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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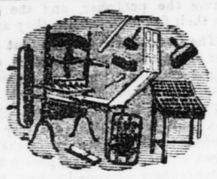
BY HARVEY SICKLER



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Third Edition, Fifty Thousand, 96 pages cloth covers,

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They do not interfere with business pursuits, and are speedy in action.

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Upwards of a Hundred Physicians use them extensively in their private practice, and they cannot effect cures without them.

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THESE ARE WARRANTED.

They are adapted for male or female, old or young, and are the only reliable remedy known for the cure of all diseases arising from

YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION.

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THEY ACT LIKE A CHARM.

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An invaluable treatise of 64 pages, by

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It gives a concise description of all the diseaseses peculiar to females, together with means of cure, and treats of *Conception, Pregnacy, Miscarriage, Sterility, Sexual Abuses, Prolapsus Uteri, Female Weakness, Consumption,* &c., and much other valuable information not published in any other work.

Every lady should procure a copy without delay.

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HARVEY'S CHRONO THERMAL FEMALE PILLS

the most infallible and popular remedy ever known for all diseases of the female sex. They have been used in many thousand cases with unfalling success—and may be relied on in averp case for which they are recommended, and particularly in all cases arising from

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, Nervousness,* &c., &c., and they

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.

They are not a new discovery but a long tried remedy—the celebrated

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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

They ar perfectly harmless on the system, 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 druggists, do not take any other. for some dealers who are unprincipled will recomend other Female Pills, they can make a larger profit on—but enclose the money and send direct to*

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Poet's Corner.

WHERE ARE THEY.

Where are the men who marched at night
About four months ago?
Each with a banner or a light
A grand, inspiring show,
Who "hoped to march to Dixie's land,
Each with a musket in his hand,
To slaughter all the rebel land"
About four months ago.

Where are the men who drove fast teams
About four months ago?
Who showed their zeal by shouts and screams,
And maked the whiskey flow;
Who made their patriotic boasts
That they would "crush the rebel hosts,
Or die, like heroes at their posts,"
About four months ago.

Where are the men who swayed the crowd
About four months ago?
Where speeches were so long and loud
And bright with martial glow.
Who wore small medals on their coats,
And had their pocket full of notes
To buy up Democratic votes,
About four months ago.

The draft is coming—where are those
Who bragged four months ago?
Why don't they march to meet their foes
And "crush them at a blow?"
Abe calls, but, ah! they answer not!
They do not fancy being shot,
Their blood has cooled, which was so hot
About four months age.

[From all The Year Round]

BULL FIGHT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

I looked up at the endless tiers of spectators, the ladies, with their flashing eyes and waving fans, some in the old Spanish dress, but most in Parisian finery, at the dandies of Malaga; the crowds of shopkeepers and artisans; whole families together, from the delighted old grandfather to the children in arms, that was being taught to clap its little hands and crow at the sight of bloodshed; at the multitudes of peasants in holiday attire such as their ancestors wore in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. I gave a glance to the place where the captain-general in his rich uniform blazing with decorations, sat amid a brilliant group of officers and ladies, whose diamonds and courtly splendor seemed oddly placed in such a scene. And then I looked down at the ring.

And yet the sport had been merely of an introductory character. Three or four young bulls had been worried by tridents and flags "A craven," as those pacific animals are called whose temper is known to be meek, had been tormented with squibs, barbed darts, and the incessant brandishing of red scarfs before his eyes, and had finally been dispatched by Choco, who did what may be called the comic business of the theatre.—And now a fine bull, with wide spreading horns, was in possession of the ring. This animal, however, disappointed the amateurs of the arena by showing more desire to escape than ferocity. He ran round and round seeking an outlet and bellowing piteously, as the active toreadors on foot, with banners and scarfs, ran nimbly around, taunting and teasing him until his hide was like a pincushion stuck full of tiny barbed darts, adorned with colored paper. Of this, too, the people grew weary, and a general shout arose.

"Toros! toros! the Murican bull at once No, the Portugese! Let the English matador show us what he is made of. Toros!"

The manager looked up appealingly to the Captain-General, and, receiving an august nod of permission, bustled out. Very soon there was a flourish of trumpets, and then, amid clapping of hands and huzzaing of countless voices, the brindled Murican bull came at a heavy canter into the ring, stooped short, lifted his head, and gave a loud roar of impatient anger. A noble beast he was, and the populace enthusiastically shouted forth their comments on his tossing main, his deep chest, his dauntless lock, the strength of his limbs, and the sharpness of his horns. Then to the sound of martial music, in poured the mounted picadors, two and two, fluttering with bright ribbons, and dressed in the old Castilian garb They lowered their lances before the Captain General and rode three times around the area to exhibit their bright scarfs and rich jackets, while the cymbals clashed and the drums rolled out their loudest notes. The bull pawed the ground, distended his nostrils, and, with a short bellowing cry, stooped his head and began the attack. The words "Bravo, toro!" rent the very sky.

It was a butcherly business at best, though I admit that the rich dresses, the long lances, and waving of scarf and ribbon, plume, gave a false glitter and gallantry to what was really a very dastardly and disgusting scene.—The picadors, padded as they were, and furnished with immense boots through which the bull's horns could not pierce, while scores of watchful attendants stood ready to distract the animal's attention in case of need or to carry off a prostrate combatant, were safe enough. But the bull itself, bleeding from the repeated lance thrusts, did execution among the horses, plunging his sharp horns into their quivering flanks again and again, and inflicting ghastly wounds, while still the wretched steeds went reeling round the ring until loss of blood made them drop down on the ensanguined sand. And still the music played its most stirring strains, and still the people shouted, while the ladies waved fans and handkerchiefs in token of applause, and all the gory savagery of the Spanish national sport went on with sickening repetition. At last, nine horses being dead or frightfully injured, two picadors having been bruised by falling against the oaken barriers, and the bull being much spent, the remaining horsemen left the ridge. Ropes and hooks were fastened to the carcasses of the slain horses, and they were dragged away, and fresh sand and sawdust were thrown down. It was time for the matador to appear.

"Now, Englishman, they are waiting for you. Remember the thrust and be cool," whispered the manager. He led me into the ring, and I made my bow to the Captain General and another to the audience, while the manager, with much grandiloquence, presented me to the public as "Don Enriques, of London, the distinguished volunteer, who had so kindly undertaken to fill the office of the eminent Manuel Zagal." Scarcely had he finished this speech before the bull began to advance and my introducer hastily retired. I stood alone in the ring, my heart beating quickly, and a red film seeming to obscure my dazzled eyes, while the clamor of the crowd and the consciousness that I was the mark on which thousands were gazing in pitiless expectation almost unnerved me. I had faced danger before, but not in such a shape, and I am not ashamed to own that for a moment my knees felt strangely weak, and my pulse fluttered like a bird over which the hawk hovers. Then came bock the thought of Alice, and I was myself once more. Disregarding the spectators, I bent my whole attention on the bull, which was slowly approaching me with its head bent dowa and bloody foam dropping from its lips. I steadied myself on my feet, carrying the cloak gathered up on my left arm, and with my right I kept the sword pointed to the earth, ready to spring aside when my antagonist should charge. But the bull was more hurt than I had expected. His movements were slow and painful, and the blood trickled fast from his bridled flanks. His rolling eye fixed upon me, then he gave a roar, and dashed at me, while, following the manager's instructions, I avoided him by springing aside, I thought the animal would have wheeled to renew the attack, but the last rush had manifestly exhausted his remaining strength.—He fell on his knees, and did not rise till the men on foot beset him with squibs and darts when pain and fury revived his forces, and he again made a floundering charge. This time I stepped aside, and without throwing the cloak over the bull's horns, plunged the sword into his neck. He fell, and the audience set up a shout of "well done Inglese."

"That was an easy victory," whispered my friend the manager, as he led me off, after making my bow to the people; "but don't let it make you rash. The poor brute was bleeding to death; anybody could see that. It will be different with the black Portuguese."

And so it proved, for the audience loudly demanded that the lances of the picadors should be tipped with wood, all save a point about two inches long, so that the next bull should show better sport. And not to dwell on details, after five or six horses had been disabled, the picadors retired, and amid a flourish of trumpets I was placed face to face with the black Portuguese bull.

"Bravo, toro! look what a wicked eye he has! I bet an ounce of gold on the bull!"—shouted one amateur springing to his feet, and there was a burst of laughter at the offer of this wager, but a breathless silence succeeded as I advanced, step by step, towards where the bull stood, pawing up the loose sand with his fore feet, and roaring low as he watched me. He was a superb beast, very large, but a model of symmetry, and his sable coat, now spotted with froth and gore, was as glossy as satin. He was very little hurt; his bloodshot eyes rolled fiercely; he was evidently gathering breath to renew the battle. On my part I was well aware that my life hung by a thread, but that if I could conquer this one bull. the last survivor, my work would be done, and the money—the price of a man's safety—would be earned. A hasty word of prayer rose from my heart to my lips, and I advanced cautiously but firmly. The bull appeared to be in no hurry.—He waited, with heaving flanks, close to one of the barriers while I drew near.

"Have a care, Englishman, have a care, he means mischief!" cried some well meaning spectator in the front row. Scarcely were the words uttered, before with deep and sudden roar, the black bull came thundering down upon me in headlong charge. It was all that I could do to spring aside, and the bull, unable to check himself, dashed his head against the wooden barriers with a violence that made many women in the lower tier scream with affright. But with great quickness the huge beast recovered himself, and came rushing towards me with head low.—Again I sprang aside, but so narrow was my escape that one of the sharp horns caught the sleeves of my gaudy jacket, and rippled it open from wrist to elbow, while the applause of the audience followed the stroke.—Before I could use my sword, the bull nimbly wheeled and I was forced to trust for my life to my superior speed of foot, running round the ring, hotly chased by the bull, whose feet sank in the loose sand. I then turned, and made an ineffectual effort to throw the red cloak over the eyes of my terrible antagonist, but the crafty beast eluded me, and this time, as I sprang out of his way I felt a sharp pane in my left arm and side, and staggered back, almost dropping the sword The people set up a cry:

"Toro! Viva el Negro! the black bull forever! Well done, bull? I see the Englishman's blood."

A crimson mist floated before my eyes. I grew dizzy, and the roar of the audience confused me. Was all, indeed, lost? Half mechanically while the blood ebbed from my wounded arm, I looked around me. The bull was close by. I saw his glaring eyes, and tossing horns, he lowered his head and made a fresh charge. Hardly knowing what I did I thrust forward the long strong bladed sword of the metador, and planted my feet firmly and then there was a crash and bellowing roar, and I was beaten to the ground and rose again, feebly, and then I was leaning on my sword, reeling like a drunken man—as the manager supported me, and bade me bow to the audience while the shout of "O, well done the Englishman! Viva! Viva! Well done!" rose from thousands of throats. Close beside me lay the carcass of the black Portuguese bull. My sword had reached his heart. The next thing I remember, was, that I lay half swooning, on a mattress, in one of the inner crypts of the ampytheatre, while a doctor was binding up my hurts. "Considerable hemorrhage but no artery damaged, after all! said the French surgeon, let us see the other wound. Bah! a mere graze. You have escaped belet bein "my young friend after all!"

So it proved. I suffered no inconvenience beyond loss of blood from the injury I had received, and the money I had earned being forwarded by a safe hand to the place of rendezvous on the following day, Mr. Croft was set at liberty. Moreno proved a man of his word, being equally willing to release a captive whose ransome was paid, as to poinard an insolvent prisoner. I will not describe Alice's joy at being united to the father whom she had mourned as dead, nor the mingled terror and gratitude with which the darling girl learned the desperate means I have taken to save him. I am captain of the Tudor now, and she is my wife, and in our English home, in which we have lived happily together for so long, she has often recalled with tears and smiles that episode in our lives which was so nearly proving tragical at Malega.

Women in Paraguy.

The author of "Sketches in Paraguay" gives us this fragrant morsel:

"Everybody smokes in Paraguy, and every female above thirteen years of age chews.—I am wrong. They do not chew, but put tobacco in their mouths, keep it there constantly, except when eating, and, instead of chewing, roll it about with their tongue, and suck it.—Only imagine yourself about to salute the rich red lips of a magnificent little Hebe, arrayed in satin and flashing with diamonds; she puts you back with one delicate hand, while with the fair, taper fingers of the other she draws from her mouth a brownish, blue black roll of tobacco, quite two inches long, looking like a monstrous grub, and depositing the savory morsel on the rim of your sombrero, puts up her face and is ready for a salute. I have sometimes seen an overdelicate foreigner turn with a shudder of loathing under such circumstances, and get the epithet of *el savaco*, the savage, applied to him by the offended beauty, for this sensitive squeamishness. However, one gets used to this in Paraguay, where you are, perforce of custom, obliged to kiss every lady you are introduced to; and one half you meet are really so tempting you would sip the dew of the lips in the face of a tobacco battery, even the double-distilled "honey dew" of old Virginia.

☞ Dryden, on the night that one of his plays was damned, was taking his melancholy walk from the theatre, when he was met by a coxcomb acquaintace, who said: "What, Dryden, my boy, upon my soul I feel for you. Can there be anything more shocking to a person's feelings than a damned play?" "Yes, sir," replied the poet, "a damned fool."

☞ Widow Grizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of the most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him:

"Well, Mr. Grizzle, you needn't kick about so, and wear the sheets out if you are dying."

☞ Speak and write by the card, but do not play by it.

It is a bad habit to carry your pins or your religion in your mouth.

It usually falls out that those who see other's destruction find their own.

Treatise on the New Constitution.

The arbitrary violence of the times has seldom been better hit off than in the annexed dark illustration:

A MILITARY NECESSITY.

"Why, Pompey, is dat you dressed up in sojer clothes so smart?"

"Yes, Pete, I'se enlisted."

"Well, den, Pomp, I wants to ax you jest one ting befo you go. Wat's dis I hear about military necessity? Wat's it mean?"

"I'll splain it to you right off. Gi' me your knife fust."

"Dar it am."

"Berry well. Now, am you a loyal man, Pete?"

"I spec I is."

"Lucky for you, Now, law am one ting and military necessity am anoder. I's a sojer. War times now wid me. I got your knife because it am a military necessity. I want it. The law can't touch me for takin' it. You touch me and you am opposed to military necessity, and you go the Fort La Faughyet."

"Why, dat's my knife!"

"No. It am confiscated by military necessity. In time of war de Army and de Government takes all dey want—property, slaves and all tings—bekase dey want it to help kerry on de war. In peace der am no such military necessity, and they couldn't do it, but now, if dey am opposed, dose who opposes am Rebels, bekase dey oppose de interest of de whole kentry. I am in dat interest, being a sojer. I keep your knife fur military necessity; you objeck and you're a Secessionist at once. So be keerful. Wut say?"

"I say, take de knife—and be dam! I don't want to go to Laughyet!"

"Den you sufficiently understand bout military necessity?"

"I does now, dat's a fack."

"Well dar! I ollers tought you was loyal; so good bye, Pete; de Gineral wants to see me."

"Good bye, Pomp; but when de war is ober bring back my knife."

ANOTHER CLERICAL ROGUE.—The Nashville *Despatch* relates the arrest of Rev. Albert Griffith, of the 17th N. Y. regiment, chaplain and postmaster of the Sherman Hospital, of that city, on a charge of robbery.—He is believed to be guilty of extensive thefts of sanitary stores, and is said to have opened robbed and destroyed over a thousand letters addressed to soldiers in the hospital.—After his arrest he was paroled and immediately fled from the city. He was, however, pursued, and captured a few miles out, on the Gallatin pike.—*Chicago Post.*

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.—There are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, clubs, and brickbats into fruit trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked as to go to war, and kill each other; if let alone they would die themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women wo'd come after them.

POSITIVISM.—Milk-and-water people, who content themselves with simply doing no harm, at the same time never doing any good, are mere negatives. Your man of force who does not wait for a stone to get out of his Heaven-appointed way, but manfully rolls it over, may unintentionally hurt somebody's toes in the act; but thousands who will walk that future path will thank him for clearing it. The man who has no enemy is generally a sleek, creeping, cautious, white-washed creature, walking the world with velvet shoes, who smirks and glides his unchallenged way to the obscurity he merits.

Various instances have been cited to prove how lazy a man moy be and live: but it remains for a Michigander to cap the climax.—One hot day during the heated terms of last summer one Mr. F———, of Jackson County, was observed to throw himself down on the grass under the spreading branches of a shade tree, and to explain emphatically to himself, "There! breathe if you want to—I shan't!"

The report that Andy Johnson passed through Bourbon county, Kentucky, on his way to Washington, is denied; but it is admitted that a great deal of Bourbon county passed through him.—*World.*

NICE LEGAL POINT.—Suppose a fellow who has nothin' marries a gal who has norbin', is her things his'n or is his'n her'n, or is his'n and her'n, her'n? A nice question to decide that.

Some husbands are driven to take a smile at a tavern because they get no smiles at home.

The labor in Maine State Prison, last year paid all the expenses of the institution, and left a surplus of $4,000.