



HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

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

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## Wyoming Democrat.

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### Business Notices.

R. R. & W. E. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office on Tioga Street Tunkhannock Pa.

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

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

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

J. W. BROADS, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON N. York, Pa. 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. Williams.

### ORNAIMENTAL PAINTING.

By W. RUGER, Artist. Rooms over the Wyoming National bank, in Stark's Brick Block, TUNKHANNOCK, PA.

### 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 -n50-6mos-

### BOLTON HOUSE.

HARRISBURG, PENNA. The undersigned having lately purchased the "BEHLER 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, Tunkhannock, September 11, 1867.

### 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 patronizing the House. T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor. Tunkhannock, September 11, 1867.

### MEANS' HOTEL.

OWANDA, PA. D. B. BARTLET, (Late of the "BERNARD HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y. PROPRIETOR. The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED HOUSES in the country. It is situated upon the most modern and improved style, and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping-place for all, w 3, n21, 17.

### NORTH BRANCH HOTEL.

MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA. Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Proprietor. 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. Penn. Nov. 1866

## Poetry.

### A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

[The poem below, which was first published in the Knickerbocker Magazine, is made up of single lines from twenty-five English and American poets, beginning with Longfellow and ending with Byron.]

"Pearls at random strung, By future poets shall be sung."

The night was come, but not too soon; Westward the course of empire takes its way.

Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon! Blue spirits and white, black spirits and gray.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep, Old Caspar's work was done; Piping on hollow reeds to his post sheep, Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!

There was a sound of revelry by night, On London when the sun was low; A voice repleat far up the height, Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

What if a little rain should say, I have not loved the world, nor the world me! Ah! well a day!

My heart leaps up with joy to see, A primrose by the water's brim; Zeechen he did climb the tree; Few of our youths could cope with him.

The prayer of Ajax was for light, The light that never was on sea or shore; Pudding and beef make Britons fight Never more!

Under a spreading chestnut tree, For hours together sat, I and my Annabel Lee; A man's a man for a' that.

Truth crashed to earth will rise again, And waste its sweetness on the desert air, In thunder, lightning, or in rain, None but the brave deserve the fair.

Tell me not in mournful numbers, The child is father of the man; Hush, my dear, he still and slumber, They can conquer who believe they can.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream; Whatever is, is right; And things are not what they seem; My native land, good night!

## Miscellaneous.

### THE LIVE MAN.

The live man is like a little pig, he is weaned young, and begins to grow early.

He is the pepper sass of creation—the allspice of the world.

One live man in a village is like a case of fish at a district school—he sets everybody wet scratching at once.

A man who can draw New Orleans molasses in the month of January, thru a half inch sugar hole, and sing "Home! sweet home!" while the molasses is running, may be strictly honest, but he ain't sudden cnuif for this climate.

The live man is as full of business as the conductor of a street car—he is often like a hornet, very buzzy, but about what the Lord only knows.

He lights up like a cotton factory, and hasn't got any more time to spare than a school-boy has Saturday afternoon.

He is like a deokay duck, always above water, and lives at least eighteen months during each year.

He is like a runaway horse, he gets the whole of the rode.

He trots when he walks, and lies down at night only because everybody else has.

The live man is not always a deep thinker; he jumps at konklusions, just as the frog daz, and don't alwaz land at the spot he is looking at.

He is the American pet, a perfect mystery fore foreigner; but he haz done more (with charcoal) to work out the greatness of this kuntry than enny other man in it.

He is just as necessary as the grease on an axle-tree.

He don't always die rich, but always dies bizzy, and meets death a good deal like an oyster daz, without making enny fuss.—Josh Billings.

PRUDENCE.—Prudence, ladies and gentlemen, prudence! But what is prudence? Not meanness—not to possess a niggardly disposition. To be prudent is not to be wasteful! but to save everything you can for your own and other's use—a pin and a penny, a crust of bread and a potato.

This disposition is far removed from parsimony, and is a virtue which all should appreciate. It is painful to witness the waste in some families. Large pieces of bread are suffered to mould, and are then given to the hogs; potatoes become sour and are useless, and the leavings of a good meal to-day are thrown away, when they might answer for to-morrow's dinner. With such people it is waste, nothing but waste.

We love economical people—we do sincerely—and never have we had reason to complain of their neatness. Everything about their dwellings looks neat and tidy and when you sit down to a meal, you can eat comfortably, without thinking of the peck of dirt.

Our young men and women miss it sadly when they expend so much upon their persons. Every week or two they want some thing new, before their old garments are half worn out. They must learn prudence, or wan't at some future day will sit on their doorsteps.

## NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER.

In the days of the good old colony of Virginia, the distinction between rich and poor was based upon laws which, like those of the Medes and Persians, altered not. One of the most devoted followers of this code was a wealthy planter, living in what is known as the Northern Neck.

He was in all respects a frank, open hearted, manly gentleman; but his estimate of his fellow men was founded upon the principles that governed the selections of his horses—blood. Wealth, too, was by no means an unimportant feature with him. He had our human weakness, and like all of us, was influenced more than he believed by pounds, shillings and pence.

This Mr. G.—had quite a large family, and among them was a daughter whose beauty was the standing toast of the country. She was just eighteen and budding into lovely womanhood. Not only was she beautiful in person, but her amiable disposition and many accomplishments made her more than ordinarily attractive, and half the gentlemen of the Northern Neck were already sighing for her love.

There was at this time a young man in the country who was already rising high in the esteem of his neighbors. He came of good family, but was as yet, a poor young surveyor, who had taught himself his profession, and who had spent much of his time in traveling unknown forests, with nothing but his compass for a guide, and his chain for a companion, locating lands and settling disputed titles. He was a model of manly beauty, and excelled in the various feats of strength in which the old time Americans took such pride.

He was calm and reserved, and there was about him a dignified sweetness of demeanor in accord frank independence of character. He was a great favorite with all who knew him, and there was no gathering to which he was not asked.

Mr. G.—seemed especially to like the young man, and it was not long before he insisted that the latter should abandon all ceremony in his visits to him, and come and go when he pleased. The invitation was heartily given, and as promptly accepted. The young man liked the planter, and he found the society of the beautiful Mary G.—a very strong attraction. The result was that he was frequently at the planter's residence; so frequently indeed, that Mrs. G.—felt called upon to ask her husband if he did not think it wrong to permit him such unreserved intercourse with their daughter.

The father only laughed at the idea, and said he hoped his daughter knew her position well to allow anything like love for a poor surveyor to blind her to her duty to her family.

Nevertheless, Mary G.—was not so fully impressed with this conviction of duty as was her father. She found more to admire in the poor surveyor than in all the wealthy and aristocratic suitors, and almost before she knew it her heart passed out of her keeping and was given to him. She loved him with all the honesty and devotion of her pure heart; and she would have thought it happiness to go out with him into the backwoods and share his fatigues and troubles, no matter how much sorrow they might bring to her.

Nor did she love in vain. The young man, whose knowledge of the world was afterwards so great, had not then learned to consider as binding the distinction which society drew between his position and that of the lady. He knew that in all that makes a man, he was the equal of any one. He believed that, except in wealth, he stood on a perfect equality with Mary G. and he loved her honestly and manfully, and no sooner had he satisfied himself upon the state of his own feelings than he confessed his devotion simply and truthfully, and received from the lady's lips the assurance that she loved him very dearly.

Scorning to occupy a doubtful position, or to cause the lady to conceal frankly from her parents, the young man frankly and manfully asked Mr. G. for his daughter's hand. Very angry grew the planter as he listened to the audacious proposal.

He stormed and swore furiously, and denounced the young man as an ungrateful upstart.

"My daughter has always been accustomed to riding in her own carriage," he said. "Who are you, sir?"

"A gentleman, sir," replied the young man quietly, and he left the house.

The lovers were parted. The lady married soon after a wealthy planter, and the young man went out again into the world to battle with his heart and conquer his unhappy passion. He subdued it—but although he afterwards married a woman whom he loved honestly and truthfully, and who was worthy of his love, he was never wholly dead to his first love.

Time passed on, and the young man began to reap the rewards of his labor. He had never been to the house of Mr. G. since his cruel repulse by the planter; but the latter could not forget him, as his name soon became familiar in every Virginia household. Higher and higher he rose every year, until he gained a position from which he could look down upon the proud planter. Wealth came to him, too. When the great struggle for Independence dawned, he was in his prime, a happy husband, and one of the most distinguished men in America. The struggle went on, and soon the "poor surveyor" held the highest and proudest position in the land.

When the American army passed in triumph through the streets of Williamsburg the ancient capital of Virginia, after the surrender of Cornwallis, the officer riding

## BACHELOR'S PERILS.

Marriageable men are beginning to be wary. They are commencing to eschew the society of the virtuous fair, and in too many instances, are betaking themselves to other society, equally fair, but from whose vocabulary the word virtue is altogether expunged. Or else should their happiness absolutely depend upon their being allowed to mix in the society of ladies, they adopt a subterfuge now much in vogue among those who aspire for clerical dignities and for the affections of a maiden with a well-lined purse. Even if a man is allowed to visit in the disguise of a friend, the chances are that he will eventually drift into matrimony. Supposing there to be several daughters in the family where he visits, he will look upon the number as his greatest safeguard. He may imagine that he will never attempt to single out one, from the difficulty of discovering which one to single out. The girls would of course, lead him to believe that they looked upon him as a brother, and that papa and mamma looked upon him in the light of a soft-not-so-in-law. The lucky bachelor would thus be lulled to sleep. He would become unguarded in his actions, and would allow his feelings to lead him whither he listed; and as a natural sequence, he would eventually single some one out from these flowers of womanhood as being a little fairer, having a more charming manner, or for in some way or other coming nearer than her sisters to his ideas of all that is excellent in woman. If a bachelor of middle age, he would most probably select the youngest of the family, cheating himself into the belief that he did so simply out of a sort of fatherly regard for her. He would christen her the "baby" of the house, though she might be a fine grown maiden of eighteen Summers, and have all the airs and ideas of a woman three times her age. He would more frequently address his conversation to her than to her sisters, but at the same time he would rarely talk sweet speeches, talking more like a schoolmaster than an admirer, that she might be instructed somewhat. He would prefer walking with her, that he might point out the beauties of nature, or illustrate the harmonies of creation; and in effect he would not fail to show his preference, in spite of his awkward apologies and grotesque efforts at concealment. The sisters would be careful not to check legitimate sport. They would maneuver so that the lovers, as they would jokingly call them, always sat next to each other at the family board, that they were partners in all amusements, and that in party drives or walks they should either be left behind or be left in front. Of course this style of proceeding would not fail to be observed. The lady friends of the family would call and congratulate mamma upon her having secured such a son-in-law. Mamma would feel in duty bound to tell her husband and the husband would have no alternative than to inform his friend that, owing to the talk of the neighbors, he must either cease his visits altogether or continue them on a different footing. The poor bachelor has but one course open to him—as a man of honor and a gentleman, he must as speedily as possible raise this baby of the family to the dignity of matron.—The West End.

What is happiness? Ask the man of the world, whose soul is bound up in the "Almighty dollar," and you will learn that it is a brisk business with the dollars rolling into his coffers faster than his wants can roll them out.

What is happiness? Ask the poor student who is struggling with poverty to obtain an education. He will tell you that a rich man's purse, to enable him to gratify his thirst for knowledge would bring him all the happiness he would ask of life.

What is happiness? Ask the author and you will learn—authors have a weakness in common with other men—it is to win a crown of literary fame.

What is happiness? Ask the pop, as he passes you, flourishing his gold headed cane, and he will tell you it is to be garbed in the richest and most fashionable coat on promenade, and to attract the eyes of the admiring crowd as you pass.

What is happiness? Ask the thoughtless young lady in her dressing room, where she is preparing for a ball and you will soon learn that it is to be the belle of the ball room.

What is happiness? Ask the widow as she sits at midnight plying her needle to earn the common necessities of life for her little fatherless children. She will reply; "Give me employment and strength enable me to feed, clothe, and educate my children, and I will thank God for the blessings he has showered upon me."

What is happiness? Ask the invalid as he tosses his aching limbs upon his bed and you will find that wealth and fame are but bubbles without health, all other blessings become blessings only in name.

What is happiness? Ask the christian, and he will tell you that true lasting happiness is not dependent on riches or fame. It is a heart overflowing with benevolence towards his fellow beings and whose own happiness is bought by adding happiness to those around him. It is a calm, trustful faith in God, that enables him in dark clouds of affliction and trial hover over him to feel that the showers they bring with them are needed to revive the drooping graces of his heart.

PUNISHMENT OF A MISER. There is a story related of a tragical end of a miser. The man possessed with the demon of avarice, thought only of possessing wealth upon wealth, and riches upon riches. As he feared that he would be robbed of his treasures, he had made a subterranean place in the bottom of a cave with a door of iron, concealed in a manner not to be perceived. There, after he had received a large sum, he went to hide it, and contemplate at leisure, gold and silver which he made his God. One day, he carried a large sum in the dark into the retreat, and forgot to take out the key. It was a spring lock, and closed upon him. He perished, entombed with his gold.

FLATTERY.—If you wish to be agreeable in society, be the person with whom you are thrown old, young, single, married, young ladies, or old men, of whatever grade, opinion or profession—there is one sure way of doing it—by flattery.

Some can swallow a strong dose, others may prefer it in a diluted form, but all have a taste for it; all like it in some form or other, and there is nothing more calculated to give pleasure and increase one's popularity than to indulge people in this way. But flattery is always used at the expense of manhood, self-respect, truth. It is one of the smallest ways of lying. It makes the heart hollow—it poisons the soul.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH OUR CHARLEY.—Set him to work. "Twenty devils employ the man who does not employ himself," says a Spanish proverb; and boys are no exception. They have a superabundance of animal life, which is always boiling over, and it must run into one of two channels—the channel of mischief or the channel of use. And it depends although which channel it takes as to which one of the two types of character will be found in manhood—that of shiftlessness, or that of thrift.

A CONVERTED FAMILY.—Mr. Ephrim Garber, an occasional reporter of the Ledger, and per consequence a gentleman of unassailable veracity (says the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury) informs us, while passing through a Jersey village, last Sabbath, he saw a young feminine trying to open the door of a small grocery.

"Sal!" cried another lass, looking out of an up stair window, "we've been to camp meeting and been converted; so, when you want milk on Sunday, you'll have to come in the back way!"

## Wise and Otherwise.

There is a multitude of folks who mean well enough, but how like the devil they act.

When are good resolutions like fainting ladies? When they want carrying out.

He who serveth none but himself is a slave to a fool.

The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.

A cripple on the right road will beat a racer upon the wrong.

At a social gathering of ministers, a Baptist clergyman objected to the Methodist policy because there was "too much machinery to it." John Allen, of camp meeting celebrity, responded in this wise: "Yes, there is a deal of machinery, but it don't take so much water to run it as the Baptist does."

"Pompy," said a good natured gentleman to his colored man. "I did not know till today that you had been whipped last week." "Did'n't you, massa?" replied Pompy; "I—I knowed it all de while."

A schoolmaster was once asked, "Why are cream and sugar put into tea?" and he answered, "To render the acute angles of tea more obtuse."

"Woman is a delusion!" madam!" exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady, "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick retort.

"What do you mean by bringing me these bones! I ordered mutton chops?" "Well, sah, in dis establishment a mutton chop is a bone ob de sheep from which all de meat has been chopped off."

Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; one proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence.—The other from pride or fear.

A notorious fop used to mourn about not having a regular pair of eyes—one being black and the other light hazel. "It is lucky for you," replied the friend; "for if your eyes had been matches, your nose would have set them on fire years ago."

Two duellists, having exchanged shots without effect, one of the seconds interferred and proposed that the parties should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary, "for," said he "their hands have been shaking, this half hour."

Tracts.—"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a missionary of an elderly lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracts? Certainly you may," said she looking at him most benignly over her spectacles; "leave them with the heels toward the door if you please."

The concluding words of a Utah obituary notice are very pathetic, "He leaves thirteen widows and fifty-four children to mourn his loss."

At no moment of difficulty does a husband know his wife's helplessness, and draw so close to his wife's side for comfort and assistance, as when he wants a button sewed on his shirt collar.

THE BENEFITS OF MATRIMONY.—Corry O'Leary, of the Brooklyn Eagle, argues the advantages of married life over "boarding-house institutions," from the following point:—

Single blessedness is not good for a married man of mature years.

He gets along very well for a little while until his fortnight's washing is brought home when he begins to realize the value of matrimony by the absence of shirt buttons.

Man can never be an independent creature until the necessity for buttons can be dispensed with.

In a boarding house a man has considerable conceit taken out of him.

His interest in the establishment is limited—authority he has none.

The landlady agrees to fodder him two or three times a day, and stable him at night somewhere on the third floor.

He can't complain of the coffee, or growl if the potatoes are undone.

If he don't like it he can leave it. There are other boarding houses, and he has a choice of evils.

In the evening he has all the world before him.

He has perfect liberty of choice between his bedroom and the street.

There is the parlor to be sure; but the young lady who has steady company is always there.

You go in and the damsel looks daggers. Her young man looks as though he would like to punch your head.

If you are possessed of a sensitive and sympathetic nature you can't resist this mute but eloquent appeal.

## THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

Somebody—a woman of course—inquires why, when Eve was manufactured from the spare rib, a servant wasn't made at the same time to wait on her? Somebody else—a woman, we imagine—replies in the following strain: Because Adam and then, stretching himself out, yawned, "ain't supper most ready, my dear? Not he. He made the fire, and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture; and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought to. He milked the cows fed the chickens, and looked after the children himself.—He never brought home a half dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates and the mango season was over. He never stayed out till 11 o'clock at a ward meeting, burrahing for an out-and-out candidate, and then sold because poor Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gate. He never played billiards, rolled ten-pins and drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with tobacco smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he did not think she was especially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and was not under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a woman's cares a little. That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl, and with it was the reason that her fair descendants did.

The Base Ball fever is widely spread. A little six year old was sitting in repose upon the parlor steps, with a base ball in his hand, gazing intently at the moon.

"Pa," he suddenly spoke, "is there only one man in the moon?" "That's the tradition, my son; the man in the moon was the only inhabitant of that bright world we have ever heard of." After a moment's hesitation he remarked, with a sigh—"He must be lonesome, pa, and no one to play base ball with!"

A man is more wretched in reproaching himself, if guilty, than in being reproached by others if innocent.