The Barth Branch Democrat.

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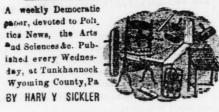
"TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHTS." .- Thomas Jefferson,

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NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, APR. 10, 1867.

VOL. 6 NO. 35



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June, 3rd, 1863

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Belect Story.

AMADMAN'S CONFESSION.

the restless maniac is no longer heard in freely with the means of gratifying his tastes the long cheerless corridors; the ravings But when I found that he expended his al- blood that has been spilt by violence on of the incurable cannot penetrate the deep lowance in presents for his fair cousin, on the ruthless murderer, would ye inflict walls of the cells in which their despair is the plea of hard necessity I restricted his punishment upon him, spare and slay him immured; even the guardians of the es- supplies, and finally limited him to a pit- not. Take down the gallows, and its place tablishment are asleep. Without, what tance, which was only a feeble regard for erect your prisons doubly strong, for there, s lence! The immemorial trees hung pen- the memory our indulgent mother forced within their ever during walls of granite dulous and motionless; the last railway | me to grant. with its monster eye of light, has thundered by. The neighboring city seem like one to me with joy depicted on his countenance vast mausoleum, over which the silent stars and displayed a recent purchase, the fruits are keeping watch and ward, and weeping of his rigid economy. It was a fine rifle; silvery dew like angel's tears. Only crime and he urged me and Amy to come and and despair are sleepless.

To my task. They allow me a lamp .-They are not afraid that the MADMAN will fire his living tomb, and perish in the ruins. Wise men of science. Cunning eaders of the human heart, your decrees

are infallible. I am mad. But perhaps some eager individual, whose eyes shall rest upon these pages will pronounce a different sentence; perhaps he may be able to distinguish CRIME from MADNESS.

A vision of my youth comes over me-a happy boyhood, a free embowered home. babbling brooks, fertile laws-a father's blessing -- a mother's kiss that was both joy and blessing -- a brother's brave and tender triendship a first love, that dearest, sweetest, holiest charm of all.

On, God, that those things were and arenot! It is agony to recall them.

Pass, too, the brief elysian period of wedded love. Julia sleeps ell in her wood and grave. I was false to her mem-

If my boyhood were happy, my manhood was a mela scholy one. A morbid temporament, fostered by indulgence, dropped poison even in the cup of bliss. I loved and bated with intensity.

To my w dowed home came, after the death of my wife, my fair cousin Amy and library., my young brother No.man. Both were "Come orphans like myself. Amy was a glorious young creature--my antithesis in every respect. She was light-hearted, I was melaucholy; she was beautiful, I ill-favored; she was young, I past the middle age of life, arrived at that period when philosophers fatsely tell us that the pulse beatmoderately, the blood flows temperately. and the heart is tranq il Fools! the herce passions of the soul belong not to the period of youth or early machood. But let

my story illustrate my position. Amy filled my home with mirth and music. She cose with the lark, and caroled gaily the livelong day, till, like a child tired of her play, she sank from very ex He made the fire shot -a splendid onehaustion on her pure and peaceful couch. and then reloaded the rifle. Norman was her playmate. In early manpirit of his vouth His was one of those natures which never grow old. Have you he went forward to set the target firmer in ever noticed one of those aged men, whose the ground, as the shot had shaken it. fresh cheeks and bright eyes and aident

not -- but I am anticipating. and Amy's warm, fresh heart, you might fell headlong to the ground. The bullet have supposed there would have been no had gone crashing through his skull. He union. Yet she loved me warmly and well -loved me as a friend and father. I re-turned her pure and innocent affection her. The memory of her I had tost was but as a breath on the surface of a steel mirror, which heat displaces and obliter-

I was not long in perc iving the exact state of her feelings towards me, and with that knowledge came the instantaneous so well calculated to inspire a young girl's love. I watched them with the keen and angry eye of jealousy, I followed them in their walks, I played the eaves dropper, and caught up the words of their innocent conversation, endeavoring to turn them to their disadvantage. By degrees I came to hate Norman; and what equals in intensi-

In the insanity of my passions-then I brother in all those things in which he was of those days. my superior. He was fond of field sports, and a master of all athletic exercises; he was fond of bringing home the trophies of his manly ski land displaying them at the feet of his mistress. He could bring down reer of the de r in full spring. I practiced shooting, and fa led miserably. His good patured smile at my malidroitness I treasured up as a deadly wrong. While he rode leap. He danced gracefully and lightly; master had been laid. my awkward att mpt at dancing made both Amy and her lover smile.

But in the mental accomplishment I was the superior of Norman; and in my capacity of teacher, both to Amy and my brother, had ample opportunity of display-

ing the powers of my mind. Amy was gifted with quick intelligence Norman was a dull scholar. What pleasure I took in humbling lom in the eyes of his mistress! what asperity and scorn I threw into my pedantic rebukes! Norman was astonished and wounded at my manner. As he was in a good degree dependent on me, as he owed to me his nature, sustenance, and training. I took advan tage of our relative position. With well so they phrased it, had given way beneath feigned sorrow, I exaggerated my perunt the weight of sorrow. I was regarded with iary embarrassments, and pointed out to fear. A physician of my acquaintance

possibility of his success in any other line.

Norman had little care for money. Be-It is midnight! The stealthy step of fore the advent of Amy, I had supplied him

One day-I remember it well-he came see him make a trial of the weapon. I rebuked him for his extravagance with a feel, and their fellows were as active in life sharpness that brought tears to his eyes-but I consented to witness the trial. first shot centered the target. He loaded again, and handed the weapon to me. My bullet was no where to be found. Norman's shot lapped his first. Mine was again wide of the mark. Norman laughed thought-lessly. Amy looked grave, for with a wo man's quickness she had guessed at the trath of my feelings. I cut the scene short by summoning them both to their studies. while, and all this will have happened! That morning Norman, whose thoughta The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we were with his riffe, blundered sadly in his mathematics, and I rebuked him with more than my usual asperity.

Be it understood that my character stood high with the world. I was not distin was a working man in many charitable ber of a church, one looked up to as a model of piety. As a husband and brother, I was held as an example, I had a large capital of character, I could deal in crime to an unlimited amount.

Some days after the occurrence just related, I was alone with my brother in the

"Come, Norman," said I, "leave these stupid books. Study is a poor business for a young free heart like yours. Leave books for old age and rhumatism."

Norman sprang up joyously. "With all my heart, brother, I'm with you for a gallop or a ramble." "I'm not a horseman, and an indifferent

walker," I answered. "What do you say to a little rifle practice. I should like to ty to me d my luck." Norman's rifle was in his hand in a mo ment and whistling his favorite spaniel, he sailed forth with me into the bright sunshi

ny autumual day. We tied to a hollow in the woods where he had set up a target. "Take care," said he, "how you handle bood he retained the buoyant and eastic the trigger; you know the lock is an easy one-- I am going to have it altered.

He was twenty paces off-his back to sympathy with all that is youthful and an- me. I lifted the rifle, and covered him gress, to the State Agricultural College, imated, belie the chronicle of time? Such with both sights. It was the work of a might have been the age of Norman, had moment. My hand touched the trigger A sharp report followed -- the puff of blue Between my cold and exhausted nature, stroke whiled upward-and my brother

never moved.

A revulsion of feeling instantly followed. All the love of former years--all the tender with a fierce passion. I longed to possess passages of our boyhood--rushed throng: my brain in an instant. I flew to him and raised him from the earth. At sight of his long bright locks, dabbled in warm had one or two suits for breach of promise, blood, I shrieked in despair. - A mother bewailing her first born could not have felt her loss more keenly, or mourned it more wildly. Two or three woodmen rushed to conviction of her fondness for my brother, the spot. They saw, as they supposed the story at a glance. One of those accidents so common to the careless use of fire arms tive, and if you have any business with me, -and I was proverbically unacquainted with their use-had produced the catesirophe. We were borne home, for I had fainted, and was cold and lifeless as my victim, What passed during a day or two I scarcely remember. Something of strange ty a brother's hate? It surpasses the hate people in the house, of disconnected words reavement of their wives, when one of them of sympathy, of a coffin, a funeral, a pilgrimage to the woodland cemetery, where

Then I resumed the full possession of happy as the first." my senses. Amy's pale face and shadowy form were all that were left of her--my brother's seat at the table and the fireside pier." were empty! But his clothes, his picthe hawk from the clouds, or arrest the ca- tures, his riding cap and spurs, a thousand trifles scattered round, called up his dread image every day to the fratricide. His dog left the house every morning and came not back till evening. One day he was fearlesslav I trembled at the thought of a found dead in the graveyard where his

Amy clung to me with despairing love. She would talk of the lost one. She would find every day in me some resemblance to listened to a very eloquent discourse on him. Perhaps she would have wedded in charity, remarked: me the memory of the departed. But that thought was too horrible, I loved her no cessity of alms giving, that I've almost a longer.

Friends came to condole with me.

Every word of sympathy was a barded arrow. I could bear it no longer. Conscience stung me not to madness, but confession. I repelled sympathy, I solicited denunciation, I told them I was my broth ers murderer. I forced my confession on every one who would hear it. Then it resulted in three murders in fifteen minbecame rumored about that my 'fine mind' utes. him the necessity of providing for himself made me a friendly visit and shook his from Tennessee is talked of.

suggesting, with tears in my eyes, that he head when he heard my story. One day must select some servile trade or calling, this gentleman invited me to ride in his as his melancholy deficiency precluded the carriage He left me here. Society believes me mad-that I am not is to me a miracle.

Oh ye wise ones of the earth--Legislators of the land-would ye avenge the

lies the hell of the villain who has robbed his brother of his life.

FORGOTTEN.

"Generation after generation," says an eloquent modern writer, "have felt as we as ours are now. They passed away as vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so likewise shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our grave as they are now around our path; the world will have the same attraction for offspring yet unborn that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind on on its way, and the prayers will be said, and the grave clod will be thrown in, and we shall be left behind to darkness and to chant for puddles, the same mania for mud, the worms. And it may be for some short the same desire for dirt, the same itching guished in public life, and had the rare time we shall be spoken of; but the things for ice. Can it be we were ever a boy?good fortune to concil ate both parties. I of life will creep in and our names will Did we make vain attempts to poise our soon be forgotten, Days will continue to person upon the pit of our stomach and and philanthropic societies. I was a mem- move on, and laughter and song will be whirl around upon a frozen puddle, just as heard in the very room in which you died; that little fellow out of the window is doing? and the eyes that mourned for us will be Our mothers say we did, and we must bedried and glisten again with joy; and even lieve it. Happy boy! that feels no weariour children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name. Then shall we have become, in the touching language of the Psalmist, 'forgotten and clean father's staff and played horse, just as we out of mind."

> THE STRIKE IN THE COAL MINES, -- The Mauch Chunk Gazette says : The strike at the Colleries in this and Luzerne County, has been one of the most prolonged and serious ones which has occurred in this region for many years. For some four who ship by this outley, have been parashow a vast balance in lavor of last year's of the coal market in New York, Philadelthe strike has its effect upon it.

STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE .-- The Legislature of this State has passed a law giving all the proceeds of the educational lands donated to Pennsylvania by Conwhich is located near Belifonte, in Centre one tenth of the principal in the purchase cated at the institution, one in the Eastern and one in the Western part of the State .--The income of the remainder is to be devoted to the endowment of the college, and

now replies to any young lady who wishes a few moments private conversation :

"No, you don't madam. It cuts me to the heart to be compelled to doubt the honorableness of your intentions, but that sort of thing is played out. My rule is imperait must be transacted in the presence of two witnesses !"

CONNEVIAL BLISS .- Two widowers were once e-ndoling together on the recent beexclaimed, with a sigh :

"Well may I bewail my loss, for I had was indeed in ane-I sought to rival my my wife slept, are all that memory records so few differences with the fur deceased that the last day of my marriage was as

"There I surpass you," said his friend, "for the last day of mine was hap-

"Well, wasn't that a finished sermon we heard this morning ?" asked one person of another, as they came out of church. "Finished! yes, it was finished at last, a!though I began to think it never would be," was the reply.

"That sermon so strongly proves the nemind to beg!"

FORBEARANCE --- General Butler has announced to Congress that he did not intend to interfere with the Lord's work.

the right foot, a slant to the left with the left foot-and just then we saw something on the ice, and stooped to pick it up. On our feet again-two slants to the right and one to the left accompanied with a loss of confidence. Another slide with the right Ton. foot, and we sat down with tearful rapidity but with very little if any elegance. What a set down it was, for we made a dent in the ice not unlike an old-fashioned butter bowl! Just then one of the ladies remarked ; "Oh look, Mary, that fellow with the hat ain't got his skates on the right place." Ditto, thought we. Just then a ragged little devil sung out as he passed us, "Helto, old timber legs!" and we rose suddenly and put after him. Three slides to the right two to the left and away went our legs one to the east and another to the west, causing an immense fissure in our pants, and the picture of a butter dish in the cold -oh, how cold !-ice. The lady -we knew she was one by the remark she made-again spoke and said : "Oh look. Mary, that chap with the hat on has sat down on his handkerchief to keep him from taking cold." We rose about as graceful as a sawhorse when Mary said, "Guess it ain't a handkerchief, Jane," and Mary was

Boys .- As the world grows older every thing within it changes, except boys. The boy of to-day is a fac simile of the boy of a thousand years ago. He has the same penness as he draws his sled up the long hill, simply to ride down the same. We expect that little Cain and Able straddled their did with our parental crooks. Yes, "boys will be boys"-What a pity it is that men will not be men,

I must pity that young man who, with a little finery of dress and recklessness of manner, with his coarse passions all daguerreotyped upon his face, goes whooping months a number of the heaviest operators through the streets driving an animal much nobler than himself, or swaggering into some haunts of show and calls it "Enjoying lyzed and almost entirely idle. The coal some haunts of snow and calls it 'Enjoying shipments via the Lehigh Valley Railroad, life." He thinks he is astonishing the world! and he is astonishing the thinking tonnage, np to this time This is, of course, portion of it, who are astonished that he is owing in a great measure to the stagnation not astonished at himself For look at that compound of flesh and impudence, and ELL. phia and the East, in consequence of the say if on all this earth there is anything immense shipments of last year, but still more pitable! He know anything of the the strike has its effect upon it. beauty and immensity of the universe were all enclosed in the field where the prodigal lay among the husks and the swine !-Chapin.

Wonders .- When a young man is a clerk in a store and dresses like a prince, county, on condition that it shall expend smokes, "foreign cigars," dracks "nice brandy,' attends theatres, dances and the like of three experimental farms -- one to be lo- I wonder if he does all on the avails of his clerkship? When a young lady sits in the parlor

during the day, with her lilly white fingers covered with rings, I wonder if her mother the maintenance of the experimental farms doesn't wash the dishes and do the work in the kitchen. When the deacon of the church sells

strong butter recommending it as a good article. I wonder what he relies upon for salvation. When a lady laces her waist a third less than nature made it, I wonder if her pretty

figure will not shorten life a dozen years or more, besides making her miscrable while she does live. When a young man is dependant upon his daily toils for his income and marries a

lady who does not know how to make a loaf of bread or mend a garment, I wonder if he is not lacking somewhere, say toward the top for instance? When a man receives a periodical or

newspaper weekly, and takes great delig it reading it, and don't pay for it, I wonder if he has a soul or a gizard.

Why are cats like surgeons? Ans. -Because they mew-till-late and destroy

Why is the heart of a lover like a sea serpent? Ans. -Because it is a secreter (sea cretur) of great sighs (size) Why is a man who hesitates to

sign the pledge like a skepticle Hindoo ?-Ans .- Because he don't know whether to give up the jug-or-not.

"Oh! my dear child, how came you so

wet?" inquired an affectionate mother of her son. "Why, ma, one of the boys said BEGGING .- Old Elwes, the miser, having I daresn't jump into the creek, and by jugo, I tell you I ain't to be dared." "Here, you little rascal walk up and give

an account of yourself. Where have you been ?" "After the gals, father." "Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?" "No, sir-but mother did."

"Quill are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread A Row at a horse race in Chicago the opinions of another."

Lucy Stone once said : "There is cotton in the ears of man, and hope in the bosom of women," Lucy made a mistake, and A negro candidate for Congress got the cotton in the wrong place.

ON SKATES .- A slant to the right with GREAT SAYINGS BY GREAT MEN.

Resist with care the spirit of innovation upon the principles of your government, however specious the pretext. -- WASHIN-

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to tell twenty more to maintain one.

Virtue is a rock, from which rebound all the arrows shot against it .- KozLAY.

Wrong is but falsehood put in practice .-

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before. - Swift. Education is the chief defence of nations.

Takative men seldom read. This is among the few truths which appear the more strange the more we reflect upon them For what is reading but silent conversation ?-- LANDOR.

Give your son a trade and you do more for him than by giving him a fortune. -FRANKLIN.

The Greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; and her constant companion is humility .-- Couron.

Costly apparatus, and splendid cabinets have no power to make scholars. - WEB-Books are the depository of everything

hat is most honorable in man .-- Good-There is a comfort in the strength of ove. 'Twill make a thing endurable which

else would overset the brain or break the heart .-- WORDSWORTH. The troubles of the country come from uneasy politicians; its safety, from the

tranquil masses .-- BENTON. Agriculture is the most useful, the most healthful and the most noble employment of men .-- WASHINGTON.

Take care of the Constitution and the Constitution will take care of us .- CRIT-

One-half of mankind are not born with addles on their backs, to be ridden by the other half .-- JEFFERSON. I would rather my daughter should have

man without money, than money without a man .-- THEMISTOCLES. Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge the wings therewith we fly to Heav-

en .-- SHAKSPEARE. Success in life depends upon t'e heroic self with which one sets out in life .-- Low-

Two hearts which mutually love are like two magnetic clocks : that which moves in one must also move in the other, for it is the same power which acts in both .- Goz-

The history of the world tells us, that immoral means will intercept good ends COLEBRIDGE.

I had rather have newspapers without government, than a government without newspapers -- Jafferson.

Wit will never make a rich man, but there are places where riches will always make a wit - JOHNSON

It is more easy to be wise for others than for ourselves .- LA ROCHEFAUCAULD. Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent .- SWIFT.

He is a fool who will not yield to reason. SHAKSPEARE. Castles are proud things, but 'tis best to be outside of them -- EMERSON.

Every man is a volume if you know how o read him .- CHANNING. Beauty devoid of grace is a mere hook without the bait .- TALLYRAND.

What you leave after your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs .- USBORN.

ANTE-MORTEM EPITAPHS.

ON BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

Here lies a great hero who shirked bloody strife. He passed in a bottle some years of his life :

But 'ere he was bottled much plunder he gained. Which, in spite of remonstrance, he always

retained. Till it grew to a maxim beyond all debate That no Butler ne'er took such good care

of the plate, And when vessels of silver were missing "Alack,"

Sighed the owner, "they're hidden in Benjamin's sack."

ON PARSON BROWNLOW.

Safe at last beneath the sod Lies this bogus "man of God." In the State of Tennessee None could swear as hard as he; While blaspheming at a mark Fate sniffed out his vital spark. Probably he's gone to-well, One would hardly like to tell.

ON BENJAMIN WADE.

Renowned for blasphemy and canting, Wade in the balance and found wanting, The odds are millions to a pin Me's not an "Upper Benjamin."