

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

TERMS: \$2.00 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25 1865

VOL. 4 NO. 24

A weekly Democratic paper, devoted to Politics, News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pa. BY HARVEY SICKLER.

Terms—1 copy 1 year, (in advance) \$2.00, not paid within six months, \$2.50 will be charged. NO paper will be DISCONTINUED, until all arrearages are paid; unless at the option of publisher.

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DR. J. C. BECKER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wyoming, that he has located at Tunkhannock, where he will promptly attend to all calls in the line of his profession.

The Buehler House,
HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the "BUEHLER HOUSE" property, has already commenced such alterations and improvements as will render this old and popular House equal, if not superior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg.

WALL'S HOTEL,
LATE AMERICAN HOUSE,
TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

This establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL,
MESHOPPO, WYOMING COUNTY, PA.
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HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no effort to render the house an agreeable place of sojourn for all who may favor it with their custom.

Means Hotel,
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The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the County—it is fitted up in the most modern and improved style, and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping-place for all.

M. GILMAN,
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M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunkhannock, Pa., and respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.

NATIONAL CLAIM AGENCY
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HARVEY AND COLLINS,
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In order to facilitate the prompt adjustment of Bounties, arrears of pay, Pensions and other Claims, due soldiers and other persons from the Government of the United States. The undersigned has made arrangements with the Army of the Interior, and in close proximity to, and daily in intercourse with the department; as well as the extensive knowledge, acquired by them, of the decisions taken more efficiently than Attorneys at Law, and in consequence of all persons entitled to claims of the Government, can have them properly adjusted, and all proceedings on and entering them to my care.

HARVEY SICKLER,
Agt. for Harvey & Collins,
Tunkhannock, Pa.

TO GO, OR NOT TO GO,

The following parody is one of the most unmerciful satires of the kind we have seen for many a day. Many "exempts" will testify to both its poetry and truth. The fellow who wrote it should be furnished with a life exemption from military service.

To go, or not to go; that's the question;
Whether it pays best to suffer pestering
By idle girls and garrulous old women.
Or to take up arms against a host of Rebels,
And by opposing, get killed—to die, or sleep,
(Get out) and in this sleep to say we "sink
To rest by all our country's wishes blest."
And live forever—(that's a consummation
Just what I'm after). To march, to fight—
To fight! Perchance to die; ay, there's the rub!
For while I'm asleep who'd take care of Mary
And the babes, when Bill's in the lower ground
Who'd feed 'em, hey? There's the respect
I have for them that makes life sweet;
For who would bear the brunt of a miler,
Flow Dobbin eat the wheat, dig potatoes,
Kill hogs and do all sorts of drudgery,
If I'm fool enough to get a Rebel
Bullet on the brain? Who'd cry for me?
Would patriotism pay my debts when dead?
But oh! the dread of something after death;
That undisciplined fellow who'd court Mary,
And do my Huggin'—that's agony,
And makes me want to stay at home,
Specially as I ain't mad with nobody.
Shells and bullets made cowards of us all,
And blame my skin if snow'tin' steeds,
And pump and circumstance of war,
Are to be compared with a featherbed,
And Mary by my side.

Select Story,

A HOUSE

WITH ALL THE MODERN CONVENIENCES

Nehemiah Pollard was an army contractor. He furnished pork for the western department, and of course he got rich by it. At the end of two years of that kind of business, he found himself worth half a million.

People began to call him Mr. Pollard, instead of "Old Pollard," and "Miah," and sleek men in white neck cloths, called on him with long subscription papers.

Mrs. Pollard had discovered her importance some time previously. Dry goods clerks held the doors open for her now, who three years before would have seen her drop a dozen parcels in the mud, and shut the skirt of her dress into the door forty times, without coming to the rescue. She was consulted about sewing societies, and appealed to in behalf of Foreign Missions, and Bible Societies, and Sanitary Commissions, and her opinion was quoted among her friends as a quote from the statute book.

Mrs. Pollard awoke suddenly to a knowledge of the fact that it had become their altered circumstances to live in a one story wooden house, in a remote part of the city, with none of the conveniences and improvements. They owed it to the children, to inhabit a house with all the modern conveniences and see something of the world.

Nehemiah figured his greenbacks, looked wise, and coincided.

So a house was taken.

It would be tedious to relate all the particulars of the furnishing, much of which was done by contract. The house was large and commodious. There was a library, conservatory, parlor, drawing-rooms, dining-halls, and a model kitchen. It was heated with a furnace, lighted with gas; there was a dumb waiter, spring locks, hot and cold water; in short it was a house with all the modern conveniences.

The library was stocked by a stationer who received orders, to be sure the books were well bound, and mostly in red backs; the conservatory was filled by a florist, and Mrs. Pollard stipulated only that there should be plenty of hollyhocks and poppies.

When all was ready the family moved in.

Mrs. Pollard sailed about the grand rooms like a queen; but her husband looked absolutely frightened as he surveyed the premises.

"By golly, Peggy!" he exclaimed, "if this ere haint a little too fine for us; I feel like a cat in a strange garret! yes, by golly; like two cats! There's a dozen things here that I don't know the names of! What's them gilt things stuck up in the corner, with the bare legged children with goose wings on their backs!"

"Land sakes, Mr. Pollard! them's cornishes, and the pigens is angels and you'll oblige me by calling me Margaret in future."

"Why, I didn't know that was your name!" cried Mr. Pollard in wonder.

"Peggy is the vulgar for Margaret, sir."

"Sho! wall! declare! live and larn."

"Do take your feet off from that ottoman and don't lean your head against the paper hanging. Like enough it's greasy."

"Shouldn't wonder. Pork packing is rath'er a greasy business."

"Mr. Pollard, if you'll never allude to your business again, I'll be thankful. It's vulgar to bring home your shop with you."

"Why who has brought one home?"

"Do be more careful, Mr. Pollard! you've smashed the varnish off from that teaty tete, and now you're a bobbing your head against the chandelier."

Mr. Pollard put his threat into execution, but his wife followed him closely up the stairs.

"Mind the stair carpet, Mr. Pollard—there I hemmed 'it!" cried she, as Nehemiah caught his foot in the binding, stumbled, and fell thump entirely to the foot of the stairs, breaking the hall glass, and tearing his coat shirt entirely off.

He picked himself up with a muttered expletive, and gained his chamber. The servant had already lighted the gas, and opened the register.

"Creation!" cried Mr. P., "it's hotter than the tropics. How do you fix this darned thing, Peggy, to cool it off?"

"I don't know," cried his wife, "I'll ring for Jane."

"The deuce you will," said Mr. Pollard glancing at his scant attire, "you go to bed—I'll manage it. I'll set the sink over the hole, and that'll keep the heat out. All right."

Put out the gas," said his wife from the bed.

"Put out the dickens!" cried her husband, angrily—"here I've blowed and blowed till I'm fit to bust, and the confounded thing dances away the faster! I can't snuff it out neither! I wouldn't give a taller dip for a million of these jiggers!"

"Turn it off," advised Mrs. Pollard.

"Turn it, indeed! where'll you turn it to? I wonder? Ha! I've done it! I've switched it out with my sleeve!"

"Wall, don't git into bed with your hands smutty; wash 'em! there's hot and cold water you know. Such a convenience!"

"Jubiter Ammon! I've took the skin off from that hand! Why the water's biting! I'll try the cold—good! how it smarts!" and muttering to himself, Mr. Pollard completed his ablution and got into bed.

Sometime in the night Mrs. Pollard awoke. She felt chilly and damp. She put out her hand and felt only water.

"The lord of mercy!" screamed she, "Wake up Miah! there's a flood! it's got clear up in the chamber, and we shall all be drowned! to death! git up and light a light!"

"What in creation is it!" cried he, dashing about in the vain attempt to find his clothes. "Ah! ha! it's just struck me. I didn't fix that water spout right after I washed my hands! I remember I couldn't stop it from running. Confound the convenience! And there ain't no matches nor candle!"

Well, I can find my way: I'll go down to the kitchen and get a pair and bail 'em out."

He reached the top of the stairs safely, took a step forward and brought up in the hall below on his head, which felt as if a whole cotton factory had sent up its machinery inside of it.

Who ever thought of making such a calculation?—Nobody, till an industrious Frenchman recently took up the subject; and he has set down and made an accurate estimate of the part of our several lives employed about actual labor. He takes his subject at the age of seventy-two. Allowing eight hours on an average, for sleep, that deducts at once twenty-four years. For dressing and undressing, on rising and going to bed, washing and shaving half an hour daily, makes one and a half years. Then two hours daily for meals, count up six years. Love making according to his calculation, will average one hour daily, or three years. For society, idling, and amusement, three hours more, up to childhood, the accidents and diseases of mature age, and like causes, will deduct two hours on an average, making six years. So that, in conclusion, one hale hearty man of seventy-two years, has, in fact, not been able to employ in the positive occupation of industry more than twenty-two and a half years!

He hallowed and kicked and banged among the pots and kettles and tin pans. He shouted murder and thieves at the top of his voice and knocked his worst corn wretchedly against the range.

Maddened by the pain, he seized the poker, and flew at the grated windows, through which he soon made a hole large enough to shout murder out of.

In a moment a policeman's rattle was heard; and directly quite a force of "stars" congregated outside the window.

"What's the row?" queried a policeman.

"What do you mean by kicking up such a row this time of night?"

Pollard threw a kettle of apple sauce at his head, but the grating prevented its taking effect.

"Desperate fellows inside there," muttered the policeman, "it's best to be cautious, we might get into difficulty."

"Let me out or I'll be the death of the whole of ye!" roared Nehemiah, snaking desperate, "I'll shoot every mother's son of ye!"

"Pollard! Pollard! Miah!" called Mrs. Pollard, from the entry, "do come! what in the world is the matter? The house is full of thieves and murderers! I've heard 'em pelting for an hour."

"Let 'em yell and be blasted! I'll be the death of the whole of 'em if you don't let me out of this!"

"Don't kill anybody! It's wicked! remember the commandment!" entreated Mrs. Pollard.

of his style, that he cannot break into people's houses and steal with impunity."

"I tell you I am in my own house!" thundered Pollard, "and I'll beat the brains out of the whole of you, if you don't make yourselves skeerce! Peggy! Peggy! come and help me!"

The kitchen door flew open, and Peggy's yellow flannel night-cap appeared.

"Oh, lordy!" cried she, "I can't come in afore all these men with my night cap on.—Wait a minnit till I fix my head."

Nehemiah had seized a long handled frying pan, and was laying about him with a will.

The leader of the police began to see the point. He brought the lantern to bear on the face of our friend.

"I beg your pardon, Esq. Pollard, it was all a mistake."

Esq. Pollard, laid down his weapon, and the two shook hands.

"It's all owing to this confounded house," said Nehemiah. "I don't know no more about the new-fangled thing than the man in the moon. But I've got some first rate cognac in the cellar. You'll keep dark, Mr. Police."

"Upon honor, square."

Mr. Pollard had the locks taken off his doors and the water pipes removed the next day. He has lived in his own house nearly a year now, but he carries a "tallow dip" to bed with him, and washed his hands and face at the kitchen sink.

A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

Two springs which issued from the same mountain, began their course together; one of them took her way in a silent and gentle flowing stream, while the other rushed along with a noisy and rapid current.

"Sister," said the latter, "at the rate you move, you will probably be dried up before you advance much farther, whereas, for myself, I shall probably become navigable within two or three hundred furlongs, and after distributing commerce and wealth wherever I flow, I shall majestically proceed to pay my tribute to the ocean. So farewell, and patiently submit yourself to your fate!" Her quiet sister made no reply; but calmly descended to the meadow below, and patiently proceeded on her way, she increased her strength by numberless little rills which she collected in her progress, till at length she was enabled to rise into a considerable river; while the proud stream who had the vanity to depend solely upon her own sufficiency, continued a shallow brook; and was glad at last, to be helped forward, by throwing herself into the arms of her despised sister.

How Much do We Work.

Who ever thought of making such a calculation?—Nobody, till an industrious Frenchman recently took up the subject; and he has set down and made an accurate estimate of the part of our several lives employed about actual labor. He takes his subject at the age of seventy-two. Allowing eight hours on an average, for sleep, that deducts at once twenty-four years. For dressing and undressing, on rising and going to bed, washing and shaving half an hour daily, makes one and a half years. Then two hours daily for meals, count up six years. Love making according to his calculation, will average one hour daily, or three years. For society, idling, and amusement, three hours more, up to childhood, the accidents and diseases of mature age, and like causes, will deduct two hours on an average, making six years. So that, in conclusion, one hale hearty man of seventy-two years, has, in fact, not been able to employ in the positive occupation of industry more than twenty-two and a half years!

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"Don't kill anybody! It's wicked! remember the commandment!" entreated Mrs. Pollard.

"Open the door!" roared a policeman from outside.

"Open it yourself!" cried Nehemiah.

"What are you doing in there?"

Is Lincoln Insane.

There is one point in Lincoln's recent message that certainly evinces positive insanity. We refer to that portion where he reckons the national debt as a part of the national wealth. This is simply mistaking poverty for riches, and it seems that no man in a sane mind could do it. It is the same kind of an error a man would make, who, after mortgaging his land, should add the money borrowed to the full value of his land, and to determine how much he was worth and thus come to the fastidious conclusion that he had got rich by running in debt!—Either Lincoln is stark mad, or else this is his latest joke!

GETTING THE EYES OPENED.—The New York Times, Republican, thus discourses on taxation. We are glad those who have helped to bring the trouble on the country are getting their eyes opened about the crushing load of debt the Administration is heaping upon us. The Times says—"Our taxes are stretched almost to the extremity." "New loans cannot meet one-half of our daily expenditures." "There is a limit even to the power of this nation in bearing a public debt." "Of the crushing of the rebellion there can be no doubt, but it may be gained through the destruction of the public credit. "We are spending perhaps four times our income."

Major General Benjamin F. Butler has been removed by the President from the position of commander of the Army of the James and the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and ordered to report at Lowell, Massachusetts. The official document in the case directed him to turn over his command to "the person named by Lieutenant General Grant as his temporary successor." General Ord, lately in charge of the Twenty-fourth corps, has succeeded temporarily to the important position.

"I have always been astonished," said Miss Smith, "at the anxiety of young ladies for beaux, but I never pitied a female more than when Miss Mountfathers left my school. Seeing her gazing toward the sky, I asked her what she was looking for. "That beau," said she, "which is told of as being set in the cloud—I wish he'd come down."

Appropos: said Miss Jones, I want no lumpy-backed man; the beau up there is "beut."

OLD SONG.—
There's an oily time coming, boys!
An oily time coming,
There's an oily time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer.
We may "strike grease," or we may not
Stocks go to par or go to pot,
In this oily time coming,
"Well, not 'whales," she'll light maskind,
The perfume shall be stronger,
And "derrick's" shall supplant "harpoons,"
Wait a little longer.
(Chorus)—Oh, there's an oily time coming

"Why is it," said one of our school-marks to a young scape grace 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 much acquainted then."

A young lady of aristocratic birth, who eloped not long since from the county Limerick, with her father's groom, has been discovered residing with him in the city of Cork. She stubbornly refuses, however, to return to her family, who are in great affliction. Her fortune, when she comes of age, will be ten thousand pounds sterling.

A TALE OF WOE.—I clasped her tiny hand in mine, I clasped her beautiful form; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm. She set her beautiful eyes on me, the tears did wildly flow, and with her little lips she said "Confound you! let me go!"

"HARD TACK."—In Dauphine, France, they make bread but once in six months, and bake it with the refuse of the fields. In the winter it becomes so hard that they cut it with an axe, and soak it for twenty-four hours before they can eat it.

Anti-Bolition State Rights Associations have been formed at Newfield, New York, and at Hillsborough, Ohio.

The Country Gentleman says that scraping the horns of oxen on the inside will make them curve outward, or vice versa.

"You're a man of figures," as the mathematician said to the dancing master.

Ladies patch their faces for economy and their faces for beauty.

Why does a sculptor die a horrid death? He makes faces and busts.

Why is a cow's tail like a swan's breast? Because it grows down.

The only ever-lasting people on earth are the shoe-makers.

DECIDEDLY COOL.

A lady, who had a somewhat Bacchanalian spouse, resolved to frighten him into temperance. She therefore engaged a watchman, for a stipulated reward, to carry "Philander" to the watch-house, while yet in a state of insensibility, and to frighten him a little when he recovered. In consequence of this arrangement, he woke up about eleven o'clock, and found himself on his elbow. He looked around until his eyes rested on a man sitting by a stove and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" asked Philander.

"In a medical college," said the cigar smoker.

"What a doing there?"

"Going to be cut up."

"Cut up—how comes that?"

"Why, you died yesterday, while drunk, and we have bought your carcass anyhow from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for it's all the good she could ever make out of you. If you are not dead, it's no fault of the doctors; and they'll cut you up, dead or alive."

"You will do it, eh?" asked the old sot.

"To be sure we will—now—immediately," was the resolute answer.

"Wall—look o' here, can't you let us have something to drink before you begin."

On the Mobile and Ohio Railroad near the Tennessee line, there lived a merchant who also kept a Post-office, and of an evening his store would be full of his customers, eager to hear him read the news.—While reading the paper to them one evening, he came to a paragraph as follows:—

"Owing to the large number of emigrants travelling westward, corn will probably command a very high price."

One old gentleman at this point interrupted him, and wanted to know what emigrant meant. The merchant stopped reading, and after studying for some time answered, "Well, my friend, to tell you the truth, I don't know, but I believe they are an animal between a 'pessum' and a coon—anyhow they're death on corn!"

Theodore Tilton was not very gallant to the Chicago ladies in his address there lately. He said there were more ways of recruiting our army than one. There were two soldiers once in Grant's army, lying beneath their blankets looking up at the stars in a Virginia sky. Says Jack:

"What made you go into the army? Tom?"

"Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife and I loved war. What made you go to the war, Jack?"

"Well," he replied, "I had no wife and I loved peace, so I went to the war."

He doubted not that among the fair faces he saw before him, many had contributed to swell the ranks of the army in both ways.

A droll story is related of an honest old farmer, who, in attempting to drive home a bull, got suddenly hoisted over a fence. Recovering himself, he saw the animal on the other side of the rails, sawing the air with his head and neck, and pawing the ground.—The good old man looked steadily at him a moment and exclaimed:—"Darn your apologies, you needn't stand there you 'tarnel critter, bowin' and scrapin'—you did it a purpose, darn your early pictur!"

"To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it: Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; neglect your children and nurse lap-dogs; go to church every time you get a new dress."

"Harry," said a young lady on the seat before us at the theatre, "how I should love to be an actress." "An actress, Henrietta?—why?" Oh, it must be so nice to be made love to in such pretty words every evening!"

"What are you about with my microscope, George?" "I've been shaving, father, and I want to see if there are any hairs in the latter yet."

"If I was a sheep, Pat," said a farmer to his hired man, as he observed the sheep lying in a shady position, "I would lie on the other side of the fence, where it is warmer."—"Throth, thin," was the reply, "if ye had been a shape, ye would have had more since nor ye have now."

"How do you like me now," as he a belle of her spouse, as she sailed into the room with a sweeping train of muslin following her. "Well," said he, "to tell you the truth, it is impossible for me to like you any longer."

A man once advertised his property for sale, and concluded his advertisement with, "A never failing stream of water before the door." Very true—his property was seated on the Delaware river.

Old Gentleman (affectionately)—"My son, why do you chew that filthy tobacco?" Precocious Youth (stiffly)—"To get the juice out of it, old codger!"