

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor

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

TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1866.

VOL. 5 NO. 46

A weekly Democratic paper, devoted to Politics, News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pa. BY HARVEY SICKLER.



Terms—1 copy 1 year, (in advance) \$2.00 not paid within six months, \$2.50 will be charged. NO paper will be DISCONTINUED, until all arrears are paid; unless at the option of publisher.

ADVERTISING.

10 lines or less, one square	three weeks	four weeks	two months	three months	six months	one year
1 Square	1.00	1.25	2.25	2.87	3.00	5.00
2 do.	2.00	3.25	3.50	4.50	4.50	6.00
3 do.	3.00	4.75	5.50	7.00	7.00	9.00
4 do.	4.00	6.00	6.50	8.00	10.00	15.00
5 do.	5.00	7.50	8.00	10.00	12.00	17.00
6 do.	6.00	9.00	10.00	12.00	15.00	20.00
7 do.	7.00	10.50	12.00	15.00	18.00	25.00
8 do.	8.00	12.00	14.00	18.00	22.00	30.00
9 do.	9.00	13.50	16.00	20.00	25.00	35.00

EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS AND AUDITORS' NOTICES, of the usual length, \$2.50. OBITUARIES, exceeding ten lines, each; RELIGIOUS and LITERARY NOTICES, not of general interest, one half the regular rates.

Business Cards of one square, with paper, 85.

JOB WORK

of all kinds neatly executed, and at prices to suit the times.

All TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS and JOB WORK must be paid for, when ordered.

Business Notices.

R. R. & W. E. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office on Tioga street, Tunkhannock, Pa.

H. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Newton Centre, Luzerne County Pa.

GEO. S. TUTTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW Tunkhannock, Pa. Office a Stark's Brick ock, Tioga street.

WM. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Stark's Brick Block Tioga St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

The Buehler House,

HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the "BUETHER 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 continuation of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

GEO. J. BOLTON.

WALL'S HOTEL,

LATE AMERICAN HOUSE TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO. PA.

THIS establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House.

T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor. Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL,

MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA.

Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r.

HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no effort to render the house an agreeable place of sojourn for all who may favor it with their custom.

Wm. H. CORTRIGHT.

June, 3rd, 1863

Means Hotel,

TOWANDA, PA.

J. B. BARTLET, PROPRIETOR.

Late of the "BRAINARD HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y."

The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country—it is fitted up in the most modern and improved style, and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping-place for all.

v. 3, #21, 17.

CLARKE, KEENEY, & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

LADIES', MISSES' & GENTS' Silk and Cassimere Hats

AND JOBBERS IN HATS, CAPS, FURS, STRAW GOODS, PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS, BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES.

849 BROADWAY, CORNER OF LEONARD STREET, NEW YORK.

B. F. CLARK, A. C. KEENEY, S. KEENEY.

M. GILMAN,

DENTIST.

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

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

NEW TAILORING SHOP

The subscriber having had a sixteen years practical experience in cutting and making clothing, now offers his services in this line to the citizens of Nicholson and vicinity.

Those wishing to get their suits made at the place to get them.

BILL ARP IS CALLED BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

[SUPPRESSED TESTIMONY]

To the Editor of the Metropolitan Record.

Mr. Editor;—Murder will out, and so will evidence. Having seen Daq Rice's testimony before the Destruction Committee I have felt sorry slighted because no mention at all had been made of mine. I suppose it has been suppressed, but I am not to be hid out in obscurity. My country is the special jury, and by and by this business will go up before it on an appeal.—The record must go up fair and complete, and therefore I'll take occasion to make public what I swore to. I said a good deal more than I can put down, Mr. Editor, and at times my language was considered impudent, but they thought that was all the better for their side, for it illustrated the rebellious spirit—I heard one of 'em say: "Let him go on—the ruling passion is strong in death. He's good State's evidence."

When I was put on the stand old Boutwell swore me most fiercely and solemnly to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and I observed that he was entertaining about a quart of double rectified, and it looked like it had soured on his stomach.

Old Blow was settin' off one side with a memorandum book, gettin' ready to note down some "garbled extracts."

Old Iron Works was chairman, and when he nodded his Republican head, old Boutwell, says he:

"Your name is Arp, I believe, sir?"

"So called," says I.

"You reside in the State of Georgia, do you?"

"I can't say exactly," says I. "I live in Rome,—right in the fork of two injun rivers."

"If the State of Georgia," says he fiercely.

"In a state of uncertainty about that," says I. "We don't know whether Georgia is a State or not. I would like for you to state yourself, if you know. The state of the country requires that this matter should be settled, and I shall proceed to state—"

"Never mind, sir," says he. How old are you, Mr. Arp?"

"That depends upon circumstances," says I. "I don't know whether to count the last five years or not. Durin' the war your folks said that a State could't succeed but that while she was in a state of rebellion she ceased to exist. Now you say we got out and we shan't get back again until 1870. A man's age has got somethin' to do with his rights, and if we are not to vote I don't think we ought to count the time. That's about as near as I can come to my age, sir."

"Well, sir," says he; "are you familiar with the political sentiments of citizens of your State?"

"Got no citizens yet, sir, that we know of. I will thank you to speak of us as 'people.'"

"Well, sir," says he, "I'll humor your obstinacy. Are the people of your State—"

"Don't speak of it as a State, sir, if you please. I'm on oath now, and you must excuse me for being particular. Call it section."

"Mr. Arp, are the people of your section sufficiently humbled and repentant to come back into the Union on such terms as we may think proper to impose?"

"Not much they ain't," says I. "I don't think they are prepared for it yet. They wouldn't voluntarily go it blind against your hand. They say the deal wasn't fair and you've marked the cards and stole the trumps, but at the same time they don't care a darn what you do. They've become indifferent and don't care nothing about your Guy Fawkes business. I mean no respect to you, gentlemen, but was sworn to tell the whole truth. Our people ain't a noticin' you only out of curiosity. They don't expect anything decent, or honorable, or noble from you, and they've gone to work diggin', and plowin', and plantin', and raisin' boy children."

Right here the man with a memorandum scratched down a garbled extract, and old Boutwell, says he:

"What do you mean, by that, sir?"—

"What inference do you intend?"

"I'm statin' facts," says I. "You must draw your own inferences. They are raisin' boy children! Any harm about that? Any reason? Can't a man raise boy children? Perhaps you would like to mend the Constitution and stop it? Old Pharaoh tried to stop it among the Israelites, but it didn't pay. He finally caught the dropsy in the Red Sea. We are raisin' boy children for the fun of it. They are a good thing to have in the house, as Mr. Toodles would say."

"Mr. Arp, are not the feelings of your people very bitter towards the North?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you'll have to split the question, or else I'll have to split the answer. Our people have a very high regard for honorable men, brave men, noble hearted men, and there's a heap of 'em North, and there's a heap of widows, and orphans there we are sorry for; but as for this here fanatical party, they look upon 'em like they were hyenas a scratchin' up the dead for a livin'. It's as natural to hate 'em as it is to kill a snake. It's utterly impossible for me to tell the strength, length and height, depth and breadth of their contempt for that party. They look upon a fanatic as—as well as a beggar on horseback—a buzzard sailin' round a dead

eagle—a suck-egg dog creepin' up to the tail of a dead lion. They talk about hirin' Brownlow to abuse 'em, to use language on 'em like he did a few years ago when he spoke against Pynch. If they do hire Brownlow he'll spatter 'em, he'll daub 'em all over, and slime 'em, slobber on 'em about right, and it will stick, for the pores are open and their morals spongy. I'd like to stand off about ten rods and hear him spread himself. It would be worse than a squirt gun full of cow slop, and I have no doubt would give general satisfaction."

"That's sufficient, sir," says old Boutwell. "Ef it was in their power to do so, would your people renew the fight?"

"Not unless they could fight the fanatics all alone, and all the world agree to 'hand off.' Even then there wouldn't be no fight, for we couldn't catch you."

"What do your people say 'upon the subject of negro equality?"

"They say it is a lie, sir—it don't exist by nature and never can in practice. Folks were not created free and equal. That may be a theoretical truth, but it's always been a practical lie. There's men I give the sidewalk to, and there's men that I vote for, and men that vote for me, and the grades go up, up, up, step by step, from my sort to Mr. Davis and Mr. Stephens, and General Lee and Howell Cobb and Ben Hill, and their sort; for they are the highest in the nation; and then again it goes from me down, down, to the niggers and the Republicans and the fanatics, and that's as low as they run. There ain't no equality, and you can't make one. We'll vote the niggers certain. I'll vote Tip and Tip's 'head-centre.' We'll vote about forty, and the first thing you know we'll elect seven big, black, greasy niggers to Congress. We'll do it certain—seven of 'em, 18 carats strong, with African musk."

The other Southern States will do the same thing, and you'll have about fifty of 'em to draw seats with, and you can all stick your legs upon your desks together, and swap lice and vermin, and be shampooed at the same shop, and the fair sexes can set together in the galleries and mix odours, and fan their scent around promiscuous. We'll give the full benefit of your Civil Rights bill, see if we don't. You go on—play your cards—We are bidin' our time. We are paying your taxes and your duties, and back rations for 1864, and licenses, and your infernal revenue, and obeyin' your laws without havin' any hand in makin' 'em, and we are cut off from pensions, and public lands, and you sold a poor man's still in my country the other day because he couldn't pay tax on some peach brandy he stilled for his neighbor two years ago; and soon you'll be sellin' the land for the land tax, and you're tryin' your best to play the devil generally, but you'll catch it in long run. See if you don't. Talk about Fenians. When the good men of the North and South all get together, they'll walk over the track so fast that you won't have time to get out of the way. You'll subside into obscurity, and your children will deny that their daddies ever belonged to such a party. Excuse me, gentlemen, but I'm a little excited. Five cents a pound on cotton will excite anybody that makes it. Tax on industry—on sweat and toil. Protection tariffs for Pennsylvania and five cents a pound tax on Southern cotton—half it's average worth—and your folks will manage some way or other to steal the other half. My advice to you is to quit your foolishness and to begin to travel the only broad road to peace."

Old Blow couldn't keep up with his garbled extracts.

"What makes the President so popular at the South?"

"Contrast, sir—contrast. The more he ain't like your party, the more popular he is. He would treat us about right, I reckon, if you would let him alone, but you bedevil him so, that sometimes he don't understand himself. I don't think he knew for a while whether his Peace Proclamation restored the writ of habeas corpus or not. But do you go and impeach him, and that will bring matters to a focus. I'll bet you'd be in Fort Delaware in a week, and the Southern members be here in their seats, and they'll look round at the political wreck and ruin and plunder and stealage that's been going on, and they might exclaim in the language of the poet,

"Who's pin here since I sh pin gone."

"Mr. Arp, suppose we should have a war with England or France, what would the rebels do?"

"They'd follow Gen. Lee, and Gen. Johnson, and Longstreet, and old Bory. My opinion is, that Gen. Lee would have the Union army, and Gen. Grant would be his chief of staff, and Gen. Buell would rank mighty high, and—"

What would you do with General Sherman?

"Sorry you mentioned him. We'd have to hire him, I reckon, as a camp fiddler, and have him sing 'Hail Columbia' by fire light, as a warning to the boys how mean it is to burn cities and make war upon defenceless women and children. No, sir, our boys wouldn't fight under no such."

At this time the men with the memorandum put down some garbled extracts.

"Do you think, Mr. Arp, that if the South should ever hold the balance of power, they would demand pay for their negroes?"

"I can't say, sir. But I don't think the South has lost anything that way. We

got their labor before the war for their viles and clothes and doctor's bills, and we get it now for about the same. It's all settled down that way, and your Bureau couldn't help it. The only difference is in the distribution. Some of us don't own as many as we used to, but everybody has got a nigger or two now, and they'll all vote 'em or turn 'em off. A nigger that wouldn't vote as I told him, shouldn't black my boots."

At this time the Committee looked at one another, seemin' to be bothered and astonished. Garbled extracts were put down with a vim.

Mr. Boutwell, says he, "Mr. Chairman, I think, sir, we are about through with the witness. I think, sir, his testimony settles the question as to what we ought to do with Southern traitors."

The chairman gave me a Republican nod and remarked, "Yes, sir, I think we do. The scoundrels burnt my iron works."

Whereupon I retired, having given general satisfaction.

Yours Truly,

BILL ARP.

The Power of Kind Words.

We have seldom seen a more striking illustration of the power of kind words, than in the following extracts from the confession of the robber and murderer, Henry Wilson.

In two instances a few casual words of kindness saved the lives of those who uttered them, although they knew nothing of their danger.

"When we got in front of the house, we saw what we took to be a man and his wife, and three young women, and a boy, eating supper. I proposed to Tom that we should go in and ask to warm, and sit down by the stove a few minutes, and I would look over the chance a little, and if I concluded that we could not guard the doors and windows to prevent the escape of any one, I would say, 'Come, Tom, let's be going.' But if I should say, 'Well, Jack, are you ready?' he was to place himself between the front windows, to guard them, and I would guard the door, draw our revolvers, and demand a surrender. I told Tom not to shoot any one, unless it was necessary to prevent their escape, and we would tie them all, rob the house of what we wanted, then kill them and set fire to the house; and if any one should come in while we were at work, we were going to shoot him as he should come in at the door."

"Dare you do this?" said I to Tom.—"Yes, I dare do anything that you dare to do," said Tom. So I went to the door and knocked. The man said, 'Come in.' We went in and asked to warm by the stove. He said, 'Yes, you can warm.' We sat and warmed till they were nearly through supper, and I thought best to make the attack before they got up from the table.—So I got up to give Tom the signal, and the man supposing I got up to go, said, 'Won't you stay and take some supper?' 'Yes, we will take supper with you.' The man looked as if he thought I accepted his invitation to supper rather coolly, but if he had known what our intentions were, he would have been perfectly satisfied with any answer, for his kind invitation at the moment when I was about to give the signal to Tom, saved his life, and that of his family."

He also relates another incident where two lives were saved in the same way.

"When I got to Herkimer, I left the railroad, and took the carriage road, and about a mile from the town I saw a man and a woman in the road before me going the same way. I thought I would pass them and see how they looked, and if well dressed, I would turn back, shoot the man and rob him, and take the woman over in the fields away from the road and keep her company until about one o'clock, and then kill her, and I would have time to take care of myself before morning. This was about ten o'clock in the evening. So I went on and passed them, and saw that they were well dressed and walking very slow, and appeared to be lovers. I went on just out of sight of them, and then started back, took out my revolver and cocked it, and just as I was going to shoot him, he spoke very pleasantly to me. 'Good evening, sir,' I answered, 'Good evening,' and passed on."

"Since I have been writing my history, several persons have said to me, that they hoped I would give good advice in it. The best advice I can give is, always treat a stranger kindly, for you don't know who or what he is, nor do you know how much good a kind act or civil word may do you."

The western papers are literally filled with city, borough, township, and other local election victories, for the Democracy and the Democracy and Johnson Republicans combined. In Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan, Missouri, and even in dark-visaged Iowa, the election results are more than gratifying.

Mr. Killan, at the head of the Fenian Treasury Department, writes to a gentleman in Canada, "Tis money, not men, we want." A good many have suspected as much.

Anglers may use cotton for a certain kind of fish. That's the way some of the young women angle for their prey.

A beautiful ring—the home circle.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

Henry Burgett was not quite twelve years of age when his father died; and fast his tears fell when he knew that his kind papa would be with him no more, he wept, if possible, more violently when his mother told him that they must leave the pretty cottage, the only home they had ever known and that hereafter he was to live with farmer Howard.

"We are poor, Henry," she said, "very poor, and young as you are, my boy, you must now earn your own support. But keep up a stout heart, you can do it. Fie on those tears!" and she turned hastily, that he might not perceive the grief that was piercing her own soul.

Farmer Howard was a hard master, and a sorry time had poor Henry during the long summer days that succeeded this interview with his mother. It was work, with no relaxation, from the earliest dawn until the twilight had faded. Often did his course fail, and despondency and indolence urge him to stop, but a stern necessity was on him—he must do or starve; and hence he kept at it wearily enough to be sure, until the last apple was in the cellar, the last ear of corn in the crib, and all things secured against the winter with the most pains taking thoroughness.

The winter, tardy as its approach appeared to Henry, came at last with its three months privilege of school and its glorious long evenings, that he might spend as he chose, with no spectres of huge heaps of corn to husk, or vast fields of potatoes to dig, looming up in the distance.

How well those hours for study were improved, or how highly prized, the bright light which the blazing pine splinters shed from the attic window until long past the hour of 12, might tell. (A pine splinter, because the mistress was a careful soul, and saved the candle ends to light Henry to bed.) He advanced with surprising rapidity in his studies, and what wonder? Audent, persevering effort was never unsuccessful. When the spring came, he was quite master of the Latin grammar, and was beginning to read in this language with some degree of ease. The summer, with its wearisome round of duties, could not damp his desire for knowledge. Every spare moment was carefully seized and sedulously employed in his favorite study.

The winter came again, and with gleeful heart Henry bounded away to the village school. On the way a class-mate overtook him—one who had often jeered him for bashfulness, and plain, homespun attire, who with every advantage, had uninterruptedly pursued his studies.

"Ha, ha, how are you, Hal?" said he: "don't you wish you could read all that? triumphantly holding up a Latin Reader, spreading his hand completely over the open page. Henry kept his own counsel, and together they proceeded towards the school house."

Soon after the opening of the morning exercises the class in Latin was called to the recitation bench. "Henry," said the teacher, "I think you will not be able to go on with the class you were in last winter, you must fall back with the beginners."

"I should like to enter the Virgil class, sir," said Henry.

"Virgil class? Nonsense, boy! You cannot read one word in it. Just let me see now," opening the book and placing it in Henry's hand.

"How far shall I read?"

"As far as you can," replied the master, with a sharp twinkle of his gray eyes and involuntary sarcastic smile.

Henry commenced unhesitatingly to read and had turned the first, second and third leaves before the teacher had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to check him.

"Stop, sir! Where did you learn all this?" asked the teacher.

Henry told him where. Taking him by the arm, the master led him to the centre of the room, and placing his hand upon his head, said:

"Attention, boys; here is a greater conquerer than was Caesar or Napoleon. Give him a round; three times three, no."

Cheerily, heartily rang out that applause, penetrating the farthest recesses of that time-worn building, making the windows fairly shake again. What a proud day that was for Henry! How his heart leaped and almost bounded out of his bosom; how girls nodded and blinked their pretty eyes at him, he has not yet forgotten; and although at the present time the laurels of a country's regard are clustering thick about his brow, he often says, "That was the victory of my life. It was at farmer Howard's I learned to labor unflinchingly for a given end."

Children this is no fancy sketch. Such a lad as I have described really existed, and from his example may we not learn to plant for ourselves elevated standards, and never give over until we have mustered every obstacle and reached our aim.

It is not always lessons to be learned, or wood-piles to be demolished or rebuilt.—There are bad habits to govern, vicious inclinations to restrain, selfish dispositions to be overcome—many, many wrongs to be righted. There is room for a life long labor in our hearts. Up, then, my young friends, with a strong purpose of life.—Shrink not at the slightest difficulty. Remember, that "where there's a will there's a way," and that perseverance is a sure guaranty of success.

Keep out of love, law, and bad weather, if you can.

A family in LaCrosse, Wisconsin

have been missing stove wood for several weeks past. On the return of the head of the family a few days since, the case was stated, and Sunday night a very pretty stick of fuel was left with others on the wood-pile. In the stick were eight ounces of powder, for safe keeping. Monday the stick was there—Tuesday the stick was there, and the laugh was getting on the man who fixed it. Wednesday morning the stick was gone. Wednesday forenoon an explosion was heard in a house near, and a kitchen window was spared no panes—On going to the spot a sight was seen. The stove had joined a peace conference. A kettle of pork and cabbage shot up through the roof like an arrow. A dish of apples that was stewing on the stove gave the ceiling the appearance of the map of California. A cat sleeping under the stove went through the window as if after the devil or doctor, and has not been seen or heard of since, but a small burnt cat-hair prevades that house very thoroughly. A flat-iron was hoisted into a pan of dough, a chair lost three legs, the wood-box looks sick, while the roof of the house looks like a bursted apple-dumpling. The occupant of the ruins, says:

"Such dunder never comes before, or I puzs a lightenin' rod, py tam!"

HOW TO AVOID THE CHOLERA.

1. Don't get it on the brain, and to this end, avoid reading the daily papers.

2. Endeavor, if possible, to keep a clean conscience, and two or three clean shirts.

3. Every morning and evening read a chapter of Artemus Ward or Josh Billings.

4. Whenever you have nothing else to do, take a bath.

5. Avoid political assemblages, and if you are fond of club, try base ball.

6. Work "eight hours a day"—and more if you feel like it.

7. Go to no place of amusement that "advertises in the N. Y. Herald."

8. Rise with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening.

9. Be above ground in all your dwellings, and above board in all your dealings.

10. Love your neighbors as yourself, but don't have too many of them in the same house with you.

11. Eat when you are hungry, drink when you are thirsty, and sleep when you are sleepy; but be careful what you eat, what you drink, and where you sleep.

12. Avoid the stock exchange, but be constant to the stocking exchange. (Rather obscure this, but consult Sumner about it.)

13. Avoid public conveyances even if you are driven to the necessity of making use of your legs, and walking two or three miles a day!

14. Avoid long dresses (this is to the women) and leave the sweeping of the streets to the supervisors.

15. Tell the doctors that "whenever they come within a mile of your house, they are welcome to stay there all night."

16. Don't get scared before you are hurt—nor even then.

17. Get your life insured.

18. Make your will.

19. Above all subscribe for the DEMOCRAT.