

# The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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D. L. T. BURNS has permanently located in Tunkhannock, Pa., and respectfully tenders his professional services to its citizens. Office on second floor, formerly occupied by Dr. Williams, 1863.

The Guehler House, HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the "GUEHLER HOUSE" property, has already commenced such alterations and improvements as will render the 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. GEO. J. BOLTON.

WALL'S HOTEL, LATE 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. D. WALL, Owner and Proprietor: Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL, MESOPHORIA, WYOMING COUNTY, PA.

Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r

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

June, 3rd, 1863

Means Hotel, TOWANDA, PA.

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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. v 3, n21, ly.

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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 Mesopohria and vicinity. Those wishing to get fits will find his shop the place to get them. JOEL R. SMITH.

HELMHOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU is pleasant in taste and odor, free from all injurious properties, and immediate in its action.

## COURTING AN EMIGRANT FEMALE IN WASHOE.

[From the California Golden Era.]

Our Washoe bachelors are always on the *qua vive* during the last months of summer and the first and second fall months; when the emigrant trains are rolling in off the plains with whole troops of sun-browned damsels.

The girls have all heard that the chances for getting husbands are "awful good in Washoe." They know there are "sights" of chances, so they begin primping shortly after passing Independence Rock, and by the time they strike the waters of the Carson they're in a perfect state of wriggle.

My friend Condrick wanted a wife. He wanted a piece of "unsophisticated calico from the states."

He talked much of when the trains would arrive, and of pretty emigrant girls. He swore he would "gobble one up this fall, sure."

At last it was reported that a big train was camped on the Carson, two miles beyond Dayton.

Condrick mounted his mustang and departed with alacrity.

The report proved true, and what was better, "Women absolutely abundant," as Condrick afterwards informed me in his enthusiastic way.

He rode among the tents and wagons, ostensibly much concerned to know exactly by the state, county and town from which each family hailed, but in reality taking notes of the finer points of all the marriageable-looking females in camp.

At last he struck one that suited him to a dot.

Long afterwards, he said to me with a great sigh, which he tried to smother in a laugh, "Oh! she was a clipper! Trim as a gazelle; lithe as a willow; cheeks which (though sun-browned) showed a peachy ruddiness; with eyes! ah! such great brown swimming eyes! that drove your soul down into your boots, dragged your heart up into your throat and left you speechless and slaughtered."

To this sumptuous female Condrick laid siege.

His progress was good.

As the shades of evening settled down upon valley and hill, he and his charmer took a stroll.

As they walked along the meandering banks of the Carson, the full face of the moon rose up from behind the eastern hills. All nature seemed filled and quivering with love.

Love danced in the rays of moonlight that glanced on the stream; the willows rustled their leaves to the passing breezes and so sweetly told the story of their love that even the restless winds were for a while enticed to linger, forgetful of their journey; enamored night hawks were circling, rays of languishing light gleaming in answering flashes from their lazy wings; crickets, peeping from their holes in neighboring hillocks, chirped to each other in mellow, tremulous notes on the ripe and glowing love of their surcharged hearts; beetles, crazy with love, thundered hoarsely their plaints of the tender pain that racked their mailed bodies, and the sweet honey-dew of Heaven fell softly into the heart cup that each meek plant held trustfully up.

The sympathetic hearts of the lovers acknowledged the tender influence surrounding them, and shared the sweet thrills with which all nature quivered.

Slowly the pair, in fond discourse wandered on.

What throbs of affection stirred Condrick's heart!

What fires of love burned in Condrick's eyes.

As his charmer leaned trustfully upon his arm, Heaven seemed to descend and rest on the lower and nearest hills.

As the murmur of a bee in a rose was her voice to his soul.

Seating themselves on a grassy bank, they gazed together on the darkling eddies of the gliding stream.

In the glowing colors Condrick painted for the fair being at his side, a picture of the wonderful wealth hidden within the rocky vaults of the Whipperwill mine.

Charmed by his eloquence and absorbed in the contemplation of the picture he placed before her, she forgot all else, and gradually her beautiful head dropped—dropped lower and lower—and finally rested upon his bosom—his manly chest.

Great Heaven! A thrill darted through his frame and so affected him that it was only by a tremendous effort that he could smother the volcano of emotions swelling within his bosom.

He felt a desire to bound to his feet and utter a wild whoop!

But he didn't.

No; he constrained his emotion; he resisted the impulse.

Her head was now fairly and snugly nestled upon his breast.

As she lay gazing into his handsome face, her parted tresses of rich brown fell backward in affluent waves from her broad forehead, unknissed by the sun and of marble texture and whiteness. Her great liquid eyes looked into his and he gazed down into their unfathomable depths till all the past all the future seemed to center there.

Heaven came down still lower and rested on the valley.

But this could not always last. He felt that it could not. She seemed expecting something.

Her great eyes closed wearily and the silken fringes of their curtains rested on her

cheek.

He was happy as he was, but he couldn't be as he was forever.

She seemed to have the same thoughts. She lightly raised her head. Its pressure on his chest was not so great as formerly.

He was distressed. Would she rise?—Was he about to lose her?

The thought was agony.

His head grew dizzy.

He felt himself standing on a precipice.

Will Hark's lip curled scornfully as he looked in at the open window on a gay, laughing, chatty party of the sex he was abusing. Will Hark was a crusty old bachelor, fair reader, as you might know, for none but a sour, narrow-minded specimen of that order, or a chicken-hearted, henpecked husband would have made the above assertions.

"Hush!" Ralph Delane laid his hand on Will's arm, and looked sternly into the surprised face of his friend. Then raising his great, dark eyes, he looked in at the French window, with its silken draperies and rich lace. His eyes rested on a slight, little body, half reclining on the crimson velvet cushion sofa, her face lit up with a bright smile as she listened to some merry tale or other. Brown eyes and hair, a sweet winking little mouth—no wonder the gray eyes grew dark and tender as they gazed on the beautiful picture. One little white hand was caressing the great Newfoundland dog that sat by her side, the other was resting in a silken sash. "Poor, little withered hand! its work was over. We will listen to its story."

"Will, do you see her—my wife? I will tell you of a woman's love! You will take back your hasty words when you hear it. You remember when we were married, and how soon I enlisted after that had taken place? Well, it was our first quarrel that sent me away. Don't shrug your shoulders, and smile in that sarcastic way, but hear my story. It was about such a silly, frivolous thing, I will not mention it. But you know my proud, stern temper, and Effie in there was the most willful, obstinate, and tantalizing little piece that ever breathed. She would have died rather than relinquish anything she had set her heart on, and I—Will, I should have borne with her—she was but a child—scarcely eighteen when I married her.

I was very stern and cold with her. I thought she would grow tired, and come back to my arms again; but I was wrong. The child grew thin and pale, but she wouldn't unbend from her stately dignity. Oh, we lived along in such a miserable way, and just then I was offered a captaincy in the volunteers, and in a fit of desperation I accepted. I said nothing to Effie, but she found it out somehow. I saw it in her eyes, and yet the little white teeth were shut closely together, as though they would never open to speak loving words to me again. The morning I was to start I sought her out, thinking "she will not—cannot let me go without one word of peace between us!" Her face was white and cold, her small hands were clenched together so tight the nails pierced her tender flesh, but she bowed coldly to me, and I returned it—that was our parting. In my cruel selfishness and conceit, I never thought that I was to blame; that if I would open my arms, she would fly back to her resting-place. My poor little bird! I went away the most wretched being on the face of the earth, and vowed that if Death did not find me in my first battle, it would not be my fault.

We had been in camp only a few weeks when a lot of recruits arrived to fill out our company, as fine a set of fellows as I ever saw. Among them I noticed a frail, girlish looking boy, with great soft brown eyes, that dropped like a girl's when you look at them. Somehow they made me think of Effie's eyes. That was why I took such a fancy to them, I think. His face looked pure and innocent, as if it had never been away from a mother's loving care before, and I thought, "What will this sensitive spirit do among these rough men? I will take him into my own tent and care for him as for a brother." I sent for him that night, and finding him well educated, I told him I would keep him as my clerk. "He should be my tent mate," I said smiling. He crimsoned, and finding my gaze embarrassed him, I went on talking carelessly, and found his name to be Ellis Lee. He would tell me no more of his history.

From that time he was always with me, and I grew to love the boy as though he belonged to me. He won all the men's hearts by his gentle, timid ways, and they never were rude or rough when he was near, but grew gentle as they would in their far-off homes in the presence of mothers and sisters. He would share every danger with me, and sometimes when I refused to let him go, he would look at me defiantly and say, "I dare not keep him from his duty!"

At night when we were out scouting, and lay under the sky, the cold, pitiless rain beating on our heads, I have gathered the form of Ellis in my arms and tried to shield him from the storm. I have gone to sleep, and dreamed sweet, tantalizing dreams of my darling, and awoke to find his head nestled in my bosom just as Effie's used to. All this while there was no word from her. I had waited till my heart seemed breaking; then I had written, but no answer came. Oh, the dark despair of those days! I think I should have died if it had not been for my boy. When he saw my head bent in agony, he would come and lay his hand on it caressingly, while such a strange look would creep into his eyes, I

## A WOMAN'S LOVE.

"A woman's love!" Bah! it is as evanescent as a snow-flake, and about as warm! Whoever heard of a woman dying for the man she loved, except in stories where such a circumstance merely existed in the writers own silly brain?—Look at those women in there, Ralph!—Do you suppose their thoughts ever rise above the furbelows on their heads?—Humph! That is their seventh heaven! Will Hark's lip curled scornfully as he looked in at the open window on a gay, laughing, chatty party of the sex he was abusing. Will Hark was a crusty old bachelor, fair reader, as you might know, for none but a sour, narrow-minded specimen of that order, or a chicken-hearted, henpecked husband would have made the above assertions.

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could not fathom them.

"One day we were surprised, and a fierce battle ensued. There was sharp, quick work, and through it all my little soldier kept close by my side manfully, I had ordered him to the rear, but I hardly think he heard me. We routed the enemy, but not before many of my brave boys had bit the dust. Ellis and I were unscathed. We were walking among the killed and wounded, when my attention was called away by an orderly. I heard a little low cry, and Ellis sprang forward between the ball and my heart. A wounded man lying near had raised himself on his elbow, and fired the shot. I caught the boy in my arms—his head fell back. A beautiful smile crept over his face, while his lips murmured, "My husband!" Then I knew I was holding the lifeless form of my wife, who had died for me perhaps—I, so worthless, so harsh and cruel to her! Thank God she was spared to me! You see that poor, useless arm, Will? That is what she gave for my life that day. With all the pain and suffering she has had with it, there has never a murmur passed her lips. O my wife! my darling! Eternity is hardly long enough for me to recompense your love!"

Ralph Leland's face was lit up by the beautiful light of worship as the fairy form stole out to his side in the moonlight, and looked wonderingly at Will Hark's sober face. That gentleman bent his head down and sighed.

THE LADIES' FASHIONS.—Our fashionable society gets gayer and gayer as the city gets wicked and wicked. The extravagance of the ladies' dresses this Spring takes the shine out of ancient Babylon. Where the money all comes from in these "hat" times is the mystery of mysteries. Blue seems to be the prevailing color, out of contempt, perhaps, for the blueness of the times. The outcry for "bugles" must be enormous, and we pity the unfortunate husbands and fathers that have to face the music. We used to think the Indian squaws were fond of beads, but they never could shine with the female ornaments of society that exhibited their wampum on Hamilton street on Monday afternoon. The peplums looked so fanciful and attractive. The spring hats, with glass drops hung all around the edges like exclamation points wrong side up, is also exquisite. Glittering on the brow of youth and beauty, they remind us of what the poet says about the "icicles on Diana's temple." Likewise short veils, which reach just below the nose, and rounded off towards the ears; they are so becoming! To a round face they give a celestial appearance, like that of full moon half eclipsed. Waterfalls, now we notice, have been transferred on top of the head, which is a pleasing change, as it slants the hat over the eyes, and gives the wearer the aspect of one of the boys disguised in petticoats. When the hat is worn a little on one side, as well as cocked up behind, it gives a how-are-you style of expression to the countenance that is very touching. Wonderful, truly are the fashions and the ways of fashions.—Allentown Democrat.

There wuz wunst a man who wuz inebriated, and that he might present himself in a state approximating sobriety to the partner of his buzz, he wuz essaying to vomit, trying thus to ease his stomach of the cause of the unpleasantness therein, but he couldn't do it. He heaved and heaved, but there wuz no result. At this critical period another man approached, who remarked kindly that, "if he desired to vomit, his best hold would be to run his finger down his throat." The drunken individual looked up indignantly at this unwarranted interference with his rites: "Blast your eyes, sir," said he, "are you or me bossin this yer puke?"

Dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old sourtout, soiled neckcloth, and general negligence of dress, he will, in all probability, find a corresponding disposition by negligence of address.

A Wisconsin paper tells a story of a man who eloped with another man's wife, but on going to the hotel breakfast table in Chicago, where such congenial spirits most do congregate, was filled with consternation at seeing his own wife with the man whose domestic peace he thought he had wrecked forever. After consultation each escorted his own lawful wife back to his deserted hearthstone.

A GOOD HABIT.—When a Spaniard eats a peach or pear by the roadside, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot, and covers the seed. Consequently all over Spain, by the roadside and elsewhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the taste, and is ever free. Let this practice be imitated in our own country.

Wendell Phillips says he was wedded to truth and philanthropy when a boy. The Boston Post thinks Wendell ought have become a widower when quite young.

Quilp, who has heretofore been a Universalist, now believes there are two things destined to be eternally lost—his umbrella and the man who stole it.

FINE HANDS.—We do not know a corporal distinction which the exquisite covets more than a small white hand, a member which will fit easily into a lady's glove, and may be exhibited upon a snowy handkerchief, without its color suffering by the contrast. To many, as well as to the late Lord Byron, such hand is a distinctive mark of "gentle," or as we should rather say, "genteel" blood. We confess that this is a feeling with which we have never sympathized. The bronzed hand, with its power of muscle, and its swelling veins, is to us a far more gratifying object, for it tells of exertion, and society holds on to civilization y its stalwart group far more securely than the most aristocratic fingers would enable us to do. We are all the more inclined to preserve this feeling after reading a paper by Mr. Wilson, upon the ancient Iberian population of the British Isles.—That gentleman states, that from an examination of the sword hilts of those warrior hunters of old, it is evident that they must have had very small hands—much smaller than the men of the present day. The Danes, too, and the Vikings—the sea robbers—the marauders and pirates of ages ago were distinguished by the same peculiarity; their massive swords scarcely furnish room within the guard for the delicate grasp of a lady's taper fingers, while the Saxons, the workers of the earth, are marked by the large hand of the laborer. The small hand is the representative of luxurious uselessness, the large hand of earnest toil; and just as the small-handed warriors of old vanished before sturdy continuous energy of the large handed Teutons, will idle beauty pass away before the truth of industry, and the labor of the large handed will at once support and rule the world.

A WORD TO WIVES.—Little wives, if ever a half suppressed sigh finds place with you, or a half unloving word escapes you to the husband whom you love, let your heart go back to some tender word in those first love days, remember how you loved him then, how tenderly he wooed you, how timidly you responded; and if you can feel that you have not grown unworthy, trust him for the same good luck now. If you do feel that you have become less lovable and attractive than you then were, turn—by all you love on earth or hope for in heaven—turn back and be the pattern of loveliness that won him, be the dear one your attractions made you then. Be the gentle, loving, winning maiden still, and doubt not the lover you admire will live forever in your husband. Nestle by his side, cling to his love, and let his confidence in you never fall; and my word for it, the husband will be dearer than the lover ever was. Above all things do not forget the love he gave you first. Do not seek to emancipate yourself,—do not strive to unsex yourself and become a Lucy Stone or a Rev. Miss Brown; but love the higher honor ordained by our Saviour of old—that of a loving wife. A happy wife, a blessed mother, can have no higher station needs no greater honor.—The Ladies' Home.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—We clip the following from a sermon preached by the Rev. Chas. A. Humphreys, and reported for the "Liberal Christian," a very able journal published in New York.

"Show me the vilest pander, the meanest assassin that walks the earth, and I will find in his some germ of good that, if nourished, would grow into trees that would gladden the gardens of God; and some aspirations whose blind gropings and vain strugglings would make an angel weep.—This human soul is a breath of God's spirit, and though at times it is almost smothered under our ruined and wasted lives it only needs to have its earthly incrustation broken to soar upward to its native air.—Religion is love to God and man. It is a growth, not a spasms; a life, not a transient experience; not sad and depressing, but bright and inspiring. It does not come like the lightning, flashing in a moment from east to west; through all the spreading heavens, but like the rising sun, piercing the gathered mists with many an ineffectual ray, then struggling slowly into twilight and at last climbing to the first day."

THE WIND AS A MUSICIAN.—The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread in a crevice in a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it and goes up and down the scale upon it, and Paganiini must go somewhere else for honor, for lo! the wind is performing upon a single string. It tries almost every thing on earth to see if there is music in it—it persuades a tune out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pine and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made out of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a tree until every leaf thrills with a note on it, whilst a river runs at its base in a sort of murmuring accompaniment. And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps to the stars, which love music most and sing it first. Then, how fondly it haunts old houses; mourning under the eaves, singing in the halls, opening doors without fingers a measure of some sad, old song around the fireless and deserted hearths.

Why do little birds in their nest agree? Because they would fall out if they didn't.