



HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

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

TERMS, \$2.00 Per ANNUM, in Advance.

VOL. VII.

TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA. - WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 25, 1867.

NO. 8.

Wyoming Democrat,
A Democratic weekly paper, devoted to Political 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 paid, unless at the option of publisher.

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TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.

One square one or three insertions.....\$1.50
Every subsequent insertion less than 5.....50
REAL ESTATE, PERSONAL PROPERTY, and GENERAL ADVERTISEMENTS, as may be agreed upon.
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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. E. LITTLE, 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
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. Peckham 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. Gillman.
563333f.

PORTRAIT, LANDSCAPE, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.
By W. RUGER, 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, Portraits and Landscape Painting, in Oil or water Colors, and in all branches of the art.
Tunk., July 21, '67, '69-50-51f.

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 Tunkhannock and vicinity.
Those wishing to get fits will find his shop the place to get them.
JONES, R. SMITH
-550-5imes

BOLTON HOUSE.
HARRISBURG, PENNA.
The undersigned having lately purchased the DEWEILER 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.

MEANS' HOTEL.
TOWANDA, PA.
D. B. BARTLET,
[Late of "Breakfast 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.

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 to render the house an agreeable place of sojourn to all who may favor it with their custom.
Wm. H. CORTRIGHT.
June 3rd, 1868

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.

5n41.

Poetry,

PETER MCGUIRE; OR, NATURE AND GRACE.

[Reported for the Banner of Light. Dr. H. F. Gardner.]

It has always been thought a most critical case, When a man was possessed of more Nature than Grace;

For Theology teaches that man from the first, Was a sinner by Nature, and justly accurst; And "Salvation by Grace," was the wonderful plan Which God had invented to save erring man.

'Twas the only statement he knew how to make, To annul the effects of his own sad mistake.

Now this was the doctrine of good Parson Brown, Who preached, not long since, in a small country town.

He was zealous, and earnest, and could so excel In describing the tortures of sinners in Hell, That a famous revival commenced in the place, And hundreds of souls found "Salvation by Grace," But he felt that he had not attained his desire, Till he had converted one Peter McGuire.

This man was a blacksmith, frank, fearless and bold, With great brawny sinews like Vulcan of old;

He had little respect for what ministers preach, And sometimes was very profane in his speech. His opinions were founded in clear common sense, And he spoke as he thought, though he oft gave offence.

But however wanting, in whole or in part, He was sound, and all right when you came to his heart.

One day the good parson, with pious intent, To the smithy of Peter most hopefully went; And there, while the hammer industriously swung, He preached, and he prayed, and exhorted, and sung.

And warned, and entreated poor Peter to fly From the pit of destruction before he should die; And to wash himself clean from the world's sinful strife.

In the Blood of the Lamb, and the River of Life.

Well—and what would you now be inclined to expect Was the probable issue and likely effect? Why! he swore "like a Pirate," and what do you think?

From a little black bottle took something to drink And he said—"I'll not mention the Blood of the Lamb, But as for that River it ain't worth a—"

Then, pausing—as if to restrain his rude force— He quietly added—"a mill-dam, of course."

Quick out of the smithy the minister fled, As if a big bomb-shell had burst near his head; And as he continued to haste on his way, He was too much excited to sing or to pray;

But he thought how to some were elected by Grace, As heirs of the kingdom—made sure of their place While others were doomed to the pains of Hell-fire, And if e'er there was one such, 'twas Peter McGuire.

That night, when the Storm King was riding on high, And the red shafts of lightning gleamed bright thro' the sky,

The church of the village—"the Temple of God," Was struck, for the want of a good lightning rod, And swiftly descending, the element fire Set the minister's house, close beside it, on fire.

While he peacefully slumbered, and had not a fear Of the terrible work of destruction so near.

There were Mary, and Hannah, and Tommy, and Joe, All sweetly asleep in the bedroom below.

While their father was near, with their mother at rest, (Like the wife of John Rogers "with one at the breast.")

But Alice, the eldest, a gentle young dove, Was asleep all alone, in the room just above, And when the wild cry of the rescuer came, She only, was left to the pitiless flame.

The fond mother counted her treasures of love, When to one was missing—"Oh Father above!" How madly she shrieked in her agony wild—"My Alice! My Alice! Oh save my dear child!"

Then down on her knees fell the Lord, and prayed That the terrible wrath of the Lord might be stayed. Said Peter McGuire—"Prayer is good in its place, But then it don't suit this particular case."

He turned down the sleeves of his red flannel shirt, To protect his great arms all besmattered with dirt, Then into the billows of smoke and of fire, Not pausing an instant, dashed Peter McGuire. Oh that terrible moment of anxious suspense! How breathless their watching! their fear how intense!

And then their great joy! which could not be expressed, When Peter appeared with the child on his breast.

A shout rent the air when the darling he laid In the arms of her mother, so pale and dismayed, And as Alice looked up and most gratefully smiled He bowed down his head and he wept like a child: Oh! those tears of brave manhood that rained o'er his face, Showed the true Grace of Nature, and the Nature of Grace;

'Twas a manifest token—a visible sign, Of the indwelling life of the Spirit Divine.

Consider such natures, and then, if you can, Preach of "total depravity" innate in man. Talk of blasphemy! why, 'tis profanity wild! To say that the Father thus cursed his own child, Go learn of the stars, and the dew-spangled sod, That all things rejoice in the goodness of God, That each thing created is good in its place, And Nature is but the expression of Grace,

A Missouri farmer being asked if raising hemp was a good business, replied, "I can't sartin say; but it is surely better than being raised by it."

THE BACHELOR'S ESCAPE.

If ever there was a fore-ordained bachelor that man was Major Teller. Some men are born to bachelorhood—others have bachelorhood thrust upon them; and to the former class belonged our Major. You could have picked him out in a multitude of ways if he had been labeled, like an antediluvian fossil, or a dried specimen of etymology, there couldn't have been more certainty in the matter.

He was a dapper, thin little man, something under five feet in height, with a glossy black wig, closely trimmed side-whiskers, and costume so daintily neat that he reminded you of a shining black cat; He took a Turkish bath in the morning, and a Russian bath in the evening; he came home to dinner at twelve precisely, and went to bed at eleven at night, with his boots standing at the foot of his bed, and his stockings at the head, and his wig elevated on the gas-fixtures, and every chair in the room standing at right angles with the wall!

It was high noon on a sparkling, windy March day when Major Teller came home to the antique down town boarding house, where he had vegetated for the last twenty years, and went to his room to brush his wig for the mid-day meal. Opening the door he stumbled over an obstacle in the way.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said the Major, turning very red, and recovering his footing with difficulty.

It was Miss Patience Pettigrew, on her hands and knees, cleaning off the oil-cloth at the door!

Now, the Major was afraid of Patience—afraid of her as the plump lamb fears the gruff wolf, or the unoffending robin the dire serpent. Miss Patience was tall lean and sallow, but she curled her hair, and wore an artificial rose over her left ear, and sang little whistling tunes to a little spindle-legged piano, and firmly believed that if she only waited a little longer she should get married to somebody! And because the Major sat opposite her at the table—Miss Patience helped her widowed sister "keep house," and served the gravy and sauces—and regarded her artificial rose and bear's grease curl with a sort of fearful fascination, Miss Patience somehow opined that she should one day, Cupid willing, become Mrs. Major Teller!

"It's of no consequence, Major," said Miss Patience, recovering her feet of soap, which had skinned out to the middle of the carpet; "I hope your fire isn't out!"

"Thank you, ma'am, it is very good," said the Major, recovering her feet of soap, which had skinned out to the middle of the carpet; "I hope your fire isn't out!"

"I do wonder, 'Major,'" said Miss Patience, with a premonitory giggle, "why you never got married?"

The Major retired precipitately behind the coal scuttle, and made no reply.

"You'd be so much more comfortable, you know," added Miss Patience, wringing out her woolen cloth, and looking so lovingly on the Major that he retreated still further into his wardrobe, where among the swinging eddies of coats and trousers he felt comparatively safe.

Miss Patience hesitated a moment, and in that moment the Major felt all the anticipatory agonies of being pursued, captured, brought forth and married before he could get breath to remonstrate. But she finally took up her pail and vanished.

"Dear me, that was a narrow escape," thought our hero, emerging from his sanctuary. "Some day she'll be too much for me. Perhaps I'd better change my boarding place. Yes—that will be the only safety. I suppose I couldn't very well have her sworn over to keep the peace, and really, there's no saying what a determined woman of fifty might do, I'll look out for a new place to-morrow."

"Dear me, Major, you have no appetite," said Miss Patience, sweetly, at the dinner table.

"No, ma'am," said the Major.

"Try to eat a little—just to please me, Major."

"No, I thank you, ma'am."

"Don't you know, Major, people will say, you are in love, if you don't eat more?" smiled the antiquated spinster.

This was more than our hero could endure; he rose up and left our hero's triumphant victory of the worldly field.

"I won't go back to that house if I can help it," thought Major Teller, brushing the cold dew away from his forehead with a crimson silk pocket handkerchief. "Her intentions are serious. I know they are."

And the Major in his innermost mind reviewed the catechism and hymns he had learned as a child; trying to think if there was not some invocation particularly suited to an elderly gentleman in great peril and perplexity. But he could not remember anything appropriate to his particular case.

"It's twenty years since I've been in the inside of a church," thought the penitent old offender. "I wish I'd gone a little more regularly. I wonder if it's too late in life to reform!"

For the Major, poor old gentlemen, had a vague idea that 'religion' would be a sort of safeguard against the wiles of his fair enemy. Deliverance from Miss Patience Pettigrew must be obtained on some terms or other.

As Major Teller was frantically revolving these things in his mind, he came to a sudden and involuntary standstill. There was a crowd gathered in the street—a fallen omnibus horse, or an arrested pick-pocket, or some nucleus, round which gathers the rapidly increasing swarm of metropolitan loafers. Now of all things, Major Teller most dreaded a crowd, and he looked around nervously for some means of escape.

An old fashioned church, with open doors and some sort of service going on inside, caught the Major's eye. He made an instantaneous dart for its huge Gothic portals, shielded by inner doors of green baize.

"It's a good chance to think of something solemn and appropriate, and that sort of thing, until the crowd gets by," he thought, setting himself in a corner of one of the soft-cushioned pews, to listen to the mild, droning voice of the old clergyman.

The church was very warm, and the light, softened by purple and golden crimson glass, was dim, and the clergyman's voice rather monotonous, and Major Teller was unconsciously becoming rather drowsy, when a plump old lady came in, and the sexton beckoned him from his seat.

But the sermon was over and people streaming down the aisle, and the Major felt that he didn't care to prolong the thing, and that he had done a very laudable act in coming to church, and—

Even while these ideas were passing indistinctly through his brain, he was borne towards the altar in an upward eddy of the crowd, and felt a gaunt arm thrust through his.

"Protect me, Major! oh, save me!" whispered Miss Patience Pettigrew.—"I'm so 'fraid in a crowd always!"

The Major strove to withdraw his arm, but Miss Pettigrew would not let him.—"They were standing directly in front of the altar arm-in-arm. The minister, old and near-sighted, and a little deaf, advanced, probably concluding that his services were required.

Major Teller's blood ran cold; he tried to protest, but his tongue seemed paralyzed. Miss Pettigrew had captured him as a lamb for the slaughter, and where was the use of further struggle? A few words—an appallingly brief ceremony—and Major Teller was married to Miss Patience Pettigrew!

"Take the market-basket, my dear," said the gaunt bride, "and stay—you'd better carry the umbrella, too! We'll go right home. Old folks like you and me don't care for a wedding tour, do we?"

The Major looked pitifully at his better-half and made no answer. She, however, waited for none, but drew him along with a quiet determination that argued ill for the future.

"Give me the key to the room, my dear," said Mrs. Patience Teller. "I'd better keep it in future."

The Major handed over the key without a word of remonstrance, and his elderly wife opened the door.

"We'll stick up things a little," said Mrs. Teller, landing the Major's beloved papers together, and pitching his box of cigars out of the window.

"But, Miss Patience!"

"What?"

"My dear wife, I mean?"

"Ah, yes. What were you going to remark?"

"My cigars—I—"

"Oh, well, I don't like smoke—never did."

"But what are you doing with my slippers?"

"Trying 'em on—don't they fit me so nicely. Guess I'll keep 'em. Sempronius! I wish you'd take all these coats and things out of the wardrobe—I want it for my dresses."

"But where shall I keep them, Miss Patience?"

"What did you say?"

"Mrs. Teller, I would remark."

"Oh, under the bed, or somewhere!—Pink soap, eh?—I prefer Castile. Cologne, eau de Florida, cold cream? Who would 'a' supposed you were such a dandy, Sempronius. You must have plenty of money. By the way, suppose you give me the money to keep now, my dear?—I'll manage it a good deal more economically than you'll be likely to."

"Give me the money, I say!"

Major Teller meekly put his hand into his pocket and subserviently handed over the purse.

"Well, now you'd better go about your business," said the gentle bride, "and not come home till a time—I do abominate man lounging round in the way forever; and don't come smelling of tobacco if you know what is good for yourself, Sempronius Teller!"

The Major crept silently away, thinking how the last time he crossed that threshold, he was a free man, now:

"I'm married!" mused Major Teller. "I couldn't help it; it wasn't my fault, but here I am, no money, no cigars, no freedom—worse than any galley slave—Sixty years old next month, and—married to Patience Pettigrew!"

He walked disconsolately down the street, but his hands in his empty pockets, and his hat tipped restlessly over his eyes. A greater contrast could hardly have been imagined than existed between this slovenly, seedy, wretched looking man, and the trim, tidy, cheerful little Major Teller of six hours ago. He caught a fleeting glimpse of himself in a mirror belonging to some picture frame store, as he sauntered by—it startled even himself.

"I wouldn't have known myself," he muttered gloomily. "Well, I'm married now—married to Patience Pettigrew!"

He stopped at the street corner, uncertain which way to go. But as he gazed, the bright, steely glimpse of the river caught his eye.

"All right," muttered Sempronius gloomily. "I'll go and drown myself, it's a short way out of a long line of difficulty. Anything but going back to Patience Pettigrew!"

He went down with long determined strides towards the shining, broad stream,

where the ships lay peacefully at anchor, and the little boats shot hither and thither, and the waves sparkled up like sheets of diamonds. All these things Major Teller saw without marking them, as he made resolutely for the pier.

"Want a boat, sir," demanded a sturdy man.

"Yes," said the Major. "I want Charon's boat, to row me over Styx!"

"Don't know him, sir," said the puzzled boatman, "but mine's sound and light and—"

The Major waited to hear no more, but gave a blind, downward jump!

Down, down with that peculiar sensation of falling so familiar to all—down—down—until—

"Beg pardon, sir, but the church is going to be shut up, and everybody's gone. Hope you have had a good nap, sir!"

The sexton spoke satirically, but in his tones Major Teller recognized hope and freedom. He started wildly to his feet.

"Then I'm not married after all, sexton?"

"Married? sir? Not unless you've been married in your dreams!"

"That's it, exactly!" ejaculated the Major, jumping up, "I've been asleep and dreaming!"

Major Teller satisfied the sexton with a donation whose liberality astonished even that personage, and went at once to the Hotel to engage rooms.

"I'll send for my things," he thought, "I won't go back to that house, lest Miss Patience Pettigrew should do something desperate. I'm not married, and I don't mean to be married!"

The Major was right. Discretion is the better part of valor—and Miss Pettigrew was Miss Pettigrew still! But Major Teller goes to church very regularly now!

WIFE DESERTION.—The large number of cases of this kind which come before our magistrates and the courts, disclose a state of things in the social condition of a certain class which is greatly to be deplored, and which calls for a remedy. We doubt whether a more effectual one can be devised than the rigid enforcement of the law passed by the last legislature, compelling men to provide for their wives and families. Heretofore whenever a man got it into his head to desert his wife for no cause whatever, but simply because he got tired of her, or because he found it too burdensome to labor for her support, all he to do was to leave her, and ten chances to one he was never afterwards called upon to support her, because the law prescribed no adequate remedy. Such was the fact in all cases where the husband had no means beyond his daily earnings. The law above referred to changes this state of things, and whenever a husband deserts his wife hereafter, without sufficient cause, he must expect to be made to contribute a reasonable amount towards her support, or else undergo imprisonment, in default thereof, until he is ready to comply with the provisions of the law in that respect. It is right and proper that it should be so, and there can be no doubt but that a strict enforcement of the law in this particular will have a very salutary effect upon society, and will enforce a stricter observance of, and create a higher regard for, the sanctity of the marriage vow among certain classes.

GOD'S CARE FOR US.—We talk of God as if we thought Him to be the governor of the world, and the dispenser of all events that happen to mankind; but yet, alas! how few of us are there that dare repose any confidence in Him! Our care about our affairs is as great as if all things came to pass by chance, or fate, or the will of man. We are, indeed, apt enough to trust God with our souls, not caring how little thought we take about them ourselves; but as far as our worldly concerns, we will not trust Him any farther than as we see we have the means of accomplishing our designs in our own hands. But this is a base, unthankful, unworthy practice; for shame's sake, let us shake off this dull, earthly, stupid humor; let us cast our eyes to the Author and Preserver of our beings, and like men, make use of the reason and understanding that He has given us, not living 'together' by sense, as the brute beasts do, but exercising faith in the goodness and power of God. "Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him, upon them that hope in His mercy."

OUR FRIENDS AFTER DEATH.—A father once related to his children the following story: The Governor of an island was once called to appear before his King to give an account of his stewardship. These friends in whom he most confided, parted with him at his house; others went with him to the ship, while many in whom he had placed but little trust, and whom he scarcely recognized as friends, much to his surprise, escorted him on his journey—spoke for him, and secured him the favor of the King.

"So man," continued the father, "has on earth three kinds of friends, whom he only learns to know aright when he is called to leave this world and render his account to God. The first of these—gold and lands—remain behind; the second—friends and relatives—go only to the verge of the grave; the third—his good deeds—accompany him in his journey to the better land, and are with Christ his advocate before the throne, and purchase for him favor and pardon. How foolish is man to pride so little here, what will constitute his wealth hereafter."

Wise and Otherwise.

'Twas night! the wind howled dimly without, and the heavens shed torrents of rain upon the drenched earth, while the thunders rolled along the vaulted heavens, and the intense darkness was only dispelled by an occasional flash of lightning, a night for the murderers and fiends of earth. But hark! what noise falls on the ear? 'Tis the stealthy tread of the midnight assassin bent on some deed of terrible vengeance—witness cautious step he approaches the bed; and seeks his victim, and with uplifted hand he speaks: "Ha! I've got you now!" and with unerring aim his hand descends and kills—a bed bug!

Epigram written on the chamber door of King Charles II, by the Earl of Rochester:

Here lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

A couple of neighbors became so inimical, that they would not speak to each other; but one, having been overpowered at a camp meeting, on seeing his former enemy, held out his hand, saying, "How d'ye do, Kemp? I am humble enough to shake hands with a dog."

A disease called the "black tongue" was prevalent in the last Rump Congress.