

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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TWO PICTURES.

Brightly flows the blue Potomac,
Through the maples gleaming;
O'er the golden clouds of sunset,
Eve's fair star is beaming,
Leaning on his trusty crook,
Stands the picket dreaming.

Dreaming of his New England
Home and friends endearing,
"Soon we'll meet," he murmurs fondly,
Knowing not that through the thicket,
Stealthy steps were nearing.

Lo, a flash! a quick dead rattle—
Flourens' bullets flying,
Pierce the true heart of the picket,
On the green sward dying,
Far from all his loved so dearly,
Cold in death he's lying.

Now upon the western hill-tops
Sunset's beams are streaming,
Through the floating mists of purple
Eve's lone star is beaming,
At a farm door in New England
Stands a maiden dreaming.

Down-dropt eyes and red lips parted,
Curst, her sweet face screening,
In her hand a fragile locket,
O'er it she is leaning,
Down her cheek a tear-drop trembles
Full of tender meaning.

"Soon we'll meet," she murmured softly
With a love undying,
All unconscious that her lover
Cold in death is lying—
By the blue Potomac's waters—
Night winds o'er him sighing.

THE TWO DEAF LADIES.

I had an aunt who purposed visiting me for the first time since my marriage, and I don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness which I perpetrated toward my wife and ancient relative.

"My dear," said I to my wife the day before my aunt's arrival, "you know aunt Mary is coming to-morrow. Well, I have forgotten to mention a rather annoying circumstance in regard to her. She is very deaf, and, although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tone yet you will be obliged to speak very loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient at first, but I know you will do everything that lies in your power to make her stay agreeable."

I then went to John Thornton who loves a joke as well as any person that I know, told him to be at my house at six o'clock on the following evening, and I then felt comparatively happy.

I went to the railroad depot with a carriage that day, and when on my way home with my aunt, I said:

"My dear aunt, there is one rather annoying peculiarity that Anna (my wife) has, which I forgot to mention before. She is very deaf; and though she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud to her in order to be heard. I am very sorry that she is so."

Aunt Mary, in the extreme goodness of her heart, protested that she rather liked speaking loud, and that to do so would give her great pleasure. I handed out my aunt, and she ascended the steps.

"I am delighted to see you," shrieked my wife, who met us at the door.

"The policeman on the opposite side of the street was startled, and my aunt nearly tumbled down the steps.

"Kiss me, my dear," howled my aunt, and the hall lamp clattered, and the windows shook as with fever and ague.

I looked at the window, but John Thornton had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage, and went into strong convulsions of laughter.

When I went into the parlor my wife was helping aunt Mary to take off her bonnet and mantle; and there sat John with his long face of woe.

"Did you have a pleasant journey?" suddenly went off my wife like a pistol, and John nearly jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty," was the response, in a war-hoop.

The conversation was long continued in this strain. The neighbors for squares around must have heard it, for when I was in the third story I heard every word.

collecting in front of my house. But the end was near. My aunt being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking so loud was not injurious to my wife.

"Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?" said she, in an unearthly hoot, for her voice was not as musical as it was when she was young.

"It is an exertion," shrieked my wife. "Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you can't hear me if I don't scold my wife."
"What?"
My aunt fairly rivalled a railroad whistle this time.

I began to think of evacuating the premises, and looking around and seeing that John was gone, I stepped into the next room and there lay flat on his back, rolling from side to side, with his fist poked into his ribs, and a most agonizing expression on her countenance, but not uttering a sound.

Immediately and involuntarily I assumed a similar attitude, and I think, from the relative position of our feet and heads, and our attempt to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must inevitably have ensued, if a horrible groan, in which John gave vent in his endeavor to suppress his risibility, had not betrayed our hiding place.

In a rush my wife and aunt, who by this time comprehended the joke; and such a scolding as I got then I never got before, and I hope never to get again.

I know not what the end might have been if John, in his endeavors to appear respectful and sympathetic, had not given vent to such a diabolical noise, something between a groan and a horse laugh, that all gravity was upset, and we all laughed and screamed in concert.

ST. PATRICK'S BODY FOUND.—While the workmen engaged in the renovation of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, the oldest church in Ireland, were digging up a portion of the flooring in one of the aisles, they discovered a large stone coffin of curious workmanship, buried a few feet below the surface. The coffin was opened, was found to contain the skeleton of an ecclesiastic, supposed to have been buried there six hundred years? The skull was perfect, and the bones crumbled into dust when exposed to the air. On the lid of the coffin there was a full length figure of a bishop in his robes. It was inspected by some antiquarians, including Dr. Todd, who expressed it as his belief that it was the original founder of the church, St. Patrick. It is in good preservation, and it is in every respect a most interesting relic. When the church is finished, it will be placed in a most prominent position, because there is no more remarkable antiquity in the building.—*Irish Paper.*

The following is the story about swapping horses' of which Mr. Lincoln was reminded when his renomination for the Presidency was formally announced to him. A Dutchman undertakes to swim a mare and colt across a stream, and not being a swimmer himself, he takes hold of the colt's tail, and the two start to make the passage. The colt, weak and immature, begins to show signs of giving out about the time the middle of the stream is reached, and men on the opposite bank cry to the Dutchman to seize the mare's tail and release the colt, or he will be lost. Looking anxiously about him, and seeing the mare's tail beyond his reach, he tightens his grasp on the colt's caudal extremity, and he replies to his interested neighbors, that "this is no place to swap horses." The result, of course, is, that Dutchman and colt soon sink to what novelists term a "watery grave." We are left to infer that the colt represents the almost exhausted Government, and the President, the drowning Dutchman. It is not strange that his renomination should have called this story to mind. The question for the people is whether there is not some way to save the colt.

A short time ago in the loyalty city of Philadelphia, a "largely dressed female" answering the description of an F. P. V. hailed a Vine street car. Just as it stopped to take her aboard a Union soldier stepped out of the same car. On entering several seats were vacant, and the would be lady inquired in a very sharp tone: "Where did that soldier sit?" No answer. Again but in a more shrill tone than at first, the same question was, "Where did that soldier sit?" Still no reply from any of the passengers, the car going ahead, the "lady" still unseated, when the same question was fairly spit out between her teeth. "Where did that man sit?" An honest Hibernian, quietly seated near the unhappy female, and no doubt desirous of relieving her in some slight degree, replied, "Faith ma'am, he sat on his end and took it away with him!"

"Why is it," said one of our school-masters to a young scapgrace who had caused her much trouble by his bad conduct, "why is it you behaved so well when you first came to school, and are so disobedient now?" "Because," said young hopeful, looking up into the teacher's face, "I wasn't known acquainted then."

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 18, 1864.

To whom it may concern: Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with a authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the executive government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms on other substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
Collate this "to whom it may concern" letter with Mr. Lincoln's past declarations and avowals, and it will be difficult to restrain within decorous language the sense of moral indignation which arises in contemplating its unblushing and shameless perjury. Lighter terms do not fit. His first official act was an oath, a solemn oath, calculated to bind the conscience of an honorable man, and restrain the acts of a dishonorable one. Many times has Mr. Lincoln violated his oath. Let the political casuists defend him. Now he violates his oath openly and publishes his shame. His own words in past time, denying to himself any such purpose as he is now accomplishing, are all that is necessary to convict him of perjury. Other commentary is useless. Political opponents can afford to be dumb. Out of his own mouth is the President condemned. He has again and again disclaimed that the object of this war was abolition; he has again and again characterized such a pretension of the war for the Union as lawless and wicked; he has accepted the pledges of his party, whose platform disavowed any such purpose in its creed or hopes as abolition by the federal government; to his party, to the public, to Congress, he has reiterated these disavowals; to foreign nations by the pens of his Secretary of State, he has declared the same thing, branded such a purpose as unconstitutional, and disclaimed its impossibility of accomplishment even if united by Congress, the people, and the executive, for the reason that judicial authority would be interposed to prevent it.

The Washington Constitutional Union does not call Andy Johnson, the Lincoln nominee for Vice President, a thief—it only asks:

"Did Johnson sanction afterwards the stealing of negroes, the burning of houses, robbing houses of all the silver plate, all the pianos? Of course he did. He now occupies Mrs. Brown's house, a widow of wealth and position. What has become of the immense amount of silver plate which was found in Mrs. Brown's house?"

It strikes us these are very inopportune questions to put concerning a man who expects to be Vice President. Suppose he should be elected, and that the people should get the ugly idea into their heads that the Vice President was a sponser thief. Would not that be a very awkward state of things?

INFAMOUS VANDALISM.—It is announced in the Republican papers with glee, that General Hunter, when at or near Charlottesville, Virginia, burned the Virginia University, the last relic of Mr. Jefferson's great mind.—Out of respect to that greatest of statesmen, this old and time honored structure should have been spared, if for nothing else. It is a burning disgrace to the Administration that it should suffer malignity toward that great and good man, simply because he was a Democrat and the author of our Declaration of Independence to this ruthless destruction that ancient edifice of learning and all that was in it. It is an awful disgrace.

PURPOSE OF THE WAR.—RESOLVED, That this war is not waged on their part in any spirit of oppression, nor for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, nor for the purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and to preserve the Union with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired; and that as soon as these objects are accomplished the war ought to cease.—Resolution of Hon. John J. Crittenden passed July 22d 1861.

The Republican Convention at Chicago, which nominated Mr. Lincoln, passed this resolution:

Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any state or territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.

In his Niagara letter Mr. Lincoln now declares that the control over the domestic institutions of the states confirmed to them in our Constitution, and in the confederate Constitution not less explicitly, shall be assumed by "an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States," and transferred to him who now controls the armies and maries of the United States, and that otherwise he will not listen to overtures of peace.

Said Mr. Seward in the well-known Dayton letter.

It is hardly necessary to add to this incontestable statement, [that the rights of the states and the condition of every human being in them would remain the same, the rebellion succeeding or failing] the further fact that the new President, as well as the citizens through whose suffrage he has come into the administration, has always repudiated all designs whatever and wherever imputed to him and them of disturbing the system of slavery as it is existing under the Constitution and the laws. The case, however, would not be fully presented if I were to omit to say that any such effort on his part would be unconstitutional, and all his actions in that direction would be prevented by the judicial authority, even though they were assented to by Congress and the people.

Could language be more explicit? Yet compare this with Mr. Lincoln's Niagara letter. He does thus interfere with slavery. He persists in keeping thirty millions of people at war rather than listen to an overture of peace in which the abandonment of slavery is not the key note, and yet has thus publicly and officially avowed, over and over again, his repudiation of purposes now disclosed, and the lawless character of acts now boldly done.

The *Coup d'Etat* does not show a more shocking political immorality. Other Presidents have been inconsistent, contradictory and illogical. Mr. Lincoln is the first President who has dared to do that which, when charged upon him; he had before repudiated, branded as lawless, as a perjury, and is a crime. Louis Napoleon shed some blood to get power, violated some oaths, broke some pledges. But he broke not half so many as Abraham Lincoln has confessedly broken, and where the present Emperor shed rills of blood the present President will pour rivers, if thirty millions of people are to be kept waging the bloodiest and most gigantic of the world's civil wars until the South surrenders its property, its prejudices, and its local self-government.

In his first message to Congress, at the extra session in the summer of 1861, Mr. Lincoln said:

Let there be some uneasiness in the minds of candid men as to what is to be the course of the government toward the Southern States after the rebellion shall have been suppressed, the executive deems it proper to say it will be his purpose then, as ever, to be guided by the Constitution and the laws; and that he probably will have no different understanding of the powers and duties of the federal government relatively to the rights of the states and the people, under the Constitution, than that expressed in the inaugural address. He desires to preserve the government, that it may be administered for all as it was administered by the men who made it. Loyal citizens everywhere have the right to claim this of every government, and the government has no right to withhold or neglect it. It is not perceived that, in giving it, there is any coercion, any conquest, or any subjugation, in any just sense of those terms.

Now avowing that the abandonment of slavery shall precede the acceptance of overture of peace, Mr. Lincoln's message can be interpreted only as the confession that he is doing what "loyal citizens" have a right to protest against his doing, and what he violates the Constitution and the laws of the United States in doing.

A gentleman who, a few days ago was a wanderer over the ground recently occupied by a portion of Gen. Early's forces, engaged in the "Siege of Washington," picked up the note book of a Confederate soldier containing, among other matters, the following bit of lyrical poetry:

Quoth Meade to Lee,
"Can you tell me,
In the shortest style of writing,
When people will
All get their fill
Of this big job of fighting?"

Quoth Lee to Meade,
"I can, indeed,
I'll tell you in a minute—
When Legislators
And speculators
Are made to enter in it."

In his inaugural President Lincoln quoted from one of his own speeches and reiterated this declaration:

I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so. I now reiterate these sentiments, and in doing so I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in any wise endangered by the now incoming administration.

Mr. Lincoln now justifies the rebels in disbelieving these solemn assertions by proving that they were false. He now does what he then declared he had no lawful right to do, and, for the sake of re-election, confesses the inclination which he then disavowed.

A dead mule, belonging to a Memphis citizen, was being hauled out of the lines the other day, when a bayonet thrust revealed the fact that the carcass contained 60,000 percussion caps, a quantity of ammunition, and other contraband articles, which some rebel sympathizer had taken this means of smuggling.

POST-OFFICE ESPIONAGE.

The New York *World* details three columns on Thursday to show that letters are not safe in the post office, and instances a case of A. Oakley Hall, of New York, and a case of Wm. B. Reed, of Philadelphia. "The first grand coup de main which was known to the public, was the seizure in this city of all the telegraphic dispatches which had been sent or received from May 1, 1861. The documents seized were voluminous, and as doubt the officials had a pleasant time looking them over; but nothing came of them. The seizure was made May 21, 1861, by orders from Washington."

The writer accounts for the great discrepancies in the reports of the number upon the army rolls.—by the spies and bogus detectives, everywhere in administration pay.

"Every fellow employed in tampering with the mails, or employed with the provost guards, under pretense of hunting deserters, but really to keep up the net-work of espionage and corruption all over the North, and finally to force Abraham Lincoln on the people for another four years, somehow, no doubt, figures on the pay master's lists."

It has become notorious, and it is not a matter of one year but of several, that Gen. McClellan's letters are regularly opened, and his stated on pretty good authority—not Gen. McClellan's authority, however, but by people who profess to know."

General Fremont has also complained of the same vile treatment of his correspondence. Many instances are mentioned of similar treatment towards friends of those obnoxious gentlemen. The *World*, after giving the modus operandi of opening letters, concluded by giving the law against detaining letters and robbing the mails. It is to be hoped they will be enforced.

DRAFTS AND REINFORCEMENTS.

There are two circumstances, which prove, trying puzzles to readers unversed in the intricacies of military manoeuvres, and untaught in the profundities of military criticism. We mention them briefly, with the hope of obtaining satisfactory solutions from claiming to be adepts in all the knowledge, requisite for raising and conducting armies, and favor us with reiterated essays on both subjects.

The people of the North are represented to be patriotically eager to rush to the battle to crush the rebellion. How does it happen then that those who volunteer to serve in the army must be bribed into the ranks by the most exorbitant bonuses? How does it happen, that the seduction of the bribe—no matter how great—fails to operate on the intensity of the patriotic feeling, and conscription must be resorted to? These are the two branches of our first problem.

Being in comparative ignorance of the condition and movements of our grand army of the Potomac, but reading every day of its flank movements and its constant discomfitures of the enemy, we are in a quandary to comprehend why it requires such frequent accessions of reinforcements. We wish our ignorance to be enlightened by some expert, and we submit our queries in all the humility of ignorance.—*Et.*

The Kentucky Proclamation.

The New York Herald in reference to the report that Mr. Lincoln intends to interfere with the Democratic elections in Kentucky remarks:

"We would warn him that the employment of his military power to control the political elections of the country is a dangerous amusement. Caesar tried it and lost his life; Napoleon and Cromwell tried it and succeeded; and we may say the same thus far for Napoleon the Third; but what the end of his career will be, remains to be disclosed. Abraham Lincoln, however, is a gun of much smaller calibre and shorter range than any of these and we therefore admonish him that should he attempt the despot's policy of putting the ballot box, behind the cartridge box it will be the most serious and dangerous to his prospects of a re-election of all the blunders of his blundering administration."

Exile of Rebel Women and Children.

On Wednesday, about 200 rebel men, women and children arrived here on the Nashville train. They are all ardent admirers of Jeff. Davis and the southern cause. They were picked up, "way down in Georgia," by order of Maj. Gen. Sherman, and forwarded to this city, to be sent north of the Ohio River to remain during the war.

Another installment of fifty rebel women from Georgia arrived here last night. Three hundred thousand and fifty more are reported at Nashville, and will be forwarded here on Tuesday next. They are to be sent out of the United States.

GEN. SIGEL UNDER ARREST.—A Harrisburg dispatch in last evening's Philadelphia Bulletin says: General Sigel stated to several of his friends that he had been placed under arrest.

A contemporary mentions the arrest of a woman in the street with nothing on her person but a love-letter and a dagger. Rather a poetic and picturesque couplet for the metropolis, would it not?