

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

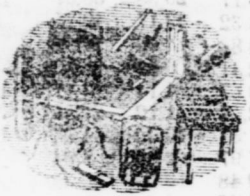
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M. Gilman has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough...

Pet's Corner.

PURITAN PHILANTHROPY.

There was a man in our town
Whose hobby was canary birds;
For songsters he'd as high renown
As some men for their dairy herds.

He kept his little dicker all
In most comfortable cages,
And furnished food for great and small,
In accordance with their ages.

He loved his pets, and they were gay,
And caroled songs of joy and peace,
To hear their young attempt the lay,
And see their little broods increase.

One day some philanthropic gent—
At least so they themselves announced—
Impelled by Puritan intents,
Upon the dicky-bird-man pounced.

Their speaker Tendell Willis said:
"Friend, this committee's from the East,
Where bran-new moral plans are laid—
The home of him—our named 'The Beast'!"

"We're sent by that great Commonwealth,
Which claims the right to interfere
In other people's moral health—
An ancient right she holds most dear.

"Our mission's brief, brief let it be:
To moralize Massachusetts' wish
That you at once these birds set free:
To cage them's vile and heathenish."

"Why!" quoth the man, with staring eyes,
"I break no laws—the birds are mine;
Your words have filled me with surprise;
I shall not part with them, in fine!"

In vain the delegation plead
The right of all birds to be free;
"Their homes are fields and trees," they said;
"But this the bird man could not see."

"What! fields and trees!" cried he amazed
"These birds were all in cages bred;
Your Massachusetts must be crazed;
Freedom would cause their death," he said.

Seen angry works advanced to blow;
The delegation proved too strong;
Each cage by force they did unclose—
Accomplishing great right—or wrong.

When all the dicky-birds were out,
These philanthropic wise men fled
Every cage the found about;
Which not all Puritans admired.

Then as the bird-man waxed brave,
As punishment because he railed,
They seized his picture, glass and plate,
And for the modern Athens sailed.

Meanwhile the dicky-birds, poor things,
Hopped helplessly about in need;
And knowing not the use of wings,
They did not fly in search of feed.

Some died in corners starved to death—
Many by little boys were killed—
Pity cringed them down as a breath—
With stores of them cats' claws were filled.

By three who till knew their deeds,
Some were caught and caged once more,
Also they perched on broken reeds;
Their mirth and singing days were o'er.

Poor birds! their race is nearly run—
Squeaked by moral thimble-riggers;
Now, red dirt, hovers this sun—
Why are dicky-bird-like niggers!

A boy entered a stationery store
The other day and asked the proprietor
What kind of pens he sold. "All kinds,"
Was the reply "Well then I'd take three cents' worth of pig-pens."

The best description of weakness
his wife ever heard is the wag's query to
his wife when she gave him some broth, if
she would not coax that chicken to waddle
through the soup once more.

Why are the Southern negroes now
like United States bonds? Because they
are non-taxable property; and because
they are a burden upon the poor white
men.

The Albany Arxus says: "There is
a general inquiry what shall be done to
arrest this epidemic of crime?" This
question put to a Judge of our Courts,
elicited this reply: "Carry a revolver,
and when attacked shoot—but be sure to
shoot accurately."

TAKEN DOWN A PEG—The Bellfonte
Watchman says a bachelor friend of
ours who is well known about Bellefonte,
attended a wedding party a few miles out
of town, not long since. Accidentally he
had a pair of infant shoes, nicely wrapped
in a piece of paper. Here he thought was
a chance for some fun; so, going up to the
newly-made bride, he gave her the package
with the remark that it contained some-
thing that would be useful to her after
awhile. The lady opened the package
critically examined its contents, then
turning to our friend, remarked: "I am much
obliged to you for the present, but if I had
married you I wouldn't have needed them."

Select Story.

UNCLE OBE'S VISIT.

It would have required no very power-
ful stretch of imagination for Mrs. Amber's
gu's to have fancied themselves amid the
light and fragrance of some tropic isle on
that festive night. The stately balustrades
were wreathed with deeply-tinted blossoms
the air was freighted with the perfume of
heliotrope and tuberose, and the chandeliers
that hung from the frescoed ceiling,
like coronals of quivering fire, threw a noon-
day brilliance over the crowd.

At the further end of the superb draw-
room stood Mrs. Amber herself—a state
matron in sapphire velvet, illuminated by the
pale glimmer of pearls. No one would
ever have imagined from the smiling self-
possession of her manner that this night
was the crisis of her life.

Through all the hum and murmur of the
aristocratic assemblage—through all the
crash of arriving carriages, and the stormy
melody of the band beyond, Mrs. Amber's
quick ear caught one low, hesitating step
on the threshold. It was her husband's.—
She beckoned to him with her jewelled fan
and whispered in scarcely an audible voice.

"Well!"
"Just as I expected. We are ruined,
can't keep above water a week. Norris
has failed on a week's follow suit!"

"A week," murmured Mrs. Amber tho't
fully, "a week!" One can accomplish a
good deal in a week. "Have you noticed
how attentive Young Gold is to Cecilia?"
she ad demisingly.

"He won't be after—"
"Hush!" Mrs. Amber exclaimed with a
quick glance around, as if apprehensive
that the very walls would hear their whis-
pered colloquy. "If she wins a rich hus-
band before the world learns of my dis-
tress, we shall be tolerably safe. For your
own sake keep a cheerful face; mingle
with our guests—throw off that perturbed
frown. Tell you all will be right."

Mr. Amber shrugged his shoulders and
whistled half a bar of some popular strain,
when turning away to obey his wife's be-
hests to the best of his ability, while Mrs.
Amber, her smooth lips all wreathed in
dilect smiles, resumed the task of receiv-
ing her gay friends.

Suddenly there was a sort of thrill and
titter through the apartment—the crowd
opened as if to make way for somebody,
and Mrs. Amber came forward expecting
to greet some distinguished arrival.

"Good evening, Tidy. I kalkulated
you'd all be gone to bed, at this time o' n't
but I see you don't keep New Hampshire
habits. Hain't forgotten me, have you?—
"Why I'm your Uncle Obed Jenkins!"

Mrs. Amber turned pale through all her
artificial bloom at the unexpected addition
to her company that stood before her, her
most features beaming with delight. It
was a ruddy-faced old man, in a suit of but
ternut-colored cloth, carrying in one hand
a neatly tied handkerchief, containing his
wardrobe, and in the other a crooked
walking stick, full of knots and gnarls—
such a stick as grows only in dense swamps
where the young saplings have to twist
their little arms in every direction to get
a bit of sunshine, and grow up in the most
unhappy of shapes.

"I declare," pursued Uncle Obed, "you're
fine as a fiddle, Tidy—and where's them
little gals you sent up summer before last.
to get red cheeks at their uncle's? Gro'n
up to be young ladies—well, if I ain't beat-
en."

And Uncle Obed extended a bony hand
to Miss Cecilia, who drew back and put up
a gold-mounted eye glass with an air of
well-bred astonishment.

"I never heard that anything ailed Ce-
cilia's eyesight, Tidy," said Uncle Obed
in extreme perplexity. "And that young
feller in the yellow waistcoat is her beau,
I suppose? Well, young folks will be young
folks, and we old ones had ought to in-
terfere. That's what I always said when
you and Jim Amber used to walk in the
old side-hill orchard, after you'd done the
milking."

Th's unlucky allusion brimmed the al-
ready overflowing veins of Mrs. Amber's
wrath—she drew her gloved hand from the
old man's cordial grasp, with an energy
which puzzled him, and spoke with com-
pressed lips:

"I am really sorry, sir, that we were not
previously made aware that you proposed
honoring us with visit. In that case we
could have prepared ourselves for the plea-
sure; now, I regret to say, it will be incon-
venient to receive you."

"What!" ejaculated the astonished old
man, who was uncertain whether or not he
had heard aright the words of his only
niece—the girl whom he had brought up
and cared for when others rejected the
charge of the p-wiless orphan.

Mrs. Amber repeated the frigid sentence
with that emphasis which only a heartless
woman of the world can give.

"This is a big house, Tidy," said the old
man in slightly tremulous accents, "and I
should ha' thought there was a corner in it
big enough for Uncle Obed. I wasn't calcu-
lating to stay long—not over a week at
the furthest; but I'll go home to-morrow
the first train that leaves, if I'm in the
way."

Mrs. Amber made no answer, but tapped
lightly on her mosaic bracelet with one
sleazy finger, and Uncle Obed turned away
with in-isture in his eyes that made curious
rings of mist around the glaring jets of flame
in the chandelier.

Uncle Obed was wishing himself well
out of the heartless scene, when suddenly

a pair of plump little arms were thrown
around his neck, and a cheek fresh
and pinker than a damask rose was pressed
to his brown face. It was Mrs. Amber's
youngest daughter—his own niece—the
incurable romp, who had climbed cherry
trees and stolen bird's nests innumerable
in the meadows of the old homestead, two
or three years ago. And there she was—
a young lady in pink silk and cameo brace-
lets!

"Dear Uncle Obed, I have only just
heard of your arrival. I am glad to see
you if no one else is!"

And another shower of kisses succeeded,
greatly to the discomfort and envy of the
young man who had escorted Miss Amber
to the spot, and stood surveying the pretty
tableau.

"Go about your business, Harry!" she
exclaimed gaily, "I've got ever so much to
say to Uncle Obed!"

And Harry Latimer obeyed, but rather
ungraciously.

"Just the same little Fanny as ever!"
exclaimed the old man, patting the curls
with delighted fondness. "You haven't
changed, though Tidy has!"

"No; and I will never change for you,
Uncle Obed," said the girl. "I haven't for-
gotten how kind you were to me, up at the
old homestead, how you shielded my trans-
gressions, concealed my faults, and always
had a smile for naughty little Fanny."

And she chatted on, entirely unheeding
her mother's frown of displeasure. Fanny
had always been the least manageable of
Mrs. Amber's daughters, and the worthy
matron secretly resolved to lecture the
young lady at her leisure.

Uncle Obed was by no means deficient
in observant on, and while he related the
changes which three years had wrought in
the vicinity of the old homestead, he per-
ceived the rosy bloom mount to his niece's
cheek every time Mr. Latimer passed.

"Now little girl," said he, "who's that
young fellow there by the window?"

Fanny looked up and then down, played
with the middle button of Uncle Obed's
coat and answered very softly:

"Mr. Latimer."

"Humph! I suppose that isn't all you
can tell me about him?"

Then Fanny with a minute's hesitation
and then Fanny hid her cheek on the old man's
shoulder and told Uncle Obed all.

"Then why on earth don't you marry
him?" ejaculated the old gentleman, at
the close of the little romance.

"He's only a poor lawyer," sighed Fanny,
"and papa will never consent. But
one thing I am resolved on," she added
with sparkling eyes, "I will not marry any
one else, least of all that odious Col. Wood-
all, not if he were worth twenty times twenty
thousand dollars. I'll marry the one I
can love—not for money."

The stamp of her fair foot gave empha-
sis to the determinative words as she spoke.
Fanny was very much in earnest, and if
Colonel Woodall had happened to be present,
he would have concluded that his chan-
ces were to say the least of it rather small.

"Twenty thousand dollars, eh?" slowly re-
peated Uncle Obed. "Well, Fanny, it is
a hard world we live in—a hard gripping,
gonding world. I never thought so afore,
but somehow to-night has borne it upon
me."

When Uncle Obed went away next day
he was comparatively cheerful. The kind
words and loving smiles of little Fanny
had fallen like drops of balm upon the sore
spot in his heart.

There it was nesting in the hillside
the gray old farm house, with giant sycamores
tossing their silvery branches above it and
the lilac bushes nodding before the narrow
windows. Uncle Obed thought it never
looked so pleasant as now, in the level gold
of sunset with the purple woods rising ag'nst
the bright far-off horizon.

But he did not stop in the cozy room
where the eight-day clock, ticked away as
peacefully as if its master had not been ab-
sent two whole days—a thing which had
not occurred before in half a century; he
went straight up stairs, to a tiny nook un-
der the eaves, where he kept an old sort
of trunk, curiously scented with camphor,
and bound together with strong clasps and
rivets of brass. From this receptacle he
took a bit of paper, and held it to the light
fell on its contents.

"Twenty thousand," he muttered. "Well
I am an old man, and that gal is just the
light of my eyes. It shall buy her happi-
ness, the blue-eyed bird, instead of lying
useless in the garret! She deserved it all!"

Uncle Obed pocketed the document,
locked his precious trunk, and went down
stairs wiping the glasses of his spectacles.

The financial crash came, and the house
of Amber & Co., was among the first on
the list. It was true that Mrs. Amber
had been expecting the failure, but the
blow fell none the less heavy for the an-
ticipation. Somehow her plans all proved
futile. Young Gold had in some unac-
countable manner discovered the state of
the Amber exchequer, and wisely conclu-
ded that it was not best to waste his per-
sonal charms and elegant stock of small
talk on so ineligible a fair one as Miss Ce-
cilia. Colonel Woodall had also shown
unequivocal signs of withdrawing his suit,
not at all to Miss Fanny's displeasure. In
short, everything seemed to be going
wrong and the only satisfied members of
the confederation were Harry Latimer
and Miss Fanny.

It was a gloomy morning of rain and
tempest, and Mrs. Amber sat in a sort of
stovely disabille, in a narrow room in
one of our third-rate hotels. His own
stately house had fallen a prey to greedy

creditors some time since. Mr. Amber at
n opposite table was slowly opening and
glancing over his letters.

"Hallo!" he suddenly exclaimed, drop-
ping one and catching it up again.

"How you do agitate one's nerves!"
groomed Mrs. Amber.

"Hang your nerves, here's something to
set them in a flutter—a letter from a New
England lawyer, announcing that your
Uncle Obed Jenkins has made Miss Fanny
Amber a present of twenty thousand
dollars, to become her property on the
day she marries Harry Latimer."

"Twenty thousand dollars," shrieked
Mrs. Amber and Cecilia in chorus, "and
nothing for us!"

"Twenty thousand dollars!" murmured
Fanny, with a crimson spot on her
cheek; "Oh, how happy we shall be?—
Dear, kind Uncle Obed!"

"You're a nice manager," snarled Mr.
Amber, turning sharply to his wife. It
was for this, was it, you treated Mr. Jen-
kins so rudely on the night of your last
party?"

"I didn't know—I didn't suppose"—
sobbed Mrs. Amber. "He never told me
he had any property."

"Of course not!" ejaculated Mr. Am-
ber, "it's enough to make a man rave to
have such an idiot as you for a wife—
Twenty thousand dollars would have been
everything to me, just now, when there is
such a scarcity of ready money in the mar-
ket. And what's worse, the sum is so tied
up that no one but Fanny can touch a cent
of it."

Mr. Amber strode out of the room, giv-
ing the door a very energetic slam, and
Mrs. Amber went gracefully into hysterics,
while Fanny sat looking at the letter which
had been a messenger of so much happi-
ness to her, with scarp lips half apart
and the light of sleep gratitude in her
eyes.

"What will Harry say?" she pondered.
"Will he not think it a blessed dream?—
No more weary waiting—no more procras-
tination. O, how can I ever thank Uncle
Obed sufficiently?"

But Uncle Obed was already thanked.
When upon Fanny's wedding day, the
deed which constituted her a small heiress
was delivered into her hand, it was in-
closed in a narrow strip of course blue pa-
per, which the old man commonly used in
his correspondence. Upon this was
written one single line, and tears suffused
the fair young bride's eyes as she read the
words, "In memory of Uncle Obed's visit."

THE PURITANS.

A writer in the *Christian Witness*, re-
viewing the different religious societies of
the world, gives the following fearful pic-
ture of the religious creed and practice of
the sect of Puritans.

The Puritans, who left England, settled
at Plymouth and founded New England,
professed to have fled from persecution,
and sought a place to worship God ac-
cording to the dictates and rights of con-
science, and to Christianize the Indians.—
They were not settled before they robbed
the Indians, enslaved their women and
children, sold them into foreign bondage,
and visited the most inhuman and self-de-
grading cruelties upon classes with whom
they came in contact. They plundered
the towns of the natives. They employed
and paid assassins. Bribes were paid for
the assassination of chiefs. They burned
hundreds of the natives alive. They roasted
at the stake women and children, and
burned them in heaps. Their ablest and
favorite divines declared that the burning
of four hundred Indians at once, mostly
women and children, seemed a sweet sa-
vor to God, while they admitted it was
awful to see their blood running and
quenching the violence of the burning
wood, and smell the stench. Mather him-
self boasted that they had that day sent
four hundred human souls to hell.

They turned upon the Quakers. They
imposed heavy fines for hearing them
speak. They passed laws against all other
sects. They flogged women and children.
They put them in prison and whipped
them daily. They cut off their ears.—
They bored their tongues with red hot
irons. They hung men, women and chil-
dren as witches, and continued this for
fifty years. The colonies of New England
were threatened with absolute extermina-
tion by their fanaticism. They exiled
Baptists and Catholics. They drove wo-
men and helpless children, under the
severest penalties, to seek protection among
the savages where they were all murdered,
because they differed with them on meta-
physical divinity. Mather, the clergy,
Governors and Legislatures, all combined
and vied with each other in radical fury
and hate. As late as 1740 they enacted
the most barbarous laws against sectarian-
ism, and enforced the Saybrook platform.

And this was all done after the genius
above named had written Chaucer had
three centuries before written the Canter-
bury Tales. Spencer had given the world
the Fairy Queen and drawn the character
of Arthur. A man whose calling to please
the world in an age of almost universal
corruption, had made Fortio to plead like an
angel, had drawn the character of Duncan,
Miranda and Antonia. Massinger had
written, and Milton had sung the sublime
epic in the world. Bacon had written
Novum Organum. Magna Charta had
been a law over four hundred years. The
Petition of Rights had been obtained fifty
years before, and Locke had written on the
toleration in exile.

Subscribe for the Democrat.

HOW RICH MEN WORK.

The hardest working men and the
hardest working institutions in New York
are those which are the most successful.
To the outsiders it seems an easy thing to
make money to keep it. Banking was
easy work a few years ago and is now in
the old-fashioned institutions which have
country and no foreign exchange.—
But no factory or machine shop keeps men
on the jump as does a like bank in this
wide awake city. I was in one of these
institutions yesterday which is not ten
years old. Its army of clerks have to be
on hand early in the morning, and they
cannot leave until their day's work is done,
which is often not till long after the gas is
lighted. Its capital is two millions, its
daily receipts seven million dollars. It
receives daily from two hundred and fifty
to four hundred letters, all of which have
to be registered and answered before the
business of the day ends. No bank clerk
on the salary of a thousand dollars a year
goes to his bank as regularly, or works as
many hours as William B. Astor, who
counts up his forty millions. His little
one-story office, a step or two from Broad-
way on Prince street, with its iron bars,
making it resemble a police prison, is the
den where he performs his daily toil, and
out of his labor gets only "his victuals and
clothes." He attends personally to all his
business, knows every dollar of rent or in-
come that is to become due, pays out every
dollar, makes his entries in his own hand,
and obliges his subordinates to come to
him for information, while he does not go
to them. He generally comes down in the
omnibus at an early hour of the day,
and remains closely absorbed in
business until near five o'clock. He rarely
takes exercise and finds his pleasure in
the closest attention to business. A friend
of mine rode to Washington with him in
the same car from New York. He nei-
ther spoke nor got out of his seat, and
hardly moved from Jersey City to Wash-
ington. He usually leaves his office at 5
o'clock, and slowly walks up Broadway to
Lafayette place. He is over six feet high,
heavily built, with a decided German look
small hazey eyes, as if he was half asleep,
head round as a pumpkin and about as des-
titute of hair. He is exceedingly hospita-
ble, and in the "season" gives a dinner to
his friends weekly, at which the richest
vands, on services of gold and silver, are
presented by liveried servants to his guests.
Commodore Vanderbilt never worked hard-
er in his life—never worked more hours
than now. He has a confidential clerk
who works like a pack-horse, who has
been in his employ for thirty years. Be-
sides this Vanderbilt does his own con-
tracts and executes his own contracts
and this, with the business he does on
twenty millions, is no small toil. The
Commodore goes down to his business
regularly every day, and can be found at
certain hours. His only recreation, euchre
and fast horses. Moses Taylor, whose
dividend from his coal stock alone this
year reached the pretty little sum of a
million of dollars, began business in New
York when he was sixteen years of age,
kept books with his own hands, and has
done so ever since. His library in his
shop on Fifth Avenue is a regular work-
shop. Every night he brings up his busi-
ness with his own hand. His vast busi-
ness, personal to himself, and his business
as trustee, are kept by himself. He
makes all the original entries of sort and
kind and goes to his office for no infor-
mation, and he knows just how things must
be there to be right. And should every
record kept by his book-keepers and clerks
be destroyed, it would make no difference
with him, for he has the originals in his
own hands. Many merchants spend the
afternoon in riding, or in the excitement
in the evening stock board, but Mr. Tay-
lor finds his recreation in a bath, a good
dinner, a comfortable siesta, and an even-
ing devoted to work. Such a man would
make money and keep it.—N. Y. Cor.
Boston Journal.

A western correspondent says: In
a district in the far West we had a gen-
tleman teacher who thought it advisable
to give some lessons in politeness. Among
other things he told the boys in addressing
a gentleman they should always say, Sir,
and gave them examples, and made quite
a lesson of it. One boy was particularly
delighted, and took occasion to speak to
his teacher often, to show he profited by
his teachings. When he went home to
dinner his father said:

"Tom, have some meat!"
"Yes, Sir, I thank you."
The next thing the child knew his fa-
ther's hand came smack on his ear, and
his father's voice thundered forth, "I'll
teach you to sass your' dad!" Tom gave
up being polite.

A young lady from a boarding-
school, being asked at a table if she would
take more, replied: "By no means, in idam
gastronomic satiety admonishes me that
I have arrived at the ultimate of de-gluti-
tion consistent with the code of Esculapi-
us."

A man sentenced to be hung was
visited by his wife, who said: "My dear,
would you like the children to see you ex-
ecuted?" "No," he replied. "That's just
like you; you never wanted the children
to have any enjoyment!"

An old bachelor says the most dif-
ficult surgical operation is to take the jaw
out of a woman.