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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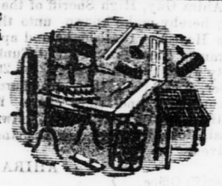
BY HARVEY SICKLER



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☞ 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 refpectfully solicited.

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WALL'S HOTEL, LATE AMERICAN HOUSE, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

THIS establishment has recently been refitted an 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 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. 1y

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, 849 BROADWAY, CORNER OF LEONARD STREET, NEW YORK.

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

ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

☞ Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post Office.

Dec. 11, 1861

GOOD NEWS —TO— 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,

—A— NEW GROCERY —AND— Provision Store,

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

—0—

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.

—0—

In the line of Groceries and Provisions, I can sell

Good Molasses at		$1 per Gal.
Good Brown Sugar at	"	12½ cts per lb.
No. 1 Mackerel	"	12½ " " "
Cod Fish	"	9 " " "
New Mess Pork	"	17 " " "
Chemical Soap	"	12½ " " "
Saleratus	"	12½ " " "
Ground Coffee	"	25 " " "
Extra Green Rio Coffee	"	40 " " "
Lard	"	20 " " "
Rice	"	15 " " "
Crackers	"	10 " " "

And all other articles at correspondingly low prices.

—0—

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.

FUITS AND NUTS OF ALL KINDS,

—ALSO—

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

—0—

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.

—0—

A large and varied assortment of

LAMPS, LAMP CHIMNEYS GLOBES AND WICKS, ALSO

Kerosene Oil.

—0—

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.

Tunkhannock, June 7 P. BUCK.

Select Story.

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

BY ADDA F. SHEPLEY.

Belle Rayner reclined in the crimson depths of a velvet chair, before the glowing fire in her dressing room, perusing an open letter which she held in her hand. You would not judge by her expression or attitude, that the contents were of any momentous interest to her, as she sat there with careless grace, a white cashmere dressing gown draping her superb form, over which the heavy waves of her purple black hair fell in rippling disorder. The rose pink on her cheeks, did not deepen or pale, nor the velvet black eyes betray an expression of more than ordinary interest, as she leisurly pursued the lines before her. Her sister, May Rayner, sat opposite, robed in a pearl gray morning dress, with a line of tinge gold buttons extending down the front, her brown hair combed smoothly away from her white forehead, and falling in wide, shining braids, into the little silken net behind, and her violet eyes fixed with a look of anxious interest upon Bell's calm, unmoved face.

"Well, you are the most provoking creature I ever saw!" she exclaimed at last; how can you be so long about it, when you know I am dying to hear it Lieut. Esmaine's arm is well, if he is quite recovered, and when he is to come home a ain? Brave fellow! how delighted we shall be to see him."

Belle Rayner was one who never allowed her stately composure to be in the least degree disturbed; so she quietly folded the letter, and laid it upon the little inlaid table by her side, before she replied to the torrent of questions poured upon her by her impetuous sister.

"Lieutenant Esmaine writes that the surgeons have decided that it is necessary to amputate his arm, and that the operation is to be performed to-morrow. He thinks if he recovers as rapidly as he expects, to be with us at the end of two weeks."

May's bright countenance fell, and the blue eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, how sorry, how sorry I am! To think that he should lose an arm, he is so handsome and noble looking. O, Belle, if I was you, I never could bear to have it so.—How can you take it so calmly?"

"I regret it as much as you can, May," replied Belle, as she drew the brush slowly over the silken length of her hair; "but what surprises me a little is, that he does not speak of releasing me from our engagement. It places me in a very unpleasant situation."

"Why, Belle Rayner!" exclaimed May, a flush of indignant anger drying the tears from her eyes, "you cannot think of wishing to be released. You cannot be so heartless."

Belle lifted her dark eyes to her sister's excited face, with a look of calm surprise.

"I certainly do wish it. Of course he does not expect me to marry; at least he should have had the generosity to have given me a little choice in the matter."

Her tone of cool sarcasm was particularly exasperating to May, who replied with some spirit.

"If I were you Belle Rayner, I would be perfectly ashamed to be so hard-hearted.—You ought to love him all the more. But where's the use of talking to you of love? You never cared any more for him than you do for that velvet cushion where your foot rests, and he is decidedly fortunate in loosing you? only he wont think so, of course."

"If you have done with your very unladylike exhibition of temper, you will have the goodness to ring the bell for Maria to finish my toilet?" said Belle quietly.

May was kneeling at her sister's side in a moment, her flushed face buried in the soft, white folds of the cashmere dressing gown.

"O! Bell, forgive me for speaking so unkindly; only I am sorry for Lieutenant Esmaine. Don't write a cruel letter to him," she pleaded, her violet eyes raised entreatingly to her sister's cold beautiful face.

"That would be impossible, May—for I cannot think of deferring my visit to Aunt Bertha's. However, if you wish it, I will leave a note to be given him when he comes."

Very well, if you are determined to break the engagement, I will stay and see him, and give him the note. It would seem so cruel to come here, filled with bright hopes and anticipations, and find the house deserted, and none to welcome him back after all the toil and hardship he has endured. The disappointment will be hard at best; perhaps I can soften it a little, said May, sadly.

"Just as you please," she replied with a wearied tone. You are a good little thing May, only a little too tender hearted. Now run away, and send Maria to me, it is time to dress for dinner; and your flashing, excited moods, tire me terribly."

May walked slowly and though fully from the room, wondering if her sister had a heart, or if Lieut. Esmaine had ever been able to find it.

She felt almost dismayed at the task she had taken upon herself, as she sat in the parlor, on the evening that Lieut Esmaine was to arrive. She was almost sorry that she had decided to remain; perhaps he would prefer that no one should witness the deep disappointment and sorrow which he would experience, when he should read the brief note Belle had left for him. But it was too late now to retreat, and so May waited uneasily, the pinky pearl of her cheeks changing to an excited scarlet, as ten minutes sped on, and the liquid eyes were misty with unshed tears. The bell rang at last, and Lieut. Esmaine was ushered in. May rose to meet him, thinking how handsome and manly he looked, with the gas light shining full upon him, upon the curling chestnut hair, and splendid brown eyes she so well remembered, upon the gleaming army buttons that sent out flashes of light at he came forward to meet her. He was still an invalid, for so his pale face proclaimed him, as did also the shawl which he wore and which, upon entering, he had thrown back over his shoulder, so that its heavy folds completely concealed his left arm. May felt glad of this for it spared her the necessity of speaking of his misfortunes at present. His manner was so cheerful and cordial that May wondered at it; however she exerted herself to maintain her composure, and succeeded much better than she anticipated. He appeared to be expecting to see some one else, and at last enquired for Belle.

"I am very sorry," replied," May, but she is from home She left a note for you, which——"

"From home?" said the lieutenant, with some surprise "An engagement I suppose, that could not be deferred. But the note Miss May. Do you not see that I'm all impatience?" he added with a bright smile. May's heart sank as she turned to the little work box, beneath whose glittering rose wood lid, lay the tiny note that was to work such woe to that brave, manly heart. She slowly lifted the little golden key to the lock, and its sharp click, as she turned it, smote upon her ear with startling distinctness.—The note was reached at last, and placed in Lieut. Esmaine's hands, and then May glided to the window, and drawing aside the heavy curtains, looked out upon the vast city, lying in noisy splendor beneath the star-lit evening sky. She did not look up, but she knew that the lieutenant had crossed the room, and was standing by her side.

"Do you know the contents of this letter Miss Rayner?" he asked, with a voice so stern that May was frightened. She bowed still without looking up. "Doubtless you fully approve your sisters course," he went on, with a sort of quiet scorn in his voice; "all woman are alike after all, fickle and heartless."

May saw that he was misinterpreting her silence, so she hastened to say:

"Indeed, Lieut. Esmaine, I did not approve of it at all, I was very sorry that Belle sho'd think it necessary to pursue such a course, and—" she paused for she did not dare to say how much she pitied him, for to some men nothing is so humiliating as pity.

"Had you been in her place, Miss May, would you have discarded the poor, maimed lover?" he asked, with an interest that puzzled her.

"O! no," she replied eagerly: "I would have loved him more, and welcomed him with double tenderness and affection. I should have honored and admired him so much; and forgetting herself as she always did when her feelings were aroused, she raised her sparkling blue eyes, brimful of womanly gentleness and tender feelings, while her red lips quivered with passionate earnestness.

Lieut. Esmaine looked down at her, with a softened light taking the place of the stern expression in his handsome brown eyes. It was some time before he spoke, but when he did all traces of his former sternness had vanished.

"I can see that you sympathize with me, and I am very grateful to you Miss May.—Let me thank you for it," and he held out his hands

May started with a little scream of surprise. His hands? Yes, there they were, white and firm and perfect as ever, both of them, as when he went away! May looked up at him in dire perplexity. He smiled at her astonished face.

"You see that they have saved my arm after all. I had planned to give Bell a pleasant surprise, but you receive it instead."

"I am very glad," said May quietly.

"Glad for whose sake?" he asked.

"For yours and Belle's," she replied.—"She will have no wish now to be released from her engagement."

"Can you think for a moment, that I have any longer a wish to claim Belle Rayner as a bride? No—after this disclosure of her heartlessness, I consider myself as fortunate in discovering in time how fickle and cruel, how completely unworthy she is of any true man's affections."

"I cannot hear you speak so," said May, softly, "she is my sister."

"Yours? What a pity she did not possess some of your angelic disposition."

Probably it was the consciousness of May's sweet sympathy that drew Lieut. Esmaine after that memorable evening so often to Mr. Rayner's house.

We all know that "pity is akin to love," and if, in course of time, the deep interest May had always felt for him deepened into earnest and heartfelt love, who will be surprised? And that the Lieutenant should, from admiring May's sweetness, grow to feel for her a powerful and fervent passion, as differently from his first love, as the warm, steady rays of she sun are from the fitful gleam of the pale stars—who would wonder? It was only the natural consequence of events which might easily have been foretold from the beginning

Judge of Bell Rayner'r mortification and astonishment when she was recalled to her home, by the news of her sister's expected marriage with Lieut. Esmaine! For once in her life she lost her stated grace of manner, and was betrayed into stormy expressions of regret and self accusation. However she had time before meeting May and her lover, to regain her customary cold composure; and to have seen her at the wedding, stately, brilliant and beautiful, you would never have guessed at the deep wound in her heart, and the far deeper one her pride had received.

FAST YOUNG LADIES.—In order to be a fast young lady it is necessary to lay aside all reserve and refinement—every thing that savors of womanly weakness, to have no troublesome scruples, but to be ready to accord an appreciating smile to the broadest joke. There must be no feeling of dependence on the stronger sex: but, by adopting as far as decency permits, masculine attire, masculine habits and masculine modes of expression, accompanied by a thorough knowledge of slang, and a fluency in using it, these ladies show themselves to be above all narrow minded prejudices. There must be no thinking about other people's feelings; if people will be thin skinned let them keep out of their way at all events. Should "mamma," raise her voice in a feeble remonstrance, the fast young lady impresses upon her that she is no judge of these matters. In her old schooldays, everything and every one were slow; but it is quite changed now." In short, to sum up, to be a fast young lady, modesty, delicacy, refinement, respect for superiors, consideration must all be set aside; boldness, independence, irreverence, prusquenes, and, we fear, too often heartlessness, must take their place.

BE FRANK.—Be frank with the world.—Frankness is the child of honesty and of courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do what is right. If a friend asks you a favor you should grant it if it is reasonable; if it is not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind.

Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased, and at a sacrifice.

Deal kindly and firmly with all men and you will find it the policy that works the best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back.

We should live, act and not speak out of doors, as the phrase is, and say and do what we are willing should be known and read of all men. It is not only best a matter of principle, but as a matter of policy.

CAN A MOTHER FORGET.—Can a mother forget? Not a morning, noon, or night, but she looks into the corner of the kitchen where you read Robinson Crusoe, and thinks of you as yet a boy. Mothers rarely become conscious that their children are grown out of their childhood. They think of them, advise them, write to them, as though not full fourteen years of age. They cannot forget the child. Three times a day she thinks who are absent from the table, and hopes that next year, at farthest, she may just "have her own family there," and if you are there look out for the fat limb of a fried chicken, and coffee which nobody but everybody's own mother can make. Did Hannah forget Samuel? A short sentence, full of household history, and running over with genuine mother love, is telling beautiful: "Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and bro't it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to sacrifice."

A mother mourning at her first born's grave, or closing the eye of child after child's displays a grief whose very sacredness is sublime. But bitter, heavier than the death stroke is the desperation of a son who rushes over a crushed heart, into vices which he would hide from even the abandoned and vile.

Napoleon was once asked by a lady what France needed for the education of youth;—and the short profound reply was, "Mothers."

A teacher in a contraband school asked a young darkey what a certain letter of the alphabet was. The darkey looked at it earnestly for a short time, and said: "I know dat well enough by sight, but am bressed if I can tell it by name." He was told he could take the back seat.

The Fenian Movement

The movements of the Fenian Brotherhood continue to attract much attention at home and abroad. In Philadelphia the Fenian Congress assembled last Monday, and is still sitting. The proceedings are private. Three thousand Circles are said to be represented Capt. Walsh is said to be one of the speakers It is said that 100,000 Fenian soldiers will soon be put in the field, and that the question of the freedom of down-trodden Ireland will be decided by the arbitrament of the sword.

In Great Britain much excitement prevails on the subject. Every person who lands in Ireland, from America, is made subject to an examination that extends to everything on his person or in his luggage, to every paper, and every bit of linen; and if a revolver or a powder flask if found in his trunk, it is confiscated,

The Fenian arrests continued. The total number in all places was about two hundred.

A suspicious vessel bearing the American flag, and susposed to be one of those expected with arms, has appeared off Queenstown, but she again put to sea.

A strange vessel was said to have sent a letter on shore, which was opened and found to contain a bill for one thousand pounds in favor of a member of the Fenian organization.

The examination of the Fenians at Dublin was concluded on the 2d. The aditional evidence developed nothing new of moment.—Five of the prisoners were committed for high treason. The prisoners denied the imputation that an indiscriminate slaughter of the higher classes was ever meditated. Arrests continued in various parts of the interior.

It is again charged by one of the English papers that Mr. Seward had imparted intelligence of the Fenian movement in America to Earl Russell, His first communication, it is alleged, was made some twenty months since and since then there have been other communications through the American Minister at London.

The present steamer the Nova Scotia brings nothing of importance with reference to the movement, except the committal of some of the prisoners on a charge of treason.

THE WORKING MAN.—He is the noblest man of whom our free country can boast; whether at the workshop or at the plow, you find him the same noble-hearted, free, and independent being. And if there is a man in society upon whom we look with admiration it is the independent, sober working man. We care not whether he be a farmer. mechanic or common laborer—whether his toils are endorsed in the workshop, the field or the coal mine—whether his home is in the back woods or the neat cottage—our admiration is the same. What a happy picture he presents; what a reward for his labor, who by his own unaided exertion, establishes for himself a respectable position in society, who commencing in poverty, by his skill and assiduity surmounts every obstacle, overcomes every prejudice, and finally succeeds in forming a character whose value is enchanced by those who came after him.—Such a man we prize as the noblest work of which nature is capable—the highest productions she can boast. And let it be borne in mind by the young working man just entering upon the stage of life—let it ever lie at the foundation and be the moving spring of all his efforts—that for this situation he must strain every nerve to attain. It can be attained by all. Untiring industry and virtuous ambition never fail to find their reward. They never yet were exerted in vain, and never will be while honesty and justice find a home in the human breast.

CHARITY.—Let my lips be sealed with charity, that may open only for the good of my neighbors. Let my eyes be veiled with charity, that they may rest on good, and that wickedness may be shut from my sight. Let charity close my ears to all unkind and malicious slander. Let charity keep my hands busy with profitable work, and my feet turned in the path toward those whom God hath given me power to benefit. May charity keep my heart from secret sin, from evil imaginations, from the tempting whispers of the evil one, So that shutting every door against uncharitableness, my soul may be made strong in love to the Father of all men.

CLOSING OUT,—The President is closing up the Provost Marshals head quarters about as fast as they are brought into existence.—He had even the audacity to close that filthy hole in the city of Washington, thus scattering the vermin in every direction.

☞ Five regiments of cullud troops are to garrison Washington hereafter. Their principal duties will consist in occasionally looking at their cullud sister on the great dome and fighting their rations.

It may seem queer, but our hot weather dosen't light as many matches as cold.

A fellow too drunk to keep on a horse's back can probably keep on his own.

If a man can't argue without swearing, his discussions are too cursory.