The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor, "TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHT."—Thomas Jefferson. TERMS, $2.00 PER ANNUM

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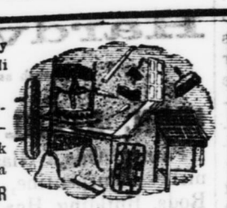

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BYHARVEY SICKLER

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DENTISTRY.

DR. L. T. BURNS has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to its citizens.

Office on second floor, formerly occupied by Dr. Gilman.

v6n30tf.

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 refpectfully solicited.

GEO. J. BOLTON.

WALL'S HOTEL,

LATE AMERICAN HOUSE,

TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

THIS establishment has recently been refitted an 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:

Tunkhannock, 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 spare no efforts 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.

D. B. BARTLET,

(Late of the BRAINARD HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y.

PROPRIETOR.

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.

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 NICHOLSON and vicinity.

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

JOEL, R. SMITH

-n50-6mos

THE UNION STRAW CUTTER

Manufactured by

WM. FLICKNER,

At TUNKHANNOCK, Pa.

who has the exclusive right for Wyoming County, is one of the very few Machines that will cut Hay, Straw, Stalks, &c., better than the old fashioned Cutting boxes, used by our grand fathers.

Those who value time and labor; and would avoid a needless loss of both, in feeding their stock, should get one of these improved Cutters.

No man ever found any thing better; or ever went back to the old machine after a trial of it,

A SUPPLY CONSTANTLY ON HAND, and

WM. FLICKNER.

v6n39tf.

BUNNELL & BANNATYNE'S COLUMN

A LARGE

STOCK OF

SPRING

GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED AND

For Sale

CHEAP,

ALL KINDS OF

Produce

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE

FOR GOODS,

AT

BUNNELL & BANNATYNE'S

Tunkhannock, Pa.

v5n41.

Poet's Corner,

ASK ME NOT TO DRINK.

Fair lady, ask me not to drink
A toast to thee to-night—
For broken vows and blasted hopes
Expose the demon's blight;
But back the wine I dare not taste—
Put back the sparkling bowl—
For who hath quaffed a draught so deep,
And reach a blissful goal?

Oh! ask me not, there lies within
A poison deep and dire!
And every drop but serves the more
To fan the latent fire;
Each draught will quench my sense of guilt,
And blast youth's budding hope.
Each drop will sink me deeper still,
In moral night to grope.

Oh! press me not to touch the cup,
Within are glaring eyes,
And starving widows, hungry babes,
And freezing orphan's cries.
Whom the Gods destroy they first make druuk,
Then ask me not to drink—
Oh tempt me not, but spare my soul
From death's eternal brink.

I have three sisters mildly fair,
Like angels around my way—
Whose love is like the stars that shine
With undiminished ray—
They shall be doomed to see me fall,
A prey to maddening drink—
And sundered me the love that binds,
Or snap the golden link.

Another sleeps where sadly waves
The willows in the vale—
And midnight whispers in the sky
Come on the sighing gale—
She passed away as summer's breath,
In life's incipient bloom—
Then tempt me not, I would not mar
Her slumbers in the tomb.

A STRANGE STORY.

Strange stories have been from time to time related of jewels, rings, and even watches, found in fishes when caught and opened, and subsequently returned to their owner. Whether or not these stories be true, I, of course, cannot say, but I vouch for the entire truth of the following related by a clergyman, himself the hero of the story, to a wondering circle of listeners. Though expectant of something strange as a final, they were by no means prepared for the actual denoument:

"It was on a summer twilight," said he "that standiug on a rustic bridge which spanned a well known trout stream near my father's house, I won from the girl I had long loved the promise to be my wife.—She was something of a coquette, and I had a rival in the field; so to make the matter sure to myself, and evident to him and others, I drew from her hand a ring which she had often declared she would give only to her betrothed lover, and transferred it to my own finger.

"It was my mother's engagement ring, said she, half in earnest and half playfully, "and there is a superstition connected with it. So long as you keep and wear it, we are engaged; but if you lose or part with it in any way, the engagement is broken. So take care!"

"Some weeks after she went away on a visit, and then my great consolation was to haunt that favorite spot on the bridge which had been our trusting-place. Once leaning over the railing and thinking over our betrothal, I took from my finger the treasured ring, and gazed fondly on the initials—her's as well as her mother's—engraven within. In attempting to replace it, the golden circlet fell from my grasp and disappeared in the waters below.

"Only a lover under similar circumstances can imagine how I felt. Day and night I mourned, disconsolate, my lost treasure, and my great dread was her returning and finding the ring missing. Yet, strange to say, I had a singular presentiment or intuition that I should some day recover it—though by what means I had no idea.

"Not long after, fishing in the same stream some distance below the bridge, I fell to thinking of my lost ring. If I could only fish it up—and just then there was a quiver, a tug, a pull and a struggle at my line, and after some play I drew out a fine large trout. At the sight of him the tho't suddenly and unaccountably flashed into my mind that the ring—my lost ring—was to be found within his body. I cannot account for the feeling, but I know that it was heightened into almost a conviction when upon grasping the victim, I perceived on a portion of his body a singular protuberance, and felt there beneath the skin something like a hard foreign substance. I seized my large pocket clasp knife. Eagerness made me cruel—yet not more so than if I had left my victim to die a slow and lingering death. I cut off his head, and then, with a trembling hand, ripped open his body, and explored the suspicious protuberance. My knife grated against something hard, and—yes, I caught the glitter of some shining substance! Imagine my feelings when, with a beating heart and trembling hand I drew forth——"

"The ring, uncle?" breathlessly inquired Nellie.

"No, my dear. Only a piece of green glass!"

The general consternation and indignation may be imagined.

I wish you were my own dove,
And sitting on my knee:
I'd kiss your smiling lips, love,
To all e-ter ni-tee.

HOW THE GERMANS MAKE LOVE.

Oh! you American lovers, rejoicing in your secret walks, your lovely rides, your escorts from evening prayer meetings, those well-established rendezvous for lovers; you who can indulge in secret sighs, billet doux and poetry, little do you realize the inconvenience with which a modern German courtship is carried on. There are no secret interviews and smuggled letters to inspire the heart of an amerous German. If he has anything to say he says it before anybody and everybody who happens to be in the room. If he calls upon the mistress of his affections, he beholds her quietly knitting a stocking in the midst of the family circle; and before all his array of spectators must he unbosom his heart and woo his bride. By unbosoming his heart I don't mean proposing.

Unless he can watch a second behind a door in a ball room, or elude for an instant the watchful care of the young lady's guardian, that momentous question, "Will you have me?" and the delicious answer, "Yes, dearest," will never be whispered between them at all. He must go to the *pater familias*, or some married friend whose affections are doubtless as withered as her features, and make them the meditators. When all is arranged, the engagement announced, and the romance entirely over, then he can see the lady entirely alone, take her to the theatre (when he wishes to do this before the engagement he must invite the mother or the aforementioned withered relation) ane indulge in a walk once a week.

This extreme reserve seems at first glance the more unnatural, from the fact that the Germans are essentially a romantic and poelical people; their literature, their love of music and worship of art show this, no less than the romantic attempts at chivalry among the students, the tenderness and kindness one meets with everywhere, their politeness, rough though it sometimes is and the interest, almost curiosity, which is taken in your affairs.

But Germans have to look beyond mere flirtations and love-making. They are usually poor and must choose a wife as the Vicar of Wakefield did "for wear." A flashy, brilliant girl, who lacked the usual domestic instructions, would never do for them; and a lady who should throw off her reserve and openly accept the attentions of a gentleman, would, if she succeeded in keeping her character, never win a husband. Germen men are not easily caught by appearances. There are some sad stories connected with German engagements, owing to the excessive poverty of the men, and the necessity for almost every one to work his way from the bottom of the ladder. Frau Dr. S. told me, with tears in her eyes, of an elderly lady living near her who had been engaged fifty years. At no time has her lover earned enough to marry upon, and now both are grey-haired and and approaching their grave, and though their hopes of marriage in this life are all over, they keep their vows sacred for another world.—There are many such cases, doubtless, where a lifetime is one continued struggle between hope and despair—a struggle only ended with death.

PROFANITY.—Why will men take the name of God in vain? What possible advantage is to be gained by it! And yet this wanton, vulgar sin of profanity is evidently on the increase. Oaths fall upon the ears in the cars and at the corner of streets. The North American Review says well: There is among us not a few who feel that a simple assertion or plain statement of obvious facts wtll pass for nothing, unless they swear to its truth by all the names of the Deity, and blister their lips with every variety of hot and sulphurous oaths. If we observe such persons very closely, we shall generally find that the fierceness of their profanity is in inverse ratio to the affluance of their ideas. We venture to affirm that the profanest men within the circle of your knowledge, are all afflicted with a chronic weakness of the intellect. Tne utterance of an oath, though it may prevent a vacuum in sound is no indication of sense. It requires no genius to swear. The reckless taking of sacred names in vain is as little characteristic of true independence of thought as it is of high moral culture. In this breathing and beautiful world, filled, as it were, with the presence of Deity and fragrant with its incense from a thousand altars of praise it would be no servility should we catch the spirit of reverent worshippers, and illustrate in ourselves the sentiment that the "Christian is the highest style of Man."

AN "UNSUSPICIOUS NATURE."—During the cross-examination of a false witness at the Tombs the other day, the District Attorney asked him where his father was, to which the witness responded with a melancholy air: "Dead sir; dropt off very suddenly, sir." "How came he to drop off suddenly?" was the next question. "Foul play, sir, the sheriff imposed on his unsuspicious nature sir, and getting him to go up on a platform to take a look ot a select audience, suddenly knocked a trapdoor out from under him, sir."

☞A teacher in Springfield, Massachusetts, while conducting an examination, asked, among other questions, the following: "Why is the pronoun 'she' applied to a ship." To which one of the boys rendered the following answer: "Because the rigging costs more than the hull."

BROTHER CRAWFORD'S SERMON.

A Southern exchange gives this as the first sermon of a new minister in a village in that section. He began apologetically, as follows:

"You don't see me to-day in the dress I allers wear. I come among you as a stranger, and am now tricked out in my store clothes. I am not a proud man, but I thought it would be more becoming among strangers."

After this, he raised a hymn, in which the congregation joined. He then began his sermon:

"My dear brethren and sisters: First and foremost, I'm gwine to tell you the affecting partin' I had with my congregation at Bethel Chapel. Af ter I had got thro' with my farewel sermon, as I come down onten the pulpit, the old gray-headed brethren and sisters, who had listened to my voice for twenty years, crowded around me, and with sobbing voices and tearful eyes, said—'Farewell, brother Crawford'!"

"As I walked down the aisle, the young ladies, tricked out in their finery, brass jewelry, gewgaws, jimcracks, paint and flounces, looked up with their bright eyes and pronounced with their rosy lips—'Farewell, brother Crawford!"

"The young men, in their tight patent-leather boots, high collars and dashy waistcoats—smelling of pomatum and cigar smoke—with shanghai coats and striped zebra pants—they, too, said—'Farewell, brother Crawford!"

"The little children—lambs in the fold—lifted up their tiny hands and small voices, and, with one accord, said—'Farewell, brother Crawford!"

"As I got on my horse, and bade adieu to my congregation forever, I turned to take a last look at the church where I had preached mor'n twenty years; and as I gazed at its dilapidated wall and moss-covered roof, it, too, seemed to say—'Farewell brother Crawford!"

"As I rode through the village, the people who poked their heads outen the windows, and the servants who leant on their brooms, all seemed to say—'Farewell brother Crawford!"

"As I passed along the highway through the forest, the wind, as it sighed and whistled through the tree tops, playing on the leaves and branches the burthen of salvation, it, too, seemed to say—'Farewell, brother Crawford!"

"Crossing a little creek that was gurgling and singing over its pebly bed, rejoicing on its way to the great ocean of eternity, it, too, seemed to say—'Farewell, brother Crawford!'

"As I rode along down a hot, dusty lane, an old sow, asleep in a fence corner, jumped out of a sudden, and, with a loud broo-too, broo-too, she, too, seemed to say—'Farewell, brother Crawford!'

"My horse got frightened, and jumped from under me, and as he curled his tail over his back, kicked up his heels and ran off, he, too, seemed to say—'Farewell, brother Crawford!'

"I tell you what, Pomp, dat Massy Thad Stevens is a big fish."

"Go 'long wid you'self, you unreverent contraband, for speaking thus ob de friend ob your race as a *fish*."

"Why, you fool, all members ob Congress are more like fishes dan any oder living crechahs."

"How so?"

"Why, because dey is fond of *de bate!*" (debate.)

☞The Self-Eamining Society has propounded the following queries about this financial period to everybody:

Does it not cost anything to print a newspaper?

How long can a printer afford to furnish a paper without pay?

Do printers eat, drink and wear anything?

If so how do they get it?

Do I owe for my paper?

Is not this particularly a first rate time to call and pay up?

"I am happy to be a virgin," said a maiden lady to a bride, who retorted, "Yes, a vergin' on fifty!"

If you would do nothing, just wait to be something.

Two American sovereigns—Smo-king and Jo-king.

The best capital to begin life with is a capital wife.

TASTES.—We chew tobacco, the Hindoos lime, and the Patagonians guano or sea fowl's dung. Our children delight in candy, the African's in rock salt, while the Esquimaux leaps for a bite of tallow candle. To us, turtles are a savory dish; the Frenchman revels on frogs and snails;—other savages, on snakes.

Never chew your words, Open the mouth and let the voice come out. A student once asked. "Can virchue, fortichude, gratichude or quietchude dwell with that man who is a stranger to rectichude?" The words here are badly chewed.

A wag of a boarder complained to the mistress that that the sun must have gone under a cloud, when the shadow of the chicken fell into the pot where her broth was made.

THE GAME OF YEWKER.—This illbred game of kards is about 27 years old.

It was first diskovered by the deck hands of a Lake Erie steam boat and handed down by them to posterity in awl its juvenile buty.

It is generally played by four persons and owes much of its absorbness tew the fackt that yu kan talk, and drink an chaw, and cheat, while the game is advancin.

I have seen it played on the Hudson River Railroad, in the smokin cars, with more immaculate skill than anywhere else.

If you play there, you will often hold a hand that will astonish you, quite often 4 queens and a 10 spot, which will inflame you to bet 7 or 8 dollars that iz a good hand tew play poker with; but you will be more astonished when you see the other fellow's hand which invariably consists of 4 kings an a 1 spot.

Yewker is a mulatto game and don't compare tew old sledge in majesty, enny more than the game of pin duz to a square church raffle.

I never play yewker.

I never would learn how out ov principle.

I wuz originally created clus tew the Connekikut line in Nu England, whare the game of 7 up, or old sledge was born and exists now in awl it pristine virginity.

I play old sledge, tew this day, in its natiff fierceness.

But I won't play enny game if I know my character, where a jack will take the ace, and the 10 spot won't count game.

I won't play no such kind ov game, out ov respeckt to old Connektikut, mi natiff state.—*Josh Billings.*

THAT BLESSED BAAY.

We commend the following article to all our young friends who have lately taken unto themselves a little sweetened calico, and are setting themselves up as Benedicts. It is a description of an old musicle instrument, one found in nearly every house, and how it is played upon:

Time—Night. Husband absent.

Wife and mother—Don't ty; sweetie yittie babie; daddie isie comie homie toie bringie sweetens yittie babens somie candie. Bes'e wasens you darling yitten babens. (Kiss, kiss.)

Baby—a-a-a! Y-a-a-a!

Mother—Didi somie bodie buze'e darlie yittie one? Yes a didie and muzzie willie whippie 'emmie forie itie; don't ty, darlie. (Kiss.)

Baby—Y-a-a-a! Y-a-a-a Ya-a-a!

Mother—don't ty, sweetie one! Wasie hungry? Yessie, sweetens yittie one, didie wantie somie to eatie? soie didie. And muzzie din't knowie itie.

Baby—Ya-a-a! Y-a-a-a! Y-a-a-a

Mothe—Muzzie willie feedie darlie yittie one. Commie herie anie gettie somie toie eatie, bressie yittie heartie! (Feeds it.)

Baby—a-a-a! Y-a-a-a a-!

Mother—Bressie yittie soul! Don't ty, my sweetie yittie babie. Listen, (Sings.)

By, oh, baby, by!
Bady, by; oh, baby, by,
Sweetie yittie baby, baby,
Sweetie yittie baby, by, oh, by.

Baby—Y-a-a-a-a! Y-a-a-a-a!

Mother. My child, do stop this crying. I won't have this any longer! You nasty, cross little brat, I say!

Baby (still louder) Y-a a! Ya-a-aa! Yaa-aaa-aaaa-aaaaa!

Grand tableaux. Young mother holding "the beauteous babe" with one hand, while the other is making a rapid descent upon the said "beauteous babe's back, just below the waist-band of the night-gown.

MARK TWAIN AND THE FENIAN.—I hunted up an old friend, Dennis M'Carthy, who is editor of a Fenian Journal in San Francisco, *The Irish People.* I found him sitting on a sumptuous candle box, in his shirt sleeves, solacing himself with a whiff at the national dhubeen or caubeen, or whatever they called it—a clay pipe with no stem to speak of. I thought it might flatter him to address him in his native tongue, and so I bowed with considerable grace and said:

"Arrah!"

And he said, "Be jabers!"

"Och hone!" said I.

"Mavourneen dheelish, acushla macree," replied the M'Cathy.

"Erin go bragh," I continued with vivacity.

"Asthore!" responded the M'Carthy.

"Tare an' ouns!" said I.

"Bhe dah husth; fag a rogharha lums!" said the bold Fenian.

"Ye have me there, be my sowl," said I, 'for I'm not up' in the niceties of the language, you understand; I only know enough of it to enable me to keep 'my end up' in an ordinary conversation."

A certain Irishman received for his labor a dollar bill on one of the Ohio banks, on which he was obliged to loose ten cents discount. The next day he was passing down Main street and saw a dollar bill lying on the side-walk, on the same bank, and gazing on it, he exclaimed: "Bad luck to the like of ye—there ye may lie; devil a finger will I put on ye, for I lost ten cents on a brother of yours yesterday."

A forlorn fellow says thus plaintively: "When Sally's arms her dog imprison, I always wish my neck was his'n, how often would I stop and turn, to get a pat from a hand like her'n, and when she kisses Towser's nose, oh don't I wish that I were those!"