

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

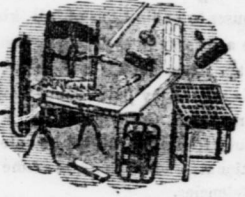
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Tunkhannock, Pa. Office in Stark's Brick Block, Tioga street.

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The Buehler House,

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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.

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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

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.

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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.

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

ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION.
Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post Office, Dec. 13, 1865

Poor's Corner.

From the Scranton Register.
WORLDLY CONCLUSIONS.

BY STELLA OF LACKAWANNA.

The world is a netting world at best,
And will chafe you sooner or later:
In fact 'tis rough as a chestnut-burr,
Or a rasping nutting grater:
Especially if you happen to be
Endowed with a sympathy human,
For the frailties of sinful brother man—
Or worse—of an erring woman.

The world is a pleasant spot enough,
If you only choose to take it
And its stupid mummeries with a smile:
'Tis the best that you can make it:
Never a need to moan and mourn
O'er its follies, and its troubles:
Weep if you will with the child of ill,
But laugh at its air-blown bubbles.

The world is a carnal one, alas,
With a vulgar taste for quarrels;
And the biggest dog in the fight 's best,
Whatever its code of morals is—
Where the gold-god kisses his finger-tips
To the focus in life's grand revel;
And virtue parleys, then leads the dance
With the world, the flesh and the devil.

A cheating old world, as all men know
Would they condescend to own it,
And truth so rare 'mong the pearls they wear
That knavery scarce may loan it
For an hour or so, to play the saint
At an Aldermanic dinner,
Though conscience peer from a dainty roast,
To threaten the famished sinner.

A frolicking, frolicking world all 'round
To the butterflies of fashion,
Whose lives at best, are a soulless jest
Too cold for the play of passion:
And all too careless to note the sweep
Of humanity's wreck-strewn river,
Where souls go down to a shore unknown
With a plunge, and a deathful shiver.

Do what we will, 'tis a bungling world,
And the less we plan the better:
As well stand still on the tread-mill wheel,
And accept our fate to the letter:
We may struggle and strive and try and toil
For a throne or a daily ration
And ten to one, when it all is done,
'Tis a huge miscalculation.

'Tis often said that the world's a stage,
And we are the wretched players:
We act our part with an aching heart,
And how our best at the brayers
And behind the scenes there crouch the ghosts
Of a thousand desolations,
Though, gallies, pit and dome resound
With tumultuous acclamations.

A weary, worrying, hurrying world,
Where the wisest lose their senses:
And the whole when weighed but a masquerade,
Of the shallowest pretenses:
But a comfortable world, at last
If we only rightly view it,
And though we abuse it with might and main,
Most insensibly we pursue it.

BILL ARP ADDRESSES ARTEMUS WARD.

ROME, Ga., Sept. 1, 1865.

Mr. Artemus Ward, Showman, Sur.—
The resun I write to you in partickler, are bekaus you are about all the man I know in all "God's country," so called. For sum several weeks I have been wantin tu say sumthin. For sum several years we rebs, so called, but now late of said country deceased, have been tryin mity hard to do sumthin. We didn't quite do it, and now 't's very painful, I assure you, to dry up all of a sudden and make out like we wasn't thar.

My friend, I want to say sumthin. I suppose there is no law agin thinkin, but thinkin don't help me. I don't let down my thermometer. I must explode myself generally so as to feel better. You see I'm tryin to harmonize. I'm tryin to soften down my feelings, I'm endeavorin to subjugate myself to the level of surroundin circumstances, so called. But I can't do it until I am allowed to say somethin. I want to quarrel with somebody and then make friends. I ain't no giant killer. I ain't no Norwegian bar. I ain't boar constriker: but I'll be hornswaggled in the talkin and the writin and the slanderin has got to be all done on one side any longer.—Sum of your folks has got to dry up or turn our folks loose. It's a blame outrage, so-called. Ain't your editors got nothin else to do but to peck at us, and squib at us, and crow at us? Is every man what kan write a paragraf to consider us as bars in a cage, and be always a jobbin at us to hear us growl? Now you see, my friend, that's what's disharmonious, and do you just tell em, one and all, e pluribus unum, so-called, that if they don't stop it at once, or turn us loose to say what we please, why we rebs, so-called, have unanimously and jointly and reverly resolved—to—to—to—think very hard of it—if not harder.

That's the way to talk it. I ain't agwine to commit myself. I know when

to put on the brakes. I ain't agwine to say all I think, like Mr. Etheridge, or Mr. Adderig so called, Nary time. No, sir.— But I'll jest tell you, Artemus, and you may tell it to your show: If we aint allowed to express our sentiments, we take it out in hatin; and hatin runs heavy in my family sure. I hated a man so bad once that all the hair cum off my head, and the man drowned himself in a hog-waller that night, I could do it agin, but you see I'm tryin to harmonize, to acquiesce, to bekum kalm and screem.

Now, I suppose that, poetikally speak in,

"In Dixie's fall
We stinned all."

But talkin the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller, so called, got into a fite, and they fout and fout and fout a long time and every body all around kept hollerin hands off, but kept helpin the big feller, until finally the little feller caved in and hollered enuf. He made a bully fite, I tell you, Selah. Well, what did the big feller do? Take him by the hand and help him up and brush the dirt off his clothes? Nary time! No, sur! But he kicked him arter he was down, and throwed mud on him, and dragged him about and rubbed sand in his eyes, and now he's agwine about luntin up his poor little property. Wants to confisicate it so called.— Blame my jacket if it aint enuf to make your head swim.

But I'm a good Union man—so-called.— I ain't agwine to fite no more. I shan't vote for the next war. I ain't a gorilla.— I've done tuk the oath, and I'm gwine to keep it, but as for my bein subjugated, and humiliated, and amalgamated, and enervated, as Mrs. Chase says, it ain't so—nary time. I aint ashamed of nuthin neither— ain't repentin—ain't asking for no one horse, short-winded pardon. Nobody needn't be playin priest around me. I ain't got no twenty thousand dollars.— Wish I had; I'd give it to these poor widers and orfins, I'd fatten my own numerous and interesting offspring in about two minits and a half. They should'n't eat roots and drink branch water no longer. Poor, unfortunate things! to cum into this subloony world at such a time. There's four or five of 'em that never saw a sirkus or a monkey show—never had a pocket knife, nor a piece of cheese, nor a resin. There is Bull Run Arp, and Harper's Ferry Arp, and Chickahominy Arp, that never seed the picters in a spelling book. I tell you my friend, we are the poorest people on the face of the earth—but we are poor and proud. We made a bully fite, Selah! and the whole Amerikin nation ought to feel proud of it. It shows what Amerikins can do when they think they are imposed on—so-called.— Didn't our four fathers fit— bleed and die about a little tax on tea, who not oae in a thousand drunk it? Bekaus they saksseeded, wasent it glorious? But if they hadent, I suppose it would be treason, and they would have been bowin and scrapin round King George for pardon. So it goes, Artemus, and to my mind, if the whole thing was stewed down, it would make about a half a pint of humberg. We had good men, great men, Christian men, who thought we was right, and many of 'em have gone to the undiskovered country, and have got a pardon as is a pardon. When I die, I'm mity willin to risk my self under the shadow of their wings, whether the climate be hot or cold. So mote it be, Selah!

Well, maybe I've said enuf. But I don't feel easy yit. I've had my breeches died blue, and I've got a blue bucket' and I very often feel blue and about twice in while I go to the doggerly and git blue and when I look up at the blue serulean heavens and sing the melancholy chorays of the Blue-tailed fly. I'm doing my duandest to harmonize, and think I could succeed if it wasn't for some things. When I see a black-guard going around the streets with a gun on his shoulder, why right then, for a few minutes I hate the whole Yanky nation The institution what was handed down to us by the heavenly kingdom of Massachusetts now put over us with power, and ball. Harmonize the dev! Ain't we human beings? Ain't we got eyes and ears and feelin' and thinkin'? Why the whole of Afriky has come to town, woman and children, and babies and baboons and all. A man can tell how fur it is to the city by the smell better than the mile post. They won't work for us and they wont work for themselves, and they'll perish to death this winter as shor as the devil is a hog so called. They are now baskin' in the summer's sun, living on roasting ears and freedom with nary idee that winter will come

agin, or that castor oil and salts cost money. Sum of 'em a hundred years old, are whinin' around about going to cawlege. The truth is, my friend, sumbody's badly fouted about this bizness. Sumbody has drawed the elefant in the lottery, and don't know what to do with him. He's just throwin' his snout about loose, and by and by he'll hurt sumbody; These niggers will have to go back to the plantations and work. I ain't going to support nary one of 'em, and when you hear anybody say so, you can tell 'em "it's a lie" so called. I golly, I ain't got nothin to support myself on. We fout ourselves out of every-thing exceptin' children and land, and I suppose the lands are to be turned over to the niggers for grave-yards.

Well, my friend, I don't want much. I aint ambitious, as I used to wuz. You all have got your shows, and munks, and sirkusses, and brass bands and organs, and can play on the petrolyum and the harp of a thousand strings, and so on, but I've only got one favor to ax of you, I want enuf powder to kill a yaller stump-tail dog, that prowls round my premises at night. Pon honor, I wont shoot at any thing blue or black or mulatter. Will you send it? Are you and your foaks, so skeered of me and my foaks, that you wont let us have eny amunishun? Are the squirrels and crows and black rakoons to eat up our poor little corn patches! Are the wild turkeys to gobble all around us with impunity? If a mad dog takes the hiderfoby, is the while community to run itself to death to get out of the way? I golly! it looks like your pepal had all tuk the rebelfoby fur good, and was never gwine to git over it. See here, my friend, you must send me a little powder and a ticket to your show, and me and you will harmonize sartin!

With these few remarks I think I feel better, and hope I haint made nobody fite mad, for I'm not on that line, at this time. I am trooly your friend—all present or accounted for.

BILL ARP, SO-CALLED

P.S.—Old man Harris wanted toby my fiddle the other day with Confedrik macey. He said it would be good agin. He says that Jim Funderbunk told him that Warren's Jack seed a man who had jest cum from Virginny, and that he seed a man by the name of Mack C. Million is coming over with a million of men. But nevertheless, notwithstanding, somehow or somehow else, I'm dibus about the money. If you was me Artemus, would you make the fiddle trade?

MISS FAWCET, the English actress, was one evening dressing for a part, when a boy attached to the theatre knocked at the door.

"Please, Miss, there's a woman at the back who says she wants two orders to see the play." "What is her name? Go and ask her. I promised no orders." "I did ask her name, but she said it was no telling it, because you didn't know her." "Not know her, and she expects orders! Has the woman her faculties about her?" "I think she have ma'am, for I see her have a bundle tied up in a pocket handkerchief under her arm."

A SINGULAR CASE.—About fifty-five years ago, a young lady and gentleman formed an association as young people often do, and it was supposed by the friends that it would terminate in matrimony. But for some reason it was dissolved and they separated. The young man subsequently married and lost three wives—the last one within the last eight or nine months. The young lady married, and lived with her husband over fifty-three years, and raised a numerous family.—During the last year her husband died. The lady remained a widow about eleven months, when her former suitor made an advance to her—he being about 75 years old, and the lady 71—and they were finally married. The parties are living in the vicinity of Lynn P. O. Susquehanna County, Pa., and the gentleman gave his consent to the publication of notice.—Montrose Rep.

A CONVENIENT CUSTOM.—The author of "Wanderings in Brittany" gave the following illustration of thoughtful care for the wants of marriageable young men:—"The peasantry around Jesselin retain their old dresses and customs in perfection; the girls especially, have a habit that would save much trouble were it introduced into more civilized circles. They appear on fete days in red under-petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them; the number of these denote the portion the father, is willing to give his daughter; each white band means gold, and stands for a thousand francs per year. Thus a young farmer who sees a face that pleases him, has only to glance at the trimmings of the petticoat to learn in an instant what amount of rent accompanys it."

CAUSES OF SUICIDE.

As long as education, manners, morals and social intercourse continue as they now are—as long as crimes, murders, and suicides are seductively detailed and daily furnished to the public, through a thousand channels, for the purpose of private gain—as long as the perpetrators of crimes and of homicides are held out, both on the stage and from the press, as heroes of their day—as long as the overflow of moral and religious principles, and the infection or contamination of the public mind, are made of objects of gainful speculation, into which persons in place or authority are not considered dishonored by entering—as long as the streams of moral pollution are allowed to flow without either strenuous, or well-directed, or combined efforts to confine or to contract them—as long as the instant and efficient agents of self-destruction are sold in every street, at little or no price, and to any purchaser—as long as the struggles of great parties in politics and religion absorb, in connection with the details of every vice and every crime, the public mind, each party endeavoring to depress and ruin the others, without regard to the general weal—as long as provision for the pecuniary wants of the state, and the power and patronage of office, constitute the chief objects of governments, as long as justice is within the reach only of the wealthy, as long as laws protect chiefly the bad, as long as the weak are unshielded, and the deserving unwarded, as long as

—The whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

shall continue to "puzzle the will"—as long as the lives of all classes are endangered, and their minds distracted, by unprincipled and ignorant pretenders to medical and religious knowledge, who are allowed, and encouraged, to take advantage of the credulity and fears of the weak minded—as long, in short, as moral degradation, physical destitution, exist, and as long as the safety of the people is not the supreme law of the state;—as long as these several conditions of a country continue, and in proportion to their separate and combined influence—so long will suicides be frequent or even increased.

AGE OF THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

Mahmud Bey, astronomer to the Viceroy of Egypt, has published an interesting treatise, with the view of proving their dates from their connection with Sirius, the Dog Star. The late Viceroy, Said Pasha, ordered him to work out his problem; He found the exact measurement of the largest to be 231 metres to the base, and 146, 40 from the ground to the apex. Hence it follows that the sides are at an angle of 51 deg. 45 sec. Mahmud Pasha found that the angles of the other three pyramids, near Memphis, were on an average inclination of 52 deg. The fact that the sides of these monuments are placed exactly true to the four quarters of the globe, seemed to point to some connection with the stars, and Mahmud Bey found Sirius sends his rays nearly vertically upon the south side, when passing the meridian Ghizeh. He then found, on calculating back, the exact position the stars occupied in past centuries—that the rays of Sirius were exactly vertical to the south side of the Great Pyramid, 3300 B.C. Sirius was dedicated to the god Sothis, or Toth Anubis; and hence the astronomer pronounces that the pyramids were built about 3300 B. C., a date nearly coinciding with Bunsch's calculation, which fixes the reign of Cheops at thirty four centuries before Christ.

COMMON CRIERS.

It is surprising (says a recent writer) how infectious tears are at a wedding. First of all the bride cries, because she's going to be married; and then, of course, the bridemaids cry, perhaps, because they are not; and the fond mamma cries, because she'll l-l-lose her d-d-darling; and then the fond papa cries, because he thinks its proper; and then all the ladies cry, because ladies, as a rule, will never miss a chance of crying; and then, perhaps, the grooms-men cry, to keep the ladies company; and then the old pew opener cries, to show what deep pecuniary interest he takes in the proceedings; and then, perhaps, the public cries, the public being, of course, composed exclusively of petticoats.—But, notwithstanding all these Niobes, who make quite a Niagara of eyewater around them, we own we never yet have seen the bridegroom cry, and should about as soon expect to hear the beadle whimper.

SUB ROSA.

The term "under the rose," as implying secrecy had its origin during the year B.C. 477, at which time Pausanias, the commander of the Confederate fleet was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes for the marriage of his daughter and the subjugation of Greece to the Median rule: Their negotiations were carried on in a building attached to the temple of Minerva; called the Brazen House, the roof of which was a garden forming a bower of roses; so that the plot, which was conducted with the utmost secrecy, was literally matured under the rose. It was discovered, however, by a slave, and, as the sanctity of the place forbade the Atheians to force Pausanias out, or kill him there, they finally walled him in and left him to die of starvation. It finally grew to be a custom among the Atheians to wear roses in their hair whenever they wished to communicate to another secret which they wished to be kept inviolate. Hence the saying, sub rosa, among them, and now among almost all Christian nations

THE GREAT RULE OF CONDUCT.

The rule of conduct followed by Lord Erskine—a man of sterling independence of principle and scrupulous adherence to truth—are worthy of being engraven on every young man's heart. "It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth," he said always do what my conscience told me to do, my duty, and to leave the consequence to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and, I trust, the practice, of this parental lesson, to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and I have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point out the same path to my children for their pursuit. And their can be no doubt, after all, that the only safe rule of conduct is to follow implicitly the guidance of an enlightened conscience.

WORDS.

Beware of impure words. Filthy conversation it is a fruitful means of corruption. It is a channel by which the impurity of one heart may be communicated to another.— And we know who hath said, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Words are an index of the state of the heart.— Hence says Christ, "By thy words shalt thou be condemned: and for whom shall thou want men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." There are those whose conversation is filthy and disgusting. Parents should guard their children from such. They should themselves avoid every indelicate expression, and check the first appearance of any such thing in their children. Avoid foolish sayings and jesting. Children let your words be pure.

EAT YOUR BROWN BREAD FIRST.

It is a plain but faithful saying, "Eat your brown bread first," nor is there a better rule for a young man's outset in the world.—While you continue single, you may live within as narrow limits as you please; and it is then you must begin to save, in order to provide for the more enlarged expenses of your future family. Besides, a plain frugal life is then supported most cheerfully: it is your own choice and it is justified on the best and most honest principles in the world, and you have nobody's pride to struggle with, or appetite to master, but your own. As you advance in life and success, it would be expected you should give yourself greater indulgence, and you may then be allowed to do it both reasonably and safely.

PERFECTION.—A French preacher was once descending from the pulpit with great eloquence on the beauties of creation. "whatever," said he, "comes from the hands of Nature is complete; She forms everything perfect." One of the congregation, very much deformed, and having a very large hump, went up to him at the close of the discourse, and asked, "What think ye of me, holy father? am I perfect?" To which the preacher replied, very coolly: "Yes, for a hump-backed man, quite perfect?"

A LUCID EXPLANATION.—An Englishman travelling in the south of Ireland, overtook a peasant travelling the same way. "who lives in that house on the hill, Pat?" said the traveller. "One Mr. Cassidy, sir," replied Pat: "but he's dead, rest his soul!" "How long has he been dead?" asked the gentleman. "Well, your honor, if he'd lived till next month, he'd be dead just twelve months." "Of what did he die?" "Troth, sir, he died of a Tuesday."