



HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

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

TERMS, \$2.00 Per ANNUM, in Advance.

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

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of all kinds neatly executed, and at prices to suit the times.
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R. 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.

L. 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. RHOADS, 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 his citizens. Office on second floor, formerly occupied by Dr. Uilman, vno30ft.

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, Portrait and Landscape Painting, in Oil or water Colors, and in all branches of the art. Tank, July 31, '67 vno50-4c

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.
JOEL R. SMITH
-50-6mas

BOLTON 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.

MEANS HOTEL, TOWANDA, PA. B. B. BARTLET, 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, 021, 1y

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL, MESHOP, 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.

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.

5m11.

Poetry,

THE DYING WIFE'S APPEAL.

The following beautiful lines were placed in a scrap-book of a now deceased wife about a week before her demise. How beautiful and touching they are under the circumstances. She expired when placing them in the book to live but a short time:

Come near me, let me lay my hand
Once more upon thy brow,
And let me whisper in thine ear
Love's last and fondest word.
The lips that breathe these trembling words,
When they lie cold in death,
And thy dear cheek can feel no more
Their warm and loving breath.

I go from thee; God only knows
How I have longed to stay—
How I have shuddered thus to tread
The long and shadowed way.
Faith tells me that I soon must know
The joys the blessed find,
And yet I filter, while I cast
A lingering look behind,

I saw thee bowed before me here,
In bitterness and tear;
But I can leave thee something still,
To light thy weary years;
Young tender forms will cling to thee,
Perhaps will miss my tone,
And though they will not share thy grief,
They will not feel alone.

Fold them close to thy breast,
And soothe their childish woe,
And cheer the many lonely hours
The motherless must know.
The world, with all its hopes and joys,
Will sometimes make the glad;
But they must linger round the hearth
Still desolate and sad.

And O, when time shall call thy grief,
Perchance the hour may come
When thou wilt win another form
To share thy heart and home—
When thou wilt welcome to thy board
A younger, fairer face,
And bid thy children smile on her,
Who takes thy mother's place.

But think not could I speak to thee,
That I would frown or blame,
Though they should love the stranger one,
And call her by my name.
For they will speak to thee of me,
My memory is their trust;
A word, a smile, a look like mine
Will call me from the dust.

Yet make my grave no place of tears,
But let the dear ones bring
To their mother's lonely home,
The blessing of the spring;
And there thou too may'st kneel,
And softly press the earth
That covers her, whose face once gave
A brightness to thy hearth.

Then will the forms of early years
Steal softly to thy side,
And for an hour thou canst forget
Thou hast another bride,
The may be all thy heart can ask,
So dear, so true to thee,
But O, the spring time of thy love,
Its freshness was for me.

May she be blest, who comforts thee,
And with a gentle hand
Still guide our little trembling ones,
Who make our household band.
She cannot know the tenderness
That fills their mother's breast,
But she can love them for thy sake,
And make thee more than blest.

The Radicals tell the bondholders that if the present Rump Congress is not a lawful Congress, their bonds are worthless. No government bonds were issued by either Rump No. 1 or No. 2, (commonly called thirty-ninth and fortieth Congresses,) consequently government bonds do not depend for validity upon the lawful character of those bodies. Whilst the Southern States representatives remained out of Congress by their own act, the remaining members constituted a lawful Congress; but, when the war terminated, and the recovered States presented lawfully-elected and loyal representatives, and those representatives were unlawfully excluded by the Radical majority in Congress terminated and the unlawful Rump began. Bondholders will bear this important fact in mind.

PAYING DEBTS—One of our religious exchanges has the following strong remarks on this subject: "Men may sophisticate as they please. They can never make it right, and all the universe cannot make it right for them to pay their debts. There is a sin in this neglect as deserving church discipline as stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay or withhold the payment of a debt, when it is in his power to meet the engagement, ought to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide; but if religion does not make a man deal justly it is not worth having."

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE—A sensible affectionate, refined, practical woman makes a man's nature all the stronger by making it more tender—puts new heart into all its strivings—and gives dignity to his prosperity, and comfort to his adversity. Every true life yields a still greater power when it feels a living heart drawing it with irresistible force into every position of duty.

Never rejoice in the misfortunes of others—the clouds may be raising which will overshadow your own prospects.

JIM WOLF AND THE TOM CATS.

Here is one of Mark Twain's good stories. He knows how to make the reader laugh, and if the following does not provoke a smile, it is because there is no mirth in mankind during the hot weather. I knew by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry on the end of the old free liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden time. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experience—but I was too slow; he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recollect, the inflection was couched in the following language:

"We were all boys, then, and I didn't care for nothing, and didn't have no troubles, and didn't worry about nothing only how to shirk school and keep up a revivin' state of devilmint all the time. This year Jim Wolf I was talkin' about, was the pretence, and he was the best hearted fellow he was, and the most forgivin' and onselfish I ever see—well there couldn't be a more bullier boy than what he was, take him how you would; and sorry enough I was when I seen him for the last time.

"Me and Harry was always pestering him and plastering hoss-bills on his back and putting bumble bees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him, not standin' his growling, and then we'd let on to get mad and fight across him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was nineteen, he was, and long and lank, and bashful, and he was fifteen and sixteen, and tolerably lazy and worthless.

"So that night, you know, that my sister Mary give the candy pullin', they started us off to bed early, so as the company would have full swing, and we rung in on Jim to have some fun.

"Our winder looked onto the roof of the ell, and about ten o'clock a couple of old tom cats got to rarin' and ebargin' around on it and carryin' on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was frozen so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shining bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First they'd stand off and e-yow-yow, just the same as if they was a cussin' one another, you know, and bow up their backs and push up their tails, and swell around and spit, and then all of a sudden the gray cat held snatch a handful of fur out of the yaller cat's ham, and spin her around, like a button on a bam door. But the yaller cat was game, and he'd come and clinch, and the way they'd gong, and bite, and howl; and the way they'd make the fur fly was powerful.

"Well, Jim got disgusted with the row, and 'lowed he'd climb onto there and shake them off'n that roof. He hadn't really no notion of doin' it, likely, but he everlastin'ly dogged him, and bully ragged him, and 'lowed he'd always bragged how he wouldn't take a dare, and so on, till bimby he histed up the winder, and lo! and behold you, he went—went exactly as he was—nothin' on but a shirt, and it was short. But you ought to have seen him! You ought to see him creeping over that ice, and diggin' his toe nails and finger nails in for to keep from slippin'; and above all, you ought to see that shirt a flappin' in the wind, and them long, ridiculous shanks of his'n a glistenin' in the moonlight.

"Them company folks was down there under the eaves, the whole squad of 'em under that ornery shed of old dead Washin' ton Bower vines—all settin' round about two dozen sissers of hot candy, which they'd sit in the snow to cool. And they was laughin' and talkin' lively; but bless you they didn't know nothin' 'bout the panorama that was goin' on over their heads. Well, Jim he went a sneakin' and sneakin' up, unbeknown to them tom cats, and he was a swiskin' their tails and yow-yowin' and threatenin' to clinch, you know and not payin' any attention—he went a sneakin' right up to the comb of the roof, till he was in a foot'n a half of 'em, and all of a sudden he made a grab for the yaller cat! But by Gosh he missed fire and slipt his hair, and his heels flew up and he flopped on his back and shot off that roof like a dart—went a smashin' and a crashin' down through them old rusty vines and landed right in the dead centre of all them company people—soot down like a yearthquake in them two dozen sissers of red hot candy and let off a howl that was hark from the tom! Them girls—well they felt you know. They weren't dressed for company, and so they left. All done in a second; it was just one little war whoop, and a wick of their dresses, and blame the wench of 'em was in sight any where!

"Jim he was a sight. He was covered with that bilin' hot molasses candy clean down to his heels, and had more blasted sassers hangin' to him than if he was an Injin princess—and he come a prancin' up stairs just a whoopin' and a cussin', and every jump he shed some china, and every squirm he fetched he dripped some candy!"

"And blistered! Why, bless your soul that poor creter couldn't really set down comfortable for as much as four weeks."

Most men seem to consider their school learning as if it were like a tadpole's tail meant to drop off as soon as the owner comes to full growth.

Who ever felt the breath from the lungs of a chest of drawers.

DID THEY DO IT?

Did not the Radical Congress increase your taxes?
Did not the Radical Congress exempt the rich man's bonds?
Did not the Radical Congress give to the New England Manufacturers a high protective tariff by which you are made to pay double the usual price on all you wear?
Did not the Rabical Congress increase the wages of its members?
Did not the Radical Congress dissolve the Union for which our brave soldiers fought?
Did not the Congress establish a military despotism over the south?
Did it not disfranchise the white men of the South and enfranchise the negroes?
Did it not establish a bureau for the benefit of the blacks?
Did you not pay high taxes for Radical politics?

Are these reasons why you should vote the Radical ticket?
If not we will add a few more reasons, and will then see if you can reject the moral party.
Have we not a foolish liquor law upon our statute book that ought to be repealed and a good license law enacted in its place?
Did not the Radicals want to ballot the word "white" from our State Constitution, and to place the negro upon an equality with you?

Will you still contend that you can not vote Radical after answering plainly and correctly these questions?
Is it not glorious to serve a party that can do all these things and go free!

GRANT TOLD THE TRUTH.

When General Grant on the 18th of December, 1865, made his memorable report to the President on the condition of the South, he said, and said truly, of the Southern people:

"The mass of thinking men of the South accept the present situation of the affairs in good faith. The questions which have heretofore divided the sentiments of the people of the two sections—slavery and State rights or the right of a State to secede from the Union—they regard as having been settled forever by the highest tribunal—arms—that men resort to."

Undoubtedly the Southern people acted in good faith. They do not deal in Puritanical hypocrisy. They say what they mean, and mean what they say. Grant was right and he wrote it two years ago, and those States seem as far removed from becoming States in the Union as they were then. The Rump Congress continues its rule of despotism over those States. Person and property are not safe. There is no security of law, and business concerns paralyzed.

The Fort Lafayette party, with its little bell, still rules!
Notwithstanding this, the Southern people prefer this military despotism to miserable negro rule.
"Reconstruction," in the minds of the Radical leaders, means giving all political power in those States into the hands of the negroes there, and to disfranchise the white people. Once establish this condition of things, and every and degradation will prevail in that favored clime; for the best, the intelligent people of the South will abandon their homes and seek safety in other sections.

THE CHICAGO PLATFORM.—"FIGHTING FOR THE NEGRO." &c.—When the Democratic National Convention which nominated McClellan for President in 1864 resolved at Chicago that the country had had "four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war," our Radical friends a great many charges upon the declaration, and persuaded themselves and others that it was not true. Also, when Democrats charged upon the administration of the late and lamented Mr. Lincoln that it prostituted the war into an abolition crusade, and was compelling our soldiers to "fight for the bigger," our Radical friends waxed indignant and denied the soft impeachment with various indignities. Time has passed and we are now near another Presidential election, but the war goes on—it is still a "failure to restore the Union;" and if anybody can see anything the soldiers have fought for except the "nigger" we would feel greatly obliged to have the object pointed out.—Pittsburg Republic.

SOLDIERS OF THE WAR OF 1812—PENSION TAKEN AWAY.—Among the objectionable laws passed by the Radical Legislature of last winter, there was none more heartless and cruel than the one repealing the Act of Assembly allowing a pension of forty dollars, annually, to the soldiers of the War of 1812. While scores of useless officers receiving pay at the rate of \$8,000 a year, through the halls of the Legislature, this mere pittance was taken from the old soldier or his widow; and in many instances, as it certainly was in one within our knowledge, it was the only means of support. Let the soldiers of 1812, and their friends remember this great outrage when they go to the polls on the 8th of October.

Why not pay the bonds off in Greenbacks? If they are good enough to pay widows for their husbands, childless parents for their children, orphans for their fathers, maimed soldiers for their lost limbs, heirs for the lieblood of the murdered soldiers, surely Bondholders should not refuse to receive them in payment for bonds.

SIGNS FOR HANDKERCHIEF FLIRTIATIONS.

Drawing across the lips—Desirous of getting acquainted.
Drawing across the eyes—I am sorry.
Taking by centre—You are too willing.
Dropping—we will be friends.
Twisting in both hands—Indifference.
Drawing across the cheek—I love you.
Drawing through the hands—I hate you.
Letting it rest on the right cheek—Yes.
Letting it rest on left cheek—No.
Twirling in left hand—I wish to get rid of you.
Twisting in right hand—I love another.
Folding it—I wish to speak with you.
Over the shoulder—Follow me.
Opposite corners in both hands—Wait for me.
Drawing across the forehead—We are watched.
Placing on right ear—You have changed.

Placing on left ear—I have a message for you.
Letting it remain on the eyes—You are cruel.
Winding round fore-finger—I am engaged.
Winding round third finger—I am married.
N. B.—Practice makes perfect.

Hold on, Boys.—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, or lie, or speak harshly, or use any improper word.
Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal or do any improper act.
Hold on to your feet when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.
Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.
Hold on to your heart, when evil persons seek your company, and invite you to join their games, mirth or revelry.
Hold on to your name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.
Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good through all eternity.
Hold on to your virtues—it is above all price to you in all times and places.
Hold on to your good character, for it is and always will be your best wealth.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—An able writer gives utterance to the following valuable secret:
"Looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. For what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bot the moonshine for a cloudy night. The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn the art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for." Sensible and true.

THE ART OF BEING POLITE.—First and foremost, don't try to be polite—it will spoil all.
If you keep overwhelming your guests with ostentatious entreaties to make themselves at home, they will very soon wish they were there. Let them find out that you are happy to see them by your actions not by your words.
Always remember to let bashful people alone at first, as it is the only way to set them at their ease. Trying to draw them out has sometimes the contrary effect of driving them out—out of the house.
Leading the conversation is a dangerous experiment. Better follow in its wake, and if you want to edify yourself to talkers, learn to LISTEN well. Never make a fuss about anything; never talk about yourself; and always preserve perfect composure, no matter what solacisms or blunders others may commit. Remember it is a very foolish proceeding to lament that you cannot offer to your guests a better table, furniture or viands. It is fair to presume that the visits are to you—not to these surroundings. Give people a pleasant impression of themselves, and they will be pretty sure to go away with a pleasant impression of your qualities. On just such slender wheels as these the whole fabric of society turns. It is our business then to keep them in perfect revolving order.—[Life Illustrated.

Garlic came from Sicily, where, for my part, I wish it had stayed. Beans blossomed first within sight of embryo mummies, in the land of the Sphinx; and the egg plant first laid its glossy treasures under the African sun, and Southern Europe gave the artichoke and the beet. To Persia, we stand indebted for peaches, walnuts, mulberries, and necessities; to Arabia we owe the cultivation of spinach, and to Southern Europe we must bow in grateful gratitude for the horse radish. In Siberia the victims of modern intemperance may shake their locks forever—from that cold, unsocial land came rye, the father of the great fire water river which has floated so many jolly souls on its treacherous tides, and engulfed so much of humanity's treasure. The chestnut, dear to squirrels and young America, first dropped its burrs on Italian soil.

Remember that the time to vote out Radicals is close at hand.

Wise and Otherwise.

Forget and forgive is the good man's revenge.
Why can you keep fruit better by canning it than any other way? Because you can't.
If a bottle of ginger-pop weighs one pound and a half, how much will your grand-pup weigh?
If a man wags patiently while a woman is "putting her things on," or "shopping," he will make a good husband.

"Ah, Pat," said a discontented boat carrier, "don't take up this mode of life, it has too many ups and downs in it."
It may be polite sometimes to seem ignorant; nevertheless be wise. Many seem to be wise, who are, in reality, extremely ignorant.
"Pa, are cannibals people that live on other er folks?" "Yes my dear." "Then, Pa, Uncle George must be a cannibal, for ma says he's always living on somebody!"

Men have an average of thirty pounds of blood in their frames, and two hundred and forty-eight bones. Women have the same number, not including whale bones.
A Quaker lady recently explained to her new domestic that wash day came on every Second Day. The girl left in high dudgeon. She didn't go to washing every other day!
A young man in this vicinity has commenced studying German by drinking lager. It is hard to tell whether the rudiments will master him or be the rudiments.

A stump orator declared that he knew no North, no South, no East, no West.
"Then," said a bystander, "go to school, and learn geography."
Theodore Parker aptly compared some who grow suddenly rich to cabbages growing in a bed. They snout the violets, but, after all are nothing but cabbage heads.

"Ven you're a married man Sammy you'll understand how; but vether its worth vile to go through so much to learn so little as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter of taste."
"My son," said elder Spriggles to Spriggles, junior, thinking to enlighten the boy on the propagation of the bon species—"my son, do you know that chickens come out of eggs?" "Do they?" said Spriggles junior, as he licked his plate; "I thought eggs come out of chickens." Thus ended the first lesson.

If your afflictions are sanctified, it is unreasonable to murmur against God, because you smart under His rod, as it would be to accuse your dearest friend of cruelty, because he strained your arm to snatch you from the fall of a house, or wall, which he saw was ready to crush and overwhelm you in its ruins.
WHITE PEOPLE OF COLOR.—Two darkies, met the other day, one rather more refined than the other:
"Good morning nigger."
"You mustn't say so, for we are not niggers now."
"What am we den?"
"Why, sure, we are white people of color."

A DRUNKARD'S WILL.—I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example, and a memory that will soon rot.
I leave to my parents during the rest of their lives as much sorrow as humanity, in a feeble and decrepit condition can sustain.
I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I could bring on them.
I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame, to weep over my premature death.
I give and bequeath to each of my children ignorance, and low character, and the remembrance that their father was a low brute.

ON MOSQUITOES.—Josh Billings thus expresses himself on the mosquitoes: "We are told that there wasn't anything made in vain this is sometimes the so, but I have thought the time spent in manufacturing musketoze more than wasted, if the musketoze don't."
How they were put together I never could tell; and there is one commercial peculiarity about the musketoze trade—the supply always exceeds the demand, and yet the production is not diminished. I kant understand this, 'nnow.—They are born of poor but industrious parents, and are brought up with great care under the auspices of some of our best families. They have also consummate courage. I have known a musketoze to bite a man and his wife all nite long and draw the first blood. It is very easy to kill musketoze, when you can. But in striking at them, you are very apt to hit the exact place where they recently was. They are cheerful little rascals, singing as they toil.

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