

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 on Tioga street, Tunkhannock, Pa.

GEO. S. TUTTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW
Tunkhannock, Pa. Office at Stark's Brick Co. building, Tioga street.

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

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, 1865.

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, PROPRIETOR.
[Late of the BIRNBAUM HOUSE, ELmira, N. Y.]
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.
No. 8, 2d St.

CLARKE, KEENEY, & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN LADIES', MISSES' & GENTS' Silk and Cassimere Hats
HATS, CAPS, FURS, STRAW GOODS, PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS, BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES,
349 BROADWAY, CORNER OF LEONARD STREET, NEW YORK.

M. GILMAN, DENTIST.
M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunkhannock, Pa., 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.

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 " "
Cod Fish	9 " "
New Mess Pork	17 " "
Chemical Soap	14 " "
Saleratus	12 " "
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.

FUTTS AND NUTS OF ALL KINDS,

—ALSO—
FLAVORING EXTRACTS FOR PUDDINGS, ICES, CUSTARD AND ICE CREAM.

SPICED SALMON & SARDINES

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

Ice Cream

Constantly on hand, and furnished in any quantity desired, on short notice.
MACARON—FOR SOUPS, SMOKED HALIBUT.

A large and varied assortment of

LAMPS, LAMP CHIMNEYS, GLOBES AND WICKS, ALSO

Kerosene Oil.

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

Call and Examine.

F. BUCK.
Tunkhannock, June 28, 1865

Port's Corner.

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

There is no time, like the old time when you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed, and the birds of spring-time sang!
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are nursed;
But, oh, the sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love that we courted in our pride;
Though our teaves are falling, falling, and we're fading side by side,
There are blossoms all around us with the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place,—keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends,—may Heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves,—God bless our loving wives!

Select Story.

A LEGEND OF THE MANDANS.

Weeks had rolled by yet the famine pressed with unabated vigor, and many a warrior's stalwart arm had become paralyzed by weakness, and many a flashing eye grown dim from the constant cravings of hunger. For three months the inhabitants of the Mandan village had been placed on half allowance, and even that little was gone, and the prospect of a speedy death by starvation stared the last remnant of that fated tribe, fearfully in the gloomy appearance around them.— Few in number, and at war with the powerful Sioux, they dared not travel the surrounding country at any great distance for game; and the herds of buffalo which usually roamed over the plains near the village had by some unaccountable reason, not returned with the hunting season; and all the horrors of a cruel fate seemed about to fall upon them.— The warriors of the tribe were seen gathering in little groups of three or four, around the place; and Sa-ko-tah, the oldest man of the tribe, and was chief of the warriors, was speaking to his Indian brothers. The main body of the men had collected at the spot, and the gray scalp lock of the aged chief waved in the breeze as he addressed them thus:

"Braves of the Mandans, the Great Spirit is angry with his warriors for their cowardice. Their hearts have become like the hearts of squaws and they dare not meet the warriors of the Sioux, but remain trembling like the frightened fawn in its shelter. Would that Sa-ko-tah were a brave again!"
The old chief sat down, and a fiery young warrior sprung to his feet, while his eyes flashed and his hand sought the handle of his tomahawk, he replied,—

"The braves of the Sioux are but squaws. We will meet them in battle; the Mandan is no woman."
At this moment a horseman came dashing up to the spot, and reining in his smoking steed beside them, he pointed over the distant hills, and shouted "Buffaloes!"

A dozen dark furs sprang lightly to their feet, and a glow of hope beamed on every countenance. The long wished for food had at length arrived, and instead of blank starvation, a great feast could be made in gratitude for the occasion.

The news spread like wild-fire over the village, and while the warriors were preparing for the chase, the women brought forth what food remained, and cooking it, each one partook, for the first time in many days, of a hearty meal; and then mounting, the hunters of the buffalo departed for the herd.

Some few miles from the little village, a large plain stretches out, dotted here and there by hills, which rise abruptly in the midst of the level, as though they were mounds raised by human hands, instead of having been placed in such an isolated position by the hand of nature. Passing over the brow of one of these hills, as the Mandans came out on the plain, appeared several large buffaloes, and raising a cry of joy, the hunters spurred rapidly upon the chase.— The animals soon disappeared over the hill and the eager warriors, thinking to head them, took a short cut through a narrow gorge which ran between two knolls, and came out on the plain beyond. As they entered the place, one of the men caught sight of a large buffalo running along upon the hill-

side, and not over one hundred yards from them. He pointed it out to his companions, who gave a cry of exultation, and as the echo died away, several more of the animals came out of a ravine and joined the one in sight. Several bows were already unstrung, and two or three of the younger warriors were just springing forward towards them, when an aged hunter, who had been carefully scanning the game, uttered an exclamation which arrested the fiery youths, and brought them hastily to his side.

"They are not buffaloes, they are Sioux braves!" exclaimed the old man sternly;—"and they have disguised themselves to draw us in a snare!"

A fearful howl escaped the lips of the Mandans, as the warrior spoke; and all eyes were fixed with an eager gaze upon the animals in the distance. Suddenly one of them reared aloft, and as he came down, the hide which had disguised him fell off, and a Sioux warrior, completely equipped for battle, stood before them. The others followed the example; and as the astonished hunters gazed upon the appalling spectacle a hundred dark warriors painted grimly for the strife, and waving the gleaming tomahawk in the air, came with a deafening yell over the brow of the hill, and bore down upon the Mandans, who numbered not over twenty men, and the voice of the old hunter rose far above the yells of the coming enemy.

"Away, they are too many for us—to the village!" and setting spur to his horse, he wheeled around and fled for the town, followed by the feeble band.

Exciting and fearful was the race which ensued as each party dashed wildly over the plain, the one flying for the precious boon of life, and the other pursuing like raging demons thirsting for the blood of the foe.— Many of the Mandans were soon overtaken and slain; and but few survived the horrors of that bloody morn.

In the meantime the inhabitants of the village were feasting in the excess of joy, and a great festival was going on in every house. Famine was to be known no more. The dread demon of hunger was about to be banished from their midst, and plenty reign in the place of penury and want. The old warrior worn down by years of service and hardship, tottered forth from his lodge into the balmy air, and thanked the Great Spirit that he had sent food once more to his starving children. Women who had been confined by sickness to their huts from the effects of hunger, came forth from their dwelling and joined their feeble voices to those already raised in honor of the occasion. Merriment and joy were the order of the day, and all were happy upon the jubilee.

But suddenly a solitary horseman is seen in the distance, with disheveled dress and disordered men, spurring down upon the village as fast as the speed of his horse can bring him, and all know at a glance that he is one of the hunters who went forth in the morn. A dread silence falls at once upon the heretofore noisy group, for there is something in the appearance of that warrior, as he comes thundering forward, which speaks of disaster to his tribe. On he comes, and as he nears the anxious crowd who are awaiting his arrival, they see his head is bandaged, and that he is covered with blood. He dashes up beside them, reins in his trembling steed, and exclaims in breathless tones:

"The Sioux."
A yell followed the terrible announcement, for all had comprehended the fatal catastrophe, the instant the words were spoken, and a fearful scene was enacted upon the spot.— The squaws filled the air with howls of grief, and madly tore their hair in shreds from their heads, and rolled in all the agony of barbarian grief upon the earth. Where but a moment before all was joy and merriment, was now grief—horror—dismay; The old men tottered with a deep groan to their lodges, and endeavored in vain to put on the stolid indifference of the Indian. The blow had come too suddenly, the unexpected sorrow was too great to be borne; and the feelings of nature, bursting all the bonds of human sophistry, rushed unbidden over the pallid brow and distorted countenance of each inhabitant of the Mandan town. One after another the few survivors of the ambushade came hurrying into the village, and consternation was most deplorably depicted upon every feature, as the expectation arose that the victors would attack the town, and massacre the remnant of the tribe at a blow.— But the Sioux seemed satisfied with the work they had accomplished, and after following the flying warriors within sight of the place, they desisted from the pursuit, and left the vicinity of the Mandans. But the tribe never recovered from the effects of that dire morning, and from that hour they began to dwindle down, until a few years afterwards the small pox swept the remnant of the devoted tribe away; but to the last of their existence, they remembered the never to be forgotten morn of the FATAL CHASE.

"MARTHA, what extracts do you use to perfume your pocket-handkerchief with?" asked one young lady of another, as they were walking on the beach at Newport.— "I use extracts from dear Fred's love letters," demurely replied Martha.

READING HABITS.—Good mental habits should be cultivated by a wise supervision of a child's reading when out of school. Most children will read of their own accord, if they can get hold of an attractive book, and will fly from the comparative drudgery of school to the interesting volume of travels, tales or adventures, which stimulates the imagination, and requires no effort. This tendency must be turned to good account and prevented from becoming a source of evil. Travels and adventures, if well selected and well read, are of course useful, and the same may be said of some tales. But never, perhaps, was care in the selection of books, especially of those comprised under the general term of "light literature," more necessary than in the present day. The flippant tone of some, the disgusting slang of others, the exaggerated coloring of another class, are, to the tender and impressive mind of the child, like a tripartite poison. The imagination, over-stimulated, becomes jaded, and demands more extravagant incidents, profounder mysteries, and darker horrors. And it is needless to say that where this is the case the inclination and often not only the inclination, but, for a time, the capacity for good sound reading is lost. What is more sad than to find young people blind to the attractions of some of the best specimens of English literature—indeed, utterly ignorant of it—while reading with morbid avidity second and third rate works of exciting fiction? This must be the parent's care. I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes is a resolve which ought to apply especially to books. Many a man had to mourn the day when in the impressive time of his youth he met with a bad book. The mind becomes enfeebled, the moral tone lowered, and the life corrupted by access to vicious literature in early life.—Home Life.

FEMINE DEVOTEDNESS.—At Lyons in the days of the French Revolution, when the city became the theatre of daily executions, a woman learned by chance that her husband's name was on the list of the proscribed, and instantly ran to avert the impending fate by securing his immediate flight. She compelled him to assume her dress, gave him her money and jewels, and had the inexpressible happiness of seeing him pass unsuspected. A few hours afterward the officers of justice came to seize him. She had prepared herself to receive them, by putting on a suit of her husband's clothes, and answering also to his name. She was led before the Revolutionary Committee. In the course of the examination her disguise was discovered, and they demanded her husband. "My husband," she answered in a tone of exultation, "is out of the reach of your power. I planned his escape, and I glory in risking my own life for the preservation of his." They displayed before her the instrument of punishment, and charged her to reveal the route her husband had taken. "Strike!" she replied, "I am prepared!" But it is the interests of your country that command you to speak, said one of the Committee. "Barbarians!" she answered "my laws are the laws of nature." Her dignity and firmness awed even the members of the Revolutionary Committee, and a noble action for once over came their spirit of desolating cruelty.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS.—The beautiful extract below is from the pen of Hon. Geo. S. Hillard:

I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot haze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say with a living poet, that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," but there are forms of greatness for at least excellence, which "die and make no signs;" there are martyrs that miss the palm and not the stake; heroes without the Laura, and conquerors, without the triumph.

LIMITATION OF SUFFRAGE.—Only three states give the suffrage to whites and blacks on equal terms and without other limitations. These are Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire. Massachusetts requires of the voter ability to read the constitution in English and to write his name. Rhode Island requires the ownership of \$134 in real estate. Connecticut is the only New England State that excludes negroes, and it allows only such negroes to vote as were freedmen at the adoption of the State constitution in 1818. New York requires that a colored man shall have been three years in the State, (a white man but one year) and have been the owner for a year of a freehold worth \$250 over and above the taxes he has been paid. All the other States of the Union exclude the negro from the ballot box. The Indians are also excluded, except in New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Thus the Indians are more unkindly treated than the free Africans. Oregon excludes Chinamen, as well as Indians, negroes and mulattoes. There is a great variety in the regulations of the suffrage in the different States, in addition to these limitations.—Springfield Republican.

A RAILROAD CAR AT NIGHT.

B. F. Taylor has been taking a railroad ride, and having failed, perhaps, to enjoy the ride, enjoys himself in describing what he saw. The following glimpse at his companions as they appeared when night said "sleep," will be appreciated by all who have "been there." I came near forgetting that your old friends were all on the train; the woman who plumps down into your seat and regards you with thankless and supercilious eyebrows, as if you were somebody that had blundered into breathdom without leave; and the man who dons his best garments to travel in; mounts the train as clerical as black broadcloth can make him, and leaves it with the looks of a dusty miller. And the night scenes, sounds and scents are as curious as ever. Whiffs of boots and smothering gusts of musk, patchouli, cheese, tobacco, and feet that could never be fit to "walk on Zion's hill" without a wado and wash in the Jordan, are blended. As the night wears on, the fellow who always fails to be funny flickers out like a penny dip; the ten pin of a man who had sat upright all day, grows as comely as a Mandarin, for even " Homer nods" at times, the girl with little guggle, that had been ripping like running water, "weak, washy" and everlasting, intermits grows interesting and falls asleep; men make letter Z's of themselves shut up like pocket-knives, roll up like porcupines, diverge like Y's; trim and shapely women to pieces, and lie in little heaps of undistinguishable garments upon the seats, the red and dissipated lamps wink sleepily and lazily at you, and the clatter to clank of the iron wheels hammers out the long, dull stripe of darkness. Then comes that menagerie of respiration that men have agreed to call snoring; you have barks, snorts, snuffs, and growls; you creaks like a rusty hinge, another pants like an engine, or whines like a spaniel, or is forever blowing out candles. By, and by, the car windows turn robel grey, for a day is beginning to dawn. Did you ever see a woman hatched out? Now is the golden opportunity. Lydia—it is that is the lady's name we read of—whose double-yoked eye gave us Castor and Pollux—if I haven't forgotten all about it—was hardly more wonderful.—Yonder bundle of skirts, shawls and cloaks, as shapeless as a grist, begins to stir; first, peeps out a pair of feet, and then a pair of hands, and then a fair and tangled head; at last emerges female shape; an Eve is hatched before your eyes and the world is better for a waking woman.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

The following is from Pack, a new paper in California:

A long article having the above heading is going the rounds of the press, and has been some time. Pack, thinking the old ones played out has manufactured some new ones being a supernatural being, is, of course, fully competent to do so.

The Grid Iron.—To take down the grid iron from the nail where it is hanging with the 1-ft. land, is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

A Funeral.—To meet a funeral procession, is a sign of death.

Pocket-book.—To lose a pocket-book containing greenbacks is unlucky.

Nails.—If a woman cuts her nails every Monday, it is lucky—for her husband.

An Itching Ear.—If you have an itching ear, tickle your nose and you will have an itching there, and ill luck will be averted.

Stock Rising.—If a one eyed bull dog flies at a stock raiser's legs, it denotes that a misfortune will happen to his calves.

Marriage.—If you are in a house and hear a baby cry, it is a sign of marriage, or ought to be.

The above signs and portents may be strictly relied upon; they have never been known to fail.

MIDNIGHT.—There is something as beautiful as sublime in the hush of midnight. The myriad quiet sleepers, lying down each their life burden, insensible alike to joy or sorrow, helpless alike—the strong man as an infant; and over all the sleepless eye, which since the pillowed head. Thoughts like these come to us in our wakeful night hours, with an almost painful intensity. Then eternity only seems real, and every day life a fable. But morning comes, and the stir and hum of life chase these thoughts away, as the sun dries up the dew drops, which, like our thoughts, performed their reviving mission ere they departed.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—In a late article in Frazar's Magazine, this brief, beautiful passage occurs: "Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's smile of approbation, or signs of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadow—with bird's nest admired but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible insects—with humming bees and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, to the source of all good to God himself.

The ties of unhappy marriages are cruel.