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TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 11 1865

BY HARVEY SICKLER.



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HARVEY SICKLER,
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Tunkhannoek, Pa.

VOL. 4 NO. 22

THE SONG OF THE BASTILE,

These gloomy horrors few have known. That crush the suffering patriot's heart ; Scenes that would move a heart of stone, And cause a demon's tears to start. But, ah! the world feels not the smart! Men seen forget, nay, e'en disown The friends from whom at first they grieved

The very walls around us here That form this dungeon where we dwell, As if through pity drop a tear, Till moisture fills this lothesome cell; Yet of these woes no tongue will tell, Which drown the hopes that else might cheer, And make what should be life a gloomy hell,

Yes, e'en these dismal prison walls Oft echo back the evening prayer, As if to soothe the heart that calls To Him whose hand alone can spare ; Yet, in the world of light and air, No voice comes from its sumptuous halls, To kindle hope, or cheer the heart's dispair.

E'en that dim ray of heavenly light, That through the rusted grating shines, But makes the heart's despair more bright, And chills the soul that illy pines, Till, like a convict in the mines, We learn to hate our very sight, And love the dreary prison that confines.

The very chains that bind the feet. Make music in this fithy cell; And their dull clankings seem to greet The place where silence else would dwell, And though they cause these limbs to swell, The sound to us is sometimes sweet, And breaks the silence like a Sabbath bell.

Yet wrecked and weary with these pains.

And breathing in this feted air, And writhing in these galling chains, Our spirits do not yet despair ; But these great wrengs we proudly bear, Nor envy him the cordid gains, That to indulge his fiendish malice placed them there,

Ah, yes, the tyrant's chains now bind, And these poor bodies sink and die; Yet our unfettered spirits find Some solace even where we lie And in the realms beyond the sky, The soul will revel unconfined, And all the powers of earth and hell defv.

[From the San Francisco Era-] THE OLD CARTMAN.

I have a mind to tell a little story. t is brief, may be seen at a glance; that it s true, I most emphatically avow.

About five years ago, or thereabouts, John Ander-or "Pap Ainsley" as he was familarly called -was the owner of a handcart, and earned a living by conveying miscellaseous parcels from one section of the city to another, and receiving therefore the reasonable renumeration of fifty cents per load. To designate the occupation in the prosiest language possible, he was a handcart man, and when not employed could always be found during working hours at the corner of Montgomery and California streets. His hair and ong beard were quite gray, and his limbs eeble; and if he could not shove as heavy a load through the deep sand or up the steep grade above him as the stalwart Teuton on the opposite corner, thereby losing many a job and many a dollar, all the light loads in the neighborhood fell to his lot, and kindhearted men not unfrequently traveled square or two out of their way to give an easy job to "Pap Ainsly."

Four years ago last September, (I recolollect the month, for I had a note of four thousand to pay, and was compelled to do ome pretty sharp financiering to meet it,) aving two or three dozen volumes to transfer to my lodgings, I gave "Pap Ainsley" the task of transportation. Arriving at my room just as he had deposited the last armul on the table, and observed that the old man looked codsiderably fatigued after climbing three flights of stairs two or three times, I invited him to take a glass of brandy -a bottle of which I usually kept in my room for medicinal and soporific purposes .-Although grateful for the invitation, he politely declined. I urged, but he was inflexible. I was astonished.

"Do you never drink ?" said I.

"Very seldom," dropping into a chair, a my request, and wiping the perspirationt

from his forehead. "Well, if you drink at all,"I insisted, "you will not find as fair an excuse in the next twelve months for indulging, for you appear

fatigued and scarcely able to stand." "To be frank, said the old man, "I do not drink now. I have not tasted intoxicating

liquor for fifteen years, since-" "Since when ?" I inquired, thoughtlessly

observing his hesitation,

The old man told me. Sixteen years ago he was a well to do farmer near Syracuse, New York. He had one child, a daughter. While attending a boarding school in that as he hurried towards the door. The little city, then a girl of sixteen years of age, she formed an attachment for a young physician Acquainting her father with the circumstan-

egolfenoom lage! stol

H S CORDIN

removing her from school, despatched a note to the young gallant with the somewhat pointed information that his presence in the neighborhood of the Ainsely farm would not meet with favor. The reader of course surmises the result, for such a proceeding could have but one result. In less than a month there was an elopement. The father loaded his double-barrelled shot gun, and swore vengeance, but failing to find the fugitives he took to the bottle. His good wife implored him not to give way to despair, but he drank the deeper, and accused her of encouraging the elopement. In three months the wife died; and at the expiration of a year when the young people returned to Syracuse from Connecticut, where they had remained with the parents of the husband, they learned that the old man had sold his farm, squandered the proceeds, and was almost desti-

tute. Learning of their arriving, Ainsley drank himself into a frenzy, and proceeded by less rejoiced than his good wife at the disto the hotel where they were stopping, at- covery. Whether or not Bridget succeeded tacked the husband, wounded him in the in changing the double eagle, I never learned : arm by a pistol shot, and attempted the life but this I do know, it took the honest female of his daughter, who happily escaped unin- all of two months to unravel the knot into jured through the interposition of persons which the domestic family had tied itself lur- Mr. Chase had written her frequently, during brought to the spot by the report of the pistol. Ainsley was arrested, tried, and ac. his cart, for money would not induce him to quitted on the plea of insantity. The daughter and her husband returned to Connecticut since which time the father had not heard ered the old man dragging the favorite vehicle from them. He was sent to a lunatic asy- round the enclosure, with his four grandchillum, from which he was dismissed after re- dred piled promiseuously into it. maining six months. In 1851 he came to Calafornia. He had followed mining for two

face in his hands in agony, "I have not tasted liquor, nor have I seen my poor child." I regretted that I had been so inquisitive. and expresse d the sympathy I really felt for him. After that, I seldom passed the corner without looking for "Pap Ainsley," and never saw him but to think of the sad story

years, but finding his strength unequal to

the pursuit, returned to the city, purchased

a hand cart, and -the rest is known. "Since

then," continued the old man, bowing his

One chilly, drizzly day in the Docember following, a gentleman having purchased a small marble-top table at an auction room opposite, proffered to the old man the job of carrying it to his residence, on Stockton St Not wishing to accompany the carrier he had selected the face probably giving the vest assurance of careful delivery of the pur

he had told me.

Furnished with the number of the house the old cariman, after a pretty trying strug gle with the steep ascent of California street reached his destination, and deposited the table in the hall. Lingering a moment, the lady did not surmise the reason, until he litely informed her that her husband (for such he supposed him to be) had probably by accident omitted to settle the carriage.

"Very well, I will pay you," said the lady stepping into an adjoining room. She returned, and stating that she had no small change in the house, handed the man a twenty dollar piece.

He could not make change. "Never mind will call to morrow," he said, turning to

"No, no !" replied the lady, glancing pity ingly at his white locks and trembling limb "I will not put you to so much trouble," and she handed the coin to Bridget, with instruc tions to see if she could get it changed at one of the stores or markets in the neighhorhood

"Step into the parlor until the girl returns, the air is chilly, and you must be cold," continued the lady. "Come," she said as h looked at his ature and hesitated; "there is a fire in the grate, and no one there but the

"It is somewhat chilly," replied the old man following her into the parlor, and taking a seat near the fire.

"Perhaps I may find some silver in the house," said the lady as she left the room "for I fear Bridget will not succeed in getting the twenty dollar piece changed."

"Come_I love little children," and the child who had been watching him with curiossity ran behind the large arm chair, and hesitatingly approached. "What is your name, my dear ?" inquired the cartman.

"Maria," lisped the little one.

"Maria?" he repeated, while the great tears gathered in his eyes; I once had a little girl named Maria, and you look very much like she did."

"Did you?" inquired the child with seeming interest, "and was her name Maria East-

"Merciful God !" exclaimed the old man starting from his chair, and dropping into it cent pieces. with his head bowed upon his breast. "This cannot be! and yet, why not!"

He caught the child in his arms with an eagerness that frightened her, and gazing into her face until he found conviction there, suddenly rose to leave the house. "I cannot meether without betraying myself, and I dare not tell her that I am that drunken father that one attempted to take her life, and left her husband a cripple," he groaned ones were bewildered, "You are not going," said the mother, reappearing, and discover-

es, he flatly rejused his consent to a union | nail. He stopped and apparently turned his face with a man whom he had never seen, and but seemed to lack the resolution to do aught

> "He said he had a little Maira once, that looked just like me, mother." shouted the child, her eyes sparkling with delight.

The knees of the old cartman trembled. and he leaned against the door for support .-The lady sprung toward him, took him by the arm, and attempted to conduct him to a

"No, no, !" he exclaimed, "not till you tell me I am forgiven."

"Forgiven- for what ?" replied the mother in alarm.

"Recognize in me your wretched father, and I need not tell you," he faltered.

"My poor father !" she cried, throwing her arms round his neck, "all is forgiven-all

forgotton." he returned late in the afternoon, was scarceing her absence, "Pap Ainsley" still keeps part with it. I peeped into the back yard of Dr. Eastman, one day last week, and discov-

MARRYING AT LARGE.

At Buffalo, recently a justice of the peace was called to go to a German house in the city, and marry a couple. Putting on a clean collar, and slipping a marriage certificate in his pocket he started for the festive scene,-Arriving at the house under the direction of a blue-legged little boy, who pointed out the place, he knocked and went in. In the middle of the floor stood a stout German girl

tears as big as butter pats. "What's the matter ?" said the sympathetjustice.

sorry and plump, her blue eyes rolling out

"Matter ?" said the girl, "dat Gotleil went off and wouldn't marry me. Ain't it matter enough ?"

The justice said he supposed it was, and intimated that he had come to marry some one, and requested the old lady to bring or the lambs to the sacrifice. The old lady said:-

"Dare vos no lambs. Gotleib ish run'd off and will not marry mine Katrina."

"Well," said the justice. "Gotleib isn't the only man there is. Send for some other man At this Katrina's face brightened up, and

"Yah-dat ish good-send mit Hans." Hans was sent for, but unfortunately could ot come. When her messenger returned.

he ejaculated-

Katrina determined not to give it up, said-"Sen mit Shoseph," Shoseph was sent for, but he couldn't be ound."

Katrina's heart fell at this news, and the ustice was growing impatient. Just then Katrina looked out of the window, and saw a hort and thick young German going by, then she rushed to the door, and hallooed-"Fr 'z ! Fritz !"

Fritz shortly made his appearance at the loor, when Katrina's mother said : "Fritz, you lofs my Katrina ?"

Fritz allowed he did, more as soutkrout. "Then stand up here !" thundered the

And before Fritz could realize his position he was man and wife, and Katrina's arms were around his neck, and her lips pressed to is, she crying between the calisthenics-"Mein busband - Mein Fritz !"

Our duty as a direct historian compels us o say that Fritz hugged back as well as he new how.

The justice, with his head erect, stepped smilingly out, leaving the lovers to themselves, and walked away meditatively, a holy calm stealing over his massive proportions, the consciousness of having done his duty gleaming in his eye, and honor. honesty and rectitude in his footstens.

A mine of three cent pieces was discovered in Lockport, New York, the other day, on the death of an eccentric individual named Wm. Colley, in the Lower Village .-He lived alone, kept a grocery, and willed his property, vavlued at \$18,000 to his relatives in England. He kept his specie in an old boiler buried in the cellar. Among the deposits in this private vault were fifty thousand three

So you are going to keep house, in the spring ?" said an elderly maiden to a blushing bride, significant for and del

"Yes," was the reply.

"Going to have a girl, I suppose." The new made wife colored, and quietly colled that she "really didn't know whether it would be a girl or a boy." Ancient maiden fainted.

The name Democrat was first applied to the leaders of that party which at an early period stood up for the rights of the people, UP AFFAIR.

Edwin C. Chase, a man about forty four years of age, married an English woman saveral years ago, in Needham, Mass., where they lived for a time in moderate circumtances. Removing to Pennsylvania, he was one of the fortunate seekers after oil, and amassed quite a fortune,-perhaps seventy or eighty thousand dollars.

Last July, Mrs. Chase, who is described as a lair looking woman, wearing curls, went to Europe to visit her friends there, taking a considerable sum of money with her.

During her absence, it appears, her husband managed to procure a divorce thro' the Indiana courts, for the reason, as he says. that she was a vixim, and he could not live with her; and that she went to England against his wishes. About two weeks ago, All was forgiven, and the husband, when Mrs. Chase returned from her visit, and proceeded to Meedham, Mass., her former home, where she learned that her husband was writing soft letters and making agreeable visits to a young lady "scarce eighteen," who lived in Fitz Williams, New Hampshire .-This was a stunner, because, as she says her absence, each time giving the flow of his ink a remarkably affectionate turn. She at once started to investigate the matter, and was, a day or to after, in Keene, New Hampshire, bound for Fitz Williams.

"It so happened," as the novelists say that at the Eagle Hotel, in Keene, where she stopped, she was surprised, the morning after her arrival, to learn that her husband was in the same hotel, and there too, on his bridal trip, having been married on the day before to the fair maiden aforesaid. She kept her own counsel, and went to procure more, which she did in the shape of two lawyers who speedily came to Keene from Boson, bringing a couple of physicians connect ed with the Insane Asylum at South Boston

Consultation was had, which resulted in Mrs. Chase's going to the room of her husband that was, and pulling him out of bed buch to the surprise of Mrs. Chase 2d .-Then the lawyers and doctors 'were brought n and there was much confusion, A court of some kind was speedily convened, if it was not already in session, and in a quiet way Mr. Chase was brought before it in the character of an insane man. His wife swore he was insane; the doctors knew he was; and, or so being, he was taken to the South Bos on Retreat of which he remains an inmate That he has never manifested any signs of meantity; has always been a good business man, and that he had over forty thousand dottars in Keene with him, his friends claim to know.

The inhabitants of Keene are very much excited over the matter; they do not undertand it, and hence gossip is rife. The poor girl from Fitz Williams has been sent home o ponder. Mrs. Chase is still "at large." njoying the punishment she has inflicted .-Hartford Courant, December 15th.

GORMANDIZERS -- A man has just died in Paris of insatiate hunger. He could not eat enough. His earnings being altogether in sufficient to satisfy his enormous appetite though he ate scarcely anything but bread his fellowworkmen used to contribute to wards his support; but wearied with thus burdening his friends, and worn out by his sufferings, he at last hung himself. The anhals of medicine record many instances of this disease, both in ancient and modern times, but the most remarkable case, of late ears, was that of Anne Demise, who died in Paris, only a few years since, . She used to eat from twenty-four to thirty pounds o bread a day. When on her death bed and unable to take food, she begged her sister to come and eat near her, and her last words were : "Since it pleases God that I shall eat no more, let me at least have the pleasure of seeing you eat."

A humorous old man fell in with an ignorant and rather impertinent young minister, who proceeded to inform the gen tleman in very positive terms that he could never reach heaven unless he was born again

"And have you been born again," aid his companion musingly, "Yes, I trust I have." "Well," said the old gentleman, eyeing him attentively, "I don't think it would hort you to be born once more,"

PRECOCIOUS .- There is a live Yankee out west, who invented a machine, that picks the bones out of fish, and throws the meat nto the mouths of those who feel inclined to eat fish -- mackarel in particular. The said oquacious scion of yankeedom has also aught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success, that they are said to lay boiled eggs. Shades of Fancuil Hall, where art dred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not thou not? Do not not firm seein to

HE CHOSED TO BE AN OYSTER .- An Irishman, who found on the street a bili of fair at a recent dinner at the Girard House discovered therein the information of oysters cook-ed in "champaigne," as one of the dishes char guide querios a contra rady que l'est l'es corresponding rade was an oyster !"

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE-MIXED . The water that has no taste is purest ; the air that has no odor is freshest ;and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicyity.

> How Much, -"If a man sells his watch for \$50; buys it back for \$40; then sells it for \$45, how much does he make by the trausaction?" It looks as if he made \$15 but he didn't. Boy can you tell how much ?

A dandy smoking a cigar, entered a a menagerie, the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth, lest he should teach the other monkeys bad habits."

Some ladies think engagements are ike pie crust, made to be broken. We admire the ladies choice of Friday.

One of the provost guard at City Point thought it rather odd a few days ago to see a private soldier wandering about with a field glass. The man was arrested, and under his federal uniform was found a full suit of rebel gray. He was a spy, inspecting our fortifications coolly with his glass, and proposing at a convenient opporfunity to elade our pickets, throw off his disguise and make his way into the rebel

Take a common poker at a dull red heat, and move it slowly over old putty, say at the rate of two feet per minute, and you can cut it off with a pocket knife.

A cotemporary, noticing the appointment of a post master, says: If he attends to the mails as well as he

does to the females, he will make a very at-

tentive and efficient officer. Love in a woman's heart is like a ountain in a woodland dell, covered with mosses and fernleaves. No ray of sunshine reaches it, and no breath of summer air stire its waters. The idle wanderer may roam around it, may even pluck the blue forget-

me nots upon its brink, without discovering it. He who can gently untwine the clinging vines, and push aside the drooping leaves, until he gazes into the pure depths, will see reflected upon the bosom of the trembling waters not only the deep blue heavens and the golden stars, but nearer to him will look up from those darkling depths his own imge. - Fairffeld.

LADIES VS. GENTLEMAN,-Three things ady cannot do:

1 She cannot pass a millinery shop without stopping. 2 She cannot see a piece of lace without g the price.

3. She cannot see a baby without kissing A lady of our acquaintance turns the table

on the gentlemen as follows: Three things a gentleman cannot do : dia 1. He cannot go through the house and but the door after him.

2. He cannot have a shirt made to suit 3. He can never be sutisfied with the lalies' fashions,

An "Indian" and a white man were pastng along Broadway, New York, when the former espied a window full of wigs, and, pointing to the owner, who was standing in the doorway, said: "Ugh-him great man -Big brave-take many scalps !

MOTHER WIT .- A stingy husband threw off the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company by saving his wife always gives them their own way. "Poor things," was the prompt reply. It's

A Philadelphia merchant sent a cargo of goods to Constantinople. After supercargo had seen the bales and boxes safely

all I have to give them."

landed he inquired where it should be stor-"Leave them here, it won't rain to night,"

was the reply. "But I dare not leave them exposed. some of the goods my be stolen," said the super-

The Mehomedan merchant laughed as he "Don't be alarmed, my friend, there is not

Christian within a hundred miles of us." A foppish fellow advised a friend not to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony with poverty "up hill work," "Good," said his friend; "I would rather go up hill than down hill any time,"

Two centuries ago not one in a bunone boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one gir in a thousand made a waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvement, in this wonderful age, grant street age and street

E If you wish to appear agreeable in served. "Bedad?" said Pat drawing his society, says Talleyrand, you must consent to sleeve across his thirsty mouth," "I wish I be taught many thing which you know about

AT Transaction