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NO. 31.

Wyoming Democrat. A Democratic weekly paper devoted to Politics, News, the Arts and Sciences...

The new Broom still new!

AND WITH THE NEW YEAR. Will be used with more sleeping effect than heretofore...

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Where can be found, at all times, one of the Largest and Richest assortments ever offered in this vicinity...

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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.

BOLTON HOUSE, HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the "BEELER 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.

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Poetry. HOME. BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"Better is the life of a poor man, in a mean cottage, than delicate fare in another man's house."

I saw them by their wintry air, The children gathering round their sire; The cheerful blaze, with flickering light, Row'd dancing o'er their features bright, And nought like care for pomp or show Commingled with that ruddy glow;

But some they are, unwisely led By sloth to eat another's bread, Inured to hear, like flaming chart, Dependence, written on their heart. To envious eyes, perchance, they seem In luxury and pride to dream; Yet meet they still, with lot unblest, The welcome cold of burdening guest, And view the humble home with scorn Which industry and love adorn.

FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING. THE ABSURDITY OF LIFE.

It is all very well for the poets to tell, By way of their songs adorning, Of milkmaids, who rouse, to manipulate cows, At five o'clock in the morning;

And of moony young mowers who bundle out odors The charms of their straw beds scorning, Before break of day, to make love and hay, At five o'clock in the morning!

But, between me and you, it is all untrue, Believe not a word that they utter; To no milkmaid alive does the figure of Five Bring beaus—or even bring butter, The poor cows, if, to talk to arise, Would do so, perchance, in the morning;

But the country girls, would they show their curls, At five o'clock in the morning?

It may not be wrong for the man in the song— Or the moon—if anxious to settle, To kneel in wet grass, and pop, but alas! What if he peeped down on a nettle!

For how could he see what was under his knee, If, in spite of my friendly warning, He went out of bed, and his house, and his head, At five o'clock in the morning?

It is all very well such stories to tell, But if I were a maid all forlorn, And a lover should drop in the clover to pop, At five o'clock in the morning;

If I liked him, you see, I'd say, "Please call at three;" If not, I'll turn him out with a scolding; Don't come here you fat with conundrums like that At five o'clock in the morning!

JAMES BOWIE and HENRY CLAY.—Reverdy Johnson used to tell a story of Henry Clay, a *propos* of himself. I think in some previous letter I have told you that Reverdy married Mary Bowie, a cousin of James or "Jeemes" Bowie, the inventor of the Bowie knife.

One day Henry Clay, who had arrived in Frederick, Maryland, by stage-coach from Wheeling, met Reverdy Johnson in the street. "Reverdy," he said, "I have just had an extraordinary acquaintance back here at Cumberland. A man got half my seat in the stage-coach—a little snotty, freckled, cheek-boned fellow—and on the next seat were a man and his wife; on the third seat a couple of big men.

We had no sooner started and got clear of Cumberland than one of the big men on the forward seat lit a cigar. He puffed and puffed, till in a little while the coach was full of strong fumes, and the woman grew very sick. She asked her husband to raise the window, and, still unable to bear the smoke, told him she must lean upon his lap.

"My wife is sick. Please do not smoke inside." "The big man smoked like a blast chimney, paying no heed whatever. The woman grew fainter and coughed. My blood was boiling, but I knew the big man could double me up and throw me out of the window."

"Suddenly the little being at my side leaned forward and pulled a bowie knife out of his coat collar, and said to the smoking giant: "You damned son-of-a-bitch, on the female side! I am James Bowie. Throw away that cigar, or I'll split you into half apples!"

"The man," concluded Mr. Clay, "dropped the cigar like an automaton, and we had not a word spoken for thirty miles."—*Cor. of St. Louis Democrat.*

A FACT FULL OF MEANING.—Here is the finest hit we have seen at the present popular distinction between religion and morals:

In a religious excitement in Boston, a person met a Christian neighbor who took him by the hand, and said—"I have become a christian."

"You are a christian, then, all at once," said the other; "you profess to act strictly on christian principles. I am glad of it.—I congratulate you. Suppose we now have a settlement of our little accounts between us. Pay me what thou owest."

"No," said the new-born child, turning on his heel, "religion is religion, and business is business."

So the paper tells us. And what is there so wonderful about it? Is not the world full of such christianity?

A St. Louis newspaper heads an editorial about the Indians—"The Gentleman Without Hats."

ALCOHOL IS KING.—CAN HE BE OVERTHROWN?

The Ministerial Association of Wyoming District met at Montrose, February 19th, and unanimously requested that the following article on Temperance, read before the Association, by Rev. S. F. Brown, of Tunkhannock, be furnished to the County papers of Bradford, Susquehanna, and Wyoming for publication.

Alcohol is King by the consent of the people, and by the laws of the land. He sits a King of mighty power and influence. He has in this fair land, probably, more than five millions of willing and obedient subjects, and his annual expenses are four hundred millions of dollars.

We claim that this is a free and independent government, that these States are governed by the will of a free people. And yet here is a despotism prevailing all parts of this great Republic—every city, town, and hamlet—The sea coast, and the plains; the mountains, and the valleys; the sunny South, and the vigorous North; the thriving East, and the growing West; the forest, and the prairie; the land of gold, and the land of herds and flocks; in the mines, dark and deep; and on the bosom of the beautiful lakes and rivers; in the houses of the rich, and the hovels of the poor; in the political caucuses, in the conventions of the people, in the Legislatures, in Congress, in the Cabinet, in the Presidential mansion, everywhere, the subjects and votaries of this regal despot, are found to uphold and defend his authority. And worst of all, the constitutional authority of this great nation, has been thoroughly baffled and set at naught by the minions of his satanic majesty, King Alcohol.

For long centuries he has ruled in the world, not only with a rod of iron, but with a rod of fire and death, a fire consuming soul and body, death present and eternal, "for no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God." He is a tyrant that levies a tax upon his subjects, that would furnish bread for the multiplied millions of these United States, and yet, he gives in return, nothing but poison for the body and mind, nothing but discord and sorrow; nothing but poverty and crime; broken hearts, and hopes, and promises; ruined health and homes; dwarfed, starved, and impoverished children; broken hearted mothers, and wives bound to the bloated and corrupted living carcasses of drunken husbands. He stirs up strife, incites to blasphemy and Sabbath breaking, to lying and theft, to robbery and murder, to prostitution and adultery. Soils the ermine of the bench, and desecrates the sanctity of the pulpit. No air too pure to be contaminated by his breath; no place too sacred to be polluted by his staggering tread; no society so exclusive, that it may not be blasted by his curse; no tie so holy, that it may not be severed by his touch; his presence is degradation; his breath is death; and his feet take hold on hell. His priests in their unholy ministrations, stand behind polished and gilded altars, and are greater in number and influence, than the ministers of our holy religion. They minister not to weekly, but to daily worshippers, that in their regularity, devotion and liberal support, shame the most liberal, devoted, and punctual, of the professed followers of the Cross of Christ.

But God, the living God has pronounced a curse against his priest-hood. "Cursed is he that putteth the bottle to his neighbors, and maketh him drunken, and the hard bony, and relentless hand of this curse, clutches not only the guilty rumseller, but the more guilty Legislator that sanctions by law, the unholy traffic, and the little less guilty Judge, that grants the license, and the thrice guilty petitioner, that asks its continuance; and with a long arm, and with discriminating justice, fastens upon every one, in every station in life, that by word or act or silence, upholds the accursed thing, for the whole responsibility rests with the people, "for the voice of the people is the voice of God" (in this matter) to the Legislator and the Judge, and when the people say, in private and in public, through the press, and the halloo box, that, not only ninety-nine persons out of every hundred shall not sell alcoholic poison, but that the hundredth shall not either, and if it is right, as we all believe it is,) to prevent by legislation the ninety-nine persons selling it, it is equally right to prevent the hundredth. But, says an Honorable Senator, you may as well legislate against eating cod-fish, as against drinking rum. Well let us see. I have used cod-fish, and potatoes, and bread, myself, and in my family, for many years, and none of them ever threw us or any of us into the gutter, or made us make worm fence in the streets, or tangled our legs, or muddled our brains, or unfitted us for business, or ruined our finances, or blasted our character, or destroyed our health, or injured our morals, nor gave us the delirium tremens, and we are not aware that they ever did any of these things to our neighbors, or our children, and no curse is pronounced against them or the use of them or the sale or gift of them. And we ask in the name of peace, and order, and the good of human society, and the good of all the people, and all the land; what laws are for, if not to protect society from evil, and wrong, and discord, and immorality; and to defend the weak and helpless, against all that might injure or harm them. Have the innocent children, naked and starved by a drunken father, or the complaining and broken-hearted wife of the inebriate, or the

aged parents, whose son, the stay of their old age, is lured into the dens of this demon, whose calling, so cursed and nefarious, is made honorable (God save the mark) by the countenance of statutes, and license, and public assent. Have these no right to be protected by law, are they to be left to the tender mercies of this demon, and his minions with their traps, and snares; their gilded palaces, and alluring resorts? Some say this is a matter in which we should confine ourselves to moral suasion. Why not confine ourselves to moral suasion in the matter of theft or forgery or extortion, for God puts drunkenness in the same category, for he says, "Nor thieves, or drunkards, or revilers, or extortioners shall inherit the Kingdom of God." Suppose a man steals your horse, you have a law that "if he is caught," will give him ten years confinement, at hard labor; here is another man, that, step by step, by means of this infernal traffic, leads your son, your joy and pride and hope, into the path of ruin, both of body and soul, for time and eternity, your son whose happiness and hopes and prosperity, is of more value to you than a thousand horses. The one you punish with ten years of hard and dreary confinement; the other, the greater criminal, in as much as the man with all his hopes and possibilities, is infinitely greater than any mere property; you let go free, because, forsooth it is wrong to make laws to restrain him. Shame on your logic, on your wisdom, on your justice!

In the name of humanity, in the name of justice, give the man that sells or gives this thing to any human being as a beverage, ten years in the penitentiary, and the thing is done. If men can't sell it, men won't buy it. You need not think to stop it by attempting to stop the manufacture. It will be smuggled in a thousand ways, as long as men can buy and sell it. But stop the sale and the whole thing is dead. And now to the main question, Can this monster, this despot Alcohol be dethroned? We answer, yes, assuredly yes, as sure as the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, yes, as soon as the people through the halloo-box say it, his Kingdom is at an end, as soon as they say we will vote for no legislator, that will not help to make laws against the miserable traffic, that they will vote for no officer that will not execute the laws, for no judge that will not condemn the criminal, and the diadem of crime and tears and death, falls from his doomed brow. His grave is dug, his winding sheet is made, and he will soon be buried beyond the fear of a resurrection. But can the people be induced to do this? By the grace of God they can. We must agitate, and talk, and teach, and preach, and write, and organize, and make sacrifice of time, and money, and interest, and the object is worth a thousand times what it will cost. We must battle nobly and manfully and persistently. For it is to be the greatest moral and political contest, the country has ever seen, and, we are already entering upon it; let us gird up our loins, and ourselves like men. Success is sure, for God is on our side, and we cannot fail if we pray and fight, honestly and earnestly. Who thought eight short years ago, that Slavery, that gigantic evil, could, by any possibility, be removed from our fair land. And yet to-day we stand in a broad land, every acre of which, is consecrated by the constitution, to freedom forever, and the curse that divided the church, and the State, and deluged our fair land in blood and tears, and sank twenty-six hundred millions of treasure, is dead and forever buried, and our deliverance is worth all it cost. And now if we can be freed from this other and greater curse, a long stride will be taken towards the millennium. But the good cause must have its martyrs and trials, its John Browns, and Fort Sumpters, its Libby Run, and its Federicksburg, its Sherburne, and its Harper's Ferry, its Booth, and its Alabama. But with the help of God it is destined also, to have its Port Hudson, and its Vicksburg; its Sherman, and its Sheridan; its Wilderness, and its march through Georgia; its Petersburg, and its Appomattox; and finally its Grant to successfully fight it out on this line, until unconditional surrender, crowns Temperance King forever. And let all the people say Amen.

"Friend Mallaby, I am pleased that these has got such a fine organ in thy church." "But," said the clergyman, "I thought you were strongly opposed to having an organ in a church?" "So I am," said friend Obadiah, "but then, if this will worship the Lord with machinery, I would like thee to have a first-rate instrument."

"Father," said a four years old child, "I think you are very foolish." "Why, my child?" "Because you have brought that baby here when mother is sick, and you have to get a woman to take care of it."

"Go rock the cradle, Lucy, and no more of your jabber."

"How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect to openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness!"

The latest mode of announcing a birth is to call it "cutting off a coupon from the marriage bond."

EARLY ABOLITIONISTS—THEN AND NOW.

Tom Hood somewhere describes the frantic zeal with which certain old dames of England once endeavored to scour to whiteness some Africans among them.—They were determined to make the negro a white man, by scrubbing off the black, and so gathered together all the soap and scrubbing brushes of the neighborhood and went to work with persistent and unflagging industry. They stripped Sambo and lathered, and rubbed, and foamed and scrubbed him till the skin fairly peeled off.—Then they hung him out to dry, but he was still a negro, and did not even pale into dark mulatto under the process. They laid him out over night on the grass, that the night air and morning dew might whiten him with their alkalic properties, but all in vain; the African was still black, and from being polished, was all the blacker.

The Hump Congress and the Republican party at this time, it is palpable, are but re-attempting what their simple English mothers undertook. It is a plain case of the same philanthropy which exercised the early Abolitionists, for while they have gathered together the material wealth of the people, to be used up in lathering and scrubbing the negro into a white man, they leave themselves unclean, and the negro is as thoroughly a savage, black and forbidding, as when they commenced their labors upon him. In fact, he is all the blacker, that they have attempted to scrub him white.

And in this insane attempt, millions of the people's money—hundreds of millions—have been "lathered" away upon the African; as well might they attempt to change the spots upon the leopard, as to fit Sambo to live under, and become amenable to, laws and a civilization beyond his powers of comprehension; much less can they legislate him into a legislator. He belongs to the jungles and "devil bushes" of Africa. They are his by nature and he theirs; and he returns to a condition suiting them to him, and he to them, the moment the strong grip of the white man loosens its hold upon him.

The effort to make the negro a freeman—to give him the rights of citizenship and equality of person, only exhibit the falsity of that sentiment, the success of which has done the African-American so great a wrong. Wherein he is a freeman? The boon has been extended to him, and he takes it and wanders away from civilization, as if seeking to find his native and natural plane—a jungle into which he can creep from the white man's eye, therein to practice his mysterious Obi incantations and superstitions.

Scrub him, lather him, soap him, rub him, as ye will, he comes from the bath still a nigger—hideous to the eye—offensive to the senses. And so it will continue through all time. He cannot be made the equal of the white man; he cannot be raised to that plane; and if equality be resolved upon, those who stand upon the plane above the trembling, jibbering "man and brother" must come down to him, and wallow with him on his plane.

This is the penalty of equality. We cannot Anglo-Saxonize the negro, but the negro may Africanize the white man. It is easier to descend than to ascend. The one cannot ascend—hence the other must descend.—*Bellefonte Watchman.*

HARD ON THE ENGINEER.—An engineer on the O. & M. R. R. tells the following story on himself: One night the train stopped to wood and water at a small station in Indiana. While this operation was going on, I observed two green-looking countrymen, in "humpspan," curiously inspecting the locomotive and occasionally giving vent to expressions of astonishment. Finally one of them looked up at me and said:

"Stranger, are this a locomotive?" "Certainly! Didn't you ever see one before?" "No, haven't never saw one afore. Me'n Bill come down to the station to-night purts and see one. Them's the biler, ain't it?" "Yes, certainly."

"What yer call that you're in?" "We call this the cab."

"And this big wheel?" "That's the driving wheel."

"That big black thing on top is the chimney, I suppose?" "Precisely."

"Be you the engineer wot runs the machine?" "I am the engineer."

"Bill," said the fellow to his mate, after eyeing me closely for a few minutes, "if don't take much of a man to be engineer, do it?" "All aboard!"

John Chinaman in California is clear at a bargain. His ideas of the "credit system" are extremely safe though rather vague. A merchant of unbounded credit in San Francisco recently applied to a Chinese merchant, through his agent to purchase a cargo of rice on time. The agent duly set forth the opulence, standing, &c., of his principal, to which the Chinaman replied: "Yes, him welly good man.—Mc-trust-ee, him pay me one half cash-ee, other half when me deliver rice-ee."

Wise & Otherwise.

There's many a skip 'twixt the flea and the nip.

A man's best fortune—or his worst—his wife.

"Pride goeth before a fall," and many a water-fall.

A New York paper says of a famous singer, that "she sings a few airs, and puts on a good many."

What is the difference between a High Episcopalian and a Baptist? One burns wax candles and the other dips.

Why should the sea make a better house-keeper than the earth? Because the earth is exceedingly dirty, and the seas very tidy.

A man recently picked up one end of a few yards of dress goods in the street, but on discovering a female at the other end, concluded to let it remain.

An Irishman recently soliloquized: "What a waste o' money to be buying mate when you know the half of it is bone, when you can spind it for rum that hasn't a bone in it."

"What have you done with your doll, Amy?" "Locked it up, papa. Going to keep it for my litty gal, when I get big just like mamma!" "Ah! but suppose your child have none?" "Never mind. My gal's child will have it."

Do you observe how devotional Deacon Butler is?" asked a good lady of her husband. "Yes, my dear, the Deacon is very devotional. He always keeps his head bowed in prayer until the contribution box has passed."

An auctioneer, at a late sale of antiquities, put up a helmet, with the following candid observation: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman founder; but whether he was a brass or iron founder I cannot tell."

A city miss on a visit to the country, was filled with surprise at the skill of a girl in milking a cow. "I didn't know you did it in that way," she said with round-eyed wonder. "I thought they took hold of the cow's tail, and pumped the milk out of her! What's she get so longa tail for?"

An impatient boy waiting for grist, said to the miller: "I could eat the meal as fast as the mill grinds it."

"How long could you do so?" inquired the miller. "Till starved to death," was the sarcastic reply.

A country girl, coming from the field, being told by her peevish cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew, said:

"Well, it wasn't any fellow by that name but it was Steve Jones that kissed me. I told him that every one in town would find it out."

A New Hampshire man told a story about a flock of crows three miles long, and so thick that you could not see the sun through it. "Don't believe it," was the reply. "Wal," said the narrator, "you're a stranger, and I don't want to quarrel with you. So, to please you, I'll take off a quarter of a mile from the thinnest part."

"Sonny, do you love me any?" "Oh, don't I though!" "What for?" "Because you always bring me candy when you come to see Sissy Jane. Give me some more." "And what does Sissy Jane love me for?" "Oh, cause you take her to concerts and give her so many nice things.—She says so long as you are fool enough to bring her shawls and bonnets, she won't sack you nohow. Now give me some more candy."

The other evening in our "private crib," there was a learned dissertation, subject, "Bed-bugs and their remarkable tenacity of life." One asserted of his own knowledge that they could be boiled and then come to life. Some had soaked them for hours in turpentine without any fatal consequences. Old Hanks, who had been listening as an outsider, here gave in his experience in corroborating of the facts. Says he: "Some years ago, I took a bed-bug to an iron foundry, and dropped it into a ladle where the melted iron was, had it made into a skillet.—Well my old woman used that skillet pretty constant for the last six years, and here the other day, it broke all to smash, and what do you think, gentlemen, that ere'd just walked out of his hole where he'd been layin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost up stairs!" "But," added he, by way of parenthesis, "by George, gentlemen, he looked mighty pale!"