

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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Tunkhannock, Pa. Office in Stark's Brick
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ice in Stark's Brick Block Toga St., Tunk
hannock, Pa.

DR. J. C. BECKER.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wyom-
ing, 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.

The Buchler House,
HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the
"BUCHLER HOUSE" property, has already com-
menced such alterations and improvements as will
render this old and popular House equal, if not su-
perior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg.
A continuance of the public patronage is respect-
fully 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 patronage.
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, 17.

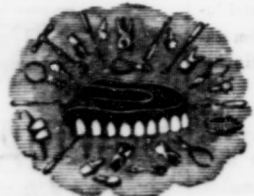
CLARKE, KEENEY, & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
LADIES', MISSES' & GENTS'
Silk and Cassimere Hats

AND JEWELRY IN
HATS, CAPS, FURS, STRAW GOODS,
PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS,
BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES,
849 BROADWAY,
CORNER OF LEONARD STREET,
NEW YORK.

B. F. CLARKE,
A. C. KEENEY,
S. L. KEENEY.

M. GILMAN,

DENTIST.



M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunk-
hannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his
professional services to the citizens of this place and
surrounding country.
ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATIS-
FACTION.
Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post
Office.

Dec. 11, 1864

GOOD NEWS

—TO—
HOUSE KEEPERS!

Frank M. Buck

Has just opened, at the store house formerly oc-
cupied 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.

His stock was selected and purchased by

MR. A. G. STARK

a 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 " 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.

—ALSO—
FLAVORING EXTRACTS FOR PUDDINGS,
11BS, 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 quan-
tity 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.

Tunkhannock, June 26

F. BUCK.

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Poet's Corner.

I'VE BEEN THINKING.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
What a glorious world was this,
Did folks mind their own business more,
And mind their neighbor's less.
For instance, you and I, my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And others' follies mock.

I've been thinking, if we'd begin
To mind our own affairs,
That possibly our neighbors might
Conceive to manage theirs.
We've faults enough at home to mend—
It may be true of others;
It would seem strange, if it were not,
Since all mankind are brothers.

Oh! would that we had charity
For every man and woman,
Forgiveness be the mark of those
Who know "to err is human."
Then let us banish jealousy—
Let's lift our fallen brother,
And as we journey down life's road,
Do good to one another.

Select Story.

SOMETHING ABOUT WOMEN.

BEING ADVICE FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON.

Some days since I administered to you a
short but serious bit of advice concerning
whiskey straight and whiskey sour or rather
as to what sort of people they are who drink
these alcoholic compounds. Your trunk is
now packed, your boots pinch your feet no
more, the maternal apron string is severed,
your sister has abstracted the last twenty-
greenback from the market dole, and you are
ready, eager, and ripe for the battle of
with all its mysteries of hard up, and mis-
eries of down at the heel.

There is one fact; and that is, next to an
hereditary fondness for whiskey, you have
another weakness—women. You need not
blush. I always regard the sudden flushing
up of a man's face as *prima facie* evidence
that he has been at something of which
he is ashamed. Now, no man need be to
be ashamed of fondness for women. It is nat-
ural. It is human. Woman is divine—es-
pecially after dinner, when her temper has
been crushed down—flattened out beneath a
tremendous weight of roast beef, potatoes,
and apple pudding. Before dinner she is
variable, sometimes nervous, and always look-
ing for something she has not lost. Com-
mend me, my son, to the woman who dines
heartily, and minds her own business as well
as that of her neighbors; who does not make
a tea-vat of herself, and who can drink a
cup of Young Hyson without sweetening it
with the shreds of scandal she has picked up
in job lots in the street. A silent tongue in
woman bespeaketh longevity, love and the
meekness of submission.

There are divers kinds of women, my son.
Women, were they alike, wouldn't be worth
as much as one of the luxuries of this world.
Variety, my dear son, is not only the spice,
but the comfort of life which perhaps ac-
counts for the tendency of some married men
to go abroad after those comforts which can
be had at home, equally as pleasurable in
their nature, but which from long familiarity
do not have the charm of novelty. Man will
as he has ever done since the world began,
continue to run after strange gods—particu-
larly if these strange gods wear crinolines,
have dimpled cheeks, rosy lips, roguish eyes,
and are all the more complaisant with an in-
crease of worshippers.

Women take to flattery, my son, as natu-
rally as men do to their morning eye-opener.
It is the sugar of their existence. But woe
to the unlucky wight who does not under-
stand the art of administering it. It has to
be given with care. It must be prepared
and put up in doses to suit the patient, like
medicine. Some women will take flattery
and adulation as the glutton swallows cream
tarts, and are unhappy and miserable if they
miss their daily dose. Others take it well
disguised. The plain, unadorned article dis-
gusts and makes them quailish. Others
again, pretend to abhor compliment in all its
forms, and yet are only fishing for a larger
share than of right belongs to them. At the
first nibble they toss their pretty heads and
curl the inviting lip, and are ready for a
wholesale bite. When a woman tells you
she detests flattery, my boy, don't believe
her. The heart of a woman is like a fort—
There is a sally-port somewhere, by which
all its loves, desires, fears, and hates comes
out, either singly or in full battalion.—
Through that sally-port, my boy, you can
enter and capture the entire garrison, haul
down its flag of defiance, and run up your
good ensign of victory. But you must first,
like a doctor examining a blooded horse, find
her weak and strong points, study her every
motion, mark her every word, never allow
a glance to escape you. There never yet
lived a woman who could not be conquered.

I say that advisedly. Women was born to be
married. To her, even in her younger
years, the coming man towers in the dim
future like the vision of a colossus looming
up through the misty atmosphere of a dream.

Her destiny is man, and without him she
does not fulfill her mission on this footstool.

There never yet lived one of those rusty
nondescripts, ye old maids, who did not
at some period of her unhappy existence,
have a hankering after a man, and that par-
ticular man did not conquer her, and save
the world the infliction of an old maid, and
gain for himself a good or a bad wife, as the
case might be—was his own fault. He per-
haps was after some pet fancy of a school
girl, and she, not admiring him, married
somebody else, and so made him a bachelor.

I think, were I an old maid, and had been
"crossed in love," I would, out of sheer spite,
marry the first man I could get hold of. I'd
have satisfaction if I had to marry forty men
to get it. Old maids are like some politicians
I know of. They run their career upon the
one idea system. They have but one idea,
and that is their first love. That failing,
they are ever after out at sea, floundered
about, always wrong side up, and go down
to oblivion, leaving no vestige behind in short
clothes or long stockings to commemorate
their existence.

I especially recommend you, my boy, to
avoid young ladies who, when on promenade
addicted to that style of locomotion which
is not in appropriately denominated wrig-
gling. The woman who wriggles when she
walks reminds me of one of those little yel-
low, crepeated poodles that dance, and twist,
and squirm about whenever you look at
them. The woman who walks in this fash-
ion, is generally gifted with a small quantity
of brains, is devoid of common sense, full of
vanity and self conceit, fiery in disposition,
fickle, and for all the ordinary purposes of
matrimony, is as useless as a refrigerator is
for a hotel in Siberia. Her whole life is
simply an elongated wriggle of wasted hours,
lost opportunities and disappointed hopes.

On the contrary, my son, do not choose
the woman who walks as though she were a
grenadier in disguise, marching with solemn
tread toward her appointed end. That wo-
man, were you to marry her, would march
through your whole married existence, tramp-
ing under feet your every delight, crushing
your authority; and at last, there, eyes dim
with age, would tearfully behold you cowering
to a petticoat, and trotting along behind your
mistress, with your ears laid meekly back,
and looking ten times more pitiful than a
whipped cur.

These walking woman in youth are proud,
imperious, wilful; in middle age the same,
with the addition of a low-colored moustache
and neuralgia in the head, and in their old
age so awfully spiteful that even that best
friend of disconsolate ancient womanhood—the
cat—shrinks away from her presence.

Ah, my son, if you wish to display your
good taste in the cultivation of female soci-
ety, avoid tall women of the unbarbed, tele-
graph pole order of anatomy; avoid the
squeezed up tumbling style as well, and do
not be taken in by chalk, rouge, cotton and
curls—nor with too white teeth.

Don't be led into error by a pair of pret-
ty ankles, and do not let a pair of well turned
shoulders turn your head. Remember
that especially in the sea of womanhood there
are as many fish uncaught as have been hook-
ed.

Woman with light brown hair and blue
eyes, of medium height, plump hands—ah!
my son they are the women for men to love,
cherish, respect and treat as if they were an-
gels. Such angels are never entertained un-
aware. No game man, full of health, passion,
and whose vigor has not been prostrated by a
continuity of Trout alley whiskey can ignore
their presence. If he does, he deserves to be
kicked to death by shrimps.

The brown haired, blue eyed woman is am-
able in disposition, true as steel, and with
him she loves, never jealous. Jealousy, my
boy, with the majority of woman kind, like
variety to man, is the spice of their existence.
They revel in it, and like the locust eaters get
wild, crazy over it, and finally either are
booked for the Kirkbridge Institute or to go
off into the chronic hysteria.

A jealous woman is a fool, and with such a
woman for a wife, the husband is a greater
fool than she, if he does not give her cogent
reasons hobnobbing with the green-eyed mon-
ster.

A red haired woman is apt to be steadfast
in her affections, and to understand the art of
cooking catfish and baking shad to perfec-
tion. She has a temper not particularly even
inclined to break out like an epidemic—
when least expected. Red haired women,
my boy, are very fond of being widows, and
of moving from place to place—at least that is
my experience.—Your mother's hair was
slightly asbarn, but during the first five
years of our married life it gradually assumed
a darker tint, which fact I attribute entirely
to her sudden acquired fondness on her part
for pork and beans. I attribute to the harsh-
ness of my hair altogether to a too great par-
tiality for hash in my younger days. I have
noticed, my son, that people who eat too
freely of hash became sour and morose in
their disposition. Corned beef and cabbage
superinduce inflation, and is a very appro-
priate diet for politicians and temperance
lecturers who happen to be long in body and
short in mind.

Never marry a short, diminutive woman.
You will never be able to find her when you

want her. You will be just as likely to
lose her some fine morning as not. Little
women have a great penchant for running off
with women's husbands. In fact so far as
my observation goes—take it as a rule, which
is made all the stronger by the exceptions—
little women are always at it. Like the
shipjack on the surface of a pond, they are
never quiet.

What you want is a woman who steps off
easily and gracefully a quarter nag—one whose
manner and mind reminds you of your moth-
er. For to you and to all men, looking back
through the long line of dead years into the
paradise of youth, the mother seems perfec-
tion. It is the name of mother that is the
synonym of home. Happy is the man who
sees in his wife something of action or words,
that brings back a memory of his mother.—
His home will be a happy one.

Select a woman for a wife who thinks as
much of a sixpence as she does of a silk
dress, and you will be able always to have
the former in your pocket and the latter for
her.

Economy, with a due regard to comfort in
the household, is an assurance to her hus-
band of success in business.

A rich old widower in Canada is
said to have practiced a very artful scheme to
gain the hand of the belle of the village. He
got an old gypsy to tell the young lady's for-
tune in words which he dictated, as follows:
"My dear young lady, your star will soon be
hid for a short time by a very dark cloud, but
when it re-appears it will shine with unin-
terrupted splendor until the end of your days."
Before one week a wealthy old widower,
wearing a suit of black and a fine castor hat,
will pay you a visit and request your hand in
marriage. You will accept his offer, become
his wife, and be left a widow, in the posses-
sion of all his property, before the close of the
year. Your next husband will be a young man
of whom you think most of at present.

Three days after, the old gentleman, dress-
ed in the manner described by the gypsy,
presented himself to the young lady, and the
marriage followed. The old gentleman did not
die as was anticipated, and still lives, although
he has grown a number of years older in the
service of the young wife.

"I DON'T CARE."—Yes you do, and there's
no use in trying to deceive yourself with the
sophistry of those words.

The best and noblest, the truest and most
generous part of your nature does care for
the unkind, cutting words you have uttered
to one you loved, in moments of pique.

You may carry yourself so proud and defi-
antly, you may never drop by word or look
the dew of sweet healing on the wound you
have made in a nature as proud, as sensitive,
and exacting as your own; but to your hon-
or, be it said, you are better than your words
and away down in your heart lurks shame
and repentance and sorrow for them.

You may carefully hide them both, and in
a little while they will be gone, for oh! it is
very easy to make one's self bitter and
proud, and cold—very hard to keep one's
self sweet, mellow and charitable; but there
must be some pain, and some struggling be-
fore you can do a mean ungenerous thing to
one who loves you, and have your heart en-
dorse your "I don't care!"

And how often are these words uttered,
when conscience sternly refutes them; and
how often they harden the heart, and keep
the feet in the way of evil.

Be careful, reader, when you say, "I don't
care."

TRUTHFULNESS OF A HERO.—It is related
of Lord Nelson, that while walking out one
morning he met a little girl crying bitterly,
and upon asking her what was the matter, she
replied that she had broken her pitcher with
which she had been sent for milk, and afraid
she would be whipped when she returned
home. Seeing that he sympathized with her,
she held up the fragments and artlessly said,
"perhaps you can mend it, sir." "No I can-
not do that replied he, "but I will give a six-
pence to buy another with." On looking in
his purse, he found he had no change, and
said, "I cannot give it to you now, but if
you will be here at this time to-morrow, I
will meet you and give you the money." She
went home comforted. And told her
mother the story with such confidence that
she was excused from punishment, on condi-
tion that the gentleman kept his word. Be-
fore the time came, Lord Nelson received a
letter asking him to go to a distant place to
meet a person whom he greatly desired to
see. He hesitated and thought that such a
trifle as giving a little girl a sixpence ought
not to keep him away, but then he had given
the word and the little girl had implicitly
relied upon it. No he would not disappoint
her, so he sat down and wrote to his friend
that "owing to a previous engagement," he
should be unable to see him at that time.
Such an incident adds lustre to the world-
wide fame of one of England's most celebra-
ted heroes.

The St. Jonsbury (Vt.) "Caledonian"
says that the potato crop in that locality is
large and excellent: The only fault is that
they grow so large that they have to be "bil-
ed" like Josh Billings' Shanghai rooster—
"one end and at a time."

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.—There are
many different ways of getting on in the
world; it does not always mean making a
great deal of money, or being a great man
for the people to look up to with wonder.

Leaving off a bad habit for a good one is
getting on in the world; to be clean and
tidy, instead of dirty and disorderly, is get-
ting on; to be active and industrious, in-
stead of idle and lazy, is getting on; to be
kind and forbearing, instead of ill-natured
and quarrelsome, is getting on; to work as
diligently in his master's absence as in his
presence, is getting on; in short, when we
see any one properly attentive to his duties,
persevering through difficulties to gain such
knowledge as shall be of use to himself and
to others, offering a good example to his re-
latives and acquaintances, we may be sure
that he is getting on in the world.

Money is a very useful in its way, but it
is possible to get on with small means; for
it is a mistake that we must wait for a good
deal of it before we can do anything. Perse-
verance is often better than a full purse.—
There are more helps toward getting on than
is supposed—many people lag behind or miss
their way altogether, because they do not
see the simple and abundant means which
surround them on all sides; and so it hap-
pens that these means are aids which can-
not be bought for money.

Those who wish to get on in the world
must have a stock of patience and perseve-
rance, of hopeful confidence, a willingness to
learn, and a disposition not easily cast down
by difficulties and disappointments.

A Black Record.

Every man who supports the Abolition Re-
publican enemies of civil liberty must blush
with shame as he reads their record, thus
briefly, but truthfully traced by a contemporary
—"The Republican party has existed but ten
years. It aspired to the control of public
affairs when the very name of a Federal Tax
Collector was unknown. It has felt a public
debt as gigantic as that which eats the
substance and impoverishes the condition of
tollers of other countries. Up to the time it
came into power the liberty of the people was
held to be a sacred thing. It struck down ha-
bus corpus; it denied trial by jury; it pre-
hibited free discussion; it filled our bastilles
with prisoners, arrested without warrant, and
imprisoned without trial. In a word it es-
tablished precedents for the exercise of every
right claimed by despotic governments."

REMEMBER THE POOR.—These cold blis-
tery nights which we are now having are on-
ly the remainders or forerunners of stern old
Winter's icy chains that will soon be grapple-
d around us. Many of us will rejoice at the
approach of the sleighing and skating season
but let us not forget in the mean time that
there are those among us whose blood thrills
with horror as they hear the keen autumnal
winds whistling around the corners, and
through the cracks of their airy cabins, which
are only warmed by the genial rays of the
sun. There are such homes in our midst,
where stoves are not to be found, much less
a ton of coal. Then let all those who are so
fortunate as to be blessed with plenty for
their comfort through all the changing seasons
"remember the poor."

Chief Justice Chase has notified the
President that after thorough and careful
examination into the whole question, he can-
not preside over the court for the trial of
Jefferson Davis in the city of Richmond.—
The reason he assigned is that there is no
regularly organized court in that city. Thus
the government is all at sea again in regard
to his trial. The President maintains that
he cannot be tried at any other place. The
impression is that he will be released with
the understanding that he will go to Europe
and not return, or in other words, to be ex-
patriated.—N. Y. World.

The Somerset county Democrat says that
the twenty seven return judges of that county
met on the 27th ult., to count the soldier
election returns. They had one vote only to
count, which has thus cost the county just
one hundred and twenty-five dollars! In
Bedford county there was only one vote to
count, and with about the same result as to
cost.

We believe there was one vote of this kind
returned to this county. Whether the re-
turn judges met to count it or not, we are
not informed, but think they did not. The
law on this subject seems to require a change.
Will our next Legislature look to it?

If negro suffrage and exemption from tax-
ation of the United States bonds, are not the
stock in trade of the Black Republican party,
why is it that the Black Republican press
and leaders are advocating and defending
those measures?

An Abolition paper says the Constitution
has survived four years of war against tra-
itors. We are glad to hear it has survived.
As it has not been much used of late, it ought
to be in good condition.

Radical Editor in Connecticut said a few
days since, "The Democratic party is dead,
stark dead!" We should like to ask him,
says the New Haven Register, if he don't
think it is about the liveliest corpse he ever
"watched with?"