

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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ACT LIKE A CHARM! in strengthening and restoring the system. Thousands of ladies who have suffered for years and tried various other remedies in vain, owe a renewal of their health and strength wholly to the efficacy of DR. HARVEY'S FEMALE PILLS.

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DR. JOHN HARVEY, one of the most eminent physicians, prescribed them for many years in his private practice, and no physician has more truly popular or widely known than him in the treatment of

FEMALE DIFFICULTIES. All who have used Dr. HARVEY'S FEMALE PILLS recommend them to others. Nurses recommend them—Druggists and Dealers recommend them in preference to other medicines, because of their merits. No lady objects to take them for they are elegantly PREPARED BY AN EXPERIENCED CHEMIST—and are perfectly harmless on the system. They may be taken at any time with perfect safety; but during the early stages of Pregnancy they should not be taken, or a miscarriage may be the result. They never cause any sickness, pain or distress. Each box contains sixty pills and full directions for use.

Price One Dollar. Cut this notice out if you desire Dr. Harvey's Pills or Book, and if you cannot procure them of your druggist, do not take any other. For some dealers who are unprincipled will recommend other Female Pills, they can make a larger profit—But enclose the money and send direct to Dr. J. BRYAN, General Agent, Box 5079, 76 Cedar Street, N. Y., who will take all risk if properly directed; and you will receive them post paid, securely sealed from observation, by return mail.

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Poet's Corner.

A GRAND OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners? Who shall know him by his dress? Paupers may be fit for princes. Princes fit for something less. Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket May besetle the golden ore Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—Satin veils could do no more.

These are springs of crystal nectar. Eyes wetting out of stone; There are purple buds and golden, Hidden, crushed and overgrown; God who counts by souls, not dresses, Loves and prospers you and me, While he values thrones, the highest, But as pebbles in the sea.

Men upraised above his fellows, Oft forgets his fellows then, Masters, rulers lords, remember That your meanest kind are men, Men by labor, men by feeling, Men by thought, and men by fame, Claiming equal rights to sunshine, In a mans ennobling name.

There are four-embroidered oceans, There are little web-cad rills, There are feeble inch-high saplings, There are cedars on the hill; God, who counts by souls, not station, Loves and prospers you and me; For, to Him, all vain distinctions, Are as pebbles in the sea.

Tullied hands alone are builders; Of a nation's wealth or fame; Titled taxines is pensioned, Fed and fattened on the same; By the sweat of others' forehead, Living only to rejoice, While the poor man's outraged freedom, Vainly lifted up his voice.

Truth and justice are eternal, Born with loveless and light, Secret wrongs shall never prosper, While there is a sunny right; God, whose world heard voice is stinging Boundless love to you and me, Sinks oppression with its titles, As the pebbles in the sea.

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Select Story.

ANDRE'S LAST NIGHT IN NEW YORK.

A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

The moon was shining brightly upon the polished musket and gorgeous equipment of a sentinel in the scarlet uniform of the Buff—the crack regiment of the day—as he traversed his brief round at the garden gate of Greenwich street, behind the residence of Sir Henry Clinton, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in America. His stalwart figure and high grenadier cap made his figure appear gigantic beneath the rays of the full and glorious orb—the Western moon. Occasionally he would pause as if listening to the rich music which ever and anon swelled forth from the residence of Sir Henry, and his thoughts turned upon the youth and beauty mingled in the dance with him. Once or twice he passed the back of his hand across his eyes, as if to stay a transient tear that was stealing from its fountain. His memory rushed to the days of his early home in "merry England."

"By S. George?" he muttered half aloud. "I did not think I could be so childish—The sound of the tune has put me in mind of home and Old Devonshire."

Saying this, he broke out on the song of General Wolfe, which as tradition goes, he sang while passing up the St. Lawrence, the night before he fell on the plains of Abraham:

"Why, soldiers why Should we be melancholy, boys, Whose business 'tis to die!" &c.

His voice, naturally sweet, sounded perfectly melodious, as, unconsciously, he forgot his duties as sentinel, and gave to the song the full compass of his manly tones. At a little distance, concealed from the sentinel by the shrubbery, was an officer, upon whose arm leaned a beautiful girl—absentees from the ball room.

As the after fate of this brave officer forms a memorable page in our country's history, our readers may perhaps like a description of his person. He was rather under the middle height, of a hand some well made figure, and erect, military carriage. His face was oval, and the features decidedly handsome. The main expression of his countenance displayed frankness and sincerity. His coat was faced with white buff and buff breeches, with white silk stockings adorning the lower part of his person. Such was the ball room costume of an English officer at that period.

"You seem melancholy to-night, Major Andre," said his fair companion. "O! such a night as this you should be otherwise."

"And in such company, you might have added, Miss Beckham. Pardon me for this apparent quietness. The thought that this may be the last night that I shall ever spend in New York is enough to make one feel

melancholy, is it not, fair lady?" "Leave New-York, Major Andre?" said the young lady, with some surprise. "Are you going South with Lord Cornwallis?"

"A soldier, Miss Beckham, must inform no one of his destination, and particularly one like yourself, with a touch of the rebel feeling towards your countrymen. Tis much I will answer—I am not going South."

"Some new plan for Sir Henry's I'll be bound," said the laughing girl. "I do love Washington, and that is the truth. My father, it is certain, remains firm in his allegiance to King George; but I go with our Republican George—the soldier from Virginia."