

# The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

TERMS: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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H. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. No. 100 Centre, Lawrence County, Pa.

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.

W. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Stark's Brick Block, Tioga St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

## 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. A continuance of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

GEORGE J. BOLTON.

## 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.

T. R. WALL, Owner and Proprietor; Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

## NORTH BRANCH HOTEL, MESHOPEE, WYOMING COUNTY, PA.

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.

Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Proprietor. June 3rd, 1863.

## Means Hotel,

TOWANDA, PA.

The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country. 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.

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## Poet's Corner.

### THE VANISHERS.

J. C. WHITTIER.

Sweetest of all childlike dreams, In the simple Indian lore, Still to me the legend seems, Of th' Eless who fit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone, Never reached nor found at rest, Baffling search, but beckoning on, To the sunset of the Blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks, Through the dark of lowland firs, Flash the eyes and flow the locks, Of the mystic Vanishers!

And the fisher in his skiff, And the hunter on the moss, Hear their call from cape and cliff, See their hands the birch-leaves toss.

Wishful, longing through the green Twilight of the clustered pines, In their faces, rarely seen, Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles flow On the slope of western knolls; In the wind they whisper low, Of the sunset land of souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine! Thou and I have seen them too; On before with beck and sign, Still they glide, and we pursue.

More than clouds of purple trail, In the gold of setting day; More than gleams of wind or sail, Decked from the sea-most gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth, Gleams of glories seen and lost, Far-heard voices sweet with truth, As the tongues of Pentecost—

Beauty that eluded our grasp, Sweetest that transcends our taste, Living hands we may not clasp, Shining feet that mock our haste—

Gentle eyes we closed below, Tender voices heard once more, Smile and call us as they go, On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, O friend of mine! Let us walk our little way, Knowing by each beckoning sign, That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still with bated feet, Smiling eyes and waving hand, Sought and seeker soon shall meet, Lost and found in Sunset Land!

"Bridget, call Mrs. Maguffin, she viewed the entertainment from the dining room window. 'Bridget, what are you doing with the barrel?'"

"I'll—I'll take that, an'—an' a that, ye dirty devil!" cried the highly excited and almost breathless kitchen maid, continuing to gallop the fated barrel all around the yard.

"Whirra, whirra now, Miss Mahoney, me darlint!" exclaims the cousin. "What the dounce are yees at? Be done wid yees kick in the barrel. Doesn't yees see the mistress and me self?"

"Och!" cried Bridget, all of a sudden, realizing the ridiculous position she occupied. "Oh!" and she bolted for the culinary department in extensive haste.

"Now, by George!" says Maguffin, jumping up from his easy chair, and dashing his cigar into the grate, "now, Sue, I'll go and fix up the grape vine. Bridget, where is the barrel?"

"Ha, ha!" ejaculates Mrs. Maguffin. "Fred you should have seen Bridget in a battle royal this morning, with that barrel. She has either broken the barrel or her feet into splinters."

"She must have been well put to work faith," says Mac. "Bridget," he continued, descending to the front yard, "bring out that barrel; come, be spay."

"Include, sir," says Bridget, "an—an—bad cess to it—it's my very fat I've kilt wid it; if ye please, I'd rather not touch it."

"Well, never mind, go bring it out, and get me the hammer and nails in the wood house."

Away goes Bridget, muttering all manner of Melesian anathemas against the fated barrel, and which, after awhile, she brings forth with the hammer and nails.

"There, sir, bad luck to 'em! that's the devil's own, it is!" and down she dumps the barrel, over it goes, and annihilating two flower pots, and exterminating a bulb bro't from Mexico by the military brother of Maguffin, and valued beyond jewels by his wife.

"Oh, the devil!" cries Mac. "What in blazes are you at, you infernal bogtrotter? Don't you see?"

"Whirra, whirra!" groans Bridget; "now look now, what are yees at? Stand up, stand up!"

"O o o!" ears Mac, "let it alone. See what you've done now—upset another pot, and broke that whole vine-off at the root. Clear yourself, or I'll brain you."

Maguffin in his wrath leveled the hammer at Bridget, who took to her heels just as Mrs. Mac made her appearance, and began a wail over her murdered flowers. It was too bad, and worse to contemplate, so Mac gave his wife the hammer and nails, while he seized the ill-starred or mischief making barrel, and planting the headless end down into the grass plot beneath the arbor, began to ascend.

"Fred, Fred!" cries Mrs. Mac, "don't don't the nasty barrel will fall over!"

"Hold your tongue, Sue. Just steady the barrel."

"The head won't hold you, Fred, will it? I—"

But, alas for his confidence! no sooner had he placed one foot furiously upon the head, and was about to throw up the other, than in went the treacherous platform, down went the right foot and leg, over went the barrel, and Mrs. Mac, with a yell, also!

Port Maguffin was slightly killed—his leg lacerated, and his pants torn, by the aid of two treacherous nails; while Mrs. Mac was more or less stunned and wounded into insensibility. Bridget ran to the rescue, Mrs. Mac screamed, Mac raved and swore equal to the great army in Flanders. Bridget helped her mistress into the house; Mac, seemingly inspired by the state of his cassimers and buff, jumps up, seizes the barrel, and giving it one surging toss, over the fence, he hurled the infuriated thing, of hoops and staves into the street. It rolled and ricocheted, to the terror of a pair of horses attached to a farmer's wagon, in they, possibly believing that the inauguration day of all creation had arrived, broke loose and dashed down the street, running over the same old barrel, by means of which the wagon was overturned, the varied contents of the wagon—sundry jugs, bundles, parcels, and a little boy, were split all over the street and sidewalk within forty rods compass. The barrel went whirling down the first open cellar way, which happened to be the atelier of a tin-smith; he was engaged with soldering iron and molten pewter over a charcoal furnace, and the noise and confusion of a dinky, lumbering, coming at him, not only alarmed the tinner, but striking the work-bench and upsetting the fire and molten pewter, scalded the poor artisan and his apprentice, and set the shop on fire.

"On lor gorry!" roars the boss, as he jumps around. "Scalded to death!"

"Fire!" bawls the apprentice, travelling suddenly up the stairs to the street. "Fire! Murder! Water!"

"Fire—fire!" roars the boss, pitching upstairs, followed by a cloud of smoke, his apron burnt to a cinder.

"Run down and put out the fire!" cries the man who kept a two hoss grocery, up stairs. "Put it out."

And down into the cellar rushes the grocer

in the dark and smoke: he steps on the barrel, and over he goes, screeching horribly for help. Down rush two burly firemen; one seizes the burning barrel, and the other the scorched grocer.

The barrel was hurled up into the street like a hot shot, knocking down some three or four of the mob congregated on the walk, and spreading an alarm that the cellar had exploded and kegs of powder were flying upwards.

"Fire! fire! fire!" arose the yell and cry. The engines came, the bells rang, the mob thickened, and never was there a more miscellaneous roar of busy voices and rushing hither and thither, than on this special occasion.

The horses had run about a mile, knocking down people and doing considerable damage to themselves. The contents of the wagon were about done for.

By dint of very efficient services on the part of the fireman, the cellar was filled with water, and the conflagration suspended.

An old, sharp-sighted, vinegarish female neighbor of the unfortunate Maguffin's saw Fred throw the barrel. She informed them of Mac, and he was prosecuted. It cost him nearly a thousand dollars, in time and money and he heartily abhorred the sight of an empty barrel from that day.

HUMORS OF WESTERN LIFE.—A Cairo correspondent relates a pleasing illustration of Western life. A man in one of the hotels of that town was observed to be very moody, and to regard the Cairoian with looks particularly sad, and as our informant thought, somewhat savage. By and by he approached him, and said:

"Can I see you outside the door for a few minutes?"

"Certainly, sir," said the Cairo man, but not without some misgivings.

The moment the door had closed behind them, the moody man reached over his hand between his shoulders and drew from a pocket a tremendous bowie-knife, bigger than a French carver; and as its broad blade flashed in the moonlight, the Cairoian thought his time had come.

"Put up your scythe," said he, "and tell me what I've done to provoke your hostility?"

"Dune, stranger?—you haven't done anything. Nor I haint any hostility to you; but I want to pawn this knife with you. I lost my twenty dollars in New Orleans. I cost my whole 'pile' at 'old sledge,' coming down the river, and I haint got a red cent.—Lend me ten dollars on it, stranger. I'll win it back for you in less than an hour."

The money was loaned; and sure enough, in less than the time mentioned, the knife was redeemed, and the incorrigible "sporting man" had a surplus of some thirty dollars, which he probably lost the very next hour.

A SOURCE OF SMILES.—Dr. Franklin having noticed that a certain mechanic who worked near the office was always very happy and smiling, ventured to ask him the secret of his constant cheerfulness:

"No secret, doctor," he replied "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home at night, she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and the tea is sure to be ready; and she has done so many things, through the day to please me that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody."

A LAZY BOY.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless yagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, criminals and paupers have come to what they are, by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great and useful men, were taught in their boyhood to be industrious.

An exchange says, our junior partner returned a pair of trousers to his tailor last week because they were so small in the legs.

"But you told me to make them tight as your skin," said the tailor.

"True," quoted colleague, "for I can sit down in my skin, but I'll be split if I can in those breeches."

The tailor caved in.

If you want to kindle the flame of love in a lady's breast you must spare her until she is eager for a match.

A Frenchman writing a letter in England to a friend, and looking in the dictionary for the word preserve, and finding it meant to pickle, wrote as follows, "May you and your family be pickled to all eternity!"

Josh Billings, whose oracular utterances are being more and more brilliant every day, says: "Tew bring up a child in the way he should go—travel that way yourself." Solomon couldn't improve on that.

An exchange, noticing the marriage of Mr. James Hogg to Miss Ella Bean, says pork and beans form a natural union; but thinks one bean to a hog is small allowance.

## Experience of an Ambulance Man.

The driver of an ambulance and dresser of wounds, whose first experience on the battlefield was at the first battle of Bull Run, gives us his testimony as follows:

"We ambulance men knew but little of the awful work before us. Like a great many others, who ought to have known better, I went out to that battle very much as I would have gone to a clam bake at home—with no other thought than that the jaunt would be a pleasant one—perhaps a little exciting, but not really dangerous. But we were soon brought to our senses.

In five minutes after the first shot was fired, I was called upon to take a wounded Lieutenant to the hospital. He was not more than twenty years of age and had his sword arm shattered. He had fainted as he fell, and was still insensible when we picked him up. The surgeon soon made his appearance, the arm was amputated and the boy comfortably disposed before the effect of the chloroform had passed off. His first question was as to what had happened, and when told he suddenly rose upon his elbow and enquired, 'What did you do with my ring?' The surgeon handed it to him, the Lieutenant kissed it, asked me to place it on his other hand, and almost instantly went to sleep. He was conveyed to Washington, soon recovered and did good service afterwards in a score of battles.

When the battle raged with its greatest fury, and when we all supposed we had grinded the day, I was directed to remove a venerable looking gray bearded Major to the rear. He was stunned by a nearly spent canister, which hit him on the head, but had drawn no blood. I found him quite delirious, and I remember the first words I heard when I reached him were: 'Willie my boy, go right on with your men. You must not seem to skulk. I will be with you directly.' I afterwards learned that Willie was the Major's son. He had behaved as his father wished him, and after the fight, had leave to accompany him. He recovered from the effects of the concussion before he reached Washington.

I was soon afterwards ordered to take a wounded Fire Zouave to the rear. He had been hit in the hand by a Minnie ball but paid no attention to it, until he fainted from loss of blood. As we were lifting him he recovered, and swore at us terribly for daring to take him from the field. He declared he wouldn't go; and a surgeon being at hand, two of his fingers were amputated and a rugly dressed, when he broke away from us and rushed back into the fight. Three days afterwards I met the same Zouave in the hospital, with a gashed cheek which he received from the sabre of a Black Horse cavalryman whose horse he had bayoneted, and whom he declared he had killed with the butt of his musket, after he received his sword gash. I met the same brave fellow with Major's straps on his shoulders at Antietam.

Another case I remember—a tall, raw-boned private from a Western State. The Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment had been wounded in front of one of the rebel masked batteries, from before which our troops had been driven, and lay there. His men had made several efforts to get him off, but in every case they were driven back. This good fellow told his companions he would try to get off the body if they would permit him to go alone. Permission was given; he boldly walked out erect to where the Lieut. Colonel lay, took him up tenderly in his arms interposing his own body as much as he could, between the enemy and the wounded officer, and proceeded to carry him off. During the perilous march he received three bullet wounds, but neither made him abandon his burthens, which he brought away safely. Although thus brave in this severe trial, in dressing his wounds, which were not dangerous but painful, he was as timid as a child. He shrank from the probe as I do not believe he would have done from a bayonet, and seemed as fearful of being hurt by the doctor as if he was about to be raked by a chin shot. And this sort of timidity is often seen in the bravest men. They would face the cannon's mouth without a shudder, but they cannot bear to lie down helplessly to have their wounds dressed. He is a superlatively brave man who fights calmly and suffers himself to be tortured by the surgeon with equal equanimity."

Mrs. Carberry purchased some d're stuff from a certain druggist down town who professes also to be a physician, and hangs out a shingle with "Doctor Reeder" painted on it.

"Dr. Reeder," asked the lady, "can you tell me how to prepare this stuff?"

"No, ma'am," was the pompous reply, "I am no d'yer."

"N, nor much of a doctor, either, folks say," was the cutting reply.

A young man from the country who advertises for a wife, received answers from eighteen husbands, informing him that he could have theirs.

An old bachelor's description of love. A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a good deal of lying.

MADE HIM CHAPLAIN.—Rev. Mr. Burnham, of Manchester, N. H., recently enlisted in the army as private, and was sent to the trenches at New Haven. Next morning after his arrival he was summoned before the commanding officer of the post, and addressed:

"Mr. Burnham, I see by your name, here that you are a Reverend. About a dozen Reverends have enlisted and come here; and as you are the first that has staid over night without asking for a chaplaincy, I guess we'll make you chaplain!" so they made him chaplain of the post.

Persons who have fallen into the not uncommon error of supposing Summer to be a heap of ruins will learn, with surprise, that, in the opinion of most of our best Army and naval commanders, it is stronger now, defensively, than ever; being, in fact, as perfect an earthwork as military skill ever devised.

The knocking down of a portion of the wall now and then does not weaken it materially.

A traveller says there is a race of men at the extremity of South America of such an enormous proportion that they mix their lather in a wash tub and shave with a scythe. They probably curl their hair with a cistern pole.

"Why do you keep yourself so distant?" said a fair one to her bashful lover.—"Because," said he, "distance lends enchantment to the view."

Luv is like the measles, we kant allow tell when we ketched it, and ain't ap tew hav it severe but onst, an then it aint kounted much unless it strikes inly.

Why shoul more marriages take place in Winter than in Summer? Because in Winter the gentlemen require comforters and the ladies muffs.

The method of advertising for a husband in Java is by placing an empty flower-pot on the roof, which is as much as to say: A young lady is in the house. Husband wanted.

When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider at once which of the two you had rather lose.

Sometimes society gets tired of a man, and hangs him. Sometimes a man gets tired of society, and hangs himself.

Tom—Don't you think some verses would touch her, Charley—a beautiful poem? Charley—Oh, hang your verses, Tom, if you want to enjoy life, drop poetry and gals altogether, and join a fire company.

"Pooh, Pooh," said a wife to her expiring husband, as he strove to utter a few parting words; "don't stop to talk, but go on with your dying."

Nothing.—An Irishman has defined nothing to be a footless stocking without a leg.—A description by another Emerald is better "What is nothing?" he was asked. "Shut your eyes and ye'll see it," said Pat.

The inventor of printing was no fool; but he has caused myriads to make tools of themselves.

Married life too often begins with rosewood and mahogany and ends with pine.

The dove was the first newspaper carrier, when one morning it went and fetched a leaf for Noah. It contained a paragraph on the weather, notifying him that the heavy rain storm had subsided.

A minister walked through a village churchyard, and observing the indiscriminate praises bestowed upon the dead, wrote upon the gate post the following: "Here lie the dead, and here the living lie."

"Humble as I am," said a bullying politician, spouting at a meeting, "I'm a fraction of this magnificent republic." "You are indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

A gentleman, who recently traveled over a Western railroad, declared his opinion that it is the safest road in the country, as the superintendent keeps a boy running ahead of the train, to drive off the cows and sheep!

A lady asked a pupil at a Sunday school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

An old lady who had insisted on her minister praying for rain, had her cabbage cut up by hail storm—and, on rewinding the wreck, remarked "that she never knew him undertake anything without overriding the matter."

"When things get to be worse they generally take a turn to be better."—This proverb applies more particularly to a lady's silk dress, when she cannot get a new one.

All is well that works well.