The Borth Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

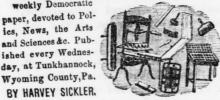
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NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1865.

VOL. 4 NO. 31

weekly Democratic paper, devoted to Polics, News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Pubished every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock,



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June, 3rd, 1863

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eription can have them properly attended dyling on me and entrusting them to my care HARVEY SICKLER, Agt. for Harvy & Collins, Funkhamnock, Pa.

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OBSTRUCTION, OR STOPPAGE OF NATURE no matter from what cause it arises. They are effectual in restoring to health all who are suffering from Weakness and Debility, Uterine Discharges. Nerrousness, & ... &c., and they

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Wholesale Agents,

Select Story,

A BREAM,

knew her but slightly, failed to understand my enthusiastic admiration, and seldom failed to teaze me if I spoke of her, about my penchant for old ladies.

the flowery paths of youth to womanhood, mercilessly over her head. I understood now why she was so gentle and serene, why her fires of affliction early, and all the dress of her nature had been consumed. From that time she went on her way so calmly, so quithe weight of his touch to feathery lightness, so that the evening of life found her unbowed in form, and as fresh in appearance as many a woman at forty.

chimed the hour and as the tenth stroke rang clear and sweet through the chamber, she rose smilingly and held out her hand.

I am afraid, too, that I have saddened you us how to live, and mine were such as were upon me, is a question I cannot answer. ences to your own advantage sometimes, Good-night, dear, and God bless you,"

She came to my side, bent to kiss my forehead tenderly: then as if impelled by a stronger impulse, caught me close to her bosom Her breath fanned my face, fragrant as a child's, and her little hands were so velvety in their touch, I could not forget the sensation for a long time after she left the room with that sweet smile upon her lips, and a repetion of her "good-night" in tenderer, more lingering accents.

I took the chair she had vacated, after lis-Mrs. Grant, and what I suffered in that fream is beyond the power of description.

the shadow af a stately house, totally strange to me. No remembrance of the people or place familiarized a single scene; but as I paced back and forth upon a terrace, a strange man passed me, his face grave and gloomy, and his manner singularly expressive of dis-

Soon crowds of people began to gather upon the terrace, and I turned to the stranger to ask him what it meant.

A woman has been condemned to death."

cold with the dread and horror that had seizme. I heard the sound of measured steps, and slow, sad music swept through the place like a requiem. It is singular how distinct and impressive the details ofdreams often are; and in that moment I recognized the notes of

chant-could count my own heart-beats, hear | you in the house." the measured footsteps upon a marble pavement, and see the eager, yet sad and gloomy faces of those who waited for what was com-

I saw, as I watched the crowd, that the people all seemed te be Catholic's, and the man who spoke to me, a priest. Catching my eye, he came close to my side, and said

"This woman who is to die has violated her faith in a manner which forces the Church to strangle her. Death is attached to her crime as its sole penalty, and there is no help for her this side of Heaven."

He bowed his head and groaned so bitterly that I asked in pity.

"Is she anything to you:"

"My mother! Oh. my mother;" was the reply uttered through sobt like an appeal, and then I saw the tears falling like rain over his pale cheeks

The next moment he advanced toward a platform around which clustered some nuns. and one or two priests, Between two of the nuns stood a woman robed in white, and as she turned in mounting the platform, 1 saw the features of Mrs, Grey.

A cry of dismay died in my throat, and I tried to spring forward, but could not. Her eyes were fixed upon mine for one moment, with an expression of terror and agony, as it she would implore my aid, but the next instant, the distress all faded and gave place to that same sweet smile which had lingered around her lips in parting only a little while before, and she knelt meekly to receive her

I was conscious of surprise in my dream, for until that moment I had not known that she was a Catholic. She had never said anything to lead me to suppose she belong ed to the church, and I wondered at it for I had known her a long time. Afterwards, in my waking hours, the same surprise seized me when I learned that she was a Catholic in truth, and had been for many years.

After kneeling with her face still turned to me, she folded the fair little hands quietly over her bosom, while two of the nuns placed a long white scarf about her neck, crossing the ends and each holding one at the side while they began slowly to tighten it. As the pressure became stronger, cries of

agony escaped her. I can never forget the horrors of that death struggle, so fearfully distinct in every detail. To me an eternity of misery was embodied in it. while I was utterly incapable of moving from the spot. Gradually her struggles ceased, and her

face grew pale as marble. 1 wondered at pallid as snow, while no trace of the agony seemed to linger upon it. Slowly her form began to sink backward

then the nuns would loose the scarf with a refinement of cruelty, until life began to re turn, when they would again tighten it with savage pleasure shining from their gluttering Al length it was over, I stepped forward

to look upon her dead face, wearing that sweet smile at the last, so winning, so touch ing in its gentle beauty, that my tears fell fast over the mass of dark hair scattered over her bosom. With a loving intensity of feeling never exceeded in waking moments, I pressed the dark fringed lids over the blue eyes, and stooped to kiss her as she had kissed me, with a full heart. As I raised my head, all the crowd had vanished, and the dark browed stranger stood alone by the dead woman's side.

"May God bless you!" he said, in a low, husky voice, and with his pitifully sorrowful eyes haunting me, I stole quietly away, leav ing him alone. I had just passed beyond a wide gate, under a solemn looking arch, when the horror of the scene I had witnessed seemed to rush upon me with redoubled power, and I awoke to find myself cold, trem

bling, and drenched with the dews of agony. For some time after waking, I sat still and thought over this singularly fearful dream. I had not been reading anything to suggest it before sleeping. Nor was there a word in Mrs. Grant's story of an hour previous, to superintend anything so frightful in connection with it. Nothing had occurred within my recollection to give rise to such a freak of the imagination; so as I sat pondering this dream, my heart heavy to aching, I discarded my old theory of dreams in which I insisted they were but reproductions of former events or a carrying out of that on

It was quite late when I retired, and, naturally enough, I slept badly. When morning dawned, I rose quite weary, and went out for a walk by sunrise in the hope of shak ing off the impressions which hung so heavily upon my mind.

The snow lay whitely over roof and pavement as I walked, but I did not beed- The bracing, frosty air and bright sunlight upon gleaming icicles fringing the eaves of each house, seemed to give me new life and I walked until weary, then went home for a

As I left the table to go to my room, a girl came to my side and whispered: "Mrs. Grant is very ill, and has asked for you several times. I knocked at your door

"I will go up at once," I said, with a sickening sensation at heart, and a moment later I stood at her door.

As I entered the room, the feeling of horror so terrible to sustain in my dream came over me, for there stood a priest and two Sisters of Charity by Mrs. Grant's bed .__ The Sisters supported her upon either side. while her dark hair fell upon her shoulders over her white night robe. It was the same picture I had seen in my dream as the nuns placed her on the platform, and the look she gave me as her eyes feel upon me in enter ing, was the same, half agony, half ter+ ror, fading away into the beautiful smile o sweet serenity,

I stood still, spell bound and mute, unable to move a limb in the strange sensation which quivered through every nerve. And as I stood rooted to the spot, a spasm seized her in which the same gurgling cries of strangulation and the fearful death struggle were reproduced. When it was over, she sank back upon the pillows, white and still, and an impulse drew me to her side. I bent over the beloved form while my tears fell upon her hair, and lovingly closed the sweet blue eyes, while her features settled into that calm, smiling repose, which I remembered so well. When I looked up the sisters had withdrawn and only the priest remained, standing near me with folded arms and sorrowful features.

"You have been kind to her, and she lov ed you," he said gently and in a low tore. "God bless you!" And I saw that his tears flowed freely. I could not resist the impulse and turned to him with the question:

"What is she to you?" "She was my mother," he answered sorrowfully, "but now she is an angel in Heav-

"I did not know she had a son," I responded in bewilderment. "She told me that her only child, a son, was lost in infancy,"

"Yes, lost to her. I was but a child when my father gave me of the church, and from that day I was as wholly lost to her as if the grave had closed over me, In late years I have watched over her, since my father died, but she did not know it. To the moment of her death, she knew me not as a son, but a father confessor only. I would not bring back painful regrets and bitter sufferings to disturb her declining years, by a revelation of the truth, so she rests sweetly at last, and one great solace of my own life is gone. It was a comfort to watch over my mother's spiritual welfare."

I asked no more questions. All he said that, for I thought in strangulation the face | bore the stamp of sincerity, and I could doubt | coming election is of more importance than must grow black; but her features were as nothing, however strange, under these victory over the rebels in arm,"-Every Abostrange circumstances. But this dream and what followed, have left upon my mind im pressions which can pass away only with my own life.

SOME CRITIC.

Artemus K. Ward, the "wax work" man, s out with another letter. Hear him:

"I am travellin with a tent, which is better nor hirin balls. My show consists of a series of wax-works, a panerammy called a grand Movin Diarea of the War in the Crymear, comic songs, and the Cangaroo, which little cuss continues to conduct himself in the most outragious stile. I started out with the idea of making my show a grate moral entertainment, but i'm compelled to sware so much at that air infernal Cangaroo, that i'm afraid this design will be frustrated to some extent. And while speaking of morality reminds me that sum folks turn up their noses at shows like mine, saying they is low and not fit to be patronized by people of high degree. Sure i maintain that this is infurnal nonsense. I maintain that wax figures is more elevatin than all the plays ever wroten. Take Shaspeer for instance. People think he's great things, but i contend he is quite the reverse to the contrary. What sort of sense thar to King Lear, who gose round cussin his darters, chawin hay, and throwin and throwin straws at foiks, and larfin like a sily old koot, and making a ass of himself generally?

"Thare's Mrs. Macbeth-she is a nicc kind of woman to haue ain't she-a puttin old Mac, her husband, up to slayin Duncan with a cheese knife, wuile he is a pavin a riendly visit to their house. O, it's highly morality I spose, when she larfs wild and sez, 'gin me the da gers-i'll let his bowels out,' or words to that effeck - i say this is all strictly proper, i spose? That Jack logue took place with the man of the house Fawls staff is likewise an immeral old cuss. take hlm how you may; and Hamlit is as which the mind was previously occupied in crazy as a loon. Thare's Richard Thurd—the hours of sleep. upon him in the lite of a monster. He kills everybody he take a noshen to, in cold blood, and then goes to sleep in his tent. Bimeby he wakes up and yells for a hoss, so he can go orf and kill sum more people. he is not a fit ssecimen for the gallis, should like to know where you find um .-Thare's iorgo, who is more ornery nor pizun, See how shamefully he treated that highly respectable injun gentleman, Mr. Otheller, makin him for to believe his wife was too thick with Casheo. Observe how iorgo got Casheo drunk as a biled owl on corn whisky in order to carry out his sneakin desines .-See how he works Mistes Otheller's feeling up so that he goze and makes poor Desdemo ny swaller a piller, which causes her deth. But i must stop. At some future time i shall continue my remarks on the drammer, in which i shall show the vast superiorty of wax figgers, snaix, and the fixins in an in-

ABOLITION PREDICTIONS.

These Predictions are summed up as fol-

1861 -A few brief menths will bring this

rebellion to a close. 1862-A few brief months will bring this

rebellion to a close. 1863-A few brief months will bring this

rebellion to a close.

1864-A few brief months will bring: thisrebellion to a close.

> (To be continued.) N. Y. Express.

To this should be added :

1. This is the last draft.

2. This is the last draft sure. 3. This is positively the last draft.

4. This is certainly the last draft.

(To be continued.) Pacific Echo:

Further additions: 1. After New Orleans, in 1861-the back-

bone of this wicked rebellion is broken. 2. After Fort Donelson,in 1862-The back bone of this infamous rebellion is broken in

3. After Gicksburg, in 1863-The backbene of this damnable rebellion is broken all

to pieces. 4 After Atlanta, in 1864-The backbone of this hell-born rebellion is smashed all to

[To be continued.]

V. C. Constitution. To these let us add:

1860. You can't drive the South out of the Union. 1861. 50,000 will rverrun the South in 90

days. 1861. 42,000 will exterminate the rebels.

1891. 30,000 will use them up. 1861. 50,000. The back of the rebellion is certainly broken, and this number will finish it. The rebellion is nearly closed. We have defeated the Copperheads at the election, if we did cheat a little, and suppress their

printing presses. 1862. The back of the rebellion is broken.

1863. The rebellion is nearly at an end. Before election: 1864. The rebels are exhausted: vote for

Lincoln and avoid the draft. "One hundred thousand new troops, promptly furnished, is all that Gen. Grant asks for the campaign against Richmond, and to give a finishing blow to the rebel forces yet in the

field." -Stanton to Dix, Sept. 2. 1864. 1864. "A defeat of the Copperheads in the

After the election: "1 want 300,000 more men to put down this accursed rebellion .- Abraham Liwcoln Dec. 19th, 1864.

(To be continued.) Lackawanna Register.

A FINE TIGER,-The wife of a shoddy contractor, who spent last summer abroad, and who brought back with her many of the forms, if not the ideas of London fashionable society, is very particular in training the members of her household to their observance The other day she desired a new footman (a green Hibernian) to sen! some one down town with a message.

"Your boy's come back, ma'am," announced the footman, after the lapse of an hour or "You should not say your boy, James,"

said his mistress, "you should say your ti-

A couple of days afterwards she had occa-

sion to send James himself to, inquire after a lady friend, who was expecting a certain interesting event.

"Well, what answer did you get ?" she inquired. "Oh! it's all right, ma'am. The doctor says it's a fine little tiger."

CURIOSITY .- A person of an observing turn of mind, if he has rode through a country town, has noticed how curious youngsters along the route will fill the windows with their anxious faces in order to get a glimpse of all passers by. A Yankee peddler drove up in front of a house one day, and seeing all hands and the cook staring from the windows got off from his cart, and the following dia-Jonathan-"Has there been a funeral here

Man of the House-"No; why?" Jonathan-"I saw there was one pane of plass that didn't have a head in it."

Man of the House-"You leave blasted quick, or there will be a funeral."

A country gentleman was strolling out with a cockney friend-a genuine cockney-when they finally approached a medow in which was standing a glorious crop of hay. The cockney gazed at it wonderingly, It wasn't grass-it wasn't wheat-it wasn't turnip tops. "Vy. vatever does you call this stuff?" said he to his companion. "Thatwhy, hay, to be sure !" was the reply. "Hay! he, he ! come, that's cutting it a little too thick ! If that's hay, just show me the haycorns-come, now !"

From the Saturday Evening Post,

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

One stormy evening this winter, we were sitting in my room before a glowing grate-Mrs. Grant and I -she talking, I listening, while the wind whistled and the windows shook dismally. I seem to see her now as she leaned back in my great easy chair, her feet upon a stool, and the two fair little hands that looked like a child's folded over the cap lightly. The picture was both pretty and touching. Though quite old, she bore few traces of age. Her face was smooth and soft her hair black and shining, neatly folded away under a charming little lace cap, trimmed with purple ribbons. There was a smile upon her lips as she ceased speaking and sank back as I have described her, but tears were on her cheeks, shining like dew below her spectacles. Since that evening I have of ten recalled her in just that position, calm and exquisite in every detail of feature and dress. The quakerish style she assumed, became her better than any one I ever saw, and as she was a special favorite of mine. I suppose I may be pardoned for saying she looked perfectly beautiful, though many who

She had been telling me a long story-a story that the world would sneer at as the creation of a morbid imagination, were I to write it. Step by step she led me up thro' where the clouds lowered and storms broke character was so spotlessly pure and lovable in her old age. She had passed through the etly, that old Time in tender pity, tempered

Presently the little clock upon the mantel

"Ten o'clock, and I have kept you from your writing all the evening. It is too bad. Do not think about it, child. I am much better and happier for what has happened to me. Buter lessons are often needed to teach necessary for my good. I would not have it otherwise. Why I have told you my history, I cannot tell. This is the first time I indulged in retrospecting the Past for thirty years, and why the impulse should have come Perhaps there was a purpose in it-who knows, and you will remember my experi-

and pressed kiss after kiss upon my lips .-

tening to her steps as she glided down the hall, and turning the gas jet around, so as to fall properly upon my book, began to read. I must have grown sleepy very soon, for it was only eleven o,clock when I awoke from a slumber to find the book had fallen to the floor, and with cold perspiration drenching my face and hair. I had been dreaming of

In this dream I seemed to be staning in

"There is to be an execution." he replied. 1 turned from the spot, intending to avoid the scene, but he commanded me sternly to remain where I was, and I had no power to

Standing there in the shadow, mute and the air performed, which was like a funeral but got no answer, and we could not find terlectual point of view."