Wyoming Democrat.

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.

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BY HARVEY SICKLER

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

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Business Notices.

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

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

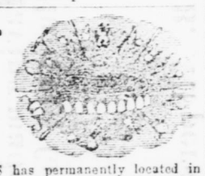
O. L. PARRISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office at the Court House, in Tunkhannock Wyoming Co. Pa.

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

T. J. CHASE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Nicholson, Wyoming Co, Pa Especial attention given to settlement of decedent's estates
Nicholson, Pa. Dec 5, 1867—v7n19y1

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 Putman 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. Gilman.
v6n30tf.

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 no charge made.

☞ Instructions given in Drawing, Sketching, Portrait and Landscape Painting, in Oil or water Colors, and in all branches of the art.
Tunk., July 31, '67 -v6n50-tf.

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 refpectfally solicited.
GEO. J. BOLTON.

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

THIS establishment has recently been refitted an 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, 1861.

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, 1863

MEANS' HOTEL.
TOWANDA, PA.
D. B. BARTLET,
(Late of t.. BRAINARD 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 pleasantand, agreeablestoppngi place for all,
21lyv3-u.

U. S. REVENUE NOTICE.

ASSISTANT ASSESSOR'S OFFICE for 7th Division, (Wyoming County) half a mile north of Wall's Hotel, Montrose Street, at the late residence of Hon. R. R. Little.
IRA AVERY Assistant Assessor,
7th Division 13th District.
Tunkhannock, Dec 2, 1867v7n19tf.

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA,

THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY FOR
Scrofula and Scrofulous Diseases.

From Emery Edes, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine.

"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin.

From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England.

"I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed Lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N. J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely known Gage, Murray & Co., manufacturers of enamelled papers in Nashua, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome *humor* in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost every thing a man could of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time; but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as any body's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robt. Sawin, Houston St., New York.

"DR. AYER. I seldom fail to remove *Eruptions* and *Scrofula* from the body by persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of *Malignant Erysipelas* with it. No alterative we possess equals the SARSAPARILLA you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wakeman, Ohio.

"For twelve years I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your SARSAPARILLA. Took two bottles, and some of your PILLS. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as any body. Being in a public place, my case is known to every body in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Monro, M. P. P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general *debility*, and for *purifying the blood*, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harvey Sickler, Esq., the able editor of the Tunkhannock Democrat, Pennsylvania.

"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. A skilful physician applied nitrate of silver and other remedies, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he should tear open the festering and corrupt wound which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing else we had any hope from, we began giving your SARSAPARILLA, and applying the iodide of potash lotion, as you directed. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

From Dr. Hiram Stout, of St. Louis, Missouri.

"I find your SARSAPARILLA a more effectual remedy for the secondary symptoms of *Syphilis* and for syphilitic disease than any other we possess. The profession are indebted to you for some of the best medicines we have."

From A. J. French, M. D., an eminent physician of Lawrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

"DR. AYER. My dear Sir: I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent remedy for *Syphilis*, both of the *primary* and *secondary* type, and effected in some cases that were too obstinate to yield to other remedies. I do not know what we can employ with more certainty of success, where a powerful alterative is required."

Mr. Chas. S. Van Liew, of New Brunswick, N. J., had dreadful ulcers on his legs, caused by the abuse of mercury, or *mercurial disease*, which grew more and more aggravated for years, in spite of every remedy or treatment that could be applied, until the persevering use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA relieved him. Few cases can be found more inveterate and distressing than this, and it took several dozen bottles to cure him.

Leucorrhœa, Whites, Female Weakness, are generally produced by internal *Scrofulous Ulceration*, and are very often cured by the alterative effect of this SARSAPARILLA. Some cases require, however, in aid of the SARSAPARILLA, the skilful application of local remedies.

From the well known and widely celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati.

"I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent alterative in diseases of females. Many cases of Irregularity, Leucorrhœa, Internal Ulceration, and local debility, arising from the scrofulous diathesis, have yielded to it, and there are few that do not, when its effect is properly aided by local treatment."

A lady, unwilling to allow the publication of her name, writes:

"My daughter and myself have been cured of a very debilitating Leucorrhœa of long standing, by two bottles of your SARSAPARILLA."

Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Neuralgia,

when caused by *Scrofula* in the system, are rapidly cured by this EXT. SARSAPARILLA.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been, and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, M. D., & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

For sale by Bunnell & Bannatyne, and Lyman & Whils, Tunkhannock. Sterling & Son, Meshoppen, Stevens & Ackley, Laceyville, Frear, Dsan & Co, Factofyville, and all Druggists and Dealers in medicines, everywhere.

THE HEALING POOL,
AND HOUSE OF MERCY.

Howard Association Reports, for YOUNG MEN on the CRIME OF SOLITUDE, and the ERRORS, ABUSES and DISEASES which destroy the manly powers, and create impediments to MARRIAGE, with sure means of relief. Sent in sealed letter, envelopes, free of charge. Address Dr. J. SKILLEN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, Philadelphia, Pa.
6n44-1ycar

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 few Machines that will cut Hay, Straw, Stalks, &c., better than the old fashioned Cutting boxes, used by our grandfathers.

Those who value time and labor: and would avoid a needless loss of both, in feeding their stock, should get one of these improved Cutters.

No man ever found anything better; or ever went back to the old machine after a trial of it.

A Supply Constantly on Hand

and for sale.

WM FLICKNER.
Tunkhannock, Dec 2, 1877v7n19tf

Poetry.

TO THE WHITE MEN OF AMERICA.

Americans! who proudly trace
Lineage from a noble race;
Who fill a high and honored place
'Mong nations of the earth;
Where is all your freedom grand?
See! a wretched negro band
Ruling o'er your Southern land,
Where white men now are slaves,

Tho' the South at battle's call,
Madly staked and lost their all,
Shall we drive them to the wall
And crush their manhood out?
Shall a base, ignoble horde
Over white men play the lord—
Lay in waste with fire and sword
Our Eden of the South?

Is our Charter now repealed,
Which our fathers' blood has sealed?
Shall we Freemen basely yield
The birthright of our race?
Shall we stand where Judas stood—
Break the bond of brotherhood—
Force the men of our own blood
To bow to negro rule!

Lo! the land of sunny skies,
In the "gloom of Egypt" lies;
Soul of Washington arise!
And save us from our shame.
By the blood our fathers shed,
By the souls of heroes dead:
"We've made our brethren slaves!"

BURIAL OF LOVE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Two dark-eyed maids, at shut of day,
Sat where a river rolled away,
With calm, and brows and raven hair;
And one was pale, and both were fair.

Bring flowers, bring flowers unblown;
Bring forest blooms of name unknown;
Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,
To strew the bier of Love, the child.

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,
His eyes; that death may seem like sleep;
And fold his hands, in sign of rest,
His waxen hands across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide.
Where star flowers strew the rivulet's side,
And blue buds, in the misty spring
Of cloudless skies and summer, sing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low,
His idle shafts, his loosened bow,
The silken fillet that around
His waggish eyes in sport he wound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss,
The patter of his little feet,
Sweet frowns and stammered phrases sweet.

And graver looks, serene and high;
A light of Heaven in that young eye;
All these shall haunt us till the heart
Shall ache and ache--and tears will start.

The bow, the band, shall fall to dust;
The shining arrows waste with rust;
And all of Love that earth can claim
Be but a memory and a name.

Not thus his nobler part shall dwell,
A prisoner in his narrow cell;
But he whom now we hide from men
In the dark ground, shall live again—

Shall break these clods, a foam of light,
With nobler mien and purer sight,
And in the eternal glory stand,
Highest and nearest God's right hand.

Excitement in a Peaceful Household.

MRS. S., who resides in Third Avenue, New York, above Thirty ninth street, went out a few evenings since to the grocers to buy some coffee, and when she returned she found a basket hung to the knob of the door. Putting her hand in to see what it contained, she felt something animate. A little surprised at so extraordinary a discovery, she immediately returned into the hallway to examine by the light of the lamp the mysterious contents.—Pinned to the clothes enwrapping the little thing she found a billet addressed to her husband, which she instantly read, as follows:

MY DEAR S.—I send you little Tommy, and hope you will bring him up well. It is the pet of its father. Ah, what an old playboy you are, making me believe all the time you were a widower; now, you confounded old sinner, you will have something to amuse you.

Your broken hearted NANCY.

P. S. Don't let that long nosed vixen of a wife of yours see this. She would be sure to give you rats, yet you cannot blame me.

Your inconsolable N.

Filled with rage upon reading the foregoing news, Mrs. S. at once ascended to the parlor.

[Scene in the Parlor.—Mr. S. lounging on the sofa puffing a cigar, and looking perfectly complacent. Enter Mrs. S., her face as red as a pulpit cushion and her eyeballs glaring with madness.]

Mrs. S. (loquitor)—Yes, there you are, you hypocrite! you villain! you deceitful, lying, mean, despicable, abominable—

Mr. S. (starting up amazed and frightened at such vituperative expletives hurled at him from his amiable spouse)—Hold, Jenny, hold; what's all this about—eh? Gracious me—eh?

Mrs. S. (with a curl of supreme disdain on her ruby lips)—Oh, faithless flunky of a husband! Oh! that I should come to this!—Never look me in the face again, base wretch. See, I have found you out at last. (Mrs. S. places the basket deliberately on the carpet under her spouse's nose.) Now, look at that from your inconsolable Nancy; look at it! it won't bite you! Well, I declare, he doesn't seem to mind it a bit. I will call in all the neighbors.

(Exit Mrs. S. Mr. S. reconnoiters the basket and touches the lively contents with the delicate tips of his fingers; is afraid to open it. Enter Mrs. S., a dozen neighbors looking grave.)

Mr. S.—Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will show you something that will make each individual hair on your head stand bolt upright like a telegraph pole.

(Mrs. S. proceeds to undo the swaddling clothing in which the present from Nancy is enveloped.) "It has the devil in it already," she remarks, as the little thing kicks. And now all eyes are rivited to see if it really looks like its father, and as Mrs. S. takes off the last cover, out pops a large-sized Tomcat, and scampers down the stairs.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

It was New Year's eve; a blustering night. The wind dashed the frozen sleet furiously against the sturdy wall of the old Red Stone Farmhouse, making the bright fire that was burning in the large, old-fashioned kitchen seem doubly grateful, and around which were gathered father Williams, his wife, and four children.

The weather bronzed face of the farmer had a careworn and discontented look. He was one of those who "make haste to be rich," and though he is surrounded by many blessings and every reasonable want, at the close of the old year find no surplus in his purse, his heart, instead of being lifted up with gratitude, is filled with repinings.

His gentle, meek browed wife is sitting beside him, and her countenance wears a look of chastened sorrow, and tears glisten in her eyes as they wander to a corner of the room where stands a vacant cradle, from which smiled, a week ago, the rosy checked, bright eyed boy, upon whose little grave to-night the snow is drifting heavily.

The silence was broken by a heavy knock at the door.

Farmer Williams immediately opened it, revealing a respectable, middle aged colored man, who held carefully in his hand a covered basket.

"Does Mrs. Williams live here?" he inquired.

"She does."

"The lady who buried a little child yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, here is a New Year's present for her."

Thrusting the basket into the farmer's hands he turned and walked quietly down the road where could be dimly seen the outlines of a covered sleigh, from which could be distinctly heard the sound of stilled sobs.

Bewildered and astonished, farmer Williams carried the basket into the kitchen, and carefully set it down on the table.

As he did so he was startled by a plaintive cry, and upon opening it, there lay a lovely boy, apparently about three months old.

Farmer Williams sprung to the door, but the sleigh and its occupants were nowhere to be seen.

In the meantime Mrs. Williams and the children gathered around the basket with exclamations of surprise and pleasure.—As the babe saw the gentle face that bent over it, it suddenly stopped crying, and smiling, stretched out its little hands towards her.

The heart of the bereaved mother now yearned toward the child, and taking it up in her arms, she pressed it fondly to her bosom. Just then the husband came back from his fruitless search.

"I declare it is an impesition!" he exclaimed stamping the snow off his boots "But I won't submit to it. I'll take it over to the town farm the very first thing in the morning."

"I can't bear the idea of its going there, John," said his wife. "Just see what a sweet babe it is!"

"I don't see but what it looks like all other babies," returned John, gruffly, doing his best to steel his heart against the little stranger, in which he only partly succeeded, for, rough as was the farmer's way, he had a kindly nature, if one could only reach it.

"Any way, the authorities will have to take care of it," farmer Williams continued. "We can't—we have got more mouths to fill now than we can find bread for."

Mrs. Williams' lips quivered as her thoughts reverted to the little grave in the churchyard. Ah, to her heart there was one too few.

"Dear John," said Mrs. Williams, pleadingly, "It seems as though God had sent this babe to take the place of our own little Willie, whom He has taken to himself.—Let us keep it. It will not fail to bring a blessing upon us, you may be sure."

Farmer Williams' countenance relaxed as he looked into her tearful eyes.

"Well, well, Mary," he said in a softened voice, "I'll think about it. If we do you and the children will have to go without a good many things, for these are hard times, and likely to be worse. So you had better weigh the thing well before deciding."

Mrs. Williams did so, and the result was that the New Year's present became a fixture in the Red Stone Farmhouse. He grew up a merry, winsome lad, twining even around the farmer's rugged nature, and taking in the heart of his adopted mother, the place of her lost darling, and loved by her with equal tenderness.

Many sacrifices did Mrs. Williams make—many toilsome hours did she spend, in order that her husband might not feel the expense of his maintenance heavily. And well his growing intelligence and beauty, and the ardent affection he evinced for her repay her for all. There was nothing about him that would give the slightest clue to his parentage. Simply a bit of white paper pinned to his frock, on which were these words, evidently written by a woman, in a graceful but unsteady hand:

"Arthur—born September 23. I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

Farmer Williams made some inquiries in the neighborhood, and learned that a lady with an infant, accompanied by a servant, had been stopping for a week past at the village tavern; that she was very beautiful, but very pale and sad, and kept her room most of the time. But they disappeared from there almost as suddenly as they came.

* * * * * *

It is just ten years since Mrs. Williams received her New Year's gift. Let us take another peep into the Red Stone Farmhouse. The group is smaller now than then. The farmer who murmured ten years ago that he had so many mouths to feed, has only one child left him—the little, flaxen haired girl that is sitting beside his knee. The rest are sleeping in the churchyard.

A heavy misfortune has befallen him; the thirst for riches has brought its usual curse. Possessed with the mania for speculation, he mortgaged his farm, house, and all it contained. The gilded bubble burst and the dawning of the New Year found him a ruined and homeless man.—This was the last night that he and his family were to stay in the old homestead, that had been in the family for four generations, and was linked to his heart by so many tender memories. On the morrow they knew not whither to go. It is true that many of the old neighbors—kind, good souls—had offered him a temporary home; but it was hard for the proud self-reliant man to accept charity from any.

"What can we do? Where can we go to?" he groaned as he thought of the morrow.

"The Lord will provide for us John" said his wife, lifting her patient eyes to his.

"He never has forsaken us. Neither will he forsake one who trusts in Him."

But the farmer lacked the Christain resignation that made that gentle heart such a heaven of peace and love.

"Ay, that's what you've always said, wife," he resorted, impatiently, "and you see what we have come to. For my part I don't think the Lord troubles Himself much about us anyway."

Mrs. Williams might have said that he brought this upon himself, but she wisely forebore. Just then there came the sound of a quick, buoyant step, and there burst into the room a fine sturdy lad of about ten, his eyes bright, and his cheeks glowing from the keen, frosty air.

"It's bitter cold I tell you," he exclaimed flinging his cap, boy fashion, upon the kitchen settee, and stepping up to the fire. "Not but what I've been as warm as toast all but my ears and fingers," he added, blowing upon the latter as he spoke.

"Here is something for you, mother," he said, seating himself on a stool at her feet, and tossing into her lap a shining piece of gold.

"Why Arthur where did you get this?"

"The strange gentleman down at the tavern gave it to me mother. He asked me into his room, and gave me as many nuts and raisins as I could eat, beside."

"I wonder who he is?" she said musingly.

"I can tell you" exclaimed her husband, his eyes flashing angrily. He is the owner of the Red Stone Farmhouse. He is the man who bid against me on the few articles I wanted to reserve. The curse of the homeless rest upon him."

"Nay John," interposed his wife gently, "perhaps he did not know how highly you prized them."

"Yes he did; Parson Brown stepped up and told him, but he only smiled and said he wanted to buy everything just as it stood."

"Well said the boy, gazing thoughtfully into the fire "I can't help pitying him he looked so sorrowful. He asked me a great many questions about you, mother, and all the rest of us, and kept walking up and down the room, wringing his hands and groaning as if he was in great trouble."

"I will buy you a new coat with this, Arthur" said Mrs Williams, as she examined anew the gold coin. "You need one badly enough," she added, glancing with a sigh at his well patched roundabout.

"You shall do nothing of the sort, mother," said the generous hearted boy.—"You shall buy yourself and sissy a nice warm shawl."

Before Mrs. Williams could reply there was a quick knock at the door. Farmer Williams opened it. It was only a boy who brought a small parcel for Mrs. Williams.

"Another New Year's gift, I suppose," he said bitterly, as he handed it to her, for he was in a bitter mood.

Mrs. Williams glanced reproachfully at her husband:

"God grant that it may bring as much comfort," she said laying her hand fondly upon the head that was resting against her knee.

As she opened it she uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was a deed of Red Stone Farmhouse, and made out in her name. On the inside wrapper were these words:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto Me."

There were grateful and happy hearts beneath the roof of the old homestead that night, though with Mrs. Williams joy there was mingled an uneasy feeling. She was well assured that it was in some way connected with Arthur, and trembled with apprehension lest some one should appear who had stronger claims to him. This fear was dissipated the next morning by a letter that came to her in the first mail. It contained a check for five thousand dollars, together with these words;

"The boy that you so generously received ten years ago, and have so tenderly cherished since, will never be taken from you. The mother forced to relinquish the babe, dearer to her than life, is now in Heaven. The father who so basely forsook his child, and her whom he had sworn to cherish, is unworthy of so sacred a trust. In S——Bank you will find the sum of twenty thousand dollars deposited in the name of your adopted son, of which he is to come into possession when he is legally of age, and the interest of which is to be appropiated to his support and education during his minority.

To this singular letter there was neither date nor signature. There were various conjectures in regard to the stranger, who had been in the village for some days, and from whom the letter came, as well as the package received the night before.

But when Arthur recalled to his mind the look of sad, remorseful tenderness with which he had regarded him, he felt that it must have been his father. Yet he often said, as he looked into the face of his adopted mother, that he wanted no dearer friends than those he already had. And as for Mrs. Williams, among all the blessings that surrounded her, there was not one that brought her a purer joy than he whom she had taken to her heart when a friendless babe, her New Year's gift.

AFRAID OF THE LAW.—The mongrel destructionists at Washington, are afraid of the law, as a mad dog is of water.—Last week, when Stanton had Gen. Thomas arrested and taken before the mongrel Judge Cartter, that functionary, boiling over with "loyalty," placed him under unusally heavy bonds for his appearance. After consulting with Stanton, and finding that holding Thomas to bail would bring the test before the Supreme Court, Cartter and Stanton backed square down, and discharged Thomas. They are afraid of the law, and dare not meet the issue like honest men. This seems to be the ruling feeling in Congress. Hence every means will be resorted to, in order to prevent an expression by the Supreme Court. It matters not, however, the verdict of the people is already made out, and it will be delivered to the utter discomfitute of the disunionists, in November next.

What can be more disgraceful in the eyes of the world than the Executive and Congress of the United States going off in such high dudgeon because a mangy cur chooses to occupy his kennel, after having been kicked from the company of gentlemen. Congress does itself no honor, in attempting to force such a miserable apology for a gentleman as STANTON upon the President. Suppose that the President would attempt to compel Congress to receive an expelled member, they would be justly indignant at such an outrage upon decency. Who then can condemn President JOHNSON for doing all in his power to get rid of a pimp and spy, like STANTON? No fair minded person can do so.

Immense Mass Meeting

An immense mass meeting of citizens opposed to the impeachment, was held Friday evening at the Cooper Institute in New York city.

Resolutions were read declaring that the present political crisis is fraught with danger to the republican institutions of the United States, and that a government by and under a written constitution is the only safeguard of freedom. Also affirming the right of the President to remove members of his Cabinet, and declaring that any attempt to deprive him of that right is a monstrous perversion of the powers conferred upon the House of Representatives.

In striktng contrast to the unchristain and unsoldierlike antipathy which Gov. Geary in his message, expresses against the inanimate remains of Southern soldiers which lie within Antietam cemetery, is the following from the message of Gov. Fenton, of New York, also a Radical:—"To-day nothing perhaps could sooner awaken a national spirit in the heart of the South than the thought that representatives of the Northern States were gathering the remains of its fallen sons for the interment in our National Cemetery.

THE FIRE AT BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—New York, March 3.—The loss by the fire at Barnum's Museum is estimated at $500,000. The giraffe valued at $20,000, will die from its burns. The Museum was insured for $150,000. The loss is $100,000. A pair of tigers were burned, valued at $25,000. The scenery, &c., for a new piece was burned. Circassian girl is also a heavy loser. The giantess loses $3,000. Twenty-two animals were saved, and twenty-eight burned.

HOMESTEAD.—It ought to be generally known but is not, that every citizen being at the head of a family, is entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of land upon the payment of ten dollars in fees and actual settlement there, upon any of the vacant lands in either the States or Territories unoccupied. A great deal of land of first quality yet remains unappropriated in Arkansas, Louisiana, Missouri, Iowa, and other States and Territories.

The refusal of Judge Carter (a Radical of the most ultra stripe) to hold Gen. Thomas for trial for an alleged violation of the tenure of office act, is a plain confession that Gen. Thomas' arrest was only a "game of bluff" and that the act in question will not bear legal test.

IOWA FOR PENDLETON.—The largest Democratic State Convention that ever assembled in Iowa, met at Des Moines, on the 28th, and passed a resolution declaring George H. Pendleton to be their first choice for President.

Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, Judge Custis of Boston, and Mr. Evarts of New York, it is said, have been selected to defend the President in the court of the conspirators.

Wise and Otherwise.

No man will ever be able to build a house by carrying bricks in his hat.

The first thing a hen says to her brood and not the last thing a child says to his father—"Shell out."

What is the difference between a hen and an idle musician? One lays at pleasure and the other plays at leisure.

If the happy days of wedlock are called the honeymoon, why shouldn't the unhappy ones be styled the lunar costies?

A Wisconsin girl, who became crazy at the death of her mother, was immediately restored to reason when matrimony was proposed. That's what "fetched her."

A dancing master in New York has introduced a "Kiss Cotillion," in which the gentleman always kisses the lady as "swing corners." Our imp of the ink keg says he will take stock in that kind of cotillions.

"Well John, did you take that note I gave you, to Mr. Smithers?"

"Yes, sir, I took the note, but I don't believe he can read it."

"Cannot read it! Why so, John?"

"Because he is blind sir. While I wor in the room he axed me where my hat wor, and it wor on my head all the time."

MISUNDERSTOOD THE TEXT.—A worthy deacon hired a journeyman farmer from a neighboring town for the summer, and induced him—although he was unaccustomed to church-going—to accompany the family to church, on the first Sabbath of his stay.—Upon their return to the deacon's house, he asked his hired man how he liked the preaching. He replied:

"I don't like to hear any minister preach politics."

"I am very sure you heard no politics today," said the deacon.

"I am sure that I did," said the man.

"Mention the passage," said the deacon.

"I will," he said, "If the Democrats scarcely are saved, where will the Republicans appear?"

'Ah," said the deacon, "you mistake.—These were the words: "If the righteous scarcely are saved, how will the ungodly and wicked appear?"

"O, yes," said the man, "he might have used those words, but I knew duced well *what he meant!*"

A sensative lady from the country looking for a coach, addressed a cabman: "Pray, sir are you engaged?" Och! bless your purty sowl, ma'am, I've been married these seven years, and I have nine children!"

A Western Hoosier called on a boat captain to sell him a saddle of mutton:

"Say, Captain, don't you want to buy a nice saddle of mutton to day?"

"No; I would as soon eat dirt," replied the Captain.

"Well," said the Hoosier, "'tis according to how a man has been raised. *Now I wo'd rather eat mutton!*"

A MUSICAL CATECHISM.—What is a slur?

Almost any remark one singer makes about another,

What is a rest?

Going out of choir during sermon for refreshments.

What is singing with an "understanding?"

Marking time on the floor with your foot.

What is symphony?

Flirting with the soprano singer behind the organ.

What is a staccato movement?

Leaving the choir in a huff because one is dissatisfied with the organist.

What is a swell?

A professor of music who pretends to know all about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance.

What are grace notes?

Greenbacks received for a quarter's salary.

What is a turn?

When one singer is discharged to make room for another.

How do you produce a discord?

By praising a lady's singing at the expense of another who overheard you.

How is a shake produced?

By catching the bellows boy asleep when the choir is ready to sing.

What is a flat?

A singer who supposes himself or herself indispensable to the success of the choir.

JOSH BILLINGS' SAYINGS.—Ef a man flatters yu, yu kan kalkerlate that he is a rogue or you're a fule.

Keep both ize open, but don't see mor'n half yu notis.

Ef yu ich for fame, go into a grave-yard and scratch yourself against a tumestone.

Young man, be more anxious about the pedigree yur going to leave, than yu are about the won somebody's going tu leave yu.

Sin is like weeds—self sone and sure to cum.

About as sure a way to get rich as enny I know of, is to git inter debt for a hundred thousand.