

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor,

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

TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA. WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1867.

VOL. 6, NO. 50.

A Democratic weekly paper, devoted to Politics, News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co., Pa. BY HARVEY SICKLER

Terms—1 copy 1 year, (in advance) \$2.00 if not paid, within six months, \$2.50 will be charged. NO paper will be DISCONTINUED, until all arrearages are paid; unless at the option of publisher.

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The undersigned having lately purchased the "BUCHLER HOUSE" property, has already commenced such alterations and improvements as will render this old and popular House equal, if not superior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg. A continuance of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor: Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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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.

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 Meshoppen and vicinity.

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

THE UNION STRAW CUTTER

Manufactured by W. M. FLICKNER,

At TUNKHANNOCK, Pa. who has the exclusive right for Wyoming County, is one of the very few Machines that will cut Hay, Straw, Sedges, &c. better than the old fashioned Cutting Boxes, used by our grandfathers. 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 over went back to the old machine after a trial of it. A SUPPLY CONSTANTLY ON HAND, and WM. FLICKNER, v5b39U.

BUNNELL & BANNATYNE'S COLUMN

A LARGE STOCK OF

SPRING

GOODS,

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CHEAP,

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Poet's Corner,

[From the Home Journal.]
CALL ME DARLING.

BY STELLA OF LACKAWANNA.

Call me darling—never, never,
May love leap so fond a word;
Darling, darling, still repeat it,
Till no other sound be heard.

Call me darling—say it always—
'Tis no matter here or there,
Only let the witching accent
Breathe its music everywhere.

Call me darling when the sunlight
Crowns with gold the blushing morn,
And the weeping roses waken,
And the dew is on the thorn.

Call me darling at the noontide,
When the lily fawn, panting, lies
In the forest cool and restful,
With his sad, affrighted eyes.

Call me darling—softly breathe it,
When the twilight dims the world,
And its vague, magnetic shadows,
Dreamfully our lives enfold.

Call me darling; 'tis the fondest—
'Tis the holiest and the best
Of all murmured tenderness
Leaping from a loving breast.

Call me darling; Oh, how dreary
Wandering on if never heard,
Through the world's too weary windings
This one soft, caressing word!

Call me darling—only darling—
And my life will not complain,
Though its burdens all are heavy
And its heritage but pain.

SQUANDERED LIVES.

BY RAYARD TAYLOR.

The fisherman wades in the surges;
The sailor wades over the sea;
The soldier wades bravely to battle;
The woodman lays axe to the tree.

They are each of the bread of the heroes,
The manhood attempted in strife;
Strong hands that go lightly to labor,
True hearts, that take comfort in strife.

In each is the seed to replenish
The world with the vigor it needs—
The centre of honest intentions,
The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shark drinks the blood of the fisher;
The sailor is dropped in the sea;
The soldier lies cold by the cannon;
The woodman is crushed by his tree.

Each prodigal life that is wasted
In many achievements unseen,
But lengthens the days of the coward,
And strengthens the crafty and mean.

The blood of the noble is lavished
That the selfish a profit may find;
God sees the lives that are squandered,
And we to his wisdom are blind.

THE JACOBIN INCURUS.—The Detroit Free Press holds that the government of the United States has no more right to register voters within the States than it has to appropriate money to register voters in England—that is a matter that purely belongs to the State governments; and yet, this assumption of power on the part of our rulers is costing the people—almost exclusively the people of the North—in paying for registering officers alone, to further the interests and perpetuate the power of the Jacobin party, a daily expense of more than the daily cost of supporting the entire Government of the United States under the Democratic administration of General Jackson.

In the period of half a century there have been, it is estimated, upwards of seventy-five executives, emperors, presidents, dictators in Mexico, and no less than two hundred revolutions. What assurance is there of an end to this state of things while every successful faction celebrates its advent to power by sowing dragon's teeth of revolution, reaction and retribution, as the Jurists are now doing.

HOME PAPERS.—The Boston Journal well says: Not a tenth part of the local news which transpires in any country town finds its way into the columns of a city newspaper, and one who takes the latter to the exclusion of his own town or county paper, does not fulfill his duty as a citizen. Such a man is unworthy to fill a town office, for he certainly lacks local pride.

A DELICATE REQUEST.—A fellow went into the Clerk's Office the other day to get a marriage certificate. After looking at the instrument awhile, he beckoned the clerk on side. "See here, mister, said he confidentially, 'can't you date the thing back about two months?'"

The clerk assured him that he could not. "Well," said he, "I don't care anything about it myself, but her folks rather insist upon it!"

After a speech by the President, in Durham, North Carolina, an old gentleman said to him: "Mr. President our people would like to cheer you, sir, but we can't holler with a yoke around our necks." The order of General Sickles had that day been published suspending civil authority in Fayetteville and five counties of the State.

The reason why the South is not represented—because it is misrepresented.

RED-HEADED ANDY.

What should you do were your mother to fall down in a fit? Stand still and scream? Or run out of the house, and leave her lying half-dead upon the floor? Or, should you have what people call "presence of mind?" that is, call for somebody to help her, and do all you could for her till they came. It is a great thing to have "presence of mind;" and there are very few grown people who have it; there are very plenty of people when a bad accident happens, who will crowd round the sick person, keep all the good, fresh air away from him, wring their hands, say oh! and ah! and shocking! and dreadful! but there are few who think to run quickly for the doctor, or bring a glass of water, or do any one of the thousand little things which would help so much to make the poor sufferer better. If grown people do not think of those things, we certainly should not be disappointed if children do not; and yet wonderful though it may be they are often quicker-witted at such times than their elders. I will tell you a story, to show you that it is so.

Andy Moore was a short, stunted, freckled, little county boy; tough as a pine knot, and about as much polish. Sometimes he wore a hat and sometimes he didn't; he was not at all particular about that; his shaggy, red hair, he thought protected his head well enough; as for what people did think of it—he did not live in Broadway, where one's shoe-lacings are measured; his home was in the country, and a very wild, rocky country, at that; he knew much more about chipmunks, rattlesnakes, and birds' eggs, than he did about fashions; he liked to sit rocking on the top of a great tall tree; or standing on a high hill, where the wind almost took him off his feet; he thought, the sunset, with its golden clouds, "well enough," but he delighted in a thunder storm, when the forked lightning darted zig-zag across the heavy black clouds, blinding you with its brightness; or when the roaring thunder seems to shake the very hills, and the gentle little birds crowd trembling in their nest for fear.

Andy's home was a rough shanty enough on the side of a hill. It was built with mud, peat, and logs, with holes for windows; there was nothing very pleasant there; his mother smoked a pipe when she was not cooking or washing, and his father was a day laborer, who spent his wages for whisky and tobacco. No wonder that Andy liked to rock on the top of tall trees, and liked the thunder and lightning better than the eternal jangling of their drunken quarrels. Andy could hear the hum of busy life in the far-off villages, but he had never been there; he had no books, so he did a great deal of thinking, and he hoped some day to be something beside just plain Andy Moore, but how, or when, the boy had not made up his mind. In the mean time he grew, and slept, and ate, and thought—the very best thing at his age that he could have done, any where, had he but known it.

There was a railroad track near the hut of Andy's father; and Andy often watched the block engine, with its long trail, as it came fizzing past, belching out great clouds of steam and smoke, screeching through the valleys and under the hill like a mad demon. Although it went by the hut every day, yet he had never wished to ride in it; he had been content with lying on the sand bank watching it disappear in the distance, leaving great wreaths of smoke curling round tree-tops.

One day, as Andy was strolling across the track, he saw that there was something wrong about it; he did not know much about railroad tracks, because he was yet quite a little lad, but the rails seemed to be wrong somehow; and Andy had heard of cars being thrown off by such things. Just then, he heard a low, distant noise, dear, dear, the cars were coming, coming—coming then! He was then but a little boy, but perhaps he could stop them in some way; at any rate, there was nobody else there to do it. Andy never thought that he might be killed himself; but he went and stood right in the middle of the track, just before the bad place on it, that I have told you about, and stretched out his little arms as far as he could. On, on came the cars, louder and louder. The engineer saw the boy on the track and whistled for him to get out of the way; Andy never moved a hair.—Again, he whistled; Andy might have been made of stone for all the notice he took of it; then the engineer had to stop the train swearing as he did so, at Andy, for not "getting out of the way;" but when Andy pointed to the track, and he saw how the brave little fellow had not only saved his life, but the lives of all his passengers, his curses changed to blessings very quick. Everybody rushed out to see the horrible death they had escaped, had the cars rushed over the bad track, and tossed headlong down the steep bank into the river. Ladies kissed Andy's rough, freckled face, and cried over him; and the gentlemen, as they looked at their wives and children, wiped their eyes, and said, "God bless the boy!" And that is not all. They took out their portemonies, and contributed a large sum of money for him; not that they could ever repay the service he had done them,—they knew that—but to show him in some way, beside mere words, that they felt grateful.

Now, that boy had presence of mind. Good, brave little Andy! The passengers all wrote down his name, Andy Moore, and the place he lived in; and if you want to know where Andy is now I will tell you.

He is in college; and these people whose lives he saved, pay his bill, and are going to see him safe through.

Who dare say now, when a little jacket and trousers run past. "It is only a boy!"

JOSH BILLINGS ON COURTSHIP.

Courtin is a luxury, it is ice water, it is the plea spell of the sole. The man who has never courted has lived in vain. He has been a blind man among landscapes, he has been a deaf man in the land of hand organs and by the side of murrin canals. Courtin is like two little springs of water that start out from under a rock at the foot of the mountain, and run down hill, side by side, singing, dancin', spatterin' each other, eddyin', and frothin'. kaskadin, now hidden under the bank, now full of shadder, byemby they jine, and then go slow. I am in favor of long courtin; it gives the party a chance to find each other's trump cards. It is good exercise, and is just as innocent as 5 merino lambs.

Courtin is like strawberries and cream; wants to be did slow, and then you have got the flavor. I have seen folks get acquainted, fall in love, get married, settle down, and go to work in three weeks from date.

This is the way that some folks learn a trade, and accounts for the great number of almighty mean mechanics and poor jobs they turn out.

Perhaps it is best I should state sum good advice to young men who are about to court with a view of matrimony, as it was.

In the first place, young men, you want to get your system awful right, then find a young woman who is willing to be courted on the square.

The next thing is to find out how old she is, which you can do by asking her, and she will sa she is 19 years old, and this you will find will not be far out of the way.

The next thing is to begin moderate, as once every nite in the week for the first six months, increasing the dose as the pashens seems to require.

It is a fast rate way to court the girl's mother a little on the start, for there is one thing a woman never despises, and that is a little good courtin, if it is done on the square.

After the first year you will begin to like the bizness.

There is one thing I always advise, that is not to swap photographs oftener than wunst every 15 daze, unless you forget how the gal looks.

Occasionally you want to look sorry and draw in your wind as tho you had a pain; this will set the gal to teezin you to find out what ails you.

Evenin meetings are a good thing to tend. It will keep yure religion in tune, and if yure gal happens to be there, bi accident, she can ask you to go home with her.

As a general thing, I wouldn't brag on other girls much when I was courtin.—It might look as though you knew too much.

If you court three weeks in this way, all the time on the square, if you don't sa it is the sleekest time of yure life, you can go to the cheap store and get measured for a plug hat at my expense and pay for it.

YOUNG MEN IN SOCIETY.

A modest and virtuous young man, on first going into society, is apt to be sorely perplexed upon the question how to make himself agreeable to ladies. He need not be ashamed of his own perplexity. Washington Irving in one of his early sketches, confessed that a well-dressed lady was an object perfectly "awful" to his young imagination. We were once acquainted with a gentleman of distinction in public life, the father of several accomplished daughters, who could not, even to his fiftieth year, enter a drawing-room where ladies were present without painful embarrassment.—It is certainly a good sign for a young man to stand in some awe of the beautiful sex. A person of coarse and vulgar mind, who thinks more of himself than his best friends think of him, and who knows little of the worth of a good woman's heart, rushes fearlessly in where an Irving or an Addison would blush to tread. Bear this in mind, young gentlemen who blush and stammer in the company of young ladies; the girls are as much afraid of you as you are of them. You are awkward in your manners, you think. If you think so, it is likely that your fair friends think otherwise, for the really ill-bred fellows that we have never suspected their ill-breeding.—And after all what is good breeding, but habitual good nature? The simple fact that you wish to please is a proof that you possess, and will soon acquire the power to do so. The good heart and well-informed mind will soon give grace to the demeanor, or will so abundantly atone for the want of it, that its absence will never be noticed. Besides, the ladies—that is, most of them—like a man who is simple in his manners, provided that they see that there is substance and worth in him. Graceful manners and ready wit are good as far as they go. But be sure of this, oh bashful, blushing youth, that in the society of ladies and of men, you will pass, in the long run, for what you are worth—no more—no less. The art of pleasing therefore, is nothing more than the art of becoming an honest, kind, intelligent and high-minded man. Such a man, be he graceful as Chesterfield or awkward as Calliban, all worthy women trust and love.

A fat querulous fellow was driven from a stage coach by passengers whom he had annoyed with his growlings and complaint. A cigar was lighted, when at a preconcerted moment one of the passengers exclaimed:

"For heaven's sake, sir, put out that fire! I have four pounds of powder in my overcoat pocket!"

"Driver! Driver! Stop! Stop!" exclaimed the victim of this gunpowder plot.

"Let me out! Let me out!" There is a man here with gunpowder in his pocket he'll blow us all to damnation!"

The complainant "got out" in no small hurry, and the passengers thenceforward pursued the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by his further annoyance.

Two young ladies, says the Musical Review, were once singing a duet in a concert room. A stranger, who had heard better performances, turned to his neighbor saying:

"Does not the young lady in white sing wretchedly?"

"Excuse me, sir, replied he! "I hardly feel at liberty to express my sentiments, not being impartial in the case; it is my sister."

"I beg your pardon, sir," answered the stranger, in much confusion, "I meant the lady in blue."

"You're perfectly right there," replied the neighbor; "I have often told her so myself; it is my wife!"

Rev. Dr. E., who had charge of a church in Burlington, some years since, was preparing his discourse for the next Sunday. Stopping occasionally to review what he had written, and to erase that which he was disposed to improve, he was accosted by his little son:

"Father, does God tell you what to preach?"

"Certainly, my child."

"Then what makes you scratch it out?"

"I cannot conceive, my dear, what's the matter with my watch. I think it must want cleaning," exclaimed an indulgent husband to his better half.

"No, pa," said his petted little daughter, "I know it don't want cleaning, because baby and I washed it in the basin ever so long this morning."

The Home Journal says, in its society Gossip that "at the Delavan House in Albany one day last week eighteen brides billed and cooed." The brides may have cooed, but we imagine it was the bridegrooms who "billed" at the office desk upon leaving!

"My dear Ellen," said a young man, "I have long wished for this sweet opportunity, but I hardly dare trust myself to speak the deep emotions of my heart; but I declare to you, my dear Ellen, that I love you most tenderly. Your smile would shed—would shed—'Never mind the wood shed,' said Ellen, 'go on with the pretty talk.'"

"How's trade, Squire?"

"Well, cash trade's kinder dull now m'jor."

"Dun anything ter day?"

"Wall, only a little—on credit. Aunt Betsy Prushard has bort an egg's worth of tea, and got trusted till her speckled pullit lays."

The mother of a little fellow who was about taking a ride in the Hartford horse cars asked him as he scrambled in: "Why, aren't you going to kiss your mother before you go?" The little rogue was in such a hurry that he couldn't stop, and hastily called out: "Conductor want you kiss my ma for me?"

Women often fancy themselves in love when they are not. The love of being loved, fondness of flattery, the pleasure of giving pain to a rival, passion for novelty and excitement, are frequently mistaken for something far better and holier, till marriage disenchant the self-deceiver, and leaves her astonished at her own indifference and the evaporation of her romantic fancies.

"A distressed mother" writes to the Allentown, Pa., Democrat for advice, which she gets—thusly: "The only way to cure your son of staying out 'late o' nights' is to break his legs, or else get the 'calico' he runs after to do your house work."

A man took off his coat to show a terrible wound he had received a few years before. Not being able to find the wound he suddenly remembered that it was on his "brother Bill's arm."

A friend says he knows but one branch of business which is very profitable and but little followed, and that is:

"Mind your own business."

Massachusetts is to have a new lunatic asylum, at a cost of \$400,000. There are lunatics enough in that State to fill half a dozen such places.

What is the difference between an battered dime and a new penny?—Nine cents.

Carlyle, in his advice to young men says: "If you doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl, give her the benefit of the doubt."