidelity to principle, this once venerated body, at one bound broke every bond of truth and charity, in effect renounced her allegiance to her great Head, and allied herself with his arch enemy. She has turned aside from her Master's work and through her highest courts, and through hundreds of her pulpits, is engaged in propagating political ideas and in sounding the dread tocsin of war. Her ancient schools of the prophets—where linger the memories and repose the ashes of illustrious dead have been perverted to the advocacy of a cruel war, and of a godless and inhuman Abolitionism. Her most widely circulated newspaper, that used to howl so frantically whenever an Episcopalian was appointed to chaplaincy in the army or navy, is now the whining slave of the power that lords it over God's heritage, and is rejected in disgust by Christian and loyal men, on the ground that it is no longer a religious paper. Her oldest quarterly Review now receives its inspiration from disappointed military commanders, who failing of success in the field, have become "the communicating intelligence" of absurd politics and impracticable campaigns. Her clergy in many instances vie with each other not in fidelity to God and the souls of men but in devotion to party and in zeal for the carnage of battle.

And this furious babble of politics and war, we look in vain for the Magna Charta of the announcement, "Glory to God in the highest! On earth peace, and good will to men!" It is appalling to see the Church of God spue from her mouth the Gospel of peace, and bawl herself hoarse in stimulating the ferocious passions of men, and carousing the red-handed fiend of the battle field! Where is her former hatred of Abolitionism, now that she is causing her own children to pass through the fire of Moloch, and in gloating over the prospect to serve insurrection? What shall we say of the distinguished clergymen, who so loudly applauded Mr. Van Dyke's sermon on that subject, and who now lift up their hands and roll their eyes in pious horror at the sin of slavery? Shall we say as the world says of them, that they have either been practicing a gross deception all their lives, or are yielding to unmanly fear? Shall we adopt the humiliating charge so freely made, that as a body the clergy of this country have been less reliable, more unwilling to sacrifice their positions to principle, more shuffling and cowardly, and blood-thirsty, than any other class of men in it? Shall we repeat the sneer, that rather than give up their places and their salaries, they will preach and pray under the dictation of a turbulent faction of their churches, or the bitter taunt of the soldier, who on being reproved by one of them for swearing, replied, "I will not be rebuked by you, sir! I have exposed my life for three years in the war and but for preachers there would have been no war?" We desire to bring no railing accusations, neither to judge any man, but by their fruits shall ye know them, and the fruits of all their labors is that they, the Church, and religion itself are brought into contempt among men. The Lord Jesus seems to have averted His face, and the Spirit of Grace to have departed from the scene of strife and fanaticism, and bound in the coils of the devil, and exposed to the hooting of the world, nothing is left to us but a "Dead Faith and an Apostate Church."

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

Mr. Chase and the State of New Jersey asked for a loan at the same time. Both loans were for six per cent, but with this difference, that Mr. Chase's interest was payable in gold, thus being twice as valuable as the other. Mr. Chase got a part of his taken at premiums varying from 104 to 106. A large share, however, was not taken. New Jersey had four times as much offered as she wanted, and some of it as high as 108. This looks very much as if New Jersey had a far better credit than the United States. The fact is that New Jersey is under Democratic rule and the United States is controlled by the Abolitionist, may perhaps explain the reason.—*Age*

GREAT NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE ALABAMA AND KEARSAGE.

The Alabama Sunk after Hour's Fight.

THE REBEL CAPTAIN WOUNDED.

(Correspondence of the London Times.) SOUTHAMPTON, Monday.

The English steam yacht Deerhound, belonging to Mr. John Lancaster, of Hindley-hall, Wigan, Lancashire, arrived here last night and fanned Captain Semmes (commander of the late confederate steamer Alabama,) thirteen officers and twenty-six men, whom she rescued from drowning after the action off Charbourg yesterday which resulted in the destruction of the world renowned Alabama. From interviews held this morning with Mr. Lancaster, with Captain Jones (master of the Deerhound,) and with some of the Alabama's officers, and from information gleaned in other quarters, I am enabled to furnish you with some interesting particulars connected with the fight between the Alabama and the Kearsage.

THE YACHT DEERHOUND.

The Deerhound is a yacht of one hundred and ninety tons and seventy horse power, and her owner is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, and of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club. By a somewhat singular coincidence she was built by Messrs. Laird & Son, of Birkenhead, and proof of her fleetness is furnished by the fact that she steamed home from the scene of action yesterday at the rate of thirteen knots an hour. On arriving at Cherbourg, at 10 o'clock on Saturday night, by railway from Caen, Mr. Lancaster was informed by the Captain of his yacht, which was lying in harbor awaiting his arrival, that it was reported that the Alabama and the Kearsage were going out to fight each other in the morning. Mr. Lancaster, whose wife's niece, and family were also on board his yacht, at once determined to go out in the morning and see the combat.

PRELIMINARIES OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

The Alabama left Cherbourg about 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, and the Kearsage was then several miles out to seaward, with her stem up ready for action. The French steam ship of war Coronus followed the Alabama out of harbour, and stopped when the vessels were a league off the coast, her object being to see that there was no violation of the law of nations by any fight taking place within the legal distance from land. The combat took place about five miles from Cherbourg, and as there are some slight differences (as might naturally be expected under the circumstances) in relation to the period over which it lasted, and other matters, it may be well here to reproduce from Mr. Lancaster's letter in *The Times* of this morning the subject extracted from the log kept on board the Deerhound:

THE FIGHT AS SEEN FROM THE YACHT.

Sunday, June 10, 9 A. M.—Got up steam and proceeded out of Cherbourg harbor.—10:30.—The Alabama commenced firing with her starboard battery, the distance between the contending vessels being about one mile. The Kearsage immediately replied with her starboard guns; a very sharp spirited firing was then kept up, shot sometimes being varied by shells. In maneuvering both vessels made seven complete circles at a distance of from a quarter to half a mile. At 12 a slight intermission was observed in the Alabama's firing, the Alabama making head sail, and shaping her course for the land, distant about nine miles. At 12:30 observed the Alabama to be disabled and in a sinking state. We immediately made toward her, and on passing the Kearsage were requested to assist in saving the Alabama's crew. At 12:50, when within a distance of two hundred yards, the Alabama sank. We then lowered our two boats, and with the assistance of the Alabama's whale boat and dingy, succeeded in saving about forty men, including Captain Semmes and thirteen officers. At 1 P. M. we steered for Southampton.

INCREASE OF "COPPERHEADS."

—If we can credit the Abolition papers, the crop of "Copperheads" is multiplying by myriads. At first they applied the epithet to only a few Democrats, and finally to all who oppose Lincoln and his policy. Now Howard, the forger, who was Lincoln's bosom friend, and walks in Filson's sanctuary, is called a "Copperhead." Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Fremont, Cochrane, and the thousands of radicals who took part in the Cleveland Convention, are called "Copperheads." In their eyes, Plymouth Church is "Copperhead" institution, and the Independent is the chief of "Copperhead" organs. In cutting off all who opposed the administration, the Lincolnites have severed the head and body of the party, and have nothing left but a small portion of the tail, which still "wriggles" faintly.—*Ex.*

The Brewers of Philadelphia, have contributed \$15,000 to the Sanitary Fair.