

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. A continuance of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.
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LATE AMERICAN HOUSE,
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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.
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Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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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

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The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country—it is fitted up in the most modern and improved style, and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping-place for all.
v 3, n21, 17.

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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.
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 Tunkhannock and vicinity.
Those wishing to get fine will find his shop the place to get them.
Jesse, R. SMITH.

Pet's Corner.

"ASHES OF LIFE."

I have all I could wish for, darling, yes, this is a beautiful room, Heavy silken hangings shut out the brooding gloom, Velvet carpet, and rosewood, picture and music here, And looks, eye, many a volume of authors I hold most dear. And 'tis only about a twelvemonth since I became a wife, And yet I am tired, so tired weary almost of life; A dumb, sick longing for something—what it is I hardly know— Think'g and blindly wondering why the dear God made us so, Why the world counts heart-throbs by what they weigh in gold, And lips smile gay and cheery when the heart is dank and cold. I am tired of all this splendor, sated with empty show, Hating myself for wishing and having nowhere to go. John is always so busy he has never a moment to spare In a foolish career, or even to praise my eyes and hair. As he used to, well when one's married we must not think of these, Yet 'tis hard to be so "all alone" when one tries so much to please. I think sometimes I was happier in my old home by the mill: I can see the golden sunlight and fresh June roses still! The river winding in and out, through the valley's grassy roof, And the elm tree's drooping branches bending o'er the mossy roof; Daisy, and Bet, and Brindle, down in the clover lot, And a dreamy sweetness hanging o'er each dear remembered spot; And there in the little arbor, where I used to read to Roy— You remember him, don't you, Anderson's oldest boy? Browning and Longfellow he loved, but, oh well, it was idle play; Yet he's getting a famous lawyer, down in Hampstead now, they say: I used to think that I loved him—perhaps it was but a whim— But there's always a flutter at my heart 'en yet when I think of him. And that is very seldom, for I know it is a sin, But one cannot always stay the fire that flames so wild within; And it seems somehow that destinies get strangely jumbled up, Some of us sip from pleasure's and some from sorrow's cup. Now I've told you more, my darling, than I've ever told before. And I'll shut my heart this moment, and open it never more. The dear God's love and mercy is underlying it all, And he knows what is best for us who "noteth the sparrow's fall." We must learn to be patient—oh, sweet Christ, make us so, And guide our weary footsteps where Thou wouldst have us go.

Select Story.

BOUQUET OF ROSES.

Walking in my garden the other day, I stopped before a tree covered with yellow roses, and looking at them reminded me of a tale, which I will relate. Two years since, I dropped in to spend my evening with an old lady who resides near my house. She is a most charming person—amiable, clever, witty, and charitable in all things. She is passionately fond of flowers; and you will scarcely credit the coquetry and gallantry I expend in making bouquets for her, nor how much I rejoice at her surprise when I bring her a flower of the name of which she is ignorant, or which is very uncommon in our part of the country. One evening, when I arrived at her house, I found her seated with an old gentleman who had been residing on his property more than a year,—a handsome estate in the vicinity, which had been left him by a distant relative, on condition of his taking the name of his benefactor; consequently he was called Monsieur Descondraies. He had obtained an introduction to my old lady, and I had every reason to be jealous of his assiduity. They became warm friends, and passed almost every evening together, playing backgammon. I bowed silently, on the evening in question, as I entered, not to interrupt the game. When it was finished, I presented Madame de Lorgere a bouquet of yellow roses which I had brought for her. My roses were very beautiful, and singularly so because the continued rains of the season had blighted most of those of the neighboring gardens; but I had taken the precaution of sheltering mine by a shed; and they were, perhaps, the only ones to be met with in perfection. Madame de Lorgere uttered an exclamation of delight when she saw she beautiful bouquet. Monsieur Descondraies said nothing, but seemed preoccupied. I looked at him with surprise, not well able to comprehend the mysterious influence of my yellow roses. Madame de Lorgere shortly afterwards spoke of something else; and I thought I had been mistaken. A minute or two subsequently Monsieur Descondraies suddenly burst out laughing, and said, "Would you believe that this bouquet has evoked as by magic, an entire epoch of my youthful days? For five minutes I was only, in imagination, twenty years of age,—for five minutes I became again in love with a woman, who, if she exists, must be at least sixty years of age. I must tell you this history; it is one which has had an immense influence on my life, and of which the memory, even now, moves me in an extraordinary manner,—even now, when my blood has only just warmth enough to keep me alive, and enable me to play back-gammon. I was twenty,—that is more than forty years since,—I had just quitted college, where young men were kept a little longer than they are in the present day. After well weighing the matter,—but without consulting me,—my father decided on my future path in life, and announced to me one morning that he had obtained a lieutenantancy for me in the regiment, then in the garison in Avesgne, and desired me to be ready to leave in three days. I was not a little taken back, for several reasons. In the first place I disliked a military career; but that objection the sight of a dashing uniform would soon have overcome; added to it, a few ambitious hopes excited, and a little music, would, all combined, have made either a Caesar or an Achilles of me. But I was in love. Nothing in the world could have induced me to utter a word of this to my father, whose only reply to such a confidential communication would have been to send me away that very night. But I had an uncle—and what an uncle! He was then a man of the same age that I am now; but he was still young,—not for himself, for no old man ever renounced Satan and all his pumps and works better than he did,—but for others. He loved the young and perfectly understood, without being jealous of age. He did not deem the infirmities of age a progress; neither did he think length of years necessary to be wise. From excessive goodness and good sense he lived in the happiness of others. He was ever fond of sympathizing with the noble and generous follies of youth; he was the confident and protector of all true lovers, of those harmless debts young men contract, and all of youths' hopes and fears. I went to him, and said, "Uncle, I am very unhappy!" "I bet twenty louis you are not," was the reply. "Ah, uncle, don't laugh! Besides, you would lose." "If I lose I'll pay; and perhaps that would help to console you." "No, uncle, money has nothing to do with my grief." "Come, tell me your tale." "My father has just informed me that I have a lieutenantancy in the—regiment." "What a dreadful misfortune! One of the most gallant regiments in the service—a handsome uniform, and all the officers are men of rank." "Uncle, I don't wish to be a soldier." "How! You don't wish to serve? Do you happen to be a coward?" "I don't know yet; nevertheless, you are the only man whom I would permit to address such a question to me." "Very well, then, Cid, my good friend, why don't you be a soldier?" "Uncle, because I want to marry." "Oh!" "There's no *oh* in the question. Uncle I'm in love." "And you call that a misfortune! Ungrateful wretch! I should like to be in love! And pray who is the object of your ardent flame?" "Ah, uncle, she's an—" "I know she is, of course,—it is always an angel! A little later in life you will prefer a woman. But by what mortal name do you call this angel?" "She is called Noemi, uncle." "That is not what I ask you. Noemi is enough for you, I quite comprehend,—besides, it's a pretty name. But for me, I must know who this angel is, and to what family she belongs? What is the family name?" "Tis Mademoiselle Amelot." "That's better than an angel,—a brunette, tall and slight, with eyes like black velvet. I don't at all disapprove of the object of your affection." "Ah, Uncle, did you know her soul?" "I know,—I understand all about it.—And does she return your affection, as we used to say? Is that still what you young ones call it?" "I don't know, uncle." "How! You don't know, nephew, unworthy of an uncle like myself? How! You are every day in her house, and don't know yet whether you are loved." "She does not even know that I love her." "Oh, in that idea you are not mistaken, my handsome nephew, an I comprehend nothing of woman's nature! She knew it at least a quarter of an hour before you did so yourself." "All I know uncle, is, that I shall kill myself unless she marries me!" "O, oh! Well, then, I can tell you that there exists many chances against your union. Your father is much richer than hers; and will not give his consent." "Well, then, I know the only thing that is left me to do." "Come, come, listen to me. Let us see, don't go and commit any act of folly. Let us look into the business." "I am all attention, uncle." "In the first place, then, you cannot marry at twenty years of age." "Why not, for goodness sake?" "Because I don't choose you should do so. And, without me, this marriage cannot take place." "O, my good, dear uncle!" "If she loves you, and you will promise to wait three years—" "Three years?" "Don't argue with me, or I will say four. If she will promise to wait three years, you shall join your regiment, but not at Clermont, I will get you an exchange into one a few leagues from Paris; and you shall come here once every three months until the expiration of the given time." "But how am I to know whether she loves me?" "How are you to find it out? By asking it, to be sure!" "Ah, dear uncle, I never dare do so!" "Then obey your father, and pack up your portmanteau." "But you do not know the girl. A hundred times I wished to tell her I loved her. I have bitterly blamed myself for my timidity. I tried everything to gain courage to speak; I learned my speeches by heart; I wrote piles of letters; but, when the moment arrived, the first word I endeavored to utter choked me, and I began speaking of something else." "She had so sweet a look, and yet so stern, that it seemed to me she could not love. As for the letters, it was far worse. At the moment I attempt to give them, I found them so stupid that nothing appeared diminutive enough to tear them out, lest a word should appear against me." "Well, but, my boy, you must decide at last, and for this reason—your father has not confided all to you. If he sends you to Clermont it is because the colonel of your regiment is a friend of his, and has a daughter, and this daughter is destined for you, because it will be a good and rich marriage. But don't answer me; I know all this is nothing when we love. 'Tis a very stupid thing to think thus, and love disinterestedly; but I should be sorry not to have been guilty of so doing. Only men of biased minds are incapable of the like. I know the old call these delusions; but who knows whether it is not they who are self-deceived? The glass which diminishes objects is not more true than the one which enlarges them. If she loves you, you should sacrifice everything for her. It will be very foolish to do so, but quite right; and you must do it; but first find out whether she loves you, and you have an excellent opportunity of doing so. They wish to make her marry, nephew,—you turn pale at this idea! You would like to have this odious rival at sword's length. Well, then try and gain a little of this notable courage in the presence of your fair Noemi. They want her to marry; you are richer than she, but the man they propose to give her is richer than yourself, besides being titled and quite ready (the wedding clothes and presents are also); whereas they would be obliged to wait for you. Now go and seek Noemi, tell her you love her,—she knows it, but it is, nevertheless, a thing always told. Ask her if she returns your affection; and tell her—for she must love you, I am sure—you are young handsome and witty. Ask her to promise solemnly to wait three years for you, but to write to me, and I will keep the letter. I will then break off your marriage with the colonel's daughter. I will get your exchange; and despite your father, in three years you shall marry Noemi!" "Uncle, I've an idea." "Let's hear it." "I'll write to her." "Just as you please, my boy; only act at once." "I quitted my uncle, and went to write my epistle. This was not the most difficult task. I had written fifty letters to her before, though I had never forwarded them. The most embarrassing circumstance was to send or give it. Nevertheless, as there was no time to be lost, I made up my mind, and purchasing a bouquet of yellow roses, placed the note in the centre of them. It is very silly, but I seemed even now to live over the time again in memory. After the avowal of my love, I besought her to love me, make me happy, and wait three years for me. I implored her, if she consented, that evening to wear one of the yellow roses in her bosom. "I shall then dare to speak to you," I said, and tell what you must do to secure my happiness. I dare not say *ours*." "And you put the note in the bouquet?" asked Madame de Lorgere. "Yes, madam." "And then?" "Well, then, in the evening Noemi had no rose in her bosom! I wanted to kill myself, but my uncle carried me off to Clermont. He remained two months with me, mixed with the young officers, and ended by calming my sorrow and disappointment, by proving to me that Noemi had never loved me. "But, uncle," I said, "she was—she appeared happy when I arrived, and reproached me gently for coming late." "Women," continued Monsieur Descondraies, "love the devotion of all the world; but there are those that never love. In short, I ended by almost forgetting her. Then I married the colonel's daughter, who died eight years after our marriage; and now I am quite alone, for my uncle has been dead a long time,—would you believe I often think of Noemi!—and that which is more serious and absurd—I always see her in imagination as a young girl of seventeen, with her dark brown hair, and, as my uncle said, her eyes like black velvet! Whereas, if living, she must be now an old woman."

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You don't know what has become of her?" asked Madame de Lorgere. "No." "Your name then is not Descondraies?" she hastily inquired. "No; that is the name of the property left me by my uncle. My name is Edmond d'Althiem." "So it is!" "How do you know?" "I will tell you," she added, without replying to his question, "what has become of Noemi." "Can you?" "Yes; she loved you!" "But the yellow rose?" "She did not see the note. Your hasty departure caused her many tears; then, afterwards, she married Monsieur de Lorgere." "Monsieur de Lorgere?" "Yes, Monsieur de Lorgere, whose widow I am to-day." "What! you Noemi Amelot?" "Alas! yes, as truly as you are, and are not like Edmond d'Althiem!" "Good gracious! who would ever have thought that a day could arrive in which we should not recognize each other?" "Yes, it is strange, is it not? And only reunited to play backgammon!" "But the bouquet?" "The bouquet is here. I always preserved it." And Madame de Lorgere went to a cupboard, and opening a box in ebony, took out a faded bouquet. She trembled as she did so. "Untie it! untie it!" said Monsieur Descondraies. She untied the bouquet, and found the note which had been hidden there forty-two years! Both of them remained silent. I wished to go, but Monsieur Descondraies rose. Madame de Lorgere took his hand, and said: "You are right. We must not let this memory of youth in our hearts pass before two old faces like ours. Let us avoid anything so ridiculous, which would degrade the noble sentiment which will, perhaps, make us happy the remainder of our lives. Do not return for some days." Since that evening, Descondraies and Madame de Lorgere scarcely ever quitted each others society. There exists between them a sentiment such as I never before beheld. They go over together all the minute details of that one which was never explained or expressed. They have a thousand things to tell each other. They love in retrospect.—They would much like to be married; but they dare not, so much does ridicule often mar out the purest wishes. N. B.—Young ladies, always untie and well examine any anonymous bouquet you may receive; for a lover is more agreeable at twenty than at sixty; and forty years of expectation is really no joke!

A FATAL DRINKING WAGER.—A foolish wager was made at a wine shop which resulted in death. At a breakfast, where the conversation turned on the quantity of drink which a person could take, a Bricklayer, named Florentine, made a bet that he would drink twelve glasses of wine when the clock of the Tuileries was striking twelve. He drank three glasses before the clock had struck three times. At the next glass he stopped to breathe. At the seventh he began to drink more slowly, but making an effort he drank of the eighth glass. He then turned very pale, and breathed with difficulty. His friend's wished to stop the wager, but he said he would go on, come what might, and swallowed the ninth glass. He had hardly emptied the glass when he fell down senseless. A surgeon was sent for; but in spite of all his efforts, the foolish man died in three hours.

WHAT THE HEART IS.—The heart is like a plant in the tropics, which all the year round is bearing flowers, and ripening seeds, and letting them fly. It is shaking off memories and dropping associations.—The joys of last year are ripe seeds that will come up in joy again next year. Thus the heart is planting seeds in every nook and corner; and as a wind which serves to prostrate a plant is only a sower coming forth to sow its seeds, planting some of them in rocky crevices, some by river courses, some among mossy stones, some by warm hedges, and some in garden and open field, so it is with our experience of life that sway and bow us either with joy and sorrow. They plant everything round about us with heart seeds. Thus a house becomes sacred. Every room hath a memory, and a thousand of them; every door and window is clustered with associations.

POWER OF GENTLENESS.—No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words—by bitter, scornful reproaches.—He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back foul charges in the face of his accuser. Yet, guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Whose, therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. *Patience and Patience* are the two keys which unlock the human heart. They who have been the most successful laborers among the poor and vicious, have been the most forbearing.

"Belles" call a great many people to church.

A WORD TO WIVES.
Little wives! if ever a half suppressed sigh finds place with you, or a half-unloving word escapes you to the husband whom you love, let your heart go back to some tender word in those first love-days; remember how you loved him then, how tenderly he wooed you, how timidly you responded; and if you can feel that you have not grown unworthy, trust him for the same fond love now. If you do feel that through many cares and trials of life you have become less lovable and attractive than you then were, turn—by all that you love on earth, or hope for in heaven—turn back, and be the pattern of loveliness that won him; be the "dear one" your attractions made you then. Be the gentle, loving, winning maiden still, and doubt not the lover you admired will live forever in your husband. Nestle by his side, cling to his love, and let his confidence in you never fail; and my word for it, the husband will be dearer than the lover ever was. Above all things, do not forget the love he gave you first. Do not seek to "emancipate."

A LAW JOKE.—A lawyer of fluid tendencies was discussing some nice point of law, and getting out of patience at the inability of the court to take his own view of it, said the intellect of the court was so dark a flash of lightning could not penetrate it. The judge, being a new-comer, and not knowing the peculiarities and failings of the man, imposed a severe punishment on him for contempt of court. Some of the lawyer's friends stated the case to his honor, and the punishment was remitted on the condition that he should publicly apologize to the court. He was accordingly brought up the following morning, and made amends by saying,—
"I regret very much that I said, in the heat of the moment, that the intellect of the court was so dark lightning could not penetrate it. I guess it could; it is a very penetrating thing."

MUSIC is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy, for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrow and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline; it refines the passion and improves the understanding. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music, and would not for a great matter be without this little skill which I possess in the heavenly art.

MODESTY AND PRESUMPTION.—The modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.

A SENSIBLE MAN.—A Jerseyman was very sick, and was not expected to recover. His friends got around his bed, and one of them says, "John, do you feel willing to die?" John made an effort to give his views on the subject, and answered with his feeble voice, "I—think—I'd rather stay—where I'm better acquainted."

A little girl, after having been to church was very fond of preaching to her dolls.—Her mother overheard her one day reproving one for being so wicked. "Oh, you naughty sinful child," she said, shaking its waxen limbs. "You'll just go to that place of brimstone and molasses, and you won't burn up—you'll just sizzle."

"Did the minister put a stamp on you when you was married, Mary?"
"A stamp, Charlie! What for, pray?"
"Why, matches ain't legal without a stamp, you know!"

CONSOLING A WIDOW.—A clergyman consoling a widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his equal.
"I don't know about that," remarked the sobbing fair one, "but I'll try."

A etiquette treats a lover like a bouquet—carries him about a certain time for amusement or show, and then quietly picks him to pieces.

A young lady of this town, a short time ago, in a fit of desperation, hung herself to a limb—of the law.

Black men are not always proud. One of them presided at a radical meeting in Oberlin, Ohio.

Mrs. Veal, who had lately given birth to a son, was offended at a neighbor's inquiry for the health of her young calf.

An eminent German musician says there are better judges of music in the United States, better critics and better performers than can be found in Europe.

The Chicago papers tell of a dog, that was taken from that vicinity across the plains to California, but didn't like the country and footed it back to his old home.

An old maid is like an odd boot—of no use without a fellow.