

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.

THE GIRLS AND THE WIVES. Somebody has written the following about the girls, and set it afloat on the sea of newspaperdom:

God bless the girls,
Whose golden curls
Blend with our evening dreams;
They haunt our lives
Like spirit wives,
Or as naiads haunt the streamers.
They soothe our pains,
They fill our brains
With dreams of summer hours;
God bless the girls,
God bless their curls,
God bless our human flowers.

The wives, we think, are quite as deserving as the girls—therefore the following is respectfully submitted:

God bless the wives,
They fill our lives
With little bees and honey,
They ease life's shocks,
They mend our socks,
But—Don't they spend the money!

When we are sick
They heal us quick—
That is if they love us;
If not, we die,
And yet they cry
And place tombstones above us.

Of roughish girls,
With sunny curls,
We may in fancy dream;
But wives—true wives—
Throughout our lives,
Are everything they seem.

Select Story

THE PARSIMONIOUS CLERK.

"Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes—
An empty pocket the worst of crimes,"
"Weston" said Mr. Dayton to one of his clerks, as they were alone in the spacious counting-room, which was attached to the large store of which Mr. D. was proprietor, "give me leave to say that I do not think your dress sufficiently genteel to appear as a clerk in a fashionable store." A deep blush suffused the face of the young man, and in spite of his endeavors to repress it, a tear glistened in his full, black eyes.

"Did I not know that your salary was sufficient to procure more genteel habiliments, I would increase it." "My salary is amply large, sir," replied Weston, with a mortified air, but with that proud independence of feeling of which, even poverty had not been able to divest him.

"Oblige me, then, by changing your apparel, and presenting a different appearance in the future. You are wanted in the store,"—Weston turned and left his employer, who muttered to himself as he took up his paper, "how I detest these parsimonious fellows." Mr. Dayton was a man of immense wealth. He was a widower and had but one child, a daughter who was the pride of his declining years. She was as good as an angel and as beautiful as she was good. She was simple in her tastes and appearance. Such was Laura Dayton when Weston May first became an inmate of her father's house and what wonder that he soon learned to love her with a deep and ardent affection. Through their tongues never gave utterance to what their hearts felt, yet the language of their eyes was too plain to be mistaken. Weston was the very soul of honor, and although he perceived with pleasure that he was not distasteful to her, still he felt that he must conquer the passion which glowed in his heart.

"I must not win her heart," he said to himself. "I am penniless, and her father would never consent to our union." Thus he reasoned, and thus he manfully endeavored to subdue what he considered an ill-fated passion. Laura had many suitors, and some decisive who were worthy of her, but she refused all their overtures with yet gentler firmness.

Her father wondered at her conduct, but would not strive to alter her inclinations. He was in the decline of life, and wished to see her happily settled ere he departed this world. It was not long before he surmised that young Weston was the cause of her indifference to others. The pleasure which she took in hearing him praised, the blush which mantled her face when their eyes met, served to convince the old gentleman that they took more than a common interest in each other. He forbore to make any remarks on the subject, and was not so displeased at the thought as Weston had imagined he would be.

Weston May had now been three years in his employ. Mr. Dayton knew nothing of his family; but his strict integrity, good morals and pleasing manners conspired to make him esteem him highly. He placed unbounded confidence in him. He wished him to dress as well as others, and had often wondered at the scantiness of his wardrobe; although Weston dressed with the most scrupulous regard to neatness, his clothes

were almost threadbare, which Mr. Dayton thought proceeded from a niggardly disposition, and, accordingly he addressed him upon the subject as before related. Soon after his conversation Mr. Dayton left home on business. As he was riding through a pretty little village he alighted at the door of a cottage and requested a drink of water. The mistress, with an ease and politeness which told that she had not always been the humble cottager, invited him to enter. He complied and a scene of poverty and neatness met his gaze which he had never before witnessed. The furniture consisted of nothing more than was actually necessary, and was so clean and neat that it cast an air of comfort all around. A venerable old man sat at the window with his staff in his hand. His clothes were whole but so patched that they seemed a counterpart of Joseph's coat of many colors. "This is your father, I presume," said he addressing her.

"Yes, sir."
"He seems quite aged."
"He is in the eighty-third year of his age, and has survived all of his children—but myself."

"Have you always resided here?"
"No, sir; my husband was once wealthy, but endorsing ruined him, and we were reduced to this state. He soon after died and two of my children followed him."

"Have you any children living?"
"One, sir, who is my only support. My own health is so feeble that I cannot do much, and father being blind and deaf needs a great deal of attention. My son will not tell how much his salary is, but I am sure he sends me nearly all of it."

"Then he is not at home?"
"No, sir; he is a clerk in New York."
"Indeed! Pray what is his name?"
"Weston May."

"Weston May! Is it possible. Why, he is my clerk. I left him in charge of my store only two weeks ago."

Explanation followed, and Mr. Dayton soon left promising to call some other time. "Noble fellow," said he, mentally, "he was riding slowly, and ruminating upon the call. 'Noble fellow, I believe he loves my girl, and he may have her, and part of my money, too. Let me see.' Here he fell into a thinking mood, and by the time he reached home, he formed a plan which he determined to execute. How it terminated we shall see. Full of his new plan, he entered the breakfast room, where Laura was awaiting his appearance.

"So Weston is going to England," said he carelessly.
"Sir!" said Laura, dropping her coffee cup, "going to England."
"To be sure; what of it, child?"

"Nothing—only—I—we shall be rather lonesome." Replied she, vainly endeavoring to repress her tears.
"Come, come, Laura, tell me, do you love Weston? You never deceived me, don't do it now."

"No; I love him most sincerely."
"I thought so! I thought so," replied he as he left the room.
"Weston," said he as he entered the store, "you expect to go into the country shortly, do you not?"

"Yes, sir, in about four weeks."
"If it would not be inconvenient, I wish you would defer going a few weeks longer," said Mr. Dayton.

"I will, sir, with pleasure, if it will oblige you."
"It will greatly oblige me, for Laura is to be married in about six weeks, and I wish you to attend the wedding."
"Laura married?" said Weston starting as if shot, "Laura married?"

"To be sure. What ails the boy?"
"Nothing, sir only it was rather—unexpected."
"It is rather sudden; but I am an old man and wish to see her have a protector before I die. I am glad you can stay to the wedding."

"Indeed, sir, I cannot stay," said Weston, forgetting what he had just said.
"You cannot! Why just now you said you would."

"Yes, sir, but my business requires my presence, and I must go."
"But you said you would with pleasure."
"Command me in anything else, sir; but in this I cannot oblige you."

"Weston, tell me frankly do you love Laura?"
"Sir!" Weston seemed like one waking from a dream.

"Do you love my girl?"
"I do, sir."
"Will you give me your mother for her?"
Mr. Dayton spoke earnestly.

"My mother! what do you know of her?"
Mr. Dayton repeated the incident which we have related, and in conclusion said:
"And now, boy, I have written to your mother and offered myself and she has accepted; what have you to say?"

"That I am the happiest fellow on earth, and proud to call you father," replied the young, joyful face.
A few weeks after a double wedding took place at Mr. Dayton's mansion, and soon after a sign went up over a certain store, bearing the inscription, "Dayton & Co."

HISTORICAL RECORD.

The following is a list of the President's and Vice Presidents of the United States, as well as those who were candidates for each office, since the organization of the Government:

1786—George Washington and John Adams, two terms, no opposition.

1797—John Adams; opposed by Thomas Jefferson, who, having the next highest electoral vote became Vice President.

1803—Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr; beating John Adams and Charles C. Pinckney.

1805—Thomas Jefferson and George Clinton; beating Charles C. Pickney and Rufus King.

1809—James Madison and George Clinton; beating Chas. C. Pickney.

1813—James Madison and Elbridge Gerry; beating De Witt Clinton.

1817—James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins; beating Rufus King.

1821—James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins; beating John Quincy Adams.

1825—John Quincy Adams and John C. Calhoun; beating Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay and Mr. Crawford, there being four candidates for President, and Albert Gallatin for Vice President.

1829—Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun; beating John Quincy Adams and Richard Rush.

1833—Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren; beating Henry Clay and John Floyd Wm. Wirt for President, and Wm. Wilkins, John Sergeant, and Henry Lee for Vice President.

1837—Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson; beating Wm. H. Harrison, Hugh L. White, and Daniel Webster for President, and John Tyler for Vice President.

1841—Wm. H. Harrison and John Tyler; beating Martin Van Buren and Littleton W. Tazewell. Harrison died one month after his inauguration, and John Tyler became President for the rest of the term.

1845—James K. Polk and George M. Dallas; beating Henry Clay and Theodore Tilton.

1849—Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore; beating Lewis Cass and Martin Van Buren for President, and William O. Butler and Charles F. Adams for Vice President. Taylor died July 9th, 1850, and Fillmore became President.

1853—Franklin Pierce and Wm. R. King; beating Winfield Scott, and W. A. Graham.

1857—James Buchanan and J. C. Breckenridge; beating John C. Fremont and Millard Fillmore for President, and Wm. L. Dayton and A. J. Donelson for Vice President.

1861—Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin; beating John Bell, Stephen A. Douglas, and John C. Breckenridge for President, and Edward Everett, Herschell V. Johnson, and Joseph Lane for Vice President.

ADDITIONS TO THE TAX BILLS.

We furnish our readers with a few more terms of the Tax Bill, taken from the Knickerbocker Magazine:

Taxes on mousetraps, \$2 per month.
On whiskers, other than those belonging to cats and dogs, \$3 per month.
To encrize in the public highways 15 cents. If accompanied with unusual noise, 20 cents.

For lognettes or quizzing glasses, \$1.
For using expressly prepared mucilage, 2 cents per pot.
For kissing anybody except relatives, 25 cents each time. [N. B. engaged couples "commute" for \$10 per month.]
For ringing door bells or using knockers, 1 cent.

For using scraper or door mat before a door 1 cent.
For not using scraper or door mat, \$1.
For looking at a lady anywhere, \$10.
For shaking hands with ladies, 10 cents.
For quoting French, 25 cents.

For saying "in our midst," or "pending," or "reliable," or "donate," or "provan," \$1.
For writing one's name as Marie, Pollie, Sallie, Maggie, or Julie, \$1.
For joining the Curbstone Christian Association, and waiting at the door to "see the ladies come out," \$10.
For chewing gum, 1 cent.
For recording anything not strictly your business, \$50.

For asking friends to take tickets to anything, \$100.
For reading your own literary compositions to any one, \$1.
For doing same to editors, or offering to do it, \$100.
For borrowing anything, \$1000.
For staying later than 11 P. M., when calling, \$5 per hour.
For using and hackneyed quotation, 28 cents.

For always mentioning in connection with a name, that he or she is "very rich," or "poor as job," \$1.

The way to end an abolition war:—Take "the last man and the last dollar" first!

MANIFOLD USES FOR LEATHER.

The old saying, that there is "nothing like leather," is amply verified in the thousand and one little articles of feminine decoration which Madam Fashion has recently decreed for her daughters' wear. In my uptown stroll the other day, I passed before the tastefully arranged window of a fancy store, wherein were displayed the usual miscellaneous collection of ornaments, trimmings, etc., which go to make the sum total of such an establishment, and I thought as I noted how freely the material, leather, had been used in their construction—O that mother Eve, as she perambulated Eden in her primitive garment of fig leaves, could have foreseen how skillfully her sons and daughters should convert the skins of such animals as those over which she held dominion into the multitude of articles both useful and ornamental, which meet our eye on every side, and supply our needs at every step. Could she have seen the girdle, formed to encircle the slender waist of some fair damsel—the goquettish little bow which fastens the collar of your fashionable belle, the trimming of her dress, the rosettes upon her hat, the buttons scattered in delightful confusion over her garments, is arranged in mathematical precision, in rows containing twelve, eighteen, or twenty four, as fashion and taste shall dictate, the bracelet, to shade the delicate wrist, the garter, for its adornment, the anklet, to protect the ankle, the page to elevate the trailing skirts from contact with muddy crossings, the reticule, the fan for subduing summer's heat—these, and many other ornaments too numerous to mention, and all made of leather, so embossed, and pinked and otherwise decorated almost to lose its identity, yet leather still, are additional evidence of the truth of the saying at the head of our paragraph.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Never complain of your birth, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something if you had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, and discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. No; a truce to all such impatience! Choke that envy that gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will and do his work in your lot and sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but consistent with it.—Dr Bushnell.

PROFANITY A SIGN OF IGNORANCE.—The vulgar sin of profanity is more common than formerly in the public streets. We wish all addicted to the habit could understand how vulgar it is, and how generally it is accepted as a proof of an empty head and a weak will. The North American Review says well:

There are among us not a few who feel that a simple assertion or plain statement of obvious facts will pass for nothing, unless they swear to its truth by all the names of the Deity, and blister their lips with every variety of hot and sulphurous oaths. If we observe such persons closely, we shall generally find that the fierceness of their profanity is in inverse ratio to the altitude of their ideas.

We venture to affirm that the profanest men within the circle of your knowledge are afflicted with a chronic weakness of intellect. The utterance of an oath, though it may prevent a vacuum in sound, is no indication of sense. It requires no genius to swear. The reckless taking of sacred names in vain is a little characteristic of true independence of thought as it is of high moral culture. In this breathing and beautiful world, filled as it were with the presence of the Deity, and fragrant with incense from its thousand altars of praise, it would be so servility should we catch the spirit of reverent worshippers, and illustrate in ourselves the sentiment that the Christian is the highest style of man.

SHARK.—One of our men in the trenches before Petersburg, acting under a promise of safety from the rebels, went to the enemy's line to exchange some papers, and they took him papers and all. This breach of faith was considered a proper subject for retaliation.—A corporal, disguised as an officer, ventured out in front of another portion of the line, and holding up a package of papers, expressed a wish to exchange for Southern papers "Come over here and we will exchange with you," a rebel called out. "Meet me half way," our corporal replied. His firmness on point soon brought out a grayback officer, and a major at that. "Glad to see you," said the corporal. "Do you see that man behind there with a musket? You are my prisoner, and if you open your head, or don't follow me, you are a dead man." The major followed, and is now a prisoner. Subsequently an offer was made to send back the man they had taken prisoner in exchange, but our boys could not see it.

CURIOS CALCULATIONS.

WHERE WILL THE MILLIONS OF THE DEAD FIND ROOM AT THE JUDGMENT?—Few persons have any tolerable notion of the space which would be occupied by the whole population now living on this globe if congregated together; and as to that vast majority, the dead, the wildest conjectures have been indulged in. Some have even doubted such a number of human beings could find standing room on the whole face of the earth. Now, taking the present population of the earth to number one thousand millions, and assuming that the average population of the earth from the time of Adam till now has been half that number, and that the generations of men have averaged forty years each, we come to this conclusion—that the smallest county in America would afford sitting room for all the men, women, and children now alive on the earth, and that a number of human beings, equal to all that have ever lived on the face of the earth, might stand within the area of one of our largest counties.

SLEEPING WITH OPEN WINDOWS.—A letter in the London Times says: "There can be no doubt of the beneficial effects to health of a free communication at night of the air of the sleeping room with the external air." This seems to be becoming more and more pressed upon the minds of the public, in opposition to the old notion of the noxious quality of night air. We remember to have read, an account a few years back of the testimony of a gentleman advanced in years, we believe a clergyman, who attributed his health and prolonged age, entirely to sleeping in the room, with an open window. From my earliest life I have, whenever I could, slept with my bedroom window partially open and have always found that early exercise in the open air, the best of medicines.

SMILES AND FROWNS.—Keep a smile on your countenance. Smiles breed dimples, which are far more ornamental than fancy-shirt fronts. It is dangerous to sleep in the same town with the proprietor of perpetual frown. Don't walk around, looking as dismal as a sick undertaker, or as if you were going to your own funeral. Melancholy, two thirds of the time, results from hunger or ingestion. Dissect a suicide, and the chances are you will find his stomach empty. If you feel down heated avoid hemp and take to victuals. A timely "sirlin" might save many a good fellow from an early grave. Isn't that so?

A Fine Prospect.
Provost Martial Fry gives the people the very consoling assurance that where there are excesses they will be credited on the NEXT DRAFT. Let the people ponder this official announcement that there is to be ANOTHER DRAFT. Remember, too, that paying out is played out. The people have about filled the Republican programme so far as money is concerned. They have given well nigh the "last dollar." The "last man" will have to go when the next draft is made.

A FRIEND.—Oh! the blessings it is to have a friend to whom one can speak fearlessly on any subject, with whom one's deepest as well as one's most foolish thoughts come out simply and safely. Oh! the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person, having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, and pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping and then with the breath of kindness blow the rest away.

The bids for the extension of the State Capitol were opened in Harrisburg on Tuesday. But two or three were presented, and these were from builders in Harrisburg and Philadelphia. Owing to some deficiency in the details of the lowest bid, no definite allotment was made, and the matter for the present is had under advisement.

An Irishman was indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken.—The poor bird chirruped as it went down his throat, and he very coolly said, "Be the powers, my young friend, you spoke too late."

No MILITARY DESPOTISM.—Oh no! A rebuttal report of the speech of Gen. Hovey commanding in Indiana, is expressive of a determined resolution as follows: "As for myself this 'peace party' never can or shall triumph in Indiana, at the polls or any where else, while I have the power to present it."

One of our contemporaries says he got a horse given to him. He forgot to add the word "whipping."

We have had four or five different Generals in command of the Army of the Potomac, but the people will never be content with any General till we get General Satisfaction.