

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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June, 3rd, 1863

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Select Story.

MY PLAIN LOVER.

I was a coquette. Many a lover's heart I lacerated by refusing his offer of marriage after I had lured him on to a declaration. My last victim's name was James Frazer. He was a tall, awkward, homely, ungainly man but his heart was as steel. I respected him highly, and felt pained when I witnessed his anguish at my rejection of him. But the fact was, I myself, had fallen in love with Captain Elliot, who had been unremitting in his devotion to me. Mr. James Frazer had warned me against Elliot, but I charged him with jealousy, and took his warning as an insult.

A few days afterwards, Elliot and I were engaged, and my dream of romantic love seemed to be in a fair way to realization—I had a week of happiness. Many have not as many in a life time. Many awake from the bright, short dream, to find themselves in life-long darkness and bondage from which there is no escape. Thank God I was not to be as miserable as they!

My mother was a widow in good circumstances, and having very bad health. She was also of an easy, listless, credulous nature—having trouble and willing to take things just as they happened to present themselves. She, therefore, made no inquiries about Captain Elliot—but fondly believed that, inasmuch as he was a Captain, he must be a man of honor, especially as he had served in the Crimea and in India, and won medals. His regiment was quartered in our neighborhood and he had the reputation of being the wealthiest; as certainly he was the handsomest officer in it. I remember well the day we were engaged. He was on duty and had managed to ride over to our house in his uniform and while we were walking in the garden, he made the tender avowal. I referred him to "mama." He hastened to her—returned in three minutes, and led me into her presence to receive the assurance that the maternal consent had been freely and readily given—My dear mother hated trouble, and she moreover loved me tenderly; so that she was well pleased to find a husband presenting himself in a form and manner apparently so eligible for her beloved and only daughter.

Well, a week passed quite delightfully, as I have said, and at the expiration of that time might have been seen an equestrian party winding through our old Devonshire woods and quiet country roads. Elliot and I led the cavalcade. I rode my own beautiful brown Bess. Captain Elliot was mounted on a handsome black horse that had been sent us from London. Following us was a bevy of merry girls and their cavaliers, among whom was tall, awkward and silent James Frazer. His presence had marred all pleasure of my ride, and I was glad to be in advance of them all, that I might not see him.

And so we rode on through the woods and I listened, well pleased to the low, but animated words of the gallant Elliot who wished himself a knight, and me a fair lady of the olden time, that he might go forth to do battle and compel all men to recognize the claims of his peerless love. Very eloquently he spoke of the inspirations of love, of the brave deeds and perilous exploits it had prompted, wishing again and again that he might proclaim and maintain his love before the world. It pleased me to listen to this, and to believe it sincere, though I surely had no wish to put my lover to such a test. A shot suddenly rang through the woods, and a wounded bird darting past, fluttered and fell at the feet of brown Bess. With a bound and a spring that nearly unseated me she was off.

Struggling to regain my seat, I had no power to check her, and even as she flew the fear and madness of the moment grew upon her. I could only cling breathlessly to mane and bridle, and wonder helplessly where this mad gallop was to end. She swerved from a passing wagon, and turned into a path that led to the river. In the sudden movement the reins had been torn from my hands and I could not regain them. I clung to the mane and closed my eyes, that I might not see the fate that awaited me. How sweet was life in those precious moments that I thought my last! How all its joys and affections, its crowning pang that would rend Elliot's heart as he saw me lying, mangled and dead; and the thought would come if he were pursuing and trying to save me, even, as he had said, at risk of life and limb. I remembered no more. I felt a sudden shock, a fearful rushing through the air, and knew no more for days afterwards. I woke to a faint, weak semblance of life in my chamber at home.

I never saw Captain Elliot again. The last words I ever heard from his lips were those of knighly daring. The last action of his life in connection with mine, was to follow the train of frightened youths who rode after me to contemplate the disaster from afar, and as soon as he saw me lifted from the shallow bed of the river, into which I had been thrown when my frightened horse stopped so suddenly on its back to ride hastily off. That evening he sent to make inquiries, and learning that I was severely if not fatally injured, he contented himself with such tidings of my condition and improvement as could be gained from mere rumor.

At last it was known that I would recover entirely from the effects of my injury, and that very day Captain Elliot sud-

denly departed from the neighborhood—He made no attempt to see me, nor sent me any farewell. When I was once more abroad, and beginning, though with much unalloyed bitterness, to learn the lesson of patience and resignation that awaited me, I received a letter from him, in which he merely said that he presumed my own judgment had taught me, that in my altered circumstances our engagement must come to an end; but to satisfy his own sense of honor [his honor] he wrote to say that, while entertaining the higher respect for me, he desired a formal renunciation of the claim. Writing on the bottom of the letter, "let it be as you wish," I returned it to him at once and ended my brief dream of romance.

I heard ere this of Elliot's cowardly conduct on that day, but now I first bethought me to inquire who had rescued me from that imminent death. And then I learned that James Frazer, his arm already broken by the jerk with which Brown Bess tore away from him as he caught at her bridle, had ridden after me and been the first to lift me from the water. Many times did he make inquiries concerning me; his was the hand that sent the rare flowers that had decked my room; his were the lips that breathed words of comfort and hope to my poor mother; his were the books that I read during the days of convalescence; and his, now, the arm that supported me as slowly and painfully I paced the garden walks.

I have been his wife for many a year. I have forgotten that he is not handsome—or rather he is beautiful to me, because I see his grand and loving spirit shining through his plain features, and animating his awkward figure. I have long since laid aside as untenable, my theory that beautiful spirits dwell only in lovely bodies. It may be a providential compensation that, in denying physical perfection, the soul is not dwarfed or marred by pettiness or vanity or love of the world's praise.

The Charleston (Va.) Chronicle takes this humorous view of the condition of the South:

It seems to us to be as hard to get in the Union as it is to get out. The South respectfully asks to move one way or the other. We are like the fellow that was forced to go to the show, and then not allowed to go any farther than where he paid for his ticket. We have been dragged into the door way of the Federal tent, and are not allowed to see any of the performance except to settle with tax collectors. We can hear the animals grating inside, and the cracking of the ring master's whip, but we can't see the show unless we pay for two, and take in a colored lady. And the worst of it is, they keep a great eagle perched over the entrance, which, if you attempt to go back, sweeps down upon you and picks a hole in your head. We justly think this is unreasonable, they ought either to let us pass in, or refused our money and tie up the eagle.

The New York Freeman's Journal draws the following picture of Old Thad. Stevens: "The leading picture in this rump Congress is that bad old man, Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. This moral, social and political leper, whom it is a disgrace to a Pennsylvania county not to have indicted as a public nuisance—as would have happened had he been a poor man; having emigrated from New England, and by cunning and assiduous dexterity climbed into wealth, exhibits now, in the present degraded rump Congress, the same elements of character in shaping the action of that body. This vile person, as every honest man knows he is, if he has the misfortune of knowing him in any relation of life, seems to rule the unhappy rump Congress as he wills. It is one of the threatened and most severe punishments that a just God inflicts on a dissolute and impious people, to put them under the heels of the basest, vilest, most groveling, and every way contemptible wretches that wear the human form."

Two Irishmen were drinking toasts to Corcoran's N. Y. regiment. One says, "Here's to the 69th—the last in the field and the first to leave it." "You don't mean that," said the other. "The devil I don't! what thin do I mane?" "Tis this: Here's to the 69th—aighl to none!"—Drinks followed this correction, of course.

REGULAR CUSTOMER.—An old fellow out in Pennsylvania, who "advertised" his wife six or seven times, had the assurance recently to ask the editor of a local paper to print the customary advertisement for half price in consideration of his being a "regular customer."

The Richmond Examiner says one can easily put a five cent loaf of the baker's bread in each cheek, a ten cent loaf in the middle, and then whistle Yankee Doodle without difficulty.

Why is the letter C like a generous fairy? Because it turns ash into cash.

Why is swearing like a ragged coat?—It is a bad habit.

Man's two perils—war and women.

The Tennessee Parson-Governor—Pretence on Brownlow.

[From the Louisville Journal.]
Parson Brownlow, the irreverent Governor of Tennessee, has published one of his characteristically low and dirty articles about us in the Knoxville Whig. In that article he has not stated a single truth, or anything approximating to a truth.—Whenever he sits down to abuse anybody, lies cluster around his pen like blue-bottle flies around a horse's ears in July or August. He lies with his pen, lies with his tongue, lies with his gestures, lies through every pore of his yellow and shriveled hide. Lies issue from his mouth like the horned locusts from the throat of that other great beast described in the Apocalypse. He is probably the "father" of as many lies as the horned and tailed master he serves.

The parson is now a fierce abolitionist. He goes as far in Radicalism as the lowest and worst Radical in the nation. He would gladly bathe his hands and feet, and wash his face in the blood of every man who is not a Radical.

It is most extraordinary and most disgraceful that any portion of the people of Tennessee, knowing this man as they all did, voted to make him Governor of that State. No other State was ever affected and disgraced and cursed with such an unmitigated, such an unredeemed and unredeemable blackguard as her Chief-Magistrate. He is a parody, a caricature, a broad burlesque on all possible governors. He is a monstrosity. He is a thing as much out of nature as Barnum's woolly horse or his giants and dwarfs, or his calf with two heads and eight legs—four of the legs pointing towards the zenith. His blood is hell broth, which Satan will one day sup with a long spoon. They say there is fire in him, but it is hell-fire, every particle of it. Though he is but a single swine, there are as many devils in him as there were in the whole herd that "ran violently down a steep place into the sea." His heart is nothing but a hissing knot of vipers, rattlesnakes, cobra, and cottonmouths. He never argued a question in his life, approaching no subject but with fierce, bitter, coarse, low and vulgar objections. His tongue should be bored through and through with his own steel pen, heated red-hot. "This man, as we have said, calls himself a clergyman. He holds forth in pulpits. He preaches, prays and exhorts, draws down his face, drops the corners of his mouth, and undertakes to look sanctimonious. And yet he seems always trying, in his pulpit-discourses, to see under how thin a disguise he can venture to curse, and swear, and blaspheme. He can't offer up a prayer in the house of God without telling the Lord what an infernal scoundrel, damned thief, or cursed vagabond, this, that, or the other neighbor is. From his youth up to his old age, he has had no personal controversies without attacking the wives, fathers, mothers, grandfathers, grandmothers, brothers, sisters, children, uncles, aunts, and nephews of his opponents. He has sought to strew his whole path of life with the dark wrecks of wantonly ruined reputations. He has never had an hour's happiness except in the unhappiness of others. He has ever said to evil, "Be though my good!" He has always carefully jotted down all that he heard unfavorable to gentlemen while professing to be their friend, so as to be ready for the day of alienation. He howls venom, talks venom, coughs venom, sneezes venom, spits venom, drools venom, sweats venom, stinks venom, and distils venom from his nose. Not the fuliginous exhalations from the bottomless pit, nor the fire-and-brimstone fumes from the sooty throat of the devil, were ever more blighting and blasting than his accursed serpent-breath. He never had a friend on earth out of his own family. No doubt there are those who fear him for his fendish ferocity, but no human being not of his own household ever loved or respected him. He will have his reward. Sowing in wrath, he will reap in agony. Fury and hate may stifle in his heart the feeling of remorse for a time, but Nemesis, with her horrid whip, will yet scourge him round the whole orb of being. All the hairs upon his head will seem to him to be snakes, like the hissing and forked tongued locks of the Eumenides. When he shall retire, as he soon must, from the noisy and tumultuous strifes that have ever engaged and still engage all his thoughts, he will not have a solitary pleasant and serene memory of the past. On the contrary, a score of bitter, and desolate, and torturing recollections will corrode and eat up his very heart, until, cut off from all human sympathies, exiled from the pale of all the beautiful genialities of life, having no friends or companions around him to sooth him in his moral and physical solitude, deserted by man, whose enemy he has been, and loathed by God, whose holy temples he has sacrilegiously desecrated by his horrid mockeries of religion, fastering from lead to foot with the polluted and poisonous puddle water in his veins, standing as an outcast and pariah on the lone desert of despair, shrinking from the past, agonized by the present, and not daring to gaze into the future, beholding in fancy upon the door of his own soul, "Hope comes not here that comes to all," shut out by murkiest clouds from every star that to others lights the path to the tomb, and writhing under myriad curses and execrations piled up like a mountain of living coals upon his head, he shall long at least to make his escape from earth—scarcely asking to what more dreadful destiny.

"Copperhead Demonstration."

Such is the language with which the fanatics are pleased to characterize the very natural outburst of jubilant feeling among conservative men at the noble stand which the President has taken. "Copperhead," forsooth! It has no terrors now. The changes have been rung upon it until it now only defiles the lips which utter it, and the types which print it. The fact is, President Johnson has said to the waves of fanaticism, THUS FAR AND NO FARTHER. The nation longs for peace, for quiet. Its prayer is for rest, that it may go about its ordinary business in a calm, unimpassioned manner. The President is determined that this needed repose from political agitation and civil war shall be enjoyed by the nation, of which he is the head. A conservative reaction under the guidance of President Johnson, thank God, has set in, and it will be operative until a wise and unimpassioned statesmanship once more controls the destinies of the country, as it did in better days, when we had statesmen in the seats now occupied by the one idea apostles of agitation and sectionalism, such as Wilson, Wade, Sumner. What would these fanatics have more? Has not the country shed its blood like water to carry out their fanatical ideas? Is not our soil literally cadaverous and fostering with the mangled forms of the noblest of our youths untimely slain? The country cannot stand the wear and tear of fanatical rule any longer, and President Johnson is determined that conversation shall be once more in the ascendant. The historical reader will remember how irksome the hypocrisy, sour faces and cant of Cromwellian Puritanism at length became to England, and how the return of Charles the Second to the throne of his ancestors was hailed by a universal outburst of delight. The old festivals, games and high tides of merry England, which had been so long under the ban of the snuffling and crop-eared-praise-God-bare-bones crew, were celebrated once more with unwonted glee. The Maypole was seen again on the village green; laughter and fun and jollity were once more lawful and not an offence against God. We, here in America, have been under the rule of the "saints" long enough. It has been a yoke grievous to be borne. Tears and blood have run in rivers; let the fanatics be content, and confess that the nation has done its best to give effect to their doctrine. They are indications already that they dare not attempt to thwart the President in his healing and conciliatory policy. They rave and tear their hair, and curse the head of the Government, but the lapse of a very short time will quiet their madness, for the President will be sustained by the people.—Banner of Liberty.

THE "VICTORY" IN CONNECTICUT.

We have no great respect for the Senator from Kansas, familiarly known as "Jim Lane." But the Radicals dare not question his authority, and to them we commend this view of the Connecticut election taken from the Congressional Globe.
Mr. Lane, of Kansas—But it is said the President interfered with the Connecticut election. Let me say to the Republicans just one word on the subject of that election. One more victory like that, and I should think the Republican party would be unhorsed. It is but the first scratch of the handwriting on the wall. If you permit the Democratic party to take and occupy the platform of restoring these States to the Union, admitting these Senators and Representatives to their places in Congress, I venture the assertion as a politician, that the House of Representatives will stand at the next Congress on the other side as much as it stands on our side this session. The people of this country will have those States restored; they will have those loyal members in their places in Congress and if they cannot do it through the Republican party, if they cannot do it through the Union party, they will do it even thro' the Democratic party.

Well-Timed Remarks.

In reply to a scurrilous attack upon Senator Down, the Philadelphia Daily News, a Republican print, says:
"He was a Union man when the Republicans all claimed to be Union men.—He is so still; and if they have departed from the position they pretended to occupy, and have become disunionists he is to be censured for not going with them? The Tribune may say the same, if it pleases, of President Johnson. The gap between that gentleman and the Republican majority grew wider and wider every day, but Andrew Johnson was a Union man when Horace Greeley was advocating in the columns of his newspaper the right of secession, and blubbering every day 'let them go.'"

We are glad to find that a republican paper of such ability and relative strength has the manliness to speak out against his late party associates, telling them that if they have become "disunionists" it is no argument to influence him to take the same course.

A wee bit of a boy having been slightly chastised by his mother, sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterward, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus: "Muzzer, I wish Pa'd get anuzzer housekeeper—I've got tired o' seein' you round."

ODDS AND ENDS.

A dead set—a party of ghosts.
A model fish—a seal-in-wax.
The voice of winter—Snow-balling.
Water—fluid once used as a drink.
The Board of Trade—The shop-board.
The rule at Religious parties—no cards.
A tea never indulged in by gossips—Charity.

In what color should a secret be kept? In violet.

How to get a good servant—Do the work yourself.

To buy coal cheap—Don't pay to high a price for it.

Tongue—A little horse which is continually running away.

When a man uses tobacco there is some vir-chew in it.

When is a tired man like a thief? When he needs a resting.

The first and greatest thing in rhetoric is to have something to say.

Is not the National House of Representatives the modern Babbler-on.

To call fever and ague "no great shakes," is a contradiction of terms.

When is an undertaker like one of his own jobs? When he's a coughin'.

When a man has been kicked it is presumed that the kicker has the V-toe power.

"Deal gently with the (h)erring," as the Cockney fishdealer said to a customer.

An exchange suggests as an amusement to young ladies on wet afternoons to knit their eyebrows.

What would this world be without woman? A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper, not even ruled.

How to prevent beer from turning sour—Always leave the key in the tap, and don't lock the cellar.

The remains of a bachelor who "burst into tears" at reading a description of married life, has been found.

Why do gipsies wear scarlet cloaks? In order to make an outward show that they are deeply read.

Where is paper money first mentioned in the bible? When the dove brought the green—back to Noah.

Mrs. Jones asks, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeit, why there should be so much difficulty in passing them.

Why is a young lady just from boarding school like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

Old anglers say that if you wish to catch a fine fish, you must throw your bait right at him. Young ladies may take notice.

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister: "I see the sleepers are very sound."

It is a great comfort to a man with but a dollar in his pocket to know that if he cannot invest in five-twenties he can in twenty fives.

"Out of sight, out of mind." We don't see it. We dropped our pocketbook the other day and it hasn't been out of our mind since.

If you want to know how you stand with any person, get him angry; you never know what is at the bottom of a stream till it is stirred up.

What is the difference between a wealthy toper and a skillful miner? One turns his gold into quarts and the other turns his quartz into gold.

An old maid is more liberal than a young one. The latter may always be willing to lend you a hand, the former will lend you one, and thank you too.

"So many men, so many minds." Not always the case. A gentleman asked a crowd to imbibe the other day. They were all of one mind and partook.

A friend says he's either head and ears in love, or else he's got the colic—he can't tell which, as he is not certain which he tasted last, kisses or watermelons.

The reason women so seldom stammer is because they talk so fast—a stammer has got no chance to get in. People stutter because they hesitate. But who ever knew a woman to hesitate about anything?

A young lady explained to one of our jokers, the other day the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said: "You may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."

NEGRO PROCESSION AT NORFOLK—RIOT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The negroes of Norfolk, Va., turned out in large procession yesterday, in honour of the passage of the Civil Rights bill. While the procession was passing through the streets a difficulty occurred between the negroes and, in which one white man was killed and his brother and step-mother mortally wounded. Order was finally restored by the military.