

# 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,

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Office in Starke's Brick Block Tioga St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

GEO. S. TUTTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Tunkhannock, Pa. Office in Starke's Brick Block, Tioga street.

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.  
Will be found at home on Saturdays of each week.

H. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON  
Newton Centre, Luzerne County 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.

GEO. 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. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor:  
Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

## NORTH BRANCH HOTEL,

MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA.  
Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r

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.

June, 3rd, 1863

## Means Hotel,

TOWANDA, PA.

D. B. BARTLET,  
[Late of the BRADYARD HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y. PROPRIETOR.]

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.

v 3, 21, 17.

## CLARKE, KEENEY, CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

LADIES', MISSES' & GENTS'  
Silk and Cassimere Hats

AND JOBBERS IN

HATS, CAPS, FURS, STRAW GOODS,  
PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS,  
BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES.

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CORNER OF LEONARD STREET,  
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## M. GILMAN,

DENTIST.

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

ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post Office.  
Dec. 11, 1864

## GOOD NEWS

### HOUSE KEEPERS!

### Frank M. Buck

Has just opened, at the store house formerly occupied by C. T. Marsh, one door below Baldwin's Hotel, in Tunkhannock,

### NEW GROCERY

### Provision Store,

where he is prepared to sell everything in the line of Family Groceries at prices far below those heretofore asked for them.

His stock was selected and purchased by

### MR. A. G. STARK

in person, whose intimate acquaintance with the trade, and dealers, enabled him to purchase at prices

### LOWER THAN THE LOWEST.

Mr. Stark's services as salesman, also, have been secured.

In the line of Groceries and Provisions, I can sell

Good Molasses at \$1 per Gal.

Good Brown Sugar at 12 1/2 cts per lb.

No. 1 Mackerel " 12 1/2 " "

Cod Fish " 9 " "

New Mess Pork " 17 " "

Chemical Soap " 12 1/2 " "

Saleratus " 12 1/2 " "

Ground Coffee " 25 " "

Extra Green Rio Coffee " 40 " "

Lard " 20 " "

Rice " 15 " "

Crackers " 10 " "

And all other articles at correspondingly low prices.

In the article of Teas, both as to prices and quality, I

### Defy Competition

GINGER, PEPPER, SPICE, CINAMON,  
CLOVES, NUTMEG, MUSTARD,  
CREAM-TARTAR,  
RAISINS,  
FIGS,  
POWDER, SHOT AND LEAD.

### FRUITS AND NUTS OF ALL KINDS,

—ALSO—

FLAVORING EXTRACTS FOR PUDDINGS,  
ICE, CUSTARD AND ICE CREAM.

### SPICED SALMON & SARDINES

in boxes—a fine article for Pic-nic, fishing and pleasure parties.

### Ice Cream

Constantly on hand, and furnished in any quantity desired, on short notice.

MACARONI—  
FOR SOUPS,  
SMOKED HALIBUT.

A large and varied assortment of

LAMPS, LAMP CHIMNEYS,  
GLOBES AND WICKS,  
ALSO

### Kerosene Oil.

N. B.—WOOL, HIDES, FURS, AND SHEEP PELTS, purchased for cash or trade, for which the highest cash prices will be paid.

### Call and Examine.

F. M. BUCK,  
Tunkhannock, June 28, 1866.

## Select Story.

### BACHELOR'S EXPERIENCE.

BY H. W. B.

It is not necessary for me to relate my early history. Why tell how, or when, or where I was born? That I have an existence is undeniable; this manuscript is presumptive evidence of that. If any one doubts that I have moved in society, have seen the world, that doubt will disappear before I have finished. That what I write is a truth, a fact, I leave those who may peruse this to form their own opinion.

Suffice it, then, to say I am a bachelor, of presentable appearance, tolerable information, and passionately fond of young ladies, especially the neat and tidy. Of course some wonder why I don't get married, that's just what I wonder at; but before I close, you may find a reason of your own; don't let me anticipate your wishes, and don't get excited over my awful fate. Perhaps I had better entitle this after the old maxim, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

My life has been the mere experience of my circle of acquaintance; mine is written, theirs dead or forgotten amid new joys or deeper griefs.

When I arrived at the impatient age of sixteen, when long cigars and tobacco quids made men of boys, when long-tailed coats bosomed shirts, standing collars and essence of peppermint added dignity to youth (at least, youth thought so), and made some slim spindle-shanks a man of property and a catch. I started out in the world with my brains clouded with tobacco smoke and my clothes scented with a beautiful conglomeration of the same delicious odor mingled with an agreeable perfume of peppermint. I had two ideas besides peppermint and tobacco, however, and they were to find a wife, and a rich old uncle, who would die soon and leave me the bulk of his property. That wealth, severely earned through long years of toil and privation, would not be willingly bequeathed to such a genius as I, never troubled my mind; it would, of course, be left me. I failed in both, however, as every man who starts in life with two such mad propositions ought to do. Some fair damsel sighing for a husband, may ask how I failed in the first, and some lucky fool who stumbled on a wife, may remark, any man can marry. I do most sincerely pity such people; my deepest commiseration is extended to them; they waste brains and energy. 'Tis not every woman I would marry, nor every woman would marry me; so I am still looking for a wife.

After long and faithful search to find some wealthy relative to leave me his fortune, and after being shown the sidewalk repeatedly, in a manner that always left an impression upon me, I concluded that either my rich relations were fools, or I had mistaken my calling. In the course of my long, distant, and tedious peregrinations, I was introduced to a lovely and bewitching lady of the name of Miss Clara Angel. She smiled, and I was in love. O! the rapture of that emotion! How it thrilled my whole soul! What a new dignity it added to me! The possibility that she did not love me I never calculated—the idea that any woman of intelligence could refuse so brilliant a chance as to become the wife of such a wonderful genius as myself, was presumptuous; so I spent money for gifts, money for tickets to the theatre, to concerts and lectures. I wasted my time, wasted my energies, exhausted my resources, made my friends sorrowful, wore out the patience of my relations, and lost my coveted "heirship."

On one of these calm, serene and beautiful evenings, at the hour when the moon's silvery light hallowed everything with a mellowing influence, I was seated in a buggy with her to whom my sighs and joys were all dedicated. Just as we neared the shade of a magnificent oak, I began to feel all the blended emotions and sensations usually experienced on such occasions, and as passion grew warm and ardent, I confessed all. I told her of my love, my hopes, my ambition, and my prospects. It awakened no corresponding thrill. Coolly and silently she listened. I grew madly eloquent. I pressed the question, and she replied:

"I don't see the necessity of this warmth between friends I love you certainly. I love you with a sister's love, and shall ever esteem you as a brother."

This reply thoroughly unmanned me. I had plenty of sisters at home; I knew the value of a sister's love. Being a worthless, good-for-nothing fellow, my sisters were constantly teasing the life out of me; and when my senses fully recovered from the shock produced by her reply, concluded she had flattered my fancy at the expense of my pocket. She bewitched me with her sweetness long drawn out to the tune of misspent time and exhausted resources, threadbare coats and laughing shoes, hats that to all appearance had served a campaign in Southern warfare, so awfully worn out. If I had been born rich or a poet, I should make a hero out of myself and a heroine out of her; but being unfortunately destined to go hungry to bed, the romance of the thing

soon wore out, and I, like others, was doomed to learn that wondrous wise truth "that as good fish live in the sea as ever came out of it." I vote the celebrat'd individual whose fertile mind originated that immortal homily a leather medal. What on earth is the use of trying to conciliate a rejected lover by telling him that? Why insult a disappointed fisherman, by telling him that plenty of fish live in the sea, if none will bite his bait? What consolation is it to me to know that plenty of women walk the streets, plenty sit in nice parlors, waiting to be won; plenty that would learn your step, greet your coming, and exercise themselves to please, if I don't admire them, or if I "can't see it?" No, positively no, there is no comfort, no solace, no consolation in knowing these dead realities, these certain and incontrovertible facts. What does a lover care for truth? He is all romance. I have learned the truth by bitter and humiliating experience, and have got over it all bravely.

After I had finished my love affair with her and seen the necessity of doing something to regain my lost reputation and position, I took a careful survey of effects. To drown myself was folly; hanging was madness; poison was hard to take and disagreeable in its effects; shooting was impossible, because I had not the courage; suicide was cowardly, and in committing it what would I gain? No accidental discharge of fire arms, no assassin's knife, no drowning by being capsized, no death by purpose, accident or intention. I must live. O such a life! A blank, a blot, a future all misery, a past all remorse! I concluded to study law. I fondly dreamed that in pursuit of legal fame, love and its romance would be forgotten; therefore I entered the law office of a distinguished practitioner, and commenced the arduous and laborious study of law. I opened Blackstone; I read a few pages—thought and dreamed over my rejection more than I did over what I read. Again and again I tried it with no better success. I gave it up. Then I went to earning money. I read books, earned dollars, felt good. There is such a soothing effect upon a man's nerves in the continual flow of money into his purse. I began to take young ladies out to ride, began to feel a friendship for them, loved them all, gave up my position, determined to devote myself to the ladies.

I made a selection, I won her; she loved me with all the trusting, thrilling intensity of a woman's first attachment; then I changed. I tired of her, I grew indifferent, I threw her aside. I concluded that I should never marry, never be satisfied. I tired of myself, hated the whole world, was dissatisfied with mankind, grew impatient of restraint, concluded to try law again, could not study, left home, became penniless, became thoughtful, reflective, sensible. I wondered if any one had ever succeeded living as changeable and vagrant a life as I was leading. I concluded that to win success in any channel, you must bend all of your united energies in that channel. I might be a genius, but if I scattered my efforts over all the field of science or literature, I should spend a good long life time in reading over what other men have learned and written. But if I bent my whole soul for the development of that one truth, perhaps some latent idea or original thought might be discovered that would crown my efforts with fame if not with satisfaction.

I returned home; I re-entered the law office; I again read Blackstone, corresponded with a number of young ladies. I got into another love affair, gave a ring, became a fool, and thinking to expiate my folly under the hallowed name of patriotism, entered the military service, was promoted to a lieutenant, earned a good reputation among my comrades, was discharged the service, and for a third time commenced to study law. I thought myself thoroughly and completely weaned from a woman's influence, but on my arrival home, a lady of long-standing friendship, quiet manners, dignified mien, and lovely appearance, so warmly greeted my return that it well nigh proved hopeless. All my trials, my sacrifices, my bitter and exhaustive experience, had done me earthly good; here I was soon to be entangled in another love affair. And as a warm breath plays upon my cheek, and affection's lips press mine, and a loving arm, heart and soul twine their gentle power around my wayward soul, I am perfectly contented that "so mote it be" and, hereafter, shall cease to sing "No one to love."

Soldiers Read!:

The following is an extract of a speech made by WENDELL PHILLIPS at the late meeting of the Boston Abolition Society:

"NOW COMES THE CRISIS, WHAT IS THE NEGRO? WELL I SAY IN THE FACE OF ALL PREJUDICE, THAT AMID THE GALLANTRY, THE PATIENCE, THE HEROISM OF THIS WAR, THE NEGRO BEARS THE PALM."—(Great Applause)

"We need the votes of the colored people; it is numbers, not intelligence, that counts at the ballot box—it is the right intention, and not philosophic judgement, that casts the vote."—Speech of HENRY WINTER DAVIS.

## THE POVERTY OF STATESMAN,

Statesmen who are worthy the appellation given them, generally fail to secure fortunes. They devote themselves to pursuits, which, if honestly adhered to rarely yield rich rewards.

Jefferson died comparatively poor. Indeed, if Congress had not purchased his library and given him five times its value, he would, with difficulty, have kept the wolf from his door.

Madison saved money, and was comparatively rich. To add to his fortune, however, or rather to that of his widow, Congress purchased his manuscript papers, and paid thirty thousand dollars for them.

James Monroe, the sixth President of the United States, died in New York, so poor that his remains found a resting place through the charity of one of his friends. They remain in a cemetery in School street, but no monument mark the spot where they repose.

John Quincy Adams left some hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the result of industry, prudence and inheritance. He was a man of method economy.

Martin Van Buren died very rich.—Throughout his political life he studiously looked out for his own interest.

It is not believed that he ever spent thirty shillings in politics. His party shook the bush and he caught the bird.

Daniel Webster squandered some millions in his life time, the product of his professional and political speculations. He died, leaving his property to his children, and his friends. The former sold for less than twenty thousand dollars. The latter exceeded two hundred and fifty thousand.

Henry Clay left a very handsome estate.—It probably exceeded one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He was a prudent manager, and a scrupulously honest man.

James K. Polk left about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—fifty thousand of which he saved from his Presidency of four years.

John Tyler left thirty thousand dollars.—Before he reached the Presidency he was a bankrupt. In office he husbanded his means and then married a very wealthy wife.

Zachary Taylor left one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man and keeps his money in a very strong and safe box. It will never be wasted in speculation, or squandered in vice.

Ex-President Pierce saved some fifty thousand dollars from his term of service.

The value of the estate left by the late President Lincoln is estimated at \$75,000.

THE ELECTION AT RICHMOND, VA.—The Richmond papers contain full particulars of the election in that city on Tuesday. For Mayor, the vote stood for Sturdevant, 1,535; and for Taylor 921. Marmaduke Johnson was elected At. Geny, over L. Tazewell, by 896 majority; Robert Howard, Clerk of the Hustings Court, over G. L. Christian, by 336; J. W. Wright, Sheriff over H. K. Ellyson, by 184; and Benj. Poilard, Clerk of the Circuit Court, over J. Sands, by 1,268 majority.—The total number of votes polled was about 500 less than in 1861, just before the war commenced. As soon as the military officers found out the result, they declared the election null and void, although it was conducted in the most quiet manner, and although the candidates were all citizens in good standing Despotism has not here even a pretext.

AN INTELLIGENT CONTRABAND.—Every body has heard of the boy, who, on being asked if he had greased the wagon, replied that he had greased all of it but the sticks the wheels hung on, and he couldn't get at them; but nobody, we suppose, ever believed the story. An instance of the kind, however, happened in this borough, this week. Mr. Geo. Bright, in Market street, has in his employ an intelligent contraband fresh from Old Virginia. A few days ago, Mr. Bright ordered him to "grease the carriage," and soon after discovered that the darkey had daubed the top of the carriage all over with tanner's oil, which was as odiferous as the nigger himself.—Pottsville Standard.

Ira Avery thinks that is "sufficiently intelligent to exercise properly the right of voting!"

DISLOYALTY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Last Friday, in the New Hampshire Legislature Mr. McNeil, Hills-borough, introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That we cordially and earnestly endorse the declaration of the Chief Executive of the nation, that "the States which have been in rebellion are still States, or, in other words, that the governments of these States were not destroyed, but were only in obedience, and that when the rebellion was suppressed and the laws and the Constitution revived, neither the President or Congress has any authority to prescribe the qualifications of electors of these States."

When the vote was taken the resolution was rejected by a party vote—the Abolitionists going in a body against it!

A lady who was recently asked to join the division of the Daughters of Temperance, replied; "That is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the sons in the course of a few weeks."

## The Old Oaken Bucket.

The "Old Oaken Bucket" was written by Samuel B. Woodworth, while yet he was journeyman printer working in an office at the corner of Chambers and Chatham streets New York. Near by in Frankfort st. is a drinking-house, kept by one named Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor was super excellent. Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table, and smacking his lips declared that Mallory's eau de vie was superior to any thing that he had ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken; there was one which in both of our estimations far surpassed this as a drink."

"What was that?" asked Woodworth dubiously.

"The draughts of pure, fresh spring water, that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer."

The tear drops glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. "true, true," he replied.

He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in half an hour the "Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.

## A BIT OF WAR ROMANCE.

In the year 1861, when the first call for troops was made, James Hendrick, a young man of eighteen, resolved to leave his father's roof, in Wisconsin, and to go forth and battle for the flag. At the time mentioned he was attached to a young girl of nearly the same age as himself, whose parents were rated among the "rich ones" in that section of country. Her name was Ellen Goodridge. Previous to leaving for the seat of war he informed her of his intentions, promising to return in a few months. After the first battle of Bull Run regiment was ordered to Washington, and receiving lieutenant's commission Hendrick resolved to enter the service for three years, and wrote to his parents and sweet heart to that effect. The news was received by the girl with foreboding, and she resolved to accompany him. She immediately acquainted her parents with her resolve, who, in reply, turned her from the house and bade her never come back.

She went and finding out her lover's regiment obtained permission to do the cooking, at the Colonel's headquarters.

She followed the regiment through the battles of Gettysburg, Antietam, Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and Richmond, and in the intervening time went out with young Hendrick in many skirmishes and raids, in one of which she was wounded in the arm, the ball making a very bad flesh wound. After Lee surrendered, the object of her choice was taken deathly sick, and was forwarded in an ambulance to Washington, where he was placed in the hospital. Here, again, her noble heart showed itself.

She watched over him, bathed his fevered brow, real to him, wrote letters for him, and on Thursday last, with a broken heart, closed his eyes in death. The day before an Episcopal minister joined the marriage—he dying with a painful disease and she nearly crazed with the thought that after four long years of suffering, he for whom she had braved every danger, had gone to another world.

The poor girl passed up on the Hudson River Railroad, on Thursday, for her home in the far West, not knowing or caring what sort of a reception awaited her there.—Poughkeepsie Eagle.

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck was to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck, if you had only a shilling a week, was to live upon eleven pence and save a penny; good luck was to trouble your heads with your own business, and to let your neighbors alone; good luck was to fulfill the commandments and to do unto other people as we wish them to do unto us. They must plod and persevere. Pence must be taken care of, because they were the seeds of guineas. To get on in the world they must take care of home, sweep their own doorways clean, try and help other people, avoid temptations, and have faith in truth and God.

HARDLY KNEW YOU.—A maiden lady residing in great seclusion, had not been to church for several years; but, on the accession of a small property, she bought herself a new bonnet, shawl, and dress, with the appropriate gloves, boots, etc., and appeared on the following Sabbath in a style which almost destroyed her identity with the hitherto shabby and hopeless old maid.

Just as she was walking up the aisle, and as every eye seemed to be turned upon her, the choir commenced singing an anthem, the burden of which was "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" The spinster retraced her steps down the aisle in high dudgeon, exclaiming—

"Hardly knew you!" indeed! "Why, this is not the first time I've been dressed up."

"Hardly knew you!" I guess I don't come here again very soon!"