



HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

"To Speak his Thoughts is Every Freeman's Right."

TERMS, \$2.00 Per. ANNUM, in Advance.

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NO. 5.

## Wyoming Democrat,

A Democratic weekly paper, devoted to the news, the arts and sciences &c. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, 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 arrears are paid; unless at the option of publisher.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TELEPHONE CONSTITUTION A SQUARE.  
One square one or three insertions.....\$1.50.  
Every subsequent insertion less than 8.....50.  
REAL ESTATE, PERSONAL PROPERTY, and GENERAL ADVERTISING, as may be agreed upon.  
PATENT MEDICINES and other advertisements of the column:  
One column, 1 year.....\$3.00  
Half column, 1 year.....1.50  
Third column, 1 year......75  
Fourth column, 1 year......50  
Business Cards of one square or less, per year, with paper, 25.  
For Editorial or Local Item advertising—with cut advertisement—15 cts. per line. Liberal terms made with permanent advertisers.  
EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS and AUDITORS' NOTICES, of the usual length,.....\$2.50  
OBITUARIES—exceeding ten lines, each; RELIGIOUS and LITERARY NOTICES, not of general interest, one half the regular rates.  
Avertisements must be handed in by Tuesday noon, to insure insertion the same week.

### JOB WORK

All kinds neatly executed, and at prices to suit the times.  
All TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS and JOB WORK must be paid for, when ordered.

## Business Notices.

R. & W. ELITTLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office on Toga Street Tunkhannock Pa.

W. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Stark's Brick Block Toga St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

H. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Newton Centre, Luzerne County Pa.

O. L. PARRISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at the Court House, in Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co., Pa.

J. W. RHODES, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, J. will attend promptly to all calls in his profession. May be found at his Office at the Drug Store, or at his residence on Putnam Street, formerly occupied by A. K. Beckham Esq.

## 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. Utman, vna30th.

## PORTRAIT, LANDSCAPE,

AND

## ORNAMENTAL

PAINTING.

By W. TUGGER, Artist.

Rooms over the Wyoming National bank, in Stark's Brick Block,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA.

Life-size Portraits painted from Ambrotypes or Photographs. Photographs Painted in Oil Colors—All orders for paintings executed according to order, or on charge made.

Instructions given in Drawing, Sketching, Portrait and Landscape Painting, in oil or water colors, and in all branches of the art.  
Tunk, July 31, '67 -vg-50-11.

## NEW TAILORING SHOP

The Subscriber having had a sixteen years practical experience in cutting and making clothing now offers his services to the citizens of Tunkhannock and vicinity.  
Those wishing to get fits will find his shop the place to get them.  
JOEL R. SMITH  
-50-6inn-

## B LTON 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 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, 1867.

## NORTH BRANCH HOTEL,

MESHOPEEN, 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 as agreeable a place of sojourn to all who may favor it with their custom.  
Wm. H. CORTRIGHT.  
June, 3rd, 1867

## MEANS' HOTEL.

TOWANDA, PA.

J. B. BARTLET, PROPRIETOR.

The MEANS' HOTEL, 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, 521, 17.

## 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.

## Poetry.

### THE PRINTER'S HOHEN LINDEN.

In seasons when our funds are low,  
Subscriptions are proving slow,  
And few supplies keep up the flow,  
Of times departing rapidly.

But then we see a sadder sight  
When duns come in from more still night,  
Demanding every "shiny" bright,  
To be forked over speedily.

Our hands and due bills are arrayed,  
Each seal and signature displayed,  
The holders must and will be paid,  
With threat of law and chancery.

When to despair we're almost driven,  
There's precious little fun in living—  
When our last copper's rudely riven  
From hands that hold it lovingly.

But larger yet the duns shall grow,  
With interest added on below,  
Lengthening the chain a foot or so,  
While gazing at them hopelessly.

'Tis so that scarce we have begun,  
To plead for time upon a dun,  
Before there is another one,  
Demanding pay ferociously.

The prospect darkens! on ye brave,  
Who would your very bacon save—  
Waive, pause not, all your pretexts waive,  
And pay the printer honestly.

Oh, it would yield us pleasure sweet,  
A few delinquents owe to meet,  
Asking of us a clear receipt,  
For papers taken regularly.

### CASTLE BUILDING.

We wandered down the deep ravine  
When sunset fires were redly glowing,  
And all the vale with purple tints  
And golden smokes was overflowing.

The mountain slopes were still ablaze,  
The tree-tops burned like waving torches,  
And rainbow rays of rosy haze  
Were fanning all the woodland porches.

Beyond, we saw the sunset skies,  
With gates and walls and turrets built—  
Emballment fields that seemed to rise,  
Tier after tier, with glory gilded.

O, look my love! what pictures bright!  
How rich and grand each climbing spire!  
Look up, my love! I'll build to-night,  
For you and me, a House of Glory!

So, hand in hand, we rested still,  
And upward looked till sunset splendor—  
So, heart with heart, in loving thrill,  
Grew unto birth the glorious tender.

And thus we built with paint and dust,  
Our castle grand, from floor to coping,  
Until the last low sunbeams kissed  
"The gray ravine, and left us—groping.

Ah, me, my love! the darkness falls  
Full soon, to shroud our brightest dreaming!  
And golden roofs and crystal walls  
Are faded all on cloudy seeming.

But, hand in hand, we sat with heart,  
We bided all the twilight hours,  
And wait until the shadows part  
That hide from us our House of Glory.

### JOSH BILLINGS ON GONGS.

Josh Billings relateth his first experience with the gong thusly: I never can eradicate him from my memory the sound of the first gong I ever heard. I was sitting on the front step of a tavern in the city of Buffalo, smoking. The sun was going to bed, and the heavens for an hour was bluish at the performance. The Ery Kanal, with its golden waters, was on its way to Albany, and I was perusing the line botes a float by, and thinkin o' Italy (where I use to live) and her gondoliers and gallus wimmin. My entire soul was, as it were, in a sweet. I wanted to kline, I felt grate. I actually grow. There are things in this life to be trifled with; there are times when a man brakes luce from himself, when he sees sperits, when he kin almost touch the munc, and feels as tho he kud fill both hands with the stars of heven, and almost aware he was a bank president. That's what ailed me. But the korse or true never did run smooth, (this is Shaksper's opinyon too.) Just as I was doing my best—cummer, cummer, spat, bang, beller, crash, rarr, ram, dummer, dummer, dum—with a tremenjous jump I struck the centre of the sidewalk, with another I cleared the gutter, and with another I stood in the middle of the street, sporting like an Indian pony at a band of musick. I gazed in wild dispare at the tavern stand, mi hart swelled up as a outdoor oven, mi teeth was as luce as a string of beads, I tho' all ov the crockery in the tavern had fell down. I tho' of fenomenons. I tho' of Gubral and his horn. I was jst on the pint of thinkin of somethin else when the landord knn out to the front stupe ov the tavern, hidden by a string the bottom of a old brass kittle. He kawked me gently with his hand, I went solas and solas up to him, he kammed mi feres, he said it was a gong, I saw the kussed thing, he said supper was redly, he axed me ef I wud hav black or green tee, and I sed I wud.

Didn't RECOGNIZE IT.—A wealthy man of Boston, who owns a country residence in the suburbs of that city, recently became dissatisfied with it, determined to have another, and instructed an auctioneer, famous for his descriptive powers, to advertise it in the papers at private sale, but to conceal the location, telling the purchaser to apply at his office. In a few days the gentlemen happened upon the advertisement, was pleased with the account of the place, showed it to his wife, and the two concluded it was just what they wanted and that they would secure it at once—So he went to the office of the auctioneer and told him that the place he had advertised was such a one as he desired, and he would purchase it. The auctioneer burst into a laugh and told him that it was the description of his own house where he was then living. He read the advertisement again, pondered over the "grassy slopes," "beautiful vistas," "smooth lawn," etc., and broke out, "is it possible! Well, auctioneer, make out my bill for advertising and expenses, for by George, I wouldn't sell the place now for three times what it cost me!"

These letters were to a Lucilla also—who had received them twenty years before—and she was now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that lovers letters were all so much alike.

Half-a-dozen—just the same number, and much more romantic than those the music-master had written to her daughter. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband; by a look or a word she had never attempted such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter. When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened, and something in her pocket rustled as she moved. But she said nothing on the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with it came her husband angrier and more determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence; then, having adjourned to the parlor, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm chair, and demanded:

"The letters," in a voice of thunder.

Mrs. Richmond put her hand into her pockets, and pulled it out again with a frightened look.

Mr. Richmond repeated still more sternly:

"Those absurd letters, if you please, ma'am."

And then the little woman faltered:

"I—that is—I believe—yes, dear—I believe I have them," and gave him a white pile of envelopes, encircled with blue ribbon, with a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf.

As for Lucilla, she began to weep as though the end of all things had come at last, and felt sure that if papa should prove cruel she should die. Six letters—six

### SIX LOVE-LETTERS.

"Are there any more of those letters?" When her father asked this question, in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say "No," and dared not say "Yes," but as an intermediate course burst into tears, and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

"Bring them to me, Lucilla," said her father, as if she had answered him, as, indeed, she had; and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very self grown older, came behind her husband's chair and patted him on his shoulder.

"Please don't be hard with her, my dear," she said, coaxingly. "He's a nice young man and it is our fault after all as much as hers, and you won't break her heart I'm sure."

"Perhaps you approve of the whole affair, ma'ma," said Mr. Richmond.

"I—no—that is, I only—" gaped the woman; and hearing Lucilla coming, she sank into a chair, blaming herself dreadfully for not having been present at all her daughter's music lessons during the past year.

For all this disturbance arose from a music teacher who had given lessons to Miss Lucilla Richmond for twelve months, and who had taken the liberty of falling in love with her, knowing well that she was the daughter of one of the richest men in Yorkshire.

"It was inexcusable in a poor music teacher, who should have known his place," Mr. Richmond declared, and he clucked the little perfumed bill which had fallen into his hands as he might a scorpion, and waited for the others with a look upon his face which told no softening. They came at last, six little white envelopes, tied together with blue ribbon, and were laid at his elbow by his despairing daughter.

"Lock these up until I return home this evening," he said to his wife; "I will read them. Meanwhile, Lucilla, let me see this music master on any pretence."

And then Lucilla went down upon her knees:

"Oh, dear papa!" she cried, "dearest papa, please don't say I must never see him again. I couldn't bear it. Indeed I couldn't. He's poor, I know, but he is a gentleman, and I—I like him so much, papa."

"No more of this absurdity, my dear," said Mr. Richmond. "He has been artful enough to make you think him perfect. I suppose. Your parents know what is best for Miss Richmond."

With which remark Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat, and departed.

Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

"It's naughty of you," said Mrs. Richmond. "But no, dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly so with me, I ran away with your papa, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, and Fredrick has such fine eyes, and is so very pleasing. I wish I could soften your papa."

"When he has seen the letters there'll be no hope, I'm afraid," sobbed Lucilla. "Fred is romantic and papa hates romance."

"He used to be very romantic himself in those old times," said Mrs. Richmond. "Such letters as he wrote me. I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I refused him."

"So does Fred," said Lucilla.

"And that life would be worthless without me; and about my being beautiful (he thought so, you know) I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little," said Mrs. Richmond.

But she dared not promise that she would. She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down; then went up into her own room to put the letters into her desk; and, as she placed them in one pigeon-hole, she saw in another a bundle, tied exactly as those were, and drew them out.

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shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla," said the indignant parent. "I am shocked that a child of mine could practice such duplicity. Hem! let me see. Number one, I believe. June, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us then, Lucilla. Let me see—ah! 'From the first moment he adored you,' eh! Nonsense. People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance and respect and attachment. 'With your smiles for his goal, he would win both fame and fortune, poor as he is!' Fiddlesticks, Lucilla! A man who has common sense would always wait until he had a commencement before he proposed to any girl. 'Praise of your beauty. The loveliest creature he ever saw!' Exaggeration, my dear. You are not plain, but such flattery is absurd. 'Must hear from you or die?' Dear, dear, dear—how absurd!"

And Mr. Richmond dropped the first letter, and took up another.

"The same stuff," he commented. "I hope you don't believe a word he says. A plain, earnest, upright sort of man would never go into such rhapsodies, I am sure. Ah! now, in number three he calls you 'angel.' He is romantic, upon my word. And what is all this?"

"Those who would forbid me to see you can find no fault with me but my poverty. I am honest—I am earnest in my efforts. I am by birth a gentleman, and I love you from my soul. Do not let them sell you for gold, Lucilla."

"Great heavens, what impertinence to your parents!"

"I don't remember Fred's saying anything of that kind," said poor little Lucilla. "He never knew you would object."

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned, and read on in his silence until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then, with an ejaculation of rage, he started to his feet.

"Infamous!" he cried, "I'll go to him this instant—I'll horsewhip him—I'll—I'll murder him! As for you, by Jove, I'll send you to a convent. Elope, elope with a music teacher! I'm ashamed to call you my daughter. Where's his hat? Give me my boots. Here, John, call a cab!"

But here Lucilla caught one arm and Mrs. Richmond the other.

"Oh, papa, are you crazy?" said Lucilla. "Fred never proposed such a thing. Let me see the letter. Do look, papa; it is dated twenty years back, and Fredrick's name is not Charles! Papa, these are your love letters to mamma written long ago. Her name is Lucilla, you know!"

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm-chair in silence, very red in the face.

"How did this occur?" he said, sternly and little Mrs. Richmond, retreating into a corner, with her handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed:

"I did it on purpose," and paused, as though she expected a sudden judgment. But, hearing nothing, she dared at last to rise and creep up to her husband timidly.

"You know, Charles," she said, "it's so long ago since, and I thought you might not exactly remember—how you fell in love with me at first, how papa and mamma objected, and how at last we ran away together; and it seemed to me that if we could bring it all back plainly to you as it was then, we might let dear Lucilla marry the man she likes who is good, if he is not rich. I did not need it to be brought back any plainer myself, women have more to remember, you know. And we've been very happy—have we not?"

And certainly Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So Lucilla, feeling that her interests might safely be left in her mother's keeping, slipped out of the room and heard the result of the rise next morning.

It was favorable to the young music teacher, who had really only been sentimental, and had not gone half so far as elopement; and, in due course of time, the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a wealthy merchant's daughter, with the perfect approbation of Lucilla's father and to the great joy of Lucilla's mama, who justly believed that her little ruse had brought about all her daughter's happiness.

A SWEET TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a woman than a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home weary and worn by the toils of the day and how soothing is a word dictated by his good disposition? It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the mind of the whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart. Smiles and kind words characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty; and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

A FAIR RETORT.—A young lady dressed in a Bloomer costume, who had wit as well as independence, was present at an evening party a short time since, where she attracted the attention of the gentlemen and the sneers of some of the ladies.

One extremely sensitive lady, who, no doubt, envied the pretty appearance of the costume, remarked to the wearer that it was a very immodest dress and unbecoming to a lady. The witty fair one replied: "If you should pull your dress up enough to cover your shoulders, it would then be shorter than mine!" The modest lady, whose dress seemed in danger of falling from her person, immediately fainting, and fell into the arms of a waiter.

### THINGS WHICH ARE BEFORE

We are always moving and lifting at the stone of corruption, which lies upon our hearts, but yet we never stir it, or at least never roll it off from us. We are sometimes a little troubled with the guilt of our sins and then, we must thrust our desires out of our hearts; but afterward, we sprinkle ourselves over I know not what holy water, and so, are contented to let those desires still quietly within us.

We every day truly confess the same sins, and pray against them; and yet, we will commit them as much as ever, and lie as deeply under the power of them. We have the same water to pump out, in every prayer; and still we let the same leak in again upon us. We make a great deal of noise and raise a great deal of dust with our feet, but we do not move from off the ground on which we stood, we do not at all go forward. Or, if we do sometimes make a little progress, we quickly lose again the ground which we had gained; like those upper planets in the heaven, which, as the astronomers tell us, sometimes stand perfectly still; have their stations and retrogradations, as well as their direct motions. As if religion were nothing else but a dancing up and down upon the same piece of ground, and making several motions and frisking on it; and not a sober journeying and travelling onward toward some certain place.

A correspondent who dislikes affectation in any form sends us the following original anecdote:

Dinner was spread in the cabin of that peerless steamer, the New World, and a splendid company were assembled about the table. Among the passengers there prepared for gastronomic duty was a little creature of the genius poet decked daintily as an early butterfly, with kids of irreproachable whiteness, "miraculous" necktie, and a spider like quizzing on his nose. The delicate animal turned his head affectively aside with—

"Waitah!"

"Sab?"

"Bwing me a pwopellah of a fwemale wootah."

"Yis, sah!"

"And waitah, tell the steward to wub my plate with a vegetable called onion, which gives a delicious flavor to my minnah."

While the refined exquisite was giving his order, a jolly Western drover had listened with open mouth and protruding eyes—When the diminutive creature paused, he brought his fist down upon the table with a force that made every dish bounce, and then thundered:

"Here! you gaul darned ace of spades!"

"Yis, sah."

"Bring me a thundering big plate of skunk's gizzards!"

"Sab?"

"And an old ink pot; tuck a horse blanket under my chin, and rub me down with brickbats while I feed."

The poor dandy showed a pair of straight tails instantly, and the whole table joined in a "tremendous roar."

FLOWERS.

No sitting room is completely finished without a few choice plants within it to give it an air of cheerfulness, with their freshness and fragrance. Almost every article ornament and luxury costs money; but these the poorest household may enjoy at the expense of a little pleasant care, the reward of which will surely and speedily follow. It is a constant source of delight to watch the expanding leaves and swelling buds, growing as they do to be at once cherished friends instead of things inanimate, whose influence upon the character is ever refining and elevating, whose lessons of instruction are ever ennobling and purifying. Who that has watched the growing beauty of some tender plant can wonder that the French infidel, Compre de Charney, who spent months in the care and study of a delicate flowering plant, was led by its influence to believe in its Maker?