

# 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, NOV. 21, 1866 VOL. 6 NO. 16.

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## The Buehler House,

HARRISBURG, PENNA.

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.

**WALL'S HOTEL, LAKE 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. Tunkhanonk, 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 apply 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.

**D. B. BARTLET, PROPRIETOR.**

(Late of "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.

W. B. CLARK, M. GILMAN, A. C. KEENEY, S. LICHENEY.

## M. GILMAN, DENTIST.

M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunkhanonk, Pa. and respectfully tender his professional services to the citizens of this pleasant 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 to the citizens of Tunkhanonk and vicinity.

Those wishing to get fitted will find his shop the place to get them.

J. R. SMITH. No. 55-56

## DREAMS:

WHAT angel guests to weary slumber came In the still hours of sleep— What words of comfort from the Father's home Sent unto those who weep!

This in my dreams and weight of care, Its heavy with grief hedged up, In dreams this pleasant fancy came to bear Sweets for the bitter cup.

When Autumn clouds were dark and winds blew chill, Over a barren land, I walked in gloom, beset with forms of ill, No help on either hand.

Thus moving on, my path at last came near Where lay the silent dead, And shuddering I followed, sick with fear, The hand that thither led.

But when I entered, sudden, all was o'er Of Wint'ry cold and gloom— The dreary winds the bare, brown earth no more— But Summer's light and bloom,

On the low graves with richest verdure green, A thousand blossoms grew, So fair, so fragrant, so in realms of dream Met never mortal view.

While the bright sunshine kissed my tears away, And perfumes filled the air, Friends came each bearing bud or flower, or spray, Most unreluctantly fair.

For many a day I kept within my mind The beauty of that dream, And with half faith amused myself to find What might its meaning be.

Even so, methought, God makes the woes of life, Bright with immortal flowers.

Now hath my heart in sorrow learned to sing, Where dead its pleasure lies, The growth of patient hope, and love shall spring— And forth that never dies.

## Select Story.

### A FATHER-IN-LAW IN SPIKE OF HIMSELF.

A London correspondent writes the following:—

A good sell is related of a wealthy banker here, who is very good natured, but inclined to be a trifle fast in his views of life. Had a favorite clerk, a young man of about twenty one, and remarkably handsome, modest and highly intellectual. For these qualities he was liked by every one, and the banker did not escape the general feeling of good will. He was as poor as his salary and had no connections to push him after fortune, and so, like most English clerks, he would rise to one hundred and ten pounds a year, go on for eight year at ten pounds a year, rise, and marry when he gets two hundred pound a year, henceforth to vegetate and find that the additional ten pounds a year only kept pace with the additional babes in the house hold.

The banker, on Sunday afternoon, when no one was expected, would occasionally ask the young man to visit his family at his suburban villa; as the conversation of the young man was so correct and clever, it could not but be of advantage to his children. This was a mistake, evidently, but it was a good natured error, but we can only wish, all of us, that there were more committed. I have not mentioned that there was a beautiful young daughter of nineteen summers, but that may always be understood in an English family that have known wedded life long enough. But there were of course, no attention on the part of the young man other than extremely delicate, reserved and proper. This will most Americans well know. Don't be after this. The youth, in spite of two or three years' invitation to the banker's country seat, to breathe fresh air and clear his lungs of London-smoke, was evidently very ill, and though he declared himself well and robust the banker shook his head.

"I cannot make out what is the matter with your young clerk," said the banker to a co-freemason who was in the back office with him, after the youth who had just brought in some papers.

"Well, you are green I should say, for a man of your time of life and experience," said the banker number two. "Don't you see what the matter? He is in love."

"In love! Bah! He is modest and properly itself."

"I tell you it is a fact, and with a rich old fellow's daughter who would no more think of having him for a son-in-law than you would yourself."

"Oh, the haughty old fool, my clerk is as good as his daughter, and he hanged to him. Thank you for the hint."

"As soon as the banker number two had gone, the clerk was called in.

"So, sir, you are in love and pining away for the object of your affection— that is the secret, is it? Why did you not tell me before, sir?"

The youth was silent.

"Well, my boy, I advise you; but I will give you a word of advice. If the daughter is fair, she is worth making a risk too.— Look here! there are \$2,500 and two months' leave of absence. Run away with the girl. Bah! don't look so stupid. I did the same before you, and in didn't hurt me."

The clerk fell upon his marrow-bones, and was upon the point of making a full breast of it, when the old man rose and left precipitately, to avoid the scene. The young man considered and acted, and the consequence was that the next day week there was no young daughter at the dinner table of the banker at the country house.— The house was in consternation, and a search was made for her in all directions. A note, however, was found on her dressing table, conveying the customary prayer of forgiveness, and one enclosed from the young clerk, stating that believing the banker had meant to give him a hint in regard to his daughter, and was not able to give this consent owing to appearance, he had acted on the suggestion, and that ere his "father-in-law" had received the letter he would be his son-in-law. The pill was a bitter one, and the joke a terrible one against him, so it was hushed up, and has only got to the ears of the peevishers of scandal and to your correspondent, who reports it as a trait of London life.

## SIMPLICITY OF TRUTH.

I witnessed a short time ago, in one of our high courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth.

A little girl nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to understand if you know the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There your honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "Is anything necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? The witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the Judge come here my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the Judge, the child stepped towards him and looked confidently up in his face with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the Judge.

The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "No, sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I don't mean that," said the Judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

He handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know that book my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes sir it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir— every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?"

"It is the Word of the Great God," she answered.

"Well place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say," and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the Judge, "you have been sworn as a witness— will you tell me what will testify you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State prison," answered the child.

"Anything else," asked the Judge.

"I shall never go to Heaven."

"How do you know?" asked the Judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"I understood that," she said before I could read.

"Has any one talked to you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the Judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied; "my mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me into her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment and that God would hear every word I said."

"Do you believe this?" said the Judge, with a tear glistening in his eye and his lips quivering with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the Judge, you have a good mother. His witness is competent, he continued. Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charges against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this.

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross examined. The counsel plied with intricate and ingenious questioning, but she varied from the first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that child was sublime. Falseness and perjury preceded her testimony. The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies, until he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured a sham defence, but before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainy in pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that the mother had prayed for was given her and the sublime and terrible simplicity (terrible, I mean, to the prisoner and his perjured associates,) with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.

## GENERAL BUTLER THE PRESIDENTIAL IMPEACHER.

In the course of a speech made at his home in Toledo, General Steedman gave the following sketch of Ben. Butler:

"I know that this distinguished Massachusetts General, Benjamin F. Butler— (laughter)—says he is going to march from Massachusetts to Washington with his militia. Well, now he didn't hurt anybody during the war, and I have no doubt that he will hurt anybody now. (Laughter) If he marches, and there is any fighting going on, I will warrant you he will march in the rear of the column. I have searched that gentleman's military record in vain to find a place where he led a column. He never did lead it anywhere. Perhaps he thinks he didn't make any reputation in the last war, it is necessary for him to get up another one in order to redeem himself." (Laughter.) No doubt General Butler had a good many fierce people to deal with during the war; no doubt he was provoked a good deal during his administration in New Orleans, and gaged to say a great many things that do not look well on paper. I do not like to comment upon anything done by a Union general, but I am bound to say now that, throughout the war, that he was remarkable only for his severity on women and children.— (Cries of "spoons.") He was fierce to fleshless people. That required no courage. People who were within our lines, and whose protectors were gone— he was very harsh to them. It is true that protectors had no right to go, and they deserved, perhaps, all they got; but no brave man would take an advantage of that kind against women and children, and General Butler is the only man that ever did it.

CONGRESSMEN DRAW PAINS OF HIM.

The nomination and support of Mr. Dawes for Congress in one district, and General Butler in another, by the Radicals of Massachusetts, recalls this incident to the Hartford times:

Dr. Dawes made a report to the Thirty-sixth Congress, chairman of a very important committee, in the report he (a republican) arraigned this Ben. Butler. He showed by direct proof that Butler had proposed to a gentleman of Massachusetts, a bidder for a large government contract for army caps, to charge one price to him for the caps, and another to the government. The report showed that Mr. Strong, the bidder for the contract, being slow to understand the nature of the general's advances, was thus addressed by Butler: to cut the matter short we are to charge the government that price, and divide the balance between us. Mr. Strong replied that he would have nothing to do with such a robbery, and left the general, who immediately afterwards succeeded in giving the contract to a brother republican of less troublesome scruples of conscience.

Men are deserted in adversity. When the sun sets our very shadows refuse to follow us.

NOT SO LUCKY.—Two persons who had not seen each other for some time met accidentally, and one asked the other how he did. The other replied he was very well, and had married since they last met a better.

That is good news, indeed, said the first.

"Nay," replied the other, not so very good, either, for I married a shrew."

"That is bad."

"Not so very bad, either, for I had fifteen thousand dollars with her."

"That makes it all well again."

"Not so well as you think, for I laid out the money on a flock of sheep, and they died of the rot."

"That was hard, truly."

"Not so hard, either, for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost me."

"You were lucky at any rate."

"Not so lucky as you think, I bought a house with the money, and the house was burned down un-sured."

"That, indeed, must be a great loss."

"Not so great a loss, I assure you, for my wive was burnt with it."

A hard shell preacher wound up a flaming sermon, thus:

"My brethren and sisters! if a man's full of religion you can't hurt him! There was the three Arabian children; they put 'em in the fiery furnace hotted seven times hotter than it could be hot, and it didn't swing a hair on their heads. And there was John the Evangelist; they put him— and where do you think, brethren and sisters, they put him? Why they put him into a caldron of bile, and bill him all night, and didn't friz his shell!"

And there, was Daniel! They put him into a lion's den—and what, my fellow travellers and respected auditors, do you think he was put into the lion's den for? Why, for praying three times a day. Don't be alarmed, brethren and sisters— don't think any of you will ever get into a lion's den."

Whenever you see a couple sit at the table of a hotel, and try to attract attention by finding fault with every dish that is brought them, it is a sign that they dine on codfish and salt beef at home.

The key to a mother's heart is the baby. Keep that well oiled with praise, and you can unlock all the pantries in the house.

Look out, less by endorsing the character of others you lose your own.

DRUNK AS TO THE LEGS.—Robert Wilson was before Justice Miliken of Chicago, last week, charged with intoxication. He pleaded, "half guilty," stating that he could drink a good deal and be perfectly sensible. His head always remained clear, but his knees went off too freely, and he became drunk below his hips. The officer found him on the door-step, at an early hour in the morning. Leaning back a little he was striking at his legs, and was abusing them in the fiercest manner for their loss and contemptible conduct. "I have lived with you for nearly thirty years; I have fed and clothed you; I have got you good and nice pantaloons and comfortable drawers. And now, at this hour of the night, when it is wet, and I want to go home, you go back on me, and leave me here in this place. Now, aren't you ashamed of yourselves—a pretty pair you are!"

"In a time on me, you are going to treat you differently. I believe, I'll begin now, confound you—you shall have a wetting!"

"I'll tell you, you shall take off his pantaloons, but the scandalous officer arrested him. He was fined three dollars and departed in rousing vengeance against his extremities.

TWO OF 'EM.—A young fellow whose better half had just presented him with a pair of bouncing twins, attended church one Sunday. During the discourse, the clergyman looked right at our innocent friend and said, in a tone of thrilling eloquence, "Young man, you have an important responsibility upon you." The newly fledged dad, supposing that the preacher alluded to his peculiar home event, considerably startled the audience by exclaiming, "Yes I have two of them."

An amusing story is told of Brigham's youngest daughter, Fannie, who don't appear to go a cent on polygamy,— upon being strongly pressed to give herself to a wealthy friend and son-in-law of Brigham's, both by him and her father and on various grounds, she said that it was positively necessary she would consent on the condition that she should have as many husbands as her liege lord has wives. We guess they did not push that suit any further.

A young and pretty lady, riding in her cars was observed to have a piece of court plaster on her lip. When the car emerged from a covered bridge into the light, it was discovered to have disappeared, but was detected clinging to the top of the young man who sat on the seat with her. They both looked as innocent as if they "hadn't been doing nothing."

THAT'S IT.—We once heard a very rich man who was badly injured, by being run over, "It isn't the accident," said he, "that I mind; that isn't the thing; but the idea of being run over by an old swill cart makes me mad."

A man in Randolph county, Indiana, supports eight sets of children—one set by his present wife, three by former wives, and one set belonging to the husband of one of his former wives by a previous wife—eighteen children in all. That man is certainly entitled to the sympathy of the community.

In Massachusetts there is a place called Strawberry, where Mr. Mehemiah Blackberry, married Miss Susan Elderberry, a niece of Daniel Pussberry. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Cranberry at the house of Mr. Huckleberry.

While Webster was Secretary of State he was present at a ball when a top said to him, "Don't you dance, Mr. Webster?" "I never saw you dancing." "No," said Mr. Webster, "I never had the capacity to learn how, sir."

MONKY.—Men work for it, fight for it, beg for it, starve for it, steal for it, and die for it. And all the while, from the cradle to the grave, nature and God are thundering into our ears the solemn question— What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? His modesty for money is the strongest and lowest of the passions: it is the insatiable Moloch of the humane heart, before whose remorseless altar all the finer attributes of humanity are sacrificed. It makes man a disciple of all that is sacred in human alertness; and even traffics in the awful solemnities of eternity.

I say, friend your horse is a little contrary, is he not? Oh, sir! What makes him stop then? No, he's afraid somebody will say whoa, and he shan't hear it.

June O. Swiss-helm writes a letter to the Pittsburg Gazette. She advocates fire and sword as the mildest remedy for our national grievances. If June and Parson Brownlow could only hatch teams and make a professional tour, they would not be much alarmed on the fire sword business from the people before whom they would appear. They are both ugly as mortal sin, and just as bad.

From every quarter comes the word that the Radicals in the late election scattered money in every direction with astonishing profusion. This money in some way is wrung from the industry and enterprise of the country.