

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, now 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.
JOEL R. SMITH
19-50-5m

Select Story.

THE MERCHANT'S TEST.

"Dick, I am afraid the old man has taken it into his head to send you adrift."
"Why, what can you mean, Phillip?"
"Only that he was talking very earnestly with Mr. Ogletorp as I went into his room just now, and as they ceased very discreetly on my entrance, I took the liberty of waiting outside the door till the conversation was resumed, and I heard enough to satisfy me that Ogletorp has a nephew who is about to take your place."
"What did you overhear?"
"Merely a sentence from each, Ogletorp said, 'So you think my nephew will have no difficulty in filling the place of your head clerk;' and Beale replied, 'None whatever;' and the other Clerk, Phillip Warden, has been in my establishment a long time, and can give him a little insight into our business affairs if need be." I did not wait to hear more, but that is enough, I should think."

"So it would seem," was the reply, in a tone of deep despondency.
"It is mean in the old man to discharge you, and equally strange; if it was me to whom I should not think it so odd, but he has all along seemed to think so much of you. But 'tis just like him, always doing something out of the common way."

Richard Wilkins was too sick at heart to reply. He turned to the desk and endeavored to concentrate his wandering thoughts upon his work, but in vain. The pen dropped from his fingers, and leaning his head on his hand he gave full scope to his sorrowful and indignant feelings. When the two gentlemen emerged from Mr. Beale's private room he started like one guilty of a secret crime, and snatching the pen, pretended to be all absorbed in his duties. His hurried manner, so different from his usual quiet composure, was noticed by his employer, who drew his own conclusions therefrom. Mr. Ogletorp was returning to his home in Baltimore. His friend accompanied him to the steamerboat, and on returning closely observed his two clerks as he snatched back and forth through the store. Phillip's appearance indicated nothing unusual; but Richard, though he had partially gained his customary composure, could not prevent a slight hesitancy and constraint when replying to Mr. Beale's casual remarks.

Several days after, Mr. Beale brought Richard a letter to seal and deposit in the post office as he went to dinner. At the same time he sent Phillip to a neighboring store on business, which would detain him some little time—he then returned to his private room. Left to himself, Richard gazed on the superscription of the letter, long and earnestly. "D. Ogletorp, Esq., Baltimore"—the words seemed burning into his brain. What would he not give to know the contents of the letter? Doubtless it related to the nephew that was to supplant him. Richard hesitated, turned the letter over and over. Why could he not glance into it? It was not sealed—he would betray no confidence by doing so—most of the business letters were given him to answer, and so to no one living would he reveal the contents, whatever they might be. These reflections overcame his strong repugnance to the act, and with trembling hand he opened the letter and read:

"DEAR SIR:—I wish your nephew to arrive, if possible, by Tuesday, the thirtieth, as on that day young Wilkins' year will have expired, and it is desirable that his successor should be on the spot to enter immediately on his duties.
Truly Yours,
J. BEALE.

The blood rushed to Richard's brow as he read. For an instant he forgot the consequences to himself of the threatened blow in indignation at his employer's duplicity.

Four years ago, he murmured, bitterly, at four years next Tuesday, I entered this store.
Not once since that day has he had occasion to reprove me for the slightest neglect or oversight, stern and exacting as he is. I have given no cause for complaint, and that is the end—this is my reward. I am to be discharged to make room for one of his friend's connections. I am thankful I opened the letter—now I can prepare for his treachery.

With calmness that surprised himself, the clerk sealed the letter, and dropped it in the post as he had been directed. On his way back to his employment he called at the counting room of a merchant, whom as one of Beale's acquaintances he well knew. Richard wished to make inquiries in an indirect way, for a situation that while he was striving to form some question to this end, the gentleman came to his relief, by asking if he knew any young man in need of a situation whom he could recommend to him, as he had a vacancy for a clerk. Richard eagerly offered himself. Mr. Curtis was surprised that he should wish to leave his old place, but gladly accepted him, having long admired the integrity and strict application of the young man, whose praises he had frequently heard from Mr. Beale.

The yearly income was named; it was one hundred dollars more than Richard was now receiving; and having engaged to enter on the duties of his new place on the following Tuesday, he went with a light heart to his old employment. He did not mention his intention to Mr. Beale, as the week passed without Mr. Curtis visiting the store. He hoped he had not met his employer, for

Richard had a wish that the latter should not hear how his treacherous scheme had been defeated till the last moment.

On Monday evening Richard knocked at the door of Mr. Beale's room, and in a few words as possible requested the wages due to him, as he was engaged to go to another house on the morrow.

"I have known of your engagement since Wednesday, said Mr. Beale; Mr. Curtis informed me of it. May I ask the motive of your secret, and unusual proceeding on your part? I believe I gave you no cause for so sudden a determination to quit my employment—did I?"
"No cause?" Richard repeated, bitterly.
"Oh, no, sir, no cause, of course, the clerk is only the dupe, the slave of the merchant, and has no right to complain of any conduct, however iniquitous, of which he is the victim."

"Your sarcasm is rather out of place, young man," replied Mr. Beale, coolly. I asked if I had given you any cause of offence. I know I have not; you falsely imagine that I have, and thus imagining, you have done yourself a great injury. Nay, no questions—I will tell you all. On the day that Mr. Ogletorp was here, I noticed a great alteration in your words, your whole conduct. I suspected at once that Phillip had overheard our conversation and prepared it to you, in consequence of which you were disturbed in mind. This was natural, and I was far from blaming you; but it afforded me an opportunity for a test which I had peculiar reasons for desiring to apply. I penned a brief note to Mr. Ogletorp—gave it to you to seal, and watched your proceedings from that window. I thought the temptation would prove a severe one, and that if you arose superior to it I need never have any fears concerning you. I was right, the temptation was strong—too strong for your honor and integrity to withstand. I saw you open the letter—'twas enough. I did not at all wonder when I heard of your applying for a new situation; you thought I was acting treacherously to you, and that you would outwit me."

Mr. Beale ceased, and looking fixedly at Richard whose whole countenance was suffused with blushes as the true nature of his conduct was brought thus calmly to his view. In his indignant feelings he had not till this moment thought of his dereliction of principle in opening a letter not intended for his inspection; now he was overwhelmed with shame and remorse, for he was naturally upright and ingenuous.

Mr. Beale saw his confusion, and turned to pay what there was due of Richard's salary, but first taking some papers from a secret drawer, and threw them on the table before the young man.

"All this is at an end, now," he said, but you can see how unjust your supposition was to me, how injurious to yourself, as I said awhile ago."

Richard's eyes were intently bent upon the papers. One was in the merchant's hand-writing, a notice of Richard Wilkins having been admitted as junior partner in to his old and established business firm; the others were necessary legal papers relating thereto; Richard continued gazing on them as if fascinated, till the merchant's voice broke the spell.

"Well, young man, do you understand the matter now?"
"Oh, sir," said Richard, turning his eyes imploringly on him, and then unable to repress his tortured feelings, he bent his head on the table to conceal the fast-gushing tears.

"Regret is unavailing now," said Mr. Beale, in his clear cold tones. "I had every reason to place confidence in you. During these four years I have observed your conduct closely. It was such as to satisfy me, and resolving to reward your strict integrity and faithfulness, I had decided to take you into partnership as you see by these papers, prepared nearly two months ago, and only wanting the signatures and date. My friend, Mr. Ogletorp, had frequently mentioned his nephew, whom he much desired me to employ. At his last visit I had agreed to do so. It was my intention to give you an agreeable surprise to-morrow, and, therefore, I desired to keep all my arrangements secret, fortunately as I now see, for my whim enabled me to test the strength of your principles."

"Oh, if you could only forgive me, Mr. Beale," exclaimed Richard, imploringly. "It was my first error in this regard—I am sure it will be my last."

For all answer, Mr. Beale quietly pushed the money he had counted over to Richard, and picking up the papers tore them into small fragments. The young man looked sadly at them but knowing that remonstrance or entreaty was alike unavailing in the stern man, he by a strong effort conquered his emotion, and, taking up his money, bowed his thanks and farewell to his late employer, and turned to leave the room. As he laid his hand on the door-knob, he paused and asked, in a faltering voice, if Mr. Curtis was informed of all this.

"No, I did not think it necessary to speak of it," said Mr. Beale, for I had reason to think it was your first departure from the straight road; and though all business connections between us have ceased, yet I would not injure your reputation by revealing an act which I thought you would regret. You will find Mr. Curtis a more indulgent employer than you are leaving;—your salary will be larger than it has been heretofore, so on the whole, perhaps, you are no loser, and I hope for your sake that your first error will prove your last."

Richard sadly left the store. On the

narrow he entered on the duties of his new situation. It proved agreeable, and the addition to his previous salary was of great use to him, but what could silence remorse for the act by which he had not only lost so much in a pecuniary point of view, but also sank immeasurably in his own estimation? He profited by the lesson, however. Years after he found himself in a position prosperous and enviable to that which he had forfeited in early manhood, but to his dying day he never tried to banish the humiliating but salutary recollection of his first and last deviation from the straightforward path of honor and integrity.

THE WHITE HOUSE AND ITS ASSOCIATION.

Yesterday we rode through the estate of Gen. W. H. F. Lee, son of General Robert E. Lee. This is the large tract of land known to history as the "White House." It lies south of the Papuking river, and about five thousand acres of first class land. In June, 1862, when the grand cavalry reconnaissance was made in rear of McClellan's army, a battle was fought on the farm between General Stuart's command and some Federal infantry, stationed here to guard commissary and quartermaster supplies. The Federals, in this engagement were forced to beat a hasty retreat to their gunboats, leaving many of their dead behind.

Only a small portion of this farm was under cultivation last year. Gen. W. H. F. Lee, immediately after the unfortunate termination of events, pulled off his coat, (if he had one,) rolled up his sleeves, and "pitched in" like a good fellow. Noble example! What a withering rebuke to these young men who throw away their time in fruitless searches after soft positions, such as clerkships, drummers, and so on! The owner of five thousand acres of the best land in the State, the dashing and gallant cavalry officer, the accomplished scholar, the thorough gentleman, the trained soldier, in short, the son of Robert E. Lee, is not ashamed to walk between the plow and hoes! Gen. Lee's present residence is a small cabin, recently built. It stands in a clump of trees near the river bank, about one mile below the ruins of the "White House." He has no family—having lost his wife and children during the war. Previous to the building of the cabin, the General slept out on the ground—his table, so called, is supplied with soldiers' fare.

A few chimneys, standing near the river bank, is all that is now left of the White House. Nay, not all: a thousand memories linger around those burnt chimneys—memories of the good, the brave, and the great.

Many years ago, in the good old days of knee buckles, there lived here a fair and comely widow. Possessed of personal beauty, winning manners, and rare mental accomplishments; reared in the lap of wealth, the daughter of a courtly gentleman, she was a woman well worthy to wear the matron's crown. Chief among her admirers, was a tall, fine looking young man from Westmoreland county. Nature had stamped greatness upon his countenance, while a loving mother had wafted the garland of truth around his soul. He loved the gentle widow, (could he help it?)—the gentle widow loved him, (could she help it?) How he wooed and won her in her river home; what whispered words of endearment passed from mouth to ear, as hand in hand, they walked where then the "vernal flowers purpled all the ground" but where now the ashes lie—let them old chimneys tell—no! They made love—made it, I venture, pretty much in the same foolish way young people do now. For love, after all, is to the emotional world what carbon is to the material—it never loses its identity. It is the same thing to-day that it was yesterday—it is the same thing to-day that it will be to-morrow.

George Washington loved the widow Custis—the widow Custis loved George Washington—and the old folks offering no objection, they were married "in the usual way." The burnt chimneys might say:

"We saw clouds at morning
Tinged by the rising sun;
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
'Tis thought the morning cloud was
lost
It moved so sweetly to the west"

The marriage ceremony was performed by an Episcopal minister in the St. Peter's Church. This ancient building may still be seen by the curious traveler some two miles south of the ruins of the White House. Up to the commencement of the late war, it was a neat little country chapel dedicated to the living God, where the neighboring planters had been wont for more than a century to assemble, Sabbath after Sabbath, to listen to the words of "holy writ," and sing praises to the Lord God of Israel. But during the war a set of miserable soundrels attached to the Federal army violated this holy sanctuary; defacing the walls with obscene pencil sketches, breaking to pieces the tablet whereon was inscribed the marriage of General Washington to Mrs. Custis, and so mutilating the building as to render it unfit for divine service.—Richmond Times.

A GREEK ARTICLE.—"There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten the lard."
"La, mother, it was so greasy it slipped my mud."

Sagacity of the Dog.

A gentleman of the name of M'Larin, residing in Rockingham county, N. H. a few years ago possessed a dog that was very remarkable for his sagacity. He one day told the dog to go and find a handkerchief which his child had lost in a distant field while picking berries. The dog started off with his usual alacrity, but in the course of an hour or two he returned without the handkerchief, looking as crestfallen as though he had been caught in a neighbor's sheepfold. The master cuff'd his ears sharply, and told him to go and try again, and not come back till he had found it. The dog started off again with apparent reluctance, while the master followed at a distance behind and unperceived. The dog went towards the field where the child had picked the berries, and sat down on his haunches, laid down his head, and appeared to be in a deep, brown study.

He sat in this attitude for perhaps half an hour, when he suddenly jumped up with a peculiar yell of exultation, and started for one corner of the field. Here he stopped for a moment, and then commenced trotting around the field, going about three feet from the fence the first time, about six feet the second, and thus continuing to near the middle at each succeeding circle. He went around the field about twenty times, when he jumped up into the air with a loud yell of triumph, picked up the handkerchief, and started for home.

The veracity of this narrative may be relied upon. We received it from Mr. F., a Baptist clergyman of great respectability. Now, did the dog reason mathematically? Does this go to add proof that instinct is but another name for reason?—Family Visitor.

WOMAN.—To the honor, the eternal honor of the fair sex, be it said, that in the path of duty no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible but to shrink from what love, honor, innocence and religion require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded, but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the stars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage which knows not and fears no consequences. Then she displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; that resignation which utters neither murmurs nor regrets; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious over death itself.—Judge Story.

Victoria's Five Daughters.

Queen Victoria has five daughters. The oldest is the wife of the crown Prince of Prussia. She is destined to become the future Queen of Prussia. The second, Alice, is the wife of Hesse-Darmstadt, whose principality has been lately absorbed by Prussia. The third, Helena became recently the wife of the Prince of Teck, who is a Prince without a principality. Two remain unmarried—Louise, who is in her eighteenth year and Beatrice, who is in her ninth. What is to be done with Louise, now that most of the Protestant German Princes have been ousted from their petty thrones by Prussia? There is only one Protestant Prince now available for royal conjugal purposes, and he is King George of Greece. Mr. Gladstone is consequently, to proceed to enter upon the delicate negotiation. Her proposed husband is a mere youth, who dances well, and is fond of good cigars, and is tolerably good looking. He might make an admirable clerk in a millinery store, but is altogether out of his place as the chief of the spirited Greek nation.

A young woman of 18, who presented the most remarkable instance on record of the disease called hydrocephalus, has recently died in New York. Her head was thirty-seven inches in circumference, and twenty seven over the vertex, from one ear to the other; while her body was little more than a skeleton. Her mother had steadfastly refused the most tempting offers of money. Mr. Brown offered \$25,000 to have her afflicted child exhibited to the public, and now refuses, on any terms, to have the remains preserved in the interest of science.

Artemus says in "His Book": "A female woman is one of the greatest institutions of which the land can boast. It's impossible to get along without her. She is good in sickness—good in well-being—good all the time. O, woman, woman! You are an angel, when you behave yourself; but when you take up your proper apparel, and (metaphorically speaking) get into panty-ions, and undertake to play the MAN, you play the DEVIL and are an emphatic nuisance."

A young Englishman, who has been eked out a wretched existence in New York City by begging from door to door, and sleeping on the City Hall steps, or among the docks, was a few days since informed of the death of a titled relative in the old country, by which he is left heir to nearly \$50,000.

An anti-himeneal punster says that the recriminations of married people resemble the sounds of the waves on the seashore—being the murmurs of the tied.

BRITISH SOVEREIGNS.

We republish the following, as a smooth set of rhyme by which any one possessing an ordinary memory may fix in mind the order of succession of the various sovereigns of England:

First William the Norman;
Then William, his son
Henry, Stephen and Henry;
Then Richard and John.
Next Henry, the third;
Edwards, one, two, and three;
And again after Richard,
Three Henry's we see
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess;
Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
Then Charles whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell,
Another Charles too;
Next James the second
Ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary
Together came on,
Till Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all past,
God sent us Victoria,
May she long be the last!

Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no crime can destroy, no enemy can alienate, no despotism enslave. At home, a friend; abroad an introduction; in solitude, a solace;—and in society an ornament. It chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once grace and government to genius; without it, what is man? A splendid slave; a reasoning savage.

A gentleman who was induced to listen to Miss Dickinson, was asked on coming out, what he thought of the lecture! "Think!" said he, "I think Daniel Webster died at the right time! and before a corrupted public opinion was willing to receive its interpretation of constitutional law from the lips of an old maid."

A spread-eagle orator of New York State wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every town and county, to every village and hamlet in the broad land; but he wiled when a naughty boy in the crowd sung out, "dry up you old fool; you'd get shot for a goose before you flew a mile."

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obstinate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by."

"Yes, many a poor fellow has been shaved by them," the wretch replied.

"The little darling! he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby a purpose, did he? It was a mere accident, wasn't it dear?"
"Yes, ma, to be sure it was, and if he don't believe himself, I'll crack him again."

Whenever, says an exchange, a southern darkey gets killed in the operation of plundering a smoke house or dwelling, or gets squelched by Judge Lynch for the crimes of rape or murder, then the distinction newspapers at once cry out—"Another Unionist murdered by the rebels!"

Two things are shilly shally'd most of our own countrymen (Y's) however.—Principles and talk about it's being difficult to do it type but we don't experience much difficulty Y's.

A quaint writer says, "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away;—afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset; afraid to walk, for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to be married, which is far more riskful than all three put together."

Rev. Edward H. Hudson, a well-known Methodist minister at Palmyra, Ill., eloped last week with a widow named McCullough, Hudson took two of his children with him, leaving his wife and a child in his desolate home.

Mr. Tony Lankoff and Miss Agnes Kreipt, were married a week ago, at Newport, Kentucky, and three days after both bridegroom and the bride were robbed in their wedding clothes, and buried in the same grave. No explanation of the cause of their sudden death is given.

MAKING THE DONKEY GO.—You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country schoolmaster to a little boy eight years old; "you are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure him of his stupidity?"
"Why, they feed him more and kick him less," said the urchin.

A PROBLEM.—If as the poet says, "beauty draws us with a single hair," then what—O! tell us what—must be the effect of a modern waterfall?

Three things that never agree—two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house and two lovers after one young lady.

A student once asked, "can virtue, fortitude and gratitude, dwell with that man who is a stranger to rectitude?"