

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor

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

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The Subscriber having had a sixteen years practical experience in cutting and making clothing, offers his services in this line to the citizens of Tunkhannock and vicinity.
Those wishing to get fits will find his shop the place to get them.
J. R. SWITZ.

Select Story.

BREAKING UP A SETTING HEN.

"Timothy, that air yaller hen's settin' agin," said Mrs. Hayes to her son, one morning at breakfast.

"Well, let her set," remarked Timothy, helping himself to a large piece of cheese.

"I reckon I can stand it as long as she can."

"I do wish you would try to be a little economical to cheese, Timothy; I've cut the very last of my every day lot, and it's only the first of May. And now as soon as you've done eating I want you to go out and break up that hen. She's setting on an old ax and two bricks now."

"I hope she'll hatch 'em," returned Timothy.

"If she was set now, she'd hatch the fourth week in May. It's a bad sign;—something allers happens arter it. Stop giggling, Helen Maria, by the time you get to be as old as your ma, ye'll see further than you do now. There was Jenkins' folks, their grey top knot hatched the first of May, and Mrs. Jenkins, she had the conjunction of the lungs, and would 'ave died if they had not kiled a lamb and wrapped her in the hide while it's warm. That was all that saved her life."

With such a startling proof of the truth and the omen before him, Timothy finished his breakfast in haste and departed for the barn, from which he soon returned bearing the squallid biddy by the legs.

"What shall I do with her, mother!—She'll get agin, and she's cross as bad-lam—she skinned my hands, and would be the death of me if she could only get loose."

"I've heer'n it said that it was a good plan to throw them up in the air," said Mrs. Hayes. "Aunt Peggy broke one of setting only three times trying. Spose'n you try it."

"Up she goes, head or tail!" cried Timothy, as he tossed the volcano skyward.

"Laud-o-massy," exclaimed Mrs. Hayes, "she's coming down on the pan of bread that I set out on the great rock to rise!—Tim, it's strange that you can't do nothing without overdoing it."

"Down with the traitors, up with the stars," sang out Tim, elevating biddy again with something less than a pint of batter hanging to her feet.

"Good gracious me, wuss and wuss," cried Mrs. Hayes, and Tim agreed with her, for the hen had come down on the well polished tile of Esquire Bennett, who happened to be passing, and the dignified old gentleman was the father of Cynthia Bennett, the young lady with whom Tim was seriously enamored.

The Squire looked daggers, brushed off the dough with his handkerchief, and strode on in silence.

"Yes, but it's going up again," said Tim, spitefully seizing the clogging biddy and tossing her at random into the air. Biddy thought it time to manifest her individuality, and with a loud scream she darted against the parlor window, broke through, knocked down the canary cage, and landed plump in the sicken lap of Mrs. Gray, who was boarding at the farm house.

Mrs. Gray screamed with horror, and starting up, dislodged biddy, who flew at her reflection in the looking glass with an angry hiss. The glass was shattered and down came the hen, astonished beyond measure, against a vase of flowers, which upset, and in falling knocked over the stand-dish and deluged with water a pair of drab colored velvet slippers which Helen Maria was embroidering for her lover, Mr. James Henshaw.

Helen entered the room just as the mischief had been done, and viewing the ruin, she at once laid it to her brother Timothy. She heard his step behind her, and the unfortunate hen she flung full in his face.

There was a smothered oaf, and the hen came back with the force of a twenty pound shot.

Helen was mad. Her eyes were nearly put out with the feathery dust and dough, and she went at Timothy with a true feminine zeal. She broke his watchguard in a dozen pieces, crushed his ducky, and began to pull his whiskers out by the roots, when suddenly she remembered that Timothy had no whiskers to pull out by the roots.

But when she came to look closer, she perceived the man she had nearly annihilated was not Timothy, but James Henshaw.

Poor Helen burst into tears and fled into her chamber, the usual refuge for heroines; and James, after washing his face at the kitchen sink, went home sternly resolved never to marry a woman with such a temper as Helen Hayes had.

The hen, meanwhile, who is the heroine, returned to the barn to establish herself on the ruin of her nest, determined to set if the heavens fell.

Mrs. Hayes soon discovered her, and she having heard that dipping in water would cure "hoodiness," she set forth for the brook with the fowl in her apron.

Mrs. Weaver, an old lady of very quarrelsome temperament, who resided near, and was at sword's points with Mrs. Hayes, was just coming to the brook for a pail of water, and spied the yellow head of the bird preening out from Mrs. Hayes' apron.

"There!" she exclaimed, "Now I've found out what puzzled me to death nigh a week. I've found out where that yellow pullet has gone to. Mrs. Hayes, I tellers knowed you was a wicked, desecful

woman, but I didn't think you'd steal."

"Steal! me steal! Who are you talking to, Mrs. Weaver?" said Mrs. Hayes on her dignity.

"I'm talking to you, madam, that's who I'm talking to. You've stolen my hen what I got of Uncle Gillies, and paid for in sassaengers. She's a real Dorking. Give her to me right away or I will use force."

"She's my hen, and you touch her if you dare!"

"I'll show you what I dare!" yelled Mrs. Weaver, growing purple, and seizing the ill-starred fowl by the tail, she gave a wrench and the tail came out in her hand.

The sudden cessation of resistance upset Mrs. Weaver's balance, and she fell backward into the brook, spluttering the mud and astonished polliwogs in every direction.

She was a spry woman and was soon on her feet again ready to renew the assault.

"Give me my hen," she cried, thrusting her fist into Mrs. Hayes' face, "you old hag and hypocrite you!" and she made a second dive at the bird.

The hen thought it proper to show her colors, and uttering an unearthly yell, she flew out of the covert square into the face of Mrs. Weaver, which she raked down with her nails until it resembled the page of a ledger, crossed and recrossed with red ink.

Mrs. Hayes caught a stick of brushwood from the fence—Mrs. Weaver did the same, and a regular duel would probably have been fought if the bank of the creek had not suddenly gave way and precipitated both the beligerent women into the water.

They scrambled out on opposite sides, and the hen sat perched in an apple tree and cackled in triumph.

The ladies shook themselves, and by consent went home. They have not spoken since.

The hen disappeared and was not seen until three weeks afterwards, when she made her appearance with eleven nice yellow chickens. She found some other fowl's nest and had set in spite of fate.

But although not "broken up" herself she broke up two matches—for Cynthia Bennett was not at home the next time Timothy called, and Mr. Henshaw never forgave Helen for having such a temper.

OLD THINGS.

Give me old songs, those exquisite bursts of melody which thrilled the lyres of the inspired poets and minstrels of long ago. Every note has borne on the air a tale of joy and rapture, of sorrow and sadness. They tell of days gone by, and time has given them a voice that speaks to us of those who breathed those melodies; may they be mine to bear till life shall end; as "I launch my boat" upon the seas of eternity, may their echoes be wafted on my ear, to cheer me on my passage from earth to fatherland!

Give me the old paths where we have wandered and culled the flowers of friendship in the days of "Auld Lang Syne."—Sweeter far the bells whose echoes have answered to our voices, whose turf is not a stranger to our footsteps, and whose rills have in childhood's days reflected back our forms, and those of our merry playfellows from whom we have parted and meet no more in the old nooks we loved so well.—May the old paths be watered with Heaven's own dew, and be green forever in my memory!

Give me the old house upon whose stairs we seem to hear light footsteps, and under whose porch a merry laugh seems to mingle with the winds that whistle through the old elms, beneath whose branches lie the graves of those who once trod the halls and made the chambers ring with glee.

And oh, above all, give me old friends, hearts bound to mine in life's sunny hours, and a link so strong that all the storms of earth might not break it asunder; spirits congenial, whose hearts thro' life have beat in unison with my own. Oh, when death shall still this heart, I would not ask for aught more sacred to hallow my dust than the tear of an old friend.

Genius always finds its material lying ready to its hand; it never seeks it.—It does not ask, "Shall I be a hero, or an artist?" but it grasps the sword or the pencil, and has, without premeditation, conquered the world or enchanted it. But genius has, at times, displayed a variety of talents, employed different materials, spoken in several languages. Da Vinci was a painter, an architect, and a poet; Peter the Great raised a kingdom from depression, and built ships; Julius Caesar was the first of the Emperors, and is still, after the lapse of 2,000 years, the writer for youth. This is what dazzles and deceives people; they think that genius consists in many-sidedness, and forget that we may cultivate many abilities, acquire much expertness, but can never make for ourselves a genius; genius is the gift of nature. The good God has it in its own keeping, and freely bestows it on his favored children; but like all important gifts, it imposes heavy obligations on the receiver, though, at the same time, it blesses him.

"Black Stockings of all colors," were lately advertised in a country newspaper.

"I've buried my best friend" as the undertaker said when he interred the quack doctor.

A TAX ON ONE LIKES.—Attacks on one's purse.

THE BLIND PRINCESS.

The blind young Princess of—was presented to the Empress Eugenie at Solwalback a few days ago, and the utmost interest and sympathy were excited by her story. The lady is well known all over Germany; her princely domain is visited every year by crowds of strangers. The beautiful portrait by Cornelius, in one of the salons, is examined with much interest, and every one departs little dreaming that the large and soft blue eyes, seeming to look from the picture so full of sweetness and benevolence, have in life no power to return the glances of sympathy and kindness directed toward them.

The story of the Princess is perhaps the most touching romance of the nineteenth century. As a child she had been stolen from the gardens of the very chateau she now inhabits. A careless nurse, bent on her own enjoyment, had suffered her master's child to stray toward the river, and when, in answer to the frantic appeals and the search made in every direction, no signs of the infant's presence could be discovered, it was concluded that she had fallen into the river and got drowned. The despair of the mother was beyond all description; but the idea of the child's death, accepted by all besides, was rejected entirely by her. The river had been dragged, no trace had been found, and so, after a few years' time, when the death of the prince, her husband, had released her from the obligation to remain in the chateau, she gave up the domain into the hands of her brother-in-law, and set out upon a strange pilgrimage all over the continent, fully convinced that she would find, one day or other, the object of her search. The sum of money spent in the pursuit, the time, the toil, the anxiety absorbed upon every high road, need not be described. During the embassy of Prince Talleyrand she came to London, and was received by Queen Adelaide, with the utmost kindness and sympathy.

Soon afterward she went once more to the south, still bent on finding her lost child. One day, the carriage climbing slowly up the steep hills in the neighborhood of Louisiana, she was accosted by a beggar woman holding in her hand a poor blind girl for whom she was imploring alms. The girl looked gentle and sweet-tempered, resembling in no way the harsh vixen whom she called mother. The inmate of the carriage had fallen into a doze, and the woman bade the girl sing to arouse the lady. The song was a vulgar ditty belonging to the district, with no romance to insure attention, and yet it woke the lady from her trance; something in the voice reminded her of a sister lost many years before and she stopped the postillion while she questioned the girl as to her origin. The day and hour were come at last; every word uttered by the maiden confirmed the suspicion of identity.

Memory was confused—it had vanished with her sight—but by dint of threats and promises the woman was made to confess that she had purchased the girl when quite an infant from a beggar woman like herself, who owned to having deprived her of her sight in order to excite compassion.—The locality whence the child had been taken was proof sufficient of the truth. The Princess returned home with her poor blind companion, and devoted her whole life to the prospect of cure, as she had done before to that of discovery. But all attempts failed, and the mother then gave herself up entirely to the education of her helpless charge. In this she succeeded perfectly, and the Princess is considered one of the most accomplished reciters of Uhland and Schiller in all Germany. Before dying her mother reaped her reward in the marriage of her daughter with the young Prince, her nephew, and this consolation is the greatest which could be felt by her friends.

The young Princess recited with the most exquisite clearness and pathos two scenes from "Count Egmont" and "The Diver," on the visit to the Empress, while the imperial lady listened entranced, and the large tears rolled down her cheeks as she gazed on the wreck which the wickedness and cupidity of man had made of one of the most beautiful works of God's own creation.—London Paper.

SMART GIRLS.—At an examination in one of our young ladies' seminaries, the other day, the question was put to a class of little ones: "What makes the laws in our government?"

"Congress, was the ready reply.

"How is Congress divided?" was the next question; but the little girl to whom it was put failed to answer it. Another little girl in the class raised up her hand, indicating that she could answer it.

"Well," said the examiner, "Miss Sallie, what do you say the division is?"

Instantly, with an air of confidence as well as triumph, the answer came—"Civilized, half-civilized, and savage!"

A lady who had just been married three days, perceiving her husband enter, stole secretly behind him and gave him a kiss. The husband was angry and said she offended against decency!

"Pardon me," she exclaimed, "I did not know it was you."

Never lend money to a man only four feet high with the least expectation of his paying you. He is always short.

RAILWAY OVER THE ALPS.

The pass over Mount Cenis, joining the fertile fields of Savoy and Savoy, has always been the favorite of alpine passes.—Although the military route for ages, the road was in a deplorable condition till, by the enterprise of Napoleon, a substantial carriage way was constructed at an expense to the government of seven million francs. For a number of years past this road, in connection with the French and Italian railroads and the Adriatic steamers, has formed the most direct and expeditious mail route to India and the East. The slow and tedious mountain passage, originated the project of completing the missing link of railway communication by tunneling the Alps.

Whether this gigantic undertaking will ever be completed, admits of doubt. In the meantime, a company has been started with the design of accomplishing this same object by constructing a railroad over the summit of the mountain.

Mr. F. L., and English engineer, read an interesting paper on the subject before the British Association, and his statements leave no doubt as to the feasibility of the plan. Both the French and Italian governments favor the enterprise; operations have already begun, and in all probability the road will be completed by March next. From the difficulties to be overcome, the work must fairly be ranked as one of the greatest in the records of engineering. The variations of climate during the year—always an important consideration in allowing for adhesion, or bite of the driving wheels on the rail—constitute here an important element, and necessitates the employment of a third or center rail. By this means not only is the proper amount of adhesion produced, but the additional advantage is obtained of furnishing means for applying an increased amount of brake power, and also preventing all possibility of either car leaving the track.

The engines and carriages have each, in addition to the usual vertical wheels, four horizontal wheels, having flanges underlapping the center rail, connected with brake so as to grip the rails; these, in connection with the usual sets, give a brake pressure of 60 tons in an engine weighing 16 to 17 tons.

This principle of obtaining the adhesion required, in order to develop tractive force on railways, is equally applicable to an even much steeper gradient, than any found on the Mount Cenis road, and that consistently with the economical expense of mechanical power.

Lost.—In regard to colors we are far behind the ancients. None of the colors in the Egyptian paintings of thousands of years ago are not in the least faded, except the green. The Tyrian purple of the entombed city of Pompeii is as fresh to day as it was those thousand years ago.—Some of the stucco, painted ages before the Christian era, broken up and mixed, reverted to its original lustre. And yet we verify the ignorance of the dark skinned children of the ancient Egypt. The colors upon the walls of Nero's festal vault are as fresh as if painted yesterday. So is the cheek of the Egyptian prince who was contented with Solomon, and Cleopatra, at whose feet Caesar laid the riches of his empire.

And in regard to metals. The edges of the statues of the obelisks of Egypt, and of the ancient walls of Rome, are as sharp as if hewn but yesterday. And the stones still remain so closely fitted that their seams, laid with mortar, cannot be penetrated with the edge of a penknife. And their surface is exceedingly hard, so hard that when the French artists engraved two lines upon the obelisk brought from Egypt, they destroyed, in the tedious task, many of the best tools which can be manufactured. And yet these ancient monuments are traced all over with inscriptions placed upon them in olden times. This, with other facts of a striking character, prove that they were far more skilled in metals than we are. Quite recently it is recorded that when an American vessel was on the shores of Africa a son of that benighted region made from an iron hoop, a knife superior to any on board of the vessel, and another made a sword of Damascus excellence from a piece of iron.

Fiction is very old; Scott had his counterpart two thousand years ago. A story is told of a warrior who had no time to wait for the proper forging of his weapon, but seized it red hot, rode foward, but found to his surprise that the cool air had tempered his iron into an excellent steel weapon. The tempering of steel therefore which was new to us a century since, was old two thousand years ago.

Ventilation is deemed a modern art.—But this is not the fact, for aperture, unquestionably made for the purpose of ventilation, are found in the pyramid tombs of Egypt. Yet thousands of years ago the barbarous Pagans went so far as to ventilate their tombs, while we yet scarcely know how to ventilate our houses.

Get married, young woman! never pause because your suitor is not handsome. If he is good that is much better. Few handsome men are good for much, except to break wife's hearts with jealousy, and fail in business, because too much tempted to attend to it assiduously.

At a printer's festival lately, the following toast was given: "Woman—second only to the press in the dissemination of news!"

THE MITTEN.

About seventeen years ago, there was a fair girl, so pure, so lovely, so refined, than she rises to my mind, as almost akin to angels. She was wooed and ultimately won by a handsome man of considerable wealth. He sported a fine team, delighted in hunting, and kept a pack of hounds. He neither played cards, drank wine, or used tobacco. He had no occupation, no calling, no trade. He lived on his money, the interest of which would have supported a man hand somely. I never saw the fair bride till a few days ago. Seventeen years had passed away, and then her beauty and her youth her husband's fortune and his life, during the latter part of which they lived in a log cabin on the banks of the Ohio, near Blennerhassett's Island—a whole family in one single room, subsisting on water, fat bacon and corn bread. The husband had no business capacity. He was a gentleman of education, of refinement, of noble impulses; but when his money was gone he could get no employment, simply because he did not know how to do anything. For awhile he floundered about—first trying one thing then another, failure was written on them all.

He, however, finally obtained a situation, the labor was great, the compensation was small—it was that or starvation; in his heroic efforts to discharge his duties acceptably, he overworked himself and died leaving his widow and six girls in utter destitution. In seventeen years the sweet, joyous and beautiful girl had become a broken-hearted, careworn, poverty-stricken widow, with a house full of children.

Young woman! if a rich young man asks you to marry him, and has no trade or calling by which he could make a living if he were thrown upon his own resources, you may give him your respects, but give him the mitten.—Dr. Hall.

NEVER SAW A WOMAN.

"Meadow's History of the Chinese," lately published in London, in a chapter on love, has the following:

A Chinese, who had been disappointed in marriage, and had grievously suffered through women in various other ways, retired with his infant son to the peaks of a mountain range in Kweechoo, a spot quite inaccessible to little footed Chinese women. He trained the boy to worship the Gods, and stand in awe and abhorrence of the devils; but he never mentioned women to him, always descending the mountain alone to buy the food. At length, however, the infirmities of age compelled him to take the young man with him to carry the heavy bag of rice. As they were leaving the market town together the son suddenly stopped short, and, pointing to three approaching objects, cried—

"Father, what are those things? Look! look! what are they?"

"The father answered with the peremptory order—

"Turn away your head; they are devils!"

The son, in some alarm, turned away, noticing that the evil things were gazing at him from behind their fans. He walked to the mountain in silence, ate no supper, and from that day lost his appetite and was afflicted with melancholy. For some time his puzzled and anxious parent could get no satisfactory answer to his inquiries, but at length the young man burst out crying with inexplicable pain—

"Oh, father, that tallest devil! that tallest devil!"

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.—Step out into the purest air you can find; stand perfectly erect with the head and shoulders back, and then fixing the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air, not through the nostrils, but through the lips into the lungs. When the chest is about full, raise the arms, keep them extended, the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backwards, and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath till the lungs are entirely empty. This process should be repeated three or four times a day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it the glorious sense of vigor which follows this exercise. It is the best expectorant in the world. We know a gentleman, the measure of whose chest has been increased some three inches in so many months.

A Bachelor editor, sensitive as to his rights, objects to taking a wife, through fear that if she should have a baby, his contemporaries, who habitually copy without giving credit, would refuse to give him credit for the baby.

"I will not marry a woman who can't carve," said Jones. "Why not?" he was asked. "Because she would not be a help meet for me."

"Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his older brother. "Can't tell 'cept its because she has got a large comb in her head."

A man and a woman have been discovered living in a hut in the woods near Harrisburg, who wear no clothing except a garble around their loins.