

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEYSICKLER, Proprietor

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

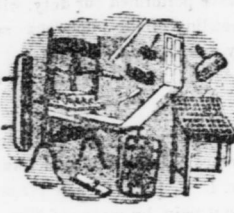
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NEW SERIES.

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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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HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no effort to render the house an agreeable place of sojourn to all who may favor it with their custom.
Wm. H. CORTRIGHT.
June, 3rd, 1863

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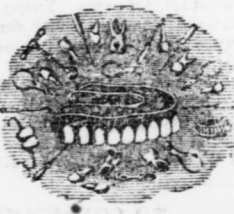
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M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.
ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION.
Office over Tuttle's Law Office near the Post 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 fits will find his shop the one to get them.
JOEL R. SMITH

THE BEST FUN.

"Now, boys, I'll tell you how we can have some fun," said Freddie B., to his companions, who had assembled on a beautiful moonlight evening, for sliding, snow-balling, and fun generally.

"How?" "Where?" "What is it?"—asked several eager voices all at once.

"I heard widow M.—told a man a little while ago," replied Freddie, "that she would go over and sit up with a sick child to-night. She said she would be over about eight o'clock. Now, as soon as she is gone, let's go and make a big snow man on her door step, so that when she comes back in the morning, she cannot get into her house, without first knocking him over."

"Capital," "First-rate," "Hoora," shouted some of the boys.

"See here," said Charlie N.—"I'll tell you the best fun."

"What is it?" again inquired several voices all at once.

"Wait awhile," said Charlie, "Who's got a wood saw?"

"I have," "So have I," "and I," answered three of the boys. "But what in the world do you want a wood-saw for?"

"You shall see," replied Charlie. "It is almost eight o'clock now, so go and get your saws. You, Freddie and Nathan, get each an axe and I will get a shovel. Let us all be back here in fifteen minutes, and then I'll show you the fun."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering what the fun could be, and what possible use could be made of wood-saws and axes in their play.

But Charlie was not only a great favorite with them all, but also an acknowledged leader, and they fully believed in him and his promise. Their curiosity gave elasticity to their steps, and they were soon assembled.

"Now," said Charlie, "Mrs. M.—is gone for I met her when I was coming back, so let's be off at once."

"But what are you going to do?" inquired several impatient members of the party.

"You shall see directly," replied the leader, as they approached the humble residence of Mrs. M.—

"Now, boys," said Charlie, "you see that pile of wood; a man hauled it here this afternoon, and I heard Mrs. M.—tell him unless she got some one to saw it to night, she should have hardly anything to make a fire of in the morning. Now we can saw and split that pile of wood just as easy as we could build a great snow man, and when Mrs. M.—comes home from her watching, she will be full as much surprised to find her wood sawed, as she would to find a snow man on her doorstep, and a great deal more pleasantly surprised, too. What say you? Will you do it?"

One or two of the boys rather demurred at first. They didn't like to saw wood, they said. But the majority were in favor of Charlie's project, so they finally joined in, and went to work with a will.

"I'll go around to the back of the shed," said Charlie, "and crawl through the window and unfasten the door. Then we'll take turns in sawing, splitting and carrying to wood; and I want to pile it up real nice, and to shovel all the snow away from the door; and a good wide path, too from the door to the street—won't it be fun, when she comes home and sees it?"

The boys began to appreciate the fun, for they felt that they were doing a good deed, and individually experienced that self-satisfaction and joy which always results from well doing.

It was not a long or wearisome job for seven robust and healthy boys, to saw, split and pile up the poor widow's half cord of wood, and to shovel a good path. And when it was done, so great was their pleasure and satisfaction, that one of the boys who objected to work at first proposed that they should go to a neighboring carpenter's shop, where a plenty of shavings could be had for the carrying away—and each bring an armful of kindling wood. The proposition was readily acceded to, and this done, they repaired to their several homes, all of them more than satisfied with the "fun" of the evening. And next morning, when the weary widow returned from watching by the sick bed, and saw what was done, she was pleasantly surprised; and afterwards, witnessed the labors of the boys, told how it was done, her fervent invocation—"God bless the boys," of itself, if they could but have heard it, was an abundant reward for their labors.

Ah, boys and girls, the best fun is always found in doing something that is kind and useful. This is the deliberate opinion of a gray-headed old man; but if you doubt it in the least, just try it for yourself, and be convinced.

An extensive business is carried on in England hunting up portraits for Americans in order to make galleries of ancestors.

A father may transmit a sound and healthy constitution to his son, and the latter destroy it by vicious excesses. Our revolutionary fathers bequeathed to us the best constitution in the world, and we are shattering it as recklessly as a miserable profligate shatters his own.

An excited father called in great haste on Dr. Abernathy, and exclaimed in an excited manner, "Doctor! doctor! my boy has swallowed a mouse!" "Then go home," quietly replied the doctor, "and tell him to swallow a cat!"

ANSWER TO A "CALL."

The following answer substantially with names omitted, was returned to a "call" extended as a Home Missionary Agent to a young minister to "settle" in the interior of one of the Western States:

"DEAR BROTHER:—Allow me to group a few objections against going to—

I speak by the card.

"1. You know that state is considered the worst in the Union, that country the worst in the state, that town the worst in country, and that neighborhood has the worst set of men in town. One man there is 'such a son of Belial that a man cannot speak to him.' (I Sam. 25: 17).—He is considered, however, the best man in town. The prophet Samuel had also the advantage in his day in that Nabal had a good wife; but this man's wife is worse than himself. 'The Lord also smote Nabal that he died,' but this man and his wife are still alive. You are right when you call it 'rather a tough country, but the grandest kind of a mission field.'"

"2. The mud is from three to five feet deep, an alluvial deposit of that depth lying upon a substratum of clay impervious to water. This under stream of clay, however, is the only salvation of the country, preventing from sinking and sinking below it. All travelling done on horseback; but my horse is not long-legged enough to touch the under stratum. The tradition is, that when the Creator finished cementing the world, He threw an extra hodful of mortar down in this country."

"3. Mosquitoes are of the mammoth kind, generally termed gallinippers. Many of them will weigh a pound, and they climb up on the trees and bark."

4. Fever and ague indigenous. Country flat, and streams run both ways. Ague-shakes even the bark off from all except gum-trees. Few have ever crawled out of that sixteen miles swamp alive, and they were shaken out by the chills."

"5. The inhabitants are not as loving as cooing doves. The last commandment, 'that ye love another,' probably has not reached them, as they live so far in land. Indeed it is the Kilkenny cats over again. You know the cats fought all night, when nothing could be found but a cloud of fur at the tip of Norval's tail. So Norval beat. Well a cloud of fur has rested over this district a score of years. Bobtails of no account."

"6. That salary of \$300 (maximum) must be a mistake, as that is a larger sum of money than was ever heard of in the country."

"There is one advantage, however, to be mentioned in this connection. Pastors in this district have generally been 'settled' for life. The longevity, however, has not been remarkable."

"All things considered, I think I'd better decline the call, hoping that the successful candidate may make his 'will' before he 'settles.' He might get his life insured had not all the life insurance companies abandoned that part of the country."

"It is fortunate that 'the church has no man in view'—I mean for the man!"

THE HUMBUG ABOUT THE "CONFEDERATE DEBT."—The Jacobins are trying very hard to make capital out of the "Confederate Debt." There is no such thing in existence as a Confederate Debt! The bonds issued by the so-called Confederacy were made payable after the independence of the Government was acknowledged. As the Confederacy never was acknowledged, there is no debt. Besides, the Southern States have expressly repudiated all debts contracted in aid of the rebellion. The talk about the "Rebel Debt" is, therefore, a bugbear intended to deceive the people.

The people of Northern Georgia are still unable to talk of anything but the gold deposits. The Atlanta Intelligencer says it saw a pan of dirt so rich that it is calculated it would yield five hundred dollars to the ton. The Kentucky Silver and Lead Company is also doing finely. The mine near Russell's cave produces lead and silver in considerable quantities. Some of the lead are available for the manufacture of white lead.

JANE SWISSELM, who was formerly a Government clerk, was an ugly tongue. She calls the President "the madman," who, by the wrath of God and folly of the Republican party, now holds the capital of this nation." Jane must be first cousin to Forney and Bergner.

HINDOO LOOM—Nothing can be more rude, or in appearance, less calculated for delicate manufacture, than the loom of the Hindoo weaver, which he sets up in the morning under a tree, before his door, and takes down at sunset. It consists merely of two rollers, resting on four stakes driven into the ground, and sticks which cross the warp. These are supported at each end, the one cross ties to the tree, under the shade of which the loom is erected; and the other by two cords fastened to the foot of the weaver; thus enable him to separate the threads of the warp, for the purpose of crossing it with the wool.

For the greater convenience, he digs a hole in the ground to put his legs in. He uses a piece of wood or stick, or almost anything that comes to hand, for a shuttle; and yet with such rude instruments as these, the Hindoo weaver produces stuff so fine, that when spread on the grass, they intercept none of its colors.

SAYINGS OF JOSH BILLINGS.

I like them kind of boys who are always trying to lift a half a ton.

The author has every thing to gain, the critic has nothing to lose; hence the timidity of the one, and the brass-kittleness of the other.

Let the world understand that you can be spit upon, and you are a spit-box for life.

It ain't the hump on a man's back that is the subject of ridicule, it is the wreath of flowers which he undertakes to hide it with.

If fools would be contented to be contented, they wouldn't be noticed.

Honesty makes reputashun, and honour preserves it.

My idea of a delightful woman is, one who seems to love everybody, but in fact only loves her husband.

Adam probably was never more tickled when you call it "rather a tough country, but the grandest kind of a mission field."

It costs more now to daze a fellow and clothe "et cetera" than enny other fellow in the family.

Conscience is nothing but reason, more or less educated; conscience is not so strong a natural gift as an ear for music.

There is now and then a lion puts on a jackass skin, and for who he does it, who knows?

Looking glasses won't lie, but they tell sum awful plain truths, now and then.

A dog is the only dependent that I know of upon whom you can always rely as a friend.

There is no one who is so certain of always feeling good as he whose own vanity always supplies him with a gist.

If you are going to help a man, be lively about it, promised assistance, after awhile is considered, a debt.

Friendship is like pickled meats; few keep it sweet, the brine wants changing once in awhile.

The only way to make mankind happy is to make them better.

Don't never predict much for if you get it right, nobody will remember it; and if you get it wrong, nobody will disremember it.

Sum people are very apt to think that their opinion, backed up by a pair of horses and a coachman, is omnipotence, but I have, thus far, put more hard confidence in brains, than I have in horse feed.

Don't forget that every man is a beggar, in the opinion of the Lord—"Giv us this day our daily bread."

This trying to live on the reputashun of a dead grandfather, is just about as enterprising as trying to hatch out rotten eggs under a tin weather cock.

Mankind won't watch excuse for pitching into the unfortunate.

No man is fit to live in solitude, unless he is as pure as the things that surround him.

Curiosity is the basis of all improvement, but there is a grate deal of curiosity that is satisfied in reading the signs over the stones.

How many people there is in this world whose characters are anonymous.

Two Dutchmen, who had built and used in common a small bridge over a stream which crossed their farms, had a dispute concerning some repairs which it required, and one of them positively refused to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of a few planks. Finally the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and placing ten dollars in his hand, said:

"I'll give you all dish moneys, if you'll make Hans do justice mit de bridge."

"How much will it cost to repair it?" asked the lawyer.

"Not more as five tollar," replied the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and giving him the other; "take this and go get the bridge repaired; 'tis the best course you can take."

"Y-a-a-s," replied the Dutchman slowly, "y-a-a-s, dat is better as to quarrel mit Hans," but as he went along home he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, to see quite clearly how he had gained anything by going to law.

REWARD OF FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, when sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves, who has studied your interests and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy, especially in his time of adversity.

"Allow me," said a host, in his most persuasive tones, to a friend dining with him, "allow me to help you to a piece of Washington pie."

"Sir," replied the gentleman oratorically, waving his napkin, "George Washington was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. I admire him for his purity, his piety, and his patriotism, but I detest his pies."

WHAT WORKMEN MAY BECOME.—It is

not given to all to be masters of song, like Burns; of art like Palissy or Gibson; of engineering skill, like Stephenson; of critical acumen, like Ferguson or the elder Herschel; yet these at first were all poor or working men, who gained their education by their own effort—who did battle with pinching poverty, lack of educational means, prejudice of class, and all those lions which stand in the way of men of weaker mold.

All cannot be field marshals in the army of life, but somewhat lower, yet very honorable grades have been attained by men once in the ranks, who while never for a moment despising the labor for which they gained honest bread, were disposed to consider that working, eating and sleeping are all that is worth living for. Their daily labor, honestly and intelligently performed, they felt themselves to be free citizens of the empire of thought in which true men take rank according to what they essentially are, quite independently of the conditions of their life.

When the sun shines it shines for all, lord and laborer; and the precious instincts which make men believe in good and beautiful things treasure up and nourish the suggestions of universal nature, and cultivate the talents intrusted to their care, are bestowed as impartially as the sunshine. Look into my biographical dictionary, and you will see how little the circumstances of early life have been able to impede the careers of really great men. Real mental energy soon masters him, and makes them each subservient to its will.

Our little four-year old Carrie went with her aunt to a revival meeting.—The preacher was very earnest in his delivery, and she was very much interested. "Mother," said she, when she came home, "I have heard such a smart minister—he stamped and pounded and made such a noise! and by-and-by he got so mad he came out the pulpit and shook his fists at the folks, and there wasn't anybody dared to go up and fight him!"

A FIT PAIR.—A dandy is a thing in pantaloons—with a body and two arms, head without brains, tight boots, a cane white handkerchief, two brooches, and a ring on his little finger. A coquette is a young lady with more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, with more charms of person than grace of mind, more admirers than friends, and more fools than wise men for her attendants.

It is stated that Commodore Vanderbilt intends to retire from active business as soon as he obtains a competence. His estate is now estimated at only \$50,000,000.

A woman will tolerate tobacco smoke in a man she likes, and even say she likes it; and yet, curiously enough, how she dislikes it in a man she dislikes.

Sir, I am a doctor—I have cured pain in the head of navigators and have drawn teeth from the mouth of the Mississippi; I have anatomized the side of a mountain, blistered the foot of a hill, felt the pulse of an arm of the sea, plastered a cut on the hand of nature and cured a felon on the finger of scorn.

TEMPERANCE MAN.—"Mister, your sign has fallen down!" cried a temperance man so a grog-shop keeper, before whose door a drunken man was prostrate. We do not know whether this temperance man was the same into whose store a customer reeled, exclaiming, "Mr., do you—keep a—ny—thing—good to take here?" "Yes, we have excellent cold water—the best thing in the world to take." "Well, I know it," was the reply: "there's no one—thing—that's done so much for—navigation—as that."

SALT YOUR CHIMNEYS.—In building a chimney, put a quantity of salt into the mortar with which the intercourses of brick are to be laid. The effect will be that there will never be any accumulation of soot in that chimney. The philosophy is thus stated: The salt in the portion of mortar which is exposed, absorbs moisture every damp day. The soot thus becoming damp falls down the fire place. Our readers should remember or preserve this little piece of valuable information.

Remove every stone from the track in the highway. A single projection, which might have been removed in one minute, has bettered and injured a thousand wagons, at a damage equal to a hundred days' labor.

A young lady told a typo friend he might print a kiss on her cheek but he mustn't publish it.

"I bequeath," said an Irishman, in his will, "to my beloved wife, all my property, without reserve, and to my eldest son Patrick, one-half the remainder, and to Dennis, my youngest, the rest. If anything is left it may go to Terrace McCarty."

At Columbus, Ohio, recently a man was murdered by a rival who way-laid him on his return from a visit to his intended.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Time wears slippers of list, and his tread is nois less. The days come softly dawning; one after another they creep in at the windows; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips as they pant for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen for it; till, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for his own.

Dr Johnson, being once in company with some scandal-mongers, one of them having accused an absent friend of resorting to *rouge*, he observed, "It is, perhaps, after all, much better for a lady to redden her own cheeks than to blacken other people's characters." Both styles of painting are much in vogue now-a-days.

He that contemns a shrew to the degree of not descending to word it with her, does worse than beat her.

Accorss, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that indeed he began it late, but he could therefore master it the sooner.

Cleanliness is next to godliness! Dirty people who pretend to be Christians will please make a note of this.

It is not enough that you are repaid by the good; you have failed somewhere in your duty if you are not cursed by the bad.

No person should give advice that he is not willing to follow himself; practice what you preach.

Every man or woman has just as much vanity as he or she wants understanding.

LEE'S ROCK.

The grounds comprising the Antietam Cemetery, Sharpsburg, Maryland, was the spot occupied by General Lee and his staff during the battle of Antietam, and a rock protruding about three feet above the surface has been pointed out to all visitors as the one on which Gen. Lee stood and viewed the progress of the battle. It was from this rock that he issued his orders.—Those who took part in the battle usually take their position upon this rock to point to their friends the farm house to the left in which Gen. McClellan had his headquarters, the Burnside Bridge to the right, and Reno's Mountain in the distance on the apex of which the gallant general of that name fell mortally wounded early in the battle. In short, all the points of interest are specially visible from "Lee's Rock."

At the meeting of the Board of Commissioners representing a few of the States held at Sharpsburg last spring, a vote was taken on the question of leaving Lee's Rock stand, when it was by a close vote, decided to have it blown up and removed. At a meeting on Thursday evening last, held in this city, on motion of the Commissioners from West Virginia, seconded by New York, the order to destroy the rock was rescinded that it should remain. The majority, in thus deciding, considered Lee's Rock a historical mark of the battle field, that must always prove of interest, especially to the visitor from a distance, who, for the first time, views the field of this most sanguinary battle.—Baltimore American.

After Dinner speech.

Fraser's Magazine tells the following of Hon. Daniel Webster, while speaking under the influence of convivial potations:

"At a public dinner, where Webster was to speak, he had been prompted by a friend, and on his making a pause, the friend behind insinuated 'National Debt' Webster at once fired up: 'And, gentlemen, there's the National Debt—it should be paid; and if it shan't be, I'll pay it myself! How much is it?' And as he made this query, with drunken seriousness, of a gentleman near him taking out his pocket book, which was always notoriously empty, the absurdity was too much for the audience."

Another of his speeches is reported in full as follows:

"Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you; and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. That is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Borne had her Caesar, her Scipio, her Brutus; but Rome, in her proudest days, had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes and her Socrates; but Greece, in her palmiest days, never had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Men of Rochester, go on. No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high!"

The following anecdote we find credited to a Western paper, yet it bears marks of an English origin:

A farmer came to town to pay his rent, drawing a long face to correspond to the times. On entering his landlord's house, he told him that money was so scarce, he must have some reduction, and dashed a bundle of bills on the table, said—

"There that is all I can pay."

The money was taken up and counted by Mr., the landlord, who said:

"Why this is twice as much as you owe!"

"Dang'er, give it to me again," said the farmer. "I'm dashed if I hadn't took it out of the wrong pocket!"

Cincinnati is doing big business shipping guns and ammunition South for the darkeys. So is Boston.