

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor

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

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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.

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

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Peet's Corner.

LET'S NEVER GIVE WAY.

Though black be the clouds that often float o'er us, Casting dark shadows in the pathway before us, Let's never give way to their shadings, in sorrow, Nor allow them to bury our bosoms in gloom. There's a sun whose rays will beam brightly to-morrow, And flowers, ere long in that pathway will bloom.

There must, in this life, be moments of sadness. Man was not made to smile always in gladness. The grief that is mingled with life's fleeting hours But tends to make brighter the joy that succeeds it. 'Tis the reaction to bliss, whose heart-bounding powers Dispel the cold pressure that darkly precedes it.

The sunniest of spots, through life's changing years, Is a hope that's fulfilled after doubtings and fears. The smile we love most, and whose rays are the brightest, Is the smile that beams out after a flooding of tears. 'Tis the changes of passion from darkest to lightest Give zest to our joy when the woe disappears.

Let's never give way to what e'er may betide us, Though friends should desert, and foes should deride us; Let the ills of this life pass from us like dreams That oft to our sleep bring gloomy forebodings. Remember that morning, with its soft waking beams, Always relieves us from their dark overlodings.

'Tis useless to be unhappy, and make ourselves sad. This world, if viewed rightly, is a world not so bad; 'Tis a mirror, portraying disappointment and sorrow, As they are cast by the rays of our bosom's infections.

It has troubles to lend; but, if we will borrow, That mirror will cast for us the fairest reflections. Let's never give way to aught that surrounds us, Though much there may be in this world to confound us.

The spirit that is bold, and fears not a storm, 'Gainst the troubles of earth will battle victorious. With honest intent, 'twill survive a world's scorn, And surrender, at last, to life's conqueror all glorious.

Select Story.

THE ONE EYED SERVANT.

BY JEAN INGLOW.

Do you see those two pretty cottages on opposite sides of the common? How bright their windows are, and how prettily the vines trail over them! A year ago one of them was the dirtiest place you can imagine, and its mistress the most untidy woman.

She was once sitting at her cottage door with her arms folded, as if she were deep in thought; though to look at her face, one would not have supposed she was doing more than idly watching the swallows as they floated about in the hot, clear air. Her gown was torn and shabby, her shoes down at the heel; the little curtain in her casement, which had once been fresh and white, had a great rent in it; and altogether she looked poor and forlorn.

She sat some time gazing across the common, when all on a sudden she heard a little noise, like stitching, near the ground. She looked down, and sitting on the border under a wall-flower bush, she saw the funniest little man possible, with a blue coat, a yellow waist-coat, and red boots; he had a small shoe on his lap, and he was stitching away at it with all his might.

"Good morning, mistress!" said the little man. "A very fine day. Why may you be looking so earnestly across the common?"

"I was looking at my neighbor's cottage," said the young woman.

"What? Tom the gardener's wife? Little Polly, she used to be called; and a very pretty cottage it is, too. Looks thriving doesn't it?"

"She was always lucky," said Bella, "for that was the wife's name; and her husband is always good to her."

"They were both good husbands at first," interrupted the cobbler, without stopping. "Reach me my awl, mistress, will you, for you seem to have nothing to do. It lies close by your foot."

"Well I can't say but they were both very good husbands at first," replied Bella, reaching the awl with a sigh; "but mine has changed for the worse, but hers for the better, and then look how she thrives. Only to think of our both being married on the same day; and now I've nothing, and she has two pigs, and a—"

"And a lot of flax that she spun in the winter," interrupted the cobbler. "And a Sunday gown, as good green stuff as ever seen, and, to my knowledge, a hand-ome silk handkerchief for an apron; and a red waistcoat for her good-man, with three rows of blue glass buttons, and a fitch of bacon in the chimney, and a rope of onions."

"Oh, she's a lucky woman!" exclaimed Bella.

"As for a tea-tray, with Daniel in the Lion's den upon it," continued the cobbler, "and a fat baby in the cradle."

"Oh, I'm sure I don't envy her that last," said Bella, pettishly. "I've little enough for myself and my husband, letting alone children."

"Why, mistress, isn't your husband in work?"

"No, he's at the alehouse."

a groom, is he not? Well, as I was saying, your neighbor opposite thrives; but no wonder? Well, I've nothing to do with other people's secrets; but I could tell you, only I'm busy, and must go."

"Could tell me what?" cried the young wife. "O, good cobbler, don't go, for I've nothing to do. Pray tell me why it's no wonder she would thrive?"

"Well," said he, "it's no business of mine, you know, but, as I said before, it's no wonder people thrive who have a servant—a hard working one, too—who is always helping them."

"A servant!" repeated Bella; "my neighbor has a servant! No wonder, then, everything looks so neat about her; but I never saw this servant. I think you must be mistaken; besides, how could she afford to pay her wages?"

"She has a servant, I say," repeated the cobbler—"a one-eyed servant; but she pays her no wages, to my certain knowledge. Well, good morning, mistress, I must go."

"Do stop one minute," cried Bella, urgently. "Where did she get this servant?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the cobbler; "servants are plentiful enough; and Polly used her's well, I can tell you."

"And what does she do for her?"

"Do for her? why, all sorts of things. I think she's the cause of her prosperity. To my knowledge, she never refuses to do anything—keeps Tom's and Polly's clothes in beautiful order, and the baby's."

"Dear me!" said Bella, in an envious tone, and holding up both her hands; "well she is a lucky woman, and I always said so. She takes good care I shall never see her servant. What sort of a servant is she and how came she to have only one eye?"

"It runs in her family," replied the cobbler, stitching busily; "they are all so—one eye apiece; yet they make a very good use of it. And Polly's servant has four cousins who are blind—stone-blind; no eyes at all; and they sometime come and help her. I've seen them in the cottage myself; and that's how Polly gets a good deal of her money. They work for her, and she takes what they make to market, and buys all those handsome things."

"Only think," said Bella, almost ready to cry with vexation, "and I've not a soul to do anything for me; how hard it is!" and she took up her apron to wipe away her tears.

The cobbler looked attentively at her.

"Well, you are to be pitied, certainly," he said; "and if I were not in such a hurry—"

"O do go on, pray. Were you going to say you could help me? I've heard that your people are fond of curds and whey and fresh gooseberry syllabub. Now, if you would help me, I trust me that there should be the most beautiful curds and whey set every night for you on the hearth; and nobody should ever look when you went and come."

"Why, you see," said the cobbler, hesitating, "my people are extremely particular about—in short, about cleanliness, mistress; and your house is not what one would call very clean. No offence I hope?"

Bella blushed deeply. "Well, but it should be always clean, if you would; every day of my life I would wash the floor and sand it, and the hearth should be whitewashed as white as snow, and the window-pane clear."

"Well," said the cobbler, seeming to consider, "well, then I should not wonder if I could meet with a one-eyed servant for you, like your neighbor's; but it may be several days before I can; and mind, mistress, I'm to have a dish of curds."

"Yes, and some whipped cream, too," replied Bella, full of joy.

The cobbler then took up his tools, wrapped them in his leather apron, walked behind the wall-flower, and disappeared.

Bella was so delighted, she could not sleep that night for joy. Her husband scarcely knew the house, she had made it so bright and clean; and by night she had washed the curtain, cleaned the window, rubbed the fire-irons, sanded the floor, and set a great jug of hawthorn in blossom on the hearth.

The next morning Bella kept a sharp lookout both for the tiny cobbler and on her neighbor's house, to see whether she could possibly catch a glimpse of the one-eyed servant. But—nothing could she see but her neighbor sitting on her rocking chair with her baby on her knee, working.

At last, when she was quite tired, she heard the voice of the cobbler outside. She ran to the door, and cried out—

"O do, pray, come in, sir; only look at my house!"

"Really," said the cobbler, looking round, "I declare I should hardly have known it; the sun can shine brightly now through the clear glass; and what a sweet smell of hawthorn!"

"Well and my one-eyed servant?" asked Bella; "you remember, I hope, that I can't pay her any wages. Have you met with one that will come?"

"All right," replied the little man, nodding. "I've got her with me."

"Got her with you?" repeated Bella, looking round. "I see nobody."

DAN RICE BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

The Committee on Reconstruction still persists in suppressing the most important testimony elicited before it. Dan Rice has recently been on a circus tour through the lately rebellious States, and has had opportunities such as are afforded to few, for observing the condition of the Southern people as to loyalty. His testimony will be found to show the true feeling that exists in the South when the thin crust of loyalty is melted away and the true character is revealed under the exhilarating influence of a manager, when man stands in the presence of the untamed forces of nature, separated therefrom only by the thin partition of an iron cage. Mr. Rice, being duly sworn, testified thus:

Q. You have an unruly animal, known as a pet mule, with your circus, have you not?

A. I have.

Q. What are the idiosyncrasies of that beast?

A. He is given much to kicking.

Q. It is almost impossible to ride him, is it not?

A. It is. I generally offer \$25 to any man who will ride him round the ring.

Q. On your late visit to the South, did you receive any offers to ride that mule?

A. I did.

Q. State what occurred on these occasions.

A. In Richmond, a discharged Confederate attempted to ride him, but was thrown flat on his back.

Q. What did the confederate soldier say to this?

A. He said the mule was a d—d Yankee.

Q. Did any others make the attempt?

A. Another of Lee's veterans tried to ride him, and succeeded.

Q. What did he say?

A. He said, after he had dismounted, that if he'd had a regiment of them ere cavalry he'd have whipped Kilpatrick all to smash; and that in the next war against Yankees he intended to raise a brigade of 'em.

Q. Cross-examined by Mr. Stevens:

Q. Is that a he mule or a she mule?

A. It's a he mule.

Q. You have monkeys in your show, have you not?

A. I have.

Q. Have you ever heard any disloyal remarks in relation to those monkeys?

A. I can't say that I have.

Q. Have you heard anything said in their presence.

A. A couple of young ladies were one day standing in front of the cage, and I heard one of them say it looked like a Freedman's Bureau.

Q. How was this remark received?

SPECIAL RULES FOR PREVENTION OF CHOLERA.

We urge the necessity, in all cases of cholera, of an instant recourse to medical aid, and also under every form and variety of indisposition: for all disorders are found to merge in the dominant disease.

Let immediate relief be sought under disorder of the bowels especially, however slight. The invasion of Cholera may thus be readily prevented.

Let every impurity, animal and vegetable, be quickly removed to a distance from the habitations, such as the slaughter-houses, pig-sties, cess-pools, and all other domestic nuisances.

Let all uncovered drains be carefully and frequently cleansed.

Let the grounds in and around the habitations be drained, so effectually as to carry off moisture of every kind.

Let dry scrubbing be used in cleansing in place of water cleansing.

Let every room be daily thrown open for the admission of fresh air; this should be done about noon, when the atmosphere is most likely to be dry.

Let excessive fatigue, and exposure to damp and cold, especially during the night be avoided.

Let the use of cold drinks and acid liquors especially under fatigue, be avoided, or when the body is heated.

Let the use of acid fruits and vegetables be avoided.

Let excess in the use of ardent and fermented liquors and tobacco be avoided.

Let a poor diet, and the use of impure water in cooking, or for drinking, be avoided.

Let the wearing of wet and unsufficient clothes be avoided.

Let a flannel or woolen belt be worn round the belly.

Let personal cleanliness be carefully observed.

Let every cause tending to depress the moral and physical energies be carefully avoided.

Let exposures to extremes of heat and cold be avoided.

Let sleeping in low or damp rooms be avoided.

Let crowding of persons within houses and apartments be avoided.

Let fires be kept up during the night in sleeping or adjoining apartments, the night being the period of most danger from attack, especially under exposure to cold or damp.

Let all bedding and clothing be daily exposed during winter and spring to the fire, and in summer to the heat of the sun.

Let the dead be buried in places remote from the habitation of the living. By the timely adoption of simple means such as these, cholera or other epidemic will be made to lose its venom.

TACTICS FOR HUGGING.

1. Place the piece on the right side, as in Hardee's order arms, cast the eyes to the right without turning the head, extend the right arm, pass the hand behind the piece, grasping it above or about the middle band or belt.

2. Make a right wheel, raise the left arm, place it on the shoulder of the piece, the eyes resting about two inches below the top or head band; at the same time move the left foot oblique about twelve inches; bend the right knee, keeping the feet at an angle of forty-five degrees.

3. Drop the head to the right, bring the piece to the body with a firm grasp, to prevent its jostling; place the left ear against the cheek of the piece, and at the command four, hug in double quick time.

At the command, "arms a-port," come to the position of a soldier, and look military—like a sheep.

WORDS OF KINDNESS.—Let all thy words be words of kindness and love; let kindness beam on thy countenance, and smile in every look. Friends will cluster around thee, and their pleasant greeting and smiles of welcome will make the most delicious music in thy soul. Speak gently! Sunshine will stream around thy path, and shed a halo of light around thy head; fresh flowers will spring up and cluster around thy footsteps, and perfume the air with their delightful fragrance. Speak gently! Another world will be all sunshine—bright, golden, gorgeous sunshine; and though clouds may arise and shadows play around, their shade will only add a tender chord to the silvery notes; for shadows are but mosses set in sunshine, and gentle words will give to them a gliding which gloom can never hide.

THE ABSENT.

Of all the exercises of the unfettered mind, perhaps none is attended with a more benign influence than that of indulging in a kind remembrance of the absent.

Every loving word that fell from the lips of the absent is treasured with tenderness. Each kind act is recollected with affection. We look forward to meeting with unbounded happiness.

Have we parted in anger? Time softens us into indifference—at length into a quiet acknowledgment of past friendship. Have we parted in silence or estrangement? This, too, wears away, and we meet again to forget the past in future communions. Have we parted in grief? The sorrow is mutually borne, and tenderly consigned to the corner of our hearts devoted to the absent sharer.

Have we parted in love? No joy so great as the remembrance of it—no event so delightful or sacred as the reunion.

Have we been parted by death? Ah, the affection that travels with the flow spirit to its home in the realms of light! The changed but ever increasing sacredness of the love that bound us on earth is now freed from its alloy, while the unfettered spirit hovers near, to watch over us, and bear the incense of truthful and purified affection on the wings of enduring love. Absent from sight, to the spirit ever near—no shade of earth mingles in the holy office of a ministering angel, whose sweet influence is like the gentle dew upon the fragrant flower, which exhales a perfume unseen, but ever grateful to the perception of the inborn spirit.

Absent, but not forgotten, is a sweet and touching memorial.

WOMAN.

There is beauty in the helplessness of woman. The clinging trust, which searches for extaneous support, is graceful and touching. Timidity is the attribute of her sex; but to herself it is not without its dangers, its inconveniences, and its sufferings. Her first effort at comparative freedom is bitter enough; for the delicate mind shrinks from every unaccustomed contact; and the warm and gushing heart closes itself, like the blossom of the sensitive plant, at every approach. Man at once determines his position, and asserts his place; woman has hers to seek; and, alas, I fear me that, however she may appear to turn a calm brow and quiet lip to the crowd through which she makes her way, that brow throbs, and that lip quivers to the last, until, like a wounded bird, she can once more wing her way to that tranquil home where the drooping head will be fondly raised, and the fluttering heart laid to rest! The dependence of woman in the common affairs of life, is, nevertheless, rather the effect of custom than necessity. We have many and brilliant proofs that, where need is, she can be sufficient to herself, and play her part in the great drama of existence with credit, if not with comfort. The yearnings of her solitary spirit, the outgasings of her shrinking sensibility, the ravings of her alienated heart, are indulged only in the quiet holiness of her solitude. The world sees not, guesses not the conflict; and in the ignorance of others lies her strength. The secret of her weakness is hidden in the depths of her own bosom; and she moves on, amid the heat and hurry of existence, and with a seal set upon nature, to be broken only by fond and loving hands, or dissolved in the tears of recovered home affection.

VOTES THE WAY HE SHOT.

The writer of the following pithy letter, who is vouched for as a Republican soldier by the Waynesburg (Greene Co.) Messenger, is evidently a man of sense:

FOR THE MESSENGER.

Cel. Jennings: Will you grant a Republican soldier room in your paper for a very short article? I merely wish to notice an admonition in the last Greene Co. Republican, and to assure the editor that his advice is good, and believe will be very generally followed by the soldiers of the county. The editor says:

"To those who have borne the blunt, vote the way you shot."

Now Mr. Editor, we shot for the Union and not for the negro, and we intend to vote for the Union and not for the negro. This is all I have to say at present.

A REPUBLICAN SOLDIER.

A gang of discharged negro soldiers are inaugurating a reign of terror in Louisville, Ky. Scarcely a night passes but they murder some one, and indiscriminate shooting is their common pastime. Seventeen of them were arrested on Monday, but owing to the fact that no one could or would swear to their identity in any violation of the law, they were discharged.

Commodore Vanderbilt is seventy, but active as ever. He has built and paid for one hundred steamers, and is now the largest owner in railroad stock in the United States. He controls both the Harlem and Hudson River Roads, while his interest in the New York Central is not less than half a million.

Epitaph on an Auctioneer.—Gone like a dog? Faith, Mick, I can't. Well, thin, it's because of the coldness of its nose (its snows).

Pat, can ye tell me why winter is like a dog? Faith, Mick, I can't. Well, thin, it's because of the coldness of its nose (its snows).

Rogues generally die poor. Every time they make a dollar by cheating, they spend two in law.

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