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

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DENTISTRY. DR. L. T. BURNS has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough...

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BOLTON HOUSE. HARRISBURG, PENNA. The undersigned having lately purchased the "BEHLER HOUSE" property...

WALL'S HOTEL. "LATE AMERICAN HOUSE," TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL, MESHOPEEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA. Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r

MEANS' HOTEL. TOWANDA, PA. D. B. BARTLET, PROPRIETOR.

MELODEON FOR SALE. The subscriber offers for sale VERY CHEAP, an almost new Piano Frame...

For particulars inquire at the house now occupied by the subscriber, formerly occupied by Henry Stark, A. G. STARK.

Poetry.

WORDS OF THE CORPSE-WATCHER TO HIS COMRADE.

Gone is each saddened face and tearful eye, Of mother, brother, and of sisters fair; Like the low falling wind their footsteps die...

And now both feel the fire and trim the lamp, Pass cheerily, if we can, the slow paced hour; For all without is cold, and drear, and damp...

We will not talk of death, of pain and knell— Leave that the wraith of ghastly hours to check; But let us live, love, beauty, let us tell...

Hark to the distant bell! an hour is gone! Unleash the parlor door and bring the light; Our brief but solemn duty must be done...

To have the ghastly face, and dip the clasp; That hides a mortal, "crushed before the moth."

The spectral liquid scents the chilly room; Of beaming white are shroud and veiling lace; On yonder sideboard in the fearful gloom...

Heaven! did you speak, my friend, of ghastly eyes? Ah, what a vision of beauty here doth lie!

Never hath art, from parrot wax or stone, So fair an image, and so lustrous, wrought! It is as if a beam from heaven had shown...

A weary angel in sweet slumber caught! The smiling lip, the slightly tinted cheek— And all so calm, so saint-like and so meek!

They sing of beauty in the silver moon, And beauty in the penciled, drooping flower; They tell of flushing eyes and luring tone...

Veil thou the dead! close to the open door! Perhaps the spirit, ere it soars above, Would watch its clay alone, and hover o'er...

Of Death made lovely by this blessed sight!

YOUTH AND AGE.

I often think each tottering form That limps along in life's decline, Once bore a heart as young, as warm...

And each could tell his tale of youth, Would think its scenes of love and strife; More passion, more unceasing truth...

Of whistles in a whirling ear, Of kisses on a blushing cheek, Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear...

Of beaming eyes and dresses gay, Elastic form and noble brow, And forms that have all passed away...

Must all the eyes that still are bright, And all the lips that talk of bliss, And all the forms so fair to sight...

A NEW PERPLEXITY FOR PARTY FLUNKIES.—Those Republicans who have thought fidelity to party required them to defend the Congressional scheme of reconstruction...

THE HEALING POOL, AND HOUSE OF MERCY. Howard Association Reports for YOUNG MEN on the CRISIS OF SOLITUDE, and the ERRORS, ABUSES and DISEASES which destroy the most powerful, and create impediments to MAKING, with sure means of relief. Sold by all druggists every where.

THE UNION STRAW CUTTER, MANUFACTURED BY William Flickner, At TUNKHANNOCK, Penn'a.

Who has the exclusive right for Wyoming county, is one of the very best Machines that will cut Hay, Straw, Stalks, &c., better than the old fashioned Cutting boxes, used by our grandfathers.

A Supply Constantly on Hand and for sale. WM. FLICKNER, Tunkhannock, Dec. 2, 1877-78.

A PRINTERS STORY.

Once (last Friday,) I'm greedy, set this writer sad and seedy, pondering o'er a memorandum book of items used before...

In yonder room the newly dead doth sleep, Begin we now, my friend, our watch to keep!

And now both feel the fire and trim the lamp, Pass cheerily, if we can, the slow paced hour; For all without is cold, and drear, and damp...

We will not talk of death, of pain and knell— Leave that the wraith of ghastly hours to check; But let us live, love, beauty, let us tell...

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A Plea For Mean Men.

The Missouri Republican has a correspondent who undertakes the thankless task of defending mean men. He endeavors to prove in an elaborate essay the superiority of mean man to the "good fellow" of our period...

One thing a mean man is remarkable for, is his reliability. You always know where to find him. Ask him to contribute a testimonial to Podgers or subscribe to the relief of Smuggs. He says no. But he also acts so. He don't give a cent. Put the same appeal to a "good fellow," and he says, "Certainly my dear boy put me down for a V," subsequently enjoying the privilege of making the subscription good out of your own pocket...

So far we have discussed on the text given by our topic. Now let the correspondent speak for himself!

Who makes the best husband? At the risk of bringing down a torrent of curses on my unprotected head, I shall still adhere to the man who is supposed to have no heart or genuine sentiment. The good fellow for a lover, the mean man for a husband. The latter will rob all creation to supply his household; the former will add his family to accommodate his friend. From all the married women in St. Louis in a solid column up and down Fourth street, and if I don't get ninety and nine out of one hundred in favor of my proposition, I will treat the drinking community to a barrel of gin and water on the election of a female President. Good fellows all love; mean men, all business. One takes his wife to the opera in a four horse carriage, the other rides triumphantly in a street omnibus...

Now this local had already walked about till nearly dead—he had sauntered through the city till his feet were very sore—walked through his pine, spruce and cedar, through the streets and "gentle reader,"—into ways you never thought of, both public and obscure; and examined shop and cellar, and had questioned every "feller" but they all refused to tell or hint at any "shocking accident" not published heretofore. Having met with no success, he would rather guess he might have felt a trifle wicked at that ugly little bore, with the message from the foreman, that he wanted "something more."

"Now it's time you were departing your young scamp" cried we upstarting; "get you back into the office—office where you were before; or the words you have spoken sure will get your head broken," (and we seized a cudgel again, that was laying on the floor,) still he stood and never stirred from his position in the door—budded the devil, never more!

"Inky demon! child of evil! dost in persecution sevel? Thinkest thou to hunt and haunt me like an everlasting bore? Leave it—or—(pause till I have said it) this sheet thou art doomed to edit, and to live, like me, on credit, to live on credit evermore? Then the devil fled affrighted, muttered faintly, "send him more!"

But our devil, never sitting still is fitting, fitting back and forth upon the landing just outside the sanctum door; tears a-down his cheeks are streaming, strange light from his eyes is gleaming, and his voice is heard a streaming, "Sh! the foreman wants some more!" Shocked and startled by that warning we've awakened every morning, and we hear the dismal howlings of the imp outside the door; and a fancy will come o'er us, and each reader's face before us bears the signet, "give us classic draughts and antiquated lore!" "Copy" still forevermore!

Hans Patrick O'Conner, formerly known by the nom de plume of "Bean Hackett," contributed the following to the St. Louis Home Journal:

Never insure your life for the benefit of your wife for a greater sum than ten thousand dollars. A widow with more money than that is a dangerous legacy to leave posterity.

The "game of life" is very much like a game of cards. Time deals, death cuts, and everybody is waiting for the last trump. I think men drink in crowds because they are afraid to drink by themselves. It requires considerable courage to stand up alone and pour a glass of whisky down your throat.

There are some inconsistencies in this world that I don't exactly understand.—Everybody is anxious to get to Heaven, but nobody is in a hurry about it. If a man is without enemies I would not give ten cents for his friends. The man who can please everybody hasn't got sense enough to displease anybody.

When an acquaintance says, "How are you?" and pushes by you without waiting for a reply, I wouldn't, if I were in your place, follow him more than a mile to tell him you were well.

A convenient way of testing the affections of your intended is to marry another woman. If she don't love you, you learn it at once.

Do unto other men as they would like to do unto you, and they won't have enough money in two weeks to get a shirt washed.

The song "Dear Mother, I've come home to die," always struck me as a happy illustration of American assurance. Our young people go abroad to spend the hard earnings of the old folks, and, when when they are dead broke return home to be buried at the expense of their impoverished parents.

GETTING ROPE ENOUGH.—The Commercial in reference to the Rump Congress proceedings against Judge Field, of the Supreme Court, thinks that nothing will come out of all this, but that the resolution is a fair illustration of the partisan action of Congress, and the terrorism they seek to inspire in all over whom they have any control. The editor says:

"If a General offends them they legislate him out of his commission. If the Supreme Court is supposed to hold the same opinion of certain laws of Congress that Thad. Stevens does, viz., that they are "outside the Constitution," the Supreme Court is to be shorn of its power. If a Judge gives expression to his private views, he is to be impeached. It is all intolerance, bigotry, despotism. The acts of Congress cannot bear the light, and Congress is determined that they shall be accepted in the dark, and so executed as to effect the partisans and unpatriotic purposes of their framers who care more for an election than they do for their country. The Radicals are getting a good deal of rope lately, and the usual result is sure to follow."

Among the stupid laws passed last winter, was one giving the Auditor General authority to appoint an unlimited number of Assessors of National Bank Stocks, and they were to receive a certain percentage for their services. It seems fifteen such officers were appointed and paid, up to the first of December, \$13,836.31—the tax paid into the State treasury to the same time, was \$8,292.43.

Geary could not veto such a bill of course, because it throws money in the pockets of his political friends, but the law should be repealed. Any legal tax can be collected from the Banks, by the regular officer at Harrisburg without a dollar of extra expense to the State.

The Radicals increased the national debt about twenty millions of dollars during the past month. But twenty millions. About a million a day, is scarcely noticed. Bonds were issued to that amount. The interest on the bonds sold was at the rate of five per cent. in gold. At the present rate, this is equal to seven per cent. in greenbacks. We have added to the annual expenses of our government, one million four hundred thousand dollars in a single month. The total debt of the United States to day, is thirty millions more than it was on the first of December last. It is ten millions more than it was on the first day of July, 1867. The Radical party is a costly luxury. Can the people of this nation afford to continue it in power?

The reply of Senator Doolittle to Nevada Nye in the Rump Senate on Friday last, when the latter impudently asked him "under which flag he would march," should immortalize the Wisconsin patriot. "I WOULD MARCH" said he, "UNDER A FLAG HAVING THIRTY-SEVEN STARS." Such a banner, of course don't suit the Radicals.—They would mutilate the old flag as they have mutilated the old Constitution, but the people like Senator Doolittle, don't want a star blotted out, nor a stripe erased.—"A flag with thirty-seven stars"—That's the talk!

TEMPERANCE.—An exchange truthfully says "Temperance puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the children, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the whole body. Temperance in all things eating as well as drinking is what is desired."

THE NEXT DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.—At a meeting of the Democratic State Committee of this State, held at Harrisburg, on the Tuesday evening, it was resolved to hold the next Democratic State Convention, to nominate candidates for Auditor General and Surveyor General, and choose delegates to the next National Convention at Harrisburg on the 4th of March next. There was a full attendance of the Committee, and as this was the first meeting since the glorious achievement at the last fall elections, many happy congratulations were exchanged.

A lot of Radicals are lobbying a scheme at Washington to secure a monopoly of the whisky manufacture for the whole country. By taking in as stockholders a number of Radical members, and filling the pockets of others with greenbacks, they expect to secure the passage of a bill of that character. This "truly loil" scheme has already received the endorsement of several Grant organs.

Gen. John A. McClernand, who commanded the Thirtieth corps at Vicksburg, is out in a sharp letter, saying that Gen. Grant never did his corps justice in his reports, through malevolence to his command, and the proofs are on file in the War Department. Gen. Grant, he says would stand very differently in the public estimation if his real character were known.

A Scotch lass being neatly attired, some one said to her, "No doubt you think yourself very trim and clean." "Ah no," she replied; "I will never think that until I have the fine white robe of my Redeemer's righteousness put upon me."

The Democrats of the Ohio Legislature have elected Hon. A. G. Thurman to the United States Senate in place of B. Wade, whose term expires in 1869.

The New Jersey Legislature met on the 14th. Parties stand on joint ballot Democrats 51, Mongrels 24.

Wise and Otherwise.

Hypocrites are beings of darkness, disguised in garments of light.

He who cannot keep his own secret ought not to complain if another tells it.

A barrel of cider was recently beheaded in Connecticut for working on the Sabbath-day.

"Pa, ain't I growing tall!" "Why, what's your height, sonny?" "Seven feet, lacking a yard." Pa faints.

Oftentimes it is not until we no longer have the means of serving our friends that we can know who they are.

Swinging is said, by the doctors, to be a good exercise for the health, but many a poor wretch has come to his death by it.

It is better to sow a young heart with generous thoughts and deeds than a field with corn, since the heart's harvest is perpetual.

A lady at Rhyd is said to have lost a very handsome bunnet from off her head, and did not miss it until she returned to her dressing-room.

A youngster on coming home from his first term at a boarding school, and on being asked what he had been fed on, replied: "Multiplication tables hashed, and stewed subtraction."

An expeditious mode of getting up a row is to carry a ladder on your shoulders in a crowded thoroughfare, and every few minutes turn round to see if any one is making faces at you.

A Western paper strikes the names of two subscribers from its list because they were hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

An Irishman, being a little fuddled, was asked what his religious belief. "Is it me belafe ye'd be asking about? 'Tis the same as the widdy Brady. I owe her twelve shillings for whisky, and she believes I'll never pay her—and faith, that's my belafe too."

An Irishman, who had laid sick a long time, was one day met by the parish priest, who said: "Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered—but were you not afraid to meet your God?" "Och! no, your reverence, it was the meetin' of 'other chap I was scared up," replied Pat.

One day, when a boy had been doing something wrong, the mother, intending to chastise him, called him and said: "Come here, sir; what did you do that for?" The boy complacently folded his arms, and imitating his father's manner, said; "See here, madam I don't wish to have any words with you."

A dog in New Albany, Ind., plays on the piano and howls. A good many women do the same thing.

Why is a weathercock like a loafer? Because he is constantly going round doing nothing.

An Irishman being in church where the collection apparatus resembled an election box, in its being passed to him he whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized, and could not vote, but he was ready to make a speech.

Mrs. Jenkins complained that the turkey she had eaten in the evening did not eat well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a hen turkey."

KILLING.—Ministers, in our day, rarely object to an increase of salary, but we find in an exchange a capital story of an old Connecticut parson, who declined it for very substantial reasons. His country parish raised his salary from \$300 to \$400. The good man objected, for three reasons:

"First," said he, "because you can't afford to give me more than \$300."

"Second, because my preaching isn't worth more than that."

"Third, because I have to collect my salary which, heretofore, has been the hardest part of my labors among you. If I have to collect an additional hundred, it will kill me!"

A Minister, in a highly elaborated sermon which he preached, said several times, "The commentators do not agree with me here."—Next morning a poor woman came to see him with something in her apron. She said that "her husband read the sermon, and that it was a very fine one, and as he said 'the common saters did not agree with him,' he has sent some of the best kidneys."

Blobbs' landlord proposes to raise his rent next spring. Blobbs is glad of it. He cannot raise it himself.

Promissory Notes.—Tuning the fiddles before the performance begins.