

# The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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## North Branch Democrat.

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## Select Story.

### THE WITHERED HEART.

BY LILLA HERBERT.

"Ah, broken is the golden bowl, the spirit flown forever! Let the bell toll! 'A saintly soul floats on the Stygian river. And let the burial rite be real—the funeral song be sung—  
An anthem for the loveliest dead that ever died so young—  
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young!"

"Come, Lilla, now for the story," said my cousin Ellen, as she seated herself upon a stool at my feet, and lying her restless head upon my knee, while she raised her dark bewitching eyes with a most imploring expression to my own.

"How can I withstand thy earnest solicitations, sweet coz? But turn away those bright star-like orbs from mine, dear Nell, for thou shouldst be so well acquainted with their power as to be aware that while they are thus gazing upon me I cannot describe those of another, which unlike thy own were deeply yet beautifully blue." So Nell cast down her eyes very modestly upon the carpet while a gentle smile lingered about her mouth, and I began my story.

"Alice Cleveland was the only child of a wealthy merchant of this city. Beauty of the sweetest and gentlest nature was hers. Picture to yourself, sweet Nell, a complexion that could vie with the valley lily, regular and very delicate features, a nose that an architect would have been proud to take as a model, a sweet, bewitching little mouth, a slight but beautiful form, tiny white hands, and feet for which Cinderella's slipper would have been a size too large, and you will have before you a complete portrait of my lovely heroine. Nay, nay, dear Nell, do not shake your head thus, and reproach me for having forgotten to mention the bright rose tints that gave new lustre to the snowy skin. I had not forgotten them, but the rose never mates with the lily, and Alice was a perfect lily.

"Fair and delicate as that frail flower, had Alice Cleveland ever been, for her constitution was naturally delicate, and the slightest exertion was sufficient to cause illness. From her birth, her parents had watched over her with the most intense solicitude, and though the physician declared she could not possibly survive the period of childhood, his prediction was not verified, and she grew up to her seventeenth year without giving her parents any cause to regard themselves as in danger of losing her.

"Still, the least excitement or agitation possessed power to weary her. She never attended theatres, or balls, or joined in any similar pleasure, of which most young girls are fond; and only once, when she was scarce fifteen, had she accepted an invitation to a party, and then, when she returned, she was so completely unweary that it was many days ere she recovered from the effects, and her parents would never consent to her going again.

"And Alice murmured not, she was happy at her own loved home, where her young days passed in continual sunshine. Hers was a loving heart, and pure and unspotted, too; for never had an evil thought claimed a place within it. She possessed few intimate friends, nor did she wish for more, for Alice loved those she had very dearly, and did not care to make room in her heart for others.

"Among the members of her fathers household were her cousin, Henry Cleveland, who had always lived with them, and a young and beautiful heiress, Ida Lisle, who had been committed to the guardianship of Mr. Cleveland. Ida was very beautiful, but hers was a different kind of loveliness from that of the delicate Alice. Tall, yet not too tall, commanding and dignified in appearance, graceful in every movement, and, above, all lovely in mind as in person, and with the rose of health beaming upon her cheek was it a wonder she excited admiration and love in all who knew her?

"And now let us turn to another. Henry Cleveland had been left an orphan at an early age, and his uncle had watched over him with all the affection of a parent. He was indeed a noble young man. In person, he was handsome and manly, possessed of good principles and an excellent disposition, with a heart susceptible of the finest emotions, and he had just entered upon the management of a large estate, the inheritance of which his father had not lived to enjoy.

"Henry had ever loved his cousin Alice, but it was the affection of a brother for an only and beloved sister. He felt that he would never dare to dwell upon her with other thoughts, a deeper love could never be returned by Alice, for she was too pure, too holy in nature, to place her mind very firmly upon an earthly object. As a meek and spotless angel, Henry regarded Alice Cleveland, and whenever he gazed upon her lovely face, and saw the hectic flush that went and came with each passing emotion, a dark foreboding would steal over him that she so young and beautiful, was not long to be a child of earth.

"But little did he know his cousin's heart. He never marked how lovingly her blue eyes glanced upon his face, or how the bright crimson mantled her fair cheek when he addressed her with more than usual tenderness. Why did the young girl's heart throb so wildly when her cousin pressed a fraternal kiss upon her brow? Why did she watch so anxiously for his return, when he left her for a few hours? and why did her little hand tremble and flutter so when he clasped it within his, and called her his own dear Alice?

"It was because Alice loved. Yes, with all the truth and fervor of a first affection she loved her cousin Henry. He was everything to her. Was she sad, her cousin alone had power to cheer her drooping spirits, and, with a single kind word spoken, in his own soothing tones, he could bring a smile into the pale cheek of the gentle girl. Was she ill, he was ever beside her, and while she lay languidly upon her couch he read aloud from her favorite authors.

"Cleveland knew full well that he was regarded with affection by his cousin, but never for a moment did he deem that her attachment to him could be other than a devoted sisterly love. He dreamed not that the fair young being loved him with an affection that naught but death could chill; he knew not that every tender word he uttered sank far into the innermost depths of her heart; no, for had the knowledge been his, my tale could not have been a mournful one.

"Henry Cleveland would have deemed it profanation to think of Alice with other than a brotherly attachment, and thinking thus restrained not his affections, and when his eyes rested upon the beautiful Ida Lisle, he felt that he had found one whom it would not be wrong to love.

"Poor Alice! from the moment Ida became a resident of her father's mansion her doom was sealed! Yet she was utterly unconscious that any change had taken place, and for many months she lived on, apparently secure in her cousin's affection.

"From early childhood, Ida Lisle had been the most intimate friend of Alice Cleveland and rather than give the latter one moment's pain she would have sacrificed everything, even the love of Henry Cleveland. But she imagined not the state of Alice's heart, and with her ignorance of this, she allowed herself to love when love was, alas! to be the harbinger of death to her young and trusting friend.

"One morning, Alice, feeling better than usual, went out to walk. She was gone for a long time, and returned worn-out and ill, for she had overrated her strength. Hastily she threw herself upon a sofa in the parlor, acute and distressing pains shooting through her frame, and frequently causing her to close her eyes with agony.

"Ida hastened towards her, and bent sorrowfully over her friend, and as she gazed upon the pale face of the sufferer, the burning tears streamed rapidly from her eyes. The gentle invalid observed them, and tenderly pressing the hand she held in her own, she murmured.

"Weep not for me, dearest Ida; do not mourn thus. If it be the will of the Great One that I suffer, I may not repine—I will try to bear it all."

"But, O, Alice," replied her weeping companion, "how can I behold, unmoved, your delicate limbs racked with these dreadful pains! O, that I could take them upon myself, sweet Alice! Gladly, willingly, would I bear them, to afford you one moment's relief."

"I know it, my own Ida," said Alice, tenderly; "you would lay down your life for my sake, would you not?"

"At that moment a foot-step was heard approaching, and Henry Cleveland entered.

"What, Alice! he exclaimed, advancing to her side; how came this sweet cousin?"

"It is nothing," she replied, while a smile of welcome appeared upon her face in the midst of all her sufferings. "It is only one of my old attacks, I shall soon be well again."

"Just then Cleveland's eye rested upon Ida, as she stood mournfully beside Alice, her dark eye softened with recent weeping. A thousand tender emotions came pressing upon his heart, and he felt that he loved Ida Lisle far better than any other that the world contained. Long and earnestly did he gaze upon that fair face, observing not the death-like paleness that overspread the countenance of his young cousin.

"A strange feeling, such as she had never before experienced, crept over the heart of Alice Cleveland. A foreboding, a chill, such as she had never known till then, seemed to paralyze her frame; her head swam, her brain became confused, and in an instant she lay before her cousin and friend cold and apparently dead.

"Alice, Alice!" shrieked Ida, raising the drooping form in her arms, "dear Alice, look up and speak to your Ida. O, Henry, she is so very cold. O, save her—call assistance, she must not die."

"I will, dear Ida," he replied then summoning the servants, Alice was conveyed by them from the room, Ida did not follow.

He called Ida; he lifted his dead cousin in his arms and bore her to a sofa; he sought her to speak one word to him, to open her eyes and look upon him once more, but she spoke not, and heaved not a sigh. Her eyes were closed, and her thin white hands fell powerless by her side.

"They tried to call her back, they prayed her to gaze again, with the glances of affection upon them, but what could prayers avail? Could they cause the sweet voice of Alice to ring once more musically upon their ears?—No, the grave, the tomb, gloomily and dark was henceforth to be the pillow upon which her beautiful head must rest, and, with a cry of agony, Henry Cleveland threw himself on his knees beside the loved and departed one."

"I ceased. For some moments my cousin remained buried in thought; then in a low, earnest tone, she said:

"And what became of Ida, Lilla? Was she not grieved to the heart at the unexpected death of her friend, and did they ever find out the cause of Alice's death?"

"From some works Alice had written on a slip of paper which Mrs. Cleveland afterwards found in her deserted room, her unfortunate attachment was brought to light but the mother locked the secret within her own bosom. For a long time Ida refused to be comforted, and Henry too mourned Alice with almost insupportable sorrow, but time healed the wound, and just two years after the death of his cousin, Henry Cleveland was united to the object of his choice—Ida Lisle."

**"To Whom It May Concern,"**  
Thank God for a purified, regenerated, disenthralled Democratic Party! Thank God that every burden is lifted from its back every impediment removed its vicious path!

"The men who have been the curse of the party have gone out of the party. Close up the ranks! Welcome the new recruits!—Now we go into the November fight without a flaw in our armor, without a speck upon our stainless shield, and with no dread of a 'fire in the rear.'

From this day forth, every conservative patriotic citizen in the North will have neither doubt nor difficulty in his choice under which banner to enlist—the banner of the Democratic party, whose legend is:

"The Union at all hazards, and Peace as soon as possible."

or the banner of the Republican party whose legend is:

"War for Abolition, Confiscation, Subjugation."

Against us will be arrayed every abolitionist, every disunionist, every man who loves Peace and Disunion better than Union and the Peace which the Union alone can give. Shoddy with all its cohorts, the army of contractors, the army of office-holders, the treasury thieves, the custom-house plunderers, the cotton-stealers, every man who can be bought with money, and all the honest but misguided men to whom Slavery seems the supreme evil, and the Union something less than our supremest political good.

With us will stand arrayed all men whose "ad elity to the Union," in the language of the Chicago platform, is "answering" all men who declare with General McClellan that "the Union must be preserved at all hazards." Shoulder to Shoulder with us will gather all those who believe with our gallant standard-bearer, that "to restore and preserve the Union," "the same spirit of conciliation and compromise which framed the Union must prevail in our councils, and in the hearts of the people;" all those who believe with him, that, "so soon as it is clear or even probable that our present adversaries are ready for peace, upon the basis of the Union, we should exhaust all the resources of statesmanship consistent with the honor and interests of the country to secure such peace;" all those who accept the authoritative utterance of the Democratic party in convention assembled, in favor of an "immediate cessation of hostilities," "a national convention," or any other peaceable means, whenever, and by which, "peace may be restored on the basis of the federal Union of the States."

With us, and for us, will fight the gallant men of the army and navy, whose great sacrifice shall not have been in vain; and all who, like them, would hail with unbounded joy, as brave men may hail, the restoration of Union and Peace "without the effusion of another drop of blood."

The farmers of our Harvests, the mechanics in all our shops, the workmen of the North are with us.

And all those whom one cause or another has in past time alienated from the Democratic party will now return to swell its ranks anew, and help to win its victories.

They lie in their teeth who shall henceforth say that the Democratic party, or any man within it, is fighting for a disunion peace. Its shield is spotless. Its motto is:

UNION AND PEACE.

And in this sign we conquer!—*World.*

A rage for red hair is the epidemic in Paris now. Some of the belles are dyeing for it.

A little boy of Hartfort was recently heard upon his "first going to church." In reply to a question by his paternal parents as to what he did in church, he replied: "I went into a cupboard and took a seat on a shelf!" That boy will be a Presidential joker when he grows up—if he is not cared for in time.

A Springfield, Ill., letter says: "It is stated by friends of Mr. Lincoln that he does not expect to return to Illinois after his term of office, but will make Boston his future home."

Timbuctoo, or a quiet spot in the interior of Africa, will be a residence more to his taste than even Boston, and we think a good deal more to his peace of mind.

"Come here, my little Eddy," said a gentleman to a youngster of seven years of age, while sitting in the parlor, where a large company was assembled, "do you know me?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do."

"Who am I, then?" let me hear.

"You are the man that kissed sister Angelina last night in the parlor."

Angelina came near fainting.

THE SOLDIERS FOR McCLELLAN.—The Philadelphia Age, of Sunday, says:—We are always gratified by any attention paid us, but last evening we received an unusual compliment. About half past seven o'clock, a long file of soldiers, some on crutches, some supported by their companions, and all from our military hospitals, stopped in front of our office and gave us most vociferous cheers. They then cheered McClellan and the Democratic ticket, and in a very unmistakable way showed that their hearts were with us in the great contest we are fighting for liberty and right. It was a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm. The men had been in the hospitals—had heard that their beloved commander was nominated and determined to support him. Last evening they formed a "Soldiers' McClellan Club" at the Globe Hotel. The chagrin of the Abolitionists at this evidence of the soldiers' feeling, is intense.

THE ARMY FOR McCLELLAN.—An extract of a private letter from a soldier in the Army of the Potomac, written to a gentleman, in Boston, under date of September 1, 1864, and published in the Morning Post, says:—"I am well, and love my country as dearly as ever; although I am changed in my politics from a Republican when I came out to that of a Democrat; and like three-fourths of our officers and privates here in the field sing 'All hail, General George B. McClellan.' He is the man for the Ship of the Union. If the States will allow the soldiers to vote you may rest assured that Little Mac is for the White House way on the Chesapeake Bay for the next four years. A Republican here is as rare as a twenty-dollar gold piece."

RATHER SEVERE FOR THE GIRLS.—An exchange says: "The number of idle, useless girls, in all our large cities seems to be steadily increasing. They lounge or sleep through the mornings, parade the streets during the afternoon and assemble in frivolous companies of their own and other sex to pass their evenings. What a store of unhappiness for themselves and others are they laying up for the time when their real duties and high responsibilities shall be thoroughly assumed! They are skilled in no domestic duties—nay, they despise them; have no habits of industry nor taste for the useful. What will they be as wives and mothers? As for husbands and children, and alas for themselves. Who can wonder if domestic unhappiness and domestic ruin follows?"

Saying Sharp Things.—Speaking dagers.

Devoting a Book.—Eton Latin Grammar. A Fair Race.—The Saxon Race. An Acceptance at Sight.—Receiving a black eye.

The Best Way to Cut a Swell.—Don't speak to him.

How to Serve a Dinner Properly.—Eat it.

Let every Unionists remember that Gen. McClellan says, "the Union is the one condition of peace," while Abraham Lincoln announces that "the abolition of slavery" is the only basis upon which he will negotiate. Union men, think of this, on your way to the polls in October next!

A Good Sign.—The only three Ex-Presidents now living are with the Democracy and McClellan, namely: Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, and James Buchanan. The administration of all these worthy and honored gentlemen was characterized by peace, prosperity and general happiness. It is certainly a cheering sign to see all of them arrayed on the side of that party which is the only true Union party of the country, and the only one capable of bringing back the country to its pristine condition.

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A SHARP YOUNGSTER.—A little boy on his return from Sunday School, recently addressed his mother as follows:—"Mamma!" "Well, my dear,"—"Mamma, the teacher says people are all made out of dust." "Yes, my dear,"—"The Bible says,"—"Well, mamma, are white people made of dust?" "Yes,"—"Well, then, I suppose colored people are made of root dirt, ain't they?"