

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

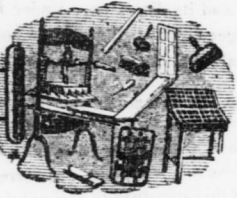
TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUG'T 23, 1865.

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JOE WORK
of all kinds neatly executed, and at prices to suit the times.

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Business Notices.

R. M. LITTLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office on Tioga street, Tunkhannock Pa.

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

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

GEO. S. TUTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Tunkhannock, Pa. Office in Stark'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.
He will be found at home on Saturdays of each week.

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.

Means Hotel,
TOWANDA, PA.
D. B. BARTLET,
(Late of the BRAINARD 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, n21, 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,
643 BROADWAY,
CORNER OF LEONARD STREET,
NEW YORK.

M. GILMAN,
DENTIST.
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 Tuton's Law Office, near the Post Office.
Dec. 11, 1861.

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,
IES, 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.
MA ARONI—
FOR SOUPS,
SMOKED HALIBUT.

A large and varied assortment of

LAMPS, LAMP CHIMNEY'S
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 23, 1865.

Peet'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 belch the golden ore,
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever swelling 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,
As pebbles in the sea.

Man, praised above his fellows,
Of for get his fellows then,
Masters, rulers, lords remember
That your manest kinds are men.
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed clad-rills,
There are feeble, inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For to Him, all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

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

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with a will and never lost,
Secret wrongs shall never prosper,
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose whole heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Slits oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

Select Story.

COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Katie Blake, the only daughter of Jacob Blake, the old miser of West Brook.

She was more than commonly pretty, and her frank engaging manners, enhanced the charms of golden hair, pearly skin, and eyes like the blue skies of summer. At her father's death she would be heiress to the nice little sum of seventy thousand dollars, and though men generally profess not to be influenced by pecuniary matters in affairs of love, it is to be reasonably supposed that this prospective wealth by no means lessened the number of her adorers.

Among those most ardent, and perhaps most sincere, was Will Dartmouth, with a heart larger than his purse, and a very little thought or care for consequences.

Fortunately, old Jacob never suspected the partiality of his daughter for Will; he would put her on bread and water before he would have consented to the slightest degree of intimacy with Will Dartmouth.

Jacob Blake was not in favor of marriage. Those who knew his circumstances were not surprised at this, for to use a phrase more expressive than elegant, Mrs. Blake was a Tarter, with temper enough for two Tartars.

Old Jacob had to "walk Spanish" for the most part, or suffer the consequences, which usually descended on his head in the shape of any domestic utensil which happened to be lying around handy.

A maiden sister of Mr. Blake resided in the family, whose principal business seemed to be to act a sort of echo to her brother and his wife. Whatever they thought, she thought, too.

She regarded it as a primary sin for Katie to associate with the young men, and this doctrine was perseveringly drilled into her niece, who, though she never dissented, had her own ideas on the subject.

One day Mr. Blake and his wife went to Dedham, to attend a fair, and Miss Peggy being absent at a friend's Katie was left alone. Will Dartmouth in some way learned the condition of affairs, and early in the afternoon he came over to keep Katie company.

As her parents were not expected home until the next day, and Peggy not until late in the evening, Will felt perfectly secure in stopping awhile after supper; and he and Katie were having a jolly time popping corn in the old fashioned frying-pan, over the huge wood fire, when there was the sound of voices at the door.

"Ood gracious!" cried Katie, turning white with alarm; "that is Aunt Peggy. Oh, Will, what shall we do!" She would send me to death; and father will be furious—Get under the lounge, quick! Oh, Will, do for my sake!"

Will could not withstand the pleading in Katie's eyes, and he deposited himself in the designated spot.

Katie put out the light, and darting into an adjacent bedroom, in a moment was apparently asleep.

Peggy's voice was heard speaking softly in the entry.

"Be careful, Mr. Pike. There's a loose board there. I don't want to disturb my niece. Softly, it may creak."

"Peggy, dear, where are you?" responded the squealing voice of E-quire Pike, the widower of a year. "I can't tell which way you've gone."

"There Daniel! be easy. Good Heavens! Daniel Pike, Well, I never!" and a report burst on the air like uncorking a champagne bottle.

"Oh, my!" cried Aunt Peggy, "what would brother Jacob say? I declare, I ain't been kissed by a man sense—"

"Let Jake mind his own business!" retorted the Squire. "You and I can take care of ours without his help," and there followed a report similar to the first, only more of it.

"Do be quiet, Daniel, and let me get a light. Set right down there afore the fire and make yourself to home."

A light was soon procured, Peggy divested herself of her wrappings, and blushing like a girl in her teens sat down opposite the Squire.

"It's a fine evening," said Peggy, by the way of opening the conversation.

"Very," replied the Squire, drawing his chair close to hers, and laying his arm over the back.

"Oh, good gracious! Daniel, don't set quite so nigh to me. I—that is, I don't consider it strictly proper. Mercy! what was that?"

Both listened attentively.

"It was the wind rattling the window, I guess," said the Squire. "Don't you go to getting so nervous, Peggy."

"I thought it was Katie waking up. And if she should, I never should hear the last of it."

"Hark! There is a noise—I—"

"Gracious air! it's bells. It's Jake and marm coming back! What shall I do?—We're done for! Oh, Squire, 'tant right for us to be nothing to one tother? Do help me! What shall I do?"

"Tell me where to go, Peggy! Say the word. I'll go anywhere, for your sake, if it's up the chimney."

"Under the lounge, Quick! It's wide, and will hold you well enough. Quick! don't delay a minute!"

The Squire obeyed, but the space was already so well filled that it was with difficulty he could squeeze himself into so small a compass. And just as he had succeeded, Mr. Blake and his wife entered the room; floundering along in the dark, for Peggy had deemed it best to extinguish the light.

Jake made for the fire which still glowed red with coals, stumbled over a cricket, and fell headlong against Peggy, who was standing bolt upright, trying to collect her scattered senses.

"The deuce!" cried Jake. "Look out, there, old woman, or you'll be down over me. It's dark as a pocket here, and I've fell over the rocking chair, or the churn, I can't tell which. Hallo! what's that?" reaching out his hand to feel his situation, and coming in contact with the bearded face of the Squire.

"By George! it's got whiskers! Peg! Peg! where are you? and where's Katie? and what's this?"

The Squire did not relish the assault made on his hirsute appendages, and by way of retaliation, he gave a series of vigorous kicks, which hit Will Dartmouth in the region of the stomach and stirred his bile.

"Look here, old chap!" exclaimed he;—"I'm perfectly willing to share my quarters with you, seen as we're both in for; but you'd better not undertake to play that again."

"Heavings!" ejaculated Peggy; "whose voice is that?"

"Who in the deuce is here? that's what I want to know!" cried Jake struggling for an upright position. "Hallo! who's fell down over my legs?"

"I'll let you know who's down, and who's up!" said the voice of Mrs. Blake; and the old lady scrambled up, only to go instantly down again over a chair. "Jake where are you; get up this instant, and get a light, or I'll shake your breath out, when I get my feet agin."

Jake started to obey, and just then Tige, the watch dog, who hearing the uproar, had managed to break loose from his chain, rushed upon the scene, and set up his best paw-wow.

The Squire had a mortal horror of dogs, and neither fear nor love was strong enough to keep him quiescent now. He sprang to his feet with a yell; Will followed. Katie, full of alarm for her lover, hopped out of bed, and appeared with a flaming tallow dip—Peggy flung her arms around the Squire's neck, with a cry of terror, and Jake was silent with amazement. Mrs. Blake was the only one who possessed her wits. She seized the corn popper, and laid about her with vigor.

Her aim was not always correct, and, in consequence she smashed the looking glass into a thousand fragments, and knocked down the clock from its shelf and demolished two bowls and a pitcher that were quietly reposing on the mantle.

The Squire broke from Peggy's embrace, and flashed out of the window. Will fol-

lowed him and Mrs. Blake would have pursued by the same outlet, but she was a little too large to get through with ease.

A dreaded counsel was held; Jake stormed, Mrs. Blake threatened; and at last both Peggy and Katie confessed. And Jake and his wife were so rejoiced at the prospect of getting rid of Peggy, that they forgave their daughter, and took Will Dartmouth home at the end of the year.

And in due time, Peggy and the Squire were made one flesh.

THE PRINTER AND THE TYPES.

Perhaps there is no department of enterprise whose details are less understood by intelligent people than the "art preservative,"—the appearance of the types.

Every day their lives long, they are accustomed to read the newspapers, to find fault with its statements, its arguments, its looks, to plume themselves upon the discovery of some rough and acrobatic type that gets into a frolic and stands upon its head; or some word with a waste letter or two in it put of the process by which the newspaper is made, of the myriads of motions and thousands of pieces necessary to its composition, they know little and think less.

They imagine they discourse of a wonder, indeed, when they speak of the fair, white carpet, woven for thought to walk on, from the rags that fluttered on the back of the beggar yesterday.

But there is to us something more wonderful still. When we look at the hundred and fifty-two little boxes, something shaded with the touch of inky fingers, that compose a printer's "case," noiseless, except the clicking of the types, as one by one they take their place in the growing line—we think we have found the marvel of the art.

Strewn in those little boxes are thin parallelgrams of metal, every one good for something that goes to make up written language; the visible footprints of thought upon carpets of rage.

We think how many fragments of fancy there are in these boxes; how many atoms of poetry and eloquence the printer can make here and there, if he only has a little chart to work by, how many facts in small handbills, how much truth in chaos!

Now he picks up the scattered elements until he holds in his hand a stanza of Gray's "elegy," or a monody upon a Grimes' all buried up before. Now he sits up a "Puppy missing," and now "Paradise Lost." He arranges a bride in "small caps," and a sonnet in "terrapin." He arranges that the languishing "live," in one sentence transposes the word, and deplores the days that are "evil," in the next.

A poor jest ticks its way into the printer's hand, like a little clock just running down and a strain of eloquence marches into lines. We fancy we can tell the difference by the clicks of the types; but perhaps not.

The types that told of a wedding yesterday, announce a burial to-morrow—perhaps in the self-same letters.

They are the elements to make words of. Those types are a world with something in it as beautiful as spring, and as rich as summer and as grand as autumn; flowers that rust cannot wilt, but fruit that shall ripen for all time.

BOUNTY.—By a recent Act of Congress the following persons are entitled, to one hundred dollars bounty: First, soldiers of the three or nine months' service who were discharged in consequence of wounds received in battle. Second, Soldiers who had not served two years and were discharged on account of wounds received. Third, The father, mother widow or children of such as were in the three or nine months' service and were killed. These facts are not generally known and we record them that those embraced in the provision of this act may avail themselves of its benefits.

THE CHOLERA IN EGYPT.—The State Department is advised by our Counsel at Port Mahon, that the cholera, which has prevailed in Egypt, is slowly advancing westward.—He adds:—"From the reported violence of the disease, it is not without apprehension here, this being a quarantine station, that it may again spread over the country."

Two unsuccessful attempts have been made to abduct George N. Sanders, who is at Montreal, Canada, a heavy reward having been offered for him by our government. Two of the kidnappers were arrested the last time, after a pistol fight with the police. They claim to be detectives.

The New York Tribune declares that the negroes "saved the country in the hour of its sorest need." The Boston Courier, says it has "a slight recollection that a few white men had a hand in the matter" although the Tribune seems to forget it. We hope it may be recalled to Mr. Greeley's memory before he finishes the History of the Rebellion.

The Republican press eulogize President Lincoln for his alleged humanity, and then urge his successor to be inhuman and cruel. If they really admire Mr. Lincoln, why do they advise President Johnson to adopt a different policy?

WHAT AN ENGLISH AUTHOR SAYS OF ENGLISH GIRLS.

What pretty girls! Greek profiles, and nez retroussée, pale and florid, black, brown gold and warmer auburn, there they sit in the front rows like a bed of flowers, all scarlet, white and blue, and it is worth while coming to the play if only to watch their lovely faces. The youth of English girls—for there are stages in girlhood, even before we come to the time when woman are "old girls" by right—the first early blush and bloom of an English girl is something as like divine as humanity can attain. It is not only in the color and form, though both of these are so lovely, but in the shy, unspoken, and undeveloped nature lying like a sleeping child within the heart; in the love that has never been awakened, and that is just faintly stirring in the soul, unconscious of its own imprisoned life; in the instincts that would blush for themselves were they roused to confession and self knowledge—it is in all this sweet and tender mystery of nature, this union of love and bashfulness, that the charm of the young English girl consists, and that gives her beauty such winning witchery. And this is what you may read in those lovely faces in the front row, whether the Saxon has left his mark on the golden head, or the Celt his on the chest. Other races are more loving in their women, more instinctive, and more alluring; and some are as shy; but I do not know where there is the same mixture of both—the same sweetness of modesty and the same tenderness of love at one time. If there is a fault to find in a stone to fling, it is that this early bloom of soul so soon passes—it is that though English girls are so tender, English women are so often hard, and that the richness of the young love dries up and impoverishes and stiffens into absolute coldness. I fling these stones with a very feeble sling, and do not desire to hit even a ghost.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The President of the Mormon Church is six feet high, portly, and weighs about two hundred pounds. He is wonderfully well-preserved for a man who has passed his sixty-fourth birthday. His face is fresh and un-wrinkled, his step agile and elastic. I can hardly detect a single gray hair in his curling auburn locks, or the whiskers of the same hue, which in smooth, creased line fringe his cheek and chin. Is Brigham Young indeed a new Ponce de Leon, who has discovered in Polygamy the fountain of Perpetual Youth?

His eyes are of a grayish blue. They do not impress me as frank and open, but have a secretive expression. He has an eagle nose, and a mouth that shuts like a vice, indicating tremendous firmness. His manner is dignified—agreeable and affable rather than cordial; and he carries the unmistakable air of one having authority. Ordinarily cold in conversation, he has little ebullitions of earnestness in which he speaks right at people, using his dexter fore-finger with great force to point a moral. He treats the brethren with warmth, throwing his arm caressingly about them, and asking carefully about the wives and babies.

He has observed much, thought much, mingled much with practical men; but seems a little unfamiliar with cultivated society. He is abstemious and temperate, using neither tea nor coffee, spirits nor tobacco.—Provincialisms of his Vermont boyhood and his Western manhood still cling to him.—He says "leetle," "beyond," and "disromember." An irrepressible conflict between his nominatives and verbs now and then crops out in expressions like "they was," etc.

Yet those who hold Brigham Young a cheap charlatan, are wider if possible, than the Saints who receive him as an angel of light, or those Gentiles who denounce him as a goblin damned! A most striking embodiment of the One Man Power, he holds a hundred thousand people in the hollow of his hand. Gathered from every nation, always poor, usually ignorant, sometimes vicious, he has molded them into an industrious, productive, honest, and homogeneous community. He has grown very rich; the Gentiles charge him with extortion among his own people. He certainly owes much of the most desirable property in Utah. But his adherents as a class have vastly improved their condition by coming here. I believe that all admit that his large commercial dealings are characterized by integrity; and that he possesses great kindness of heart. He is a man of brains, quick intuitions, good judgment and untiring industry. He would doubtless have achieved great success in politics, trade, manufacturing, or almost any other walk of life.—A. D. Richardson, in N. Y. Tribune.

The servant of a Prussian officer was one day with a crony, who inquired how he got along with his fiery master. "Oh, excellent," answered the servant; "we live on very friendly terms—every morning we beat each other's coats. He takes his off to be beaten, and I keep mine on!"

Mortimer Thompson, "Doesticks," has proposed to settle in Atlanta, Georgia, as editor of a newspaper.