

THE WYOMING DEMOCRAT.

DEFEND THE RIGHT. CONDEMN THE WRONG.

BY S. S. WINCHESTER.

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Written for the Wyoming Democrat.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

What wilt thou do, O Heart of mine!

For birds and flowers are gone,
And now the fleecy snow falls thick,
On yonder spreading lawn.

The last bright sun of Summer set,

The last sweet zephyr blown,
The icy monarch hastens on,
To claim his regal throne.

Each joyous note and lovely scene

Is banished now from thee;
What wilt thou do 'mid howling blasts:
Old Winter's minstrelsy?

Thou'rt lone and sad, for all is drear—

No smile to lure thee on,
No hope to call thee back to life,
Or love to lean upon.

No charm the Present hath for thee—

The Past hath left but grief,
And thou art drooping, falling, like
A withered autumn leaf.

No more thou'lt glad, O heart of mine,

To hear the robin's song;
No more thou'lt beat exultingly,
As fragrance floats along.

No more thou'lt muse beneath the shade

Of yonder spreading tree;
No more the summer's sun shall bring,
Its store of Hope to thee.

But compassed round with chilling air,

Without a smile to cheer,
Thou'lt brood in sadness o'er thy lot,
Or shrink away in fear.

Then rest! thou'rt weary, heart of mine;

Dream while the Winter stays,
And then when Summer comes again,
Thou'lt quicken in its rays.

If'er another Summer dawns,

Thy thread of life be riven,
A brighter Summer thou shalt find—
The endless Summer, Heaven.

WILFRED.

Tunkhannock, Nov., 1850.

Gems of Thought.

Learning, it is said, may be an instrument of fraud; so may bread if discharged from the mouth of a cannon, be an instrument of death.

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.

Fashionable society generally has but two faults: first, in being hollow-headed; and secondly, hollow-hearted.

Industry and economy will get rich, while sagacity and intrigue are laying their plans.

Virtue forgives injury, even as the sandal tree perfumes the hatchet that fell it.

Physicians' prescriptions are now called "death warrants in Latin."

A false friend is like a puddle that only looks bright when the sun shines on it.

Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just.

'Tis of ourselves that we are thus or thus.

Friendship is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings, than by attachment to excellencies. The former is valued as a kindness which cannot be claimed, the latter is exacted as the payment of a debt to merit.

THE PEN.—In a hand who knows how to use it—the most powerful weapon known: When the golden tints of virtue guide it, how beautiful!—where self-respect gives it a new vigor, how pleasing! Where honor directs it how respected! Where wit sharpens it, how fatal! When scurrillity wields it, how contemptible! 'Tis the weapon of the soul!

It is delightful to rekindle smiles on an infantine countenance. Grief is out of place when even reflection has yet left no trace.

The worthiest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been picking at.

A Hatter advertises that "Watts on the Mind," is of great importance, but what's on the head is of greater—a sentiment worthy the pen of Combe.

The Max of Honor.

The cloth was drawn, the wine and dessert were put on, and Frederick Willis, seated at the head of the table, looked on as merry a set of fellows as ever were gathered round in a company.

The master of the feast was twenty-two years of age, and possessed of about as many thousand pounds as he numbered years. To be young is pleasant enough; but to be both young and rich is extreme happiness. The father of Frederick Willis not only gave his son life, but bequeathed him money enough to enjoy life.

Frederick Willis had lately begun his career. So far he had proceeded with moderation and good sense; but a danger threatened him this evening. On his right sat Captain Fitz Osborne, a newly-made acquaintance, and one not very creditable.

Captain Fitz Osborne was a tall and stout man. His appearance was comically ferocious. Nature had intended him for a fool only, but he had succeeded, by much study and pains, in surpassing the bully. He had a loud voice, a swaggering gait, an imperious eye, and a large and well-dyed pair of black moustachios, which he had a habit of continually twirling with his thumb and fore-finger. He was a soldier by profession, and a gambler as an amateur. He could not live on his pay, and thought dexterity in play as easy and honorable a way of increasing his income as any other. The result proved his judgment correct: his purse was always well stored, and he was received without scruple into the best society.

Just about this time, however, suspicions were whispered about, in a very low tone indeed, that the gallant captain was more indebted to his flattery than to his dexterity or good fortune, and that, in fact, he was little better than a blackleg. As these suspicions were whispered in so low a tone, the captain, of course, was not obliged to hear them; but though he betrayed no cognizance of such disagreeable reports, he was too well aware of their circulation, and felt that the time had come for a grand coup de main, and retirement from play.

He marked out Frederick Willis as the victim. Twenty thousand pounds were here in the hands of a very inexperienced keeper, and he hoped that it would be no difficult matter to transfer this snug fortune to the custody of himself, who well knew its value. He contrived to get introduced to young Willis, and soon after he contrived to lose to him no less than three thousand pounds. It was following dinner, and much champagne, at the captain's own lodgings, that this artful loss took place, and Fitz Osborne could scarcely forbear laughing, as he saw Willis depart in a delirium of joy at this his first stroke in gaming. The captain was invited by Willis in return. "Two or three friends," he said, "would meet him, but this should not prevent him from giving him his revenge." Fitz Osborne assented to this arrangement cheerfully. He made up his mind to lose again, but to a small extent, so as not to excite attention in those present; and then with another quiet evening at his lodgings, he calculated on finishing the business. It was essential to be prompt; for though Willis, he trusted, had not heard the reports to his prejudice, there was every danger that he would do so before long.

And now the second evening of this well-arranged series was in progress. The cloth was drawn, the wine and dessert were put on, and after-dinner had commenced; jest, laughter, and song followed. At last appeared coffee; and Frederick, knocking on a plate with the handle of a fruit knife, by way of obtaining silence, said, "Gentlemen, if you please, we will adjourn to the drawing-room, where you will find card tables, chess tables, and all other sorts of tables. My friend, the captain, is so enamored of the sound of a dice-box, that he is resolved to hear its music for half an hour or so, in company with me; though, I assure you, the other even-

ing the tune must have been anything but pleasant to him. So allons, and each to his vocation."

A shout of approval was the answer. The host and guests, deserting the dining-room, in a few moments were seated at cards or whatever other amusement they preferred. Fitz Osborne and Willis took their position at a small table by themselves.

There were two things that caused the captain some regret; firstly, he had taken too much wine; and, secondly, Willis had not taken quite enough. Still affairs went on prosperously. He lost, and Willis won, as he had intended.—But he could not account for a quiet sarcastic sort of smile, which he detected, after some short time, on the countenance of his antagonist, and which seemed very unlike the unrestrained expression of triumph he had evinced when they last played together. Willis he was throwing and cogitating. Frederick, suddenly addressed him: "How much have I won, captain?" asked he.

"Oh, my dear fellow, a trifle!" replied Fitz Osborne. "Two hundred or thereabouts; but I mean to win it back, I can tell you."

"I play no more!" exclaimed Willis, throwing himself back in his chair, and folding his arms.

"Oh, as you please—as you please, certainly," said Fitz Osborne. "But why baulk your good fortune, when you have it all your own way?"

"I believe I won three thousand pounds of you on Wednesday evening?" said Frederick, not attending to the captain's disinterested inquiry.

"Yes, my dear friend, about that," said Fitz Osborne, looking rather disturbed. "But what means all this?"

"There is the money?" said Frederick, presenting three bank notes. "The two hundred pounds which I have just won, I decline to receive."

"What does this mean, sir?" exclaimed the captain, in a tone which betrayed the struggle between dismay and anger.

"It means, sir, that I have discovered your clever little plot," replied Frederick, smiling contemptuously. "The only thing required for success was, that I should be as great a fool as you thought me. So you lost purposely; and no doubt, when you had excited me enough, I was to pay at least five hundred per cent. for the loan. Sir, I had not been seated with you three minutes this evening, when I discovered plainly that you were cheating me."

Captain Fitz Osborne rose slowly from his chair—twirled his left, and then his right moustache—looked fiercely and defiantly at the bystanders, and turning to Willis, exclaimed in a loud voice, "You shall repent this, sir. I am a man of honor; and, whilst I have an arm, no man shall question that honor with impunity. You shall hear from me, sir."

"I am no duellist," said Willis.

"What, sir, are you a coward as well as a slanderer?" exclaimed Fitz Osborne, strutting up to Willis, and scowling fearfully. "Do you refuse to meet me, sir?"

"I refuse either to shoot you, or be shot by you," said Willis; "though indeed, after descending to be a gambler, I might well go a little lower, and become a duellist. Still, robbery is better than murder; and, whilst I swear to retrace the steps that led to the one, I also swear to take no steps that may lead to the other. A man of honor, indeed!"

exclaimed Willis, losing his tone of calmness, his cheek flushing, and his eye flashing; you are a swindler without honor, or mind to comprehend what honor truly is. I know you now, sir, and the world shall know you."

With these words, and before the bystanders could interpose or suspect his intention, he threw himself on his hurly antagonist, and in an instant had borne him to the ground.

Fitz Osborne made a desperate attempt to swallow something—but his hand was arrested—torn open by main

force—and Frederick Willis starting to his feet, held up to the gaze of all—a loaded dice.

Captain Fitz Osborne may now be met with at Boulogne, wears a somewhat military costume, though he is no longer in the army. He attends all the billiard-rooms and ball-rooms, and is said to be on the point of marriage with an heiress from Bloomsbury-square, who could not resist his large black moustache, knowledge of fashionable society, and strict observance of the law of honor.

Shakespeare's Mirror for Women.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

As in the tall glass called a *Psyche*, a lady gains a full-length view of herself, so that no point of a person may be left disregarded, so, in Shakespeare's mirror, a woman may obtain a psychological reflex of her nature that may aid her to its spotless array, and to the utmost perfection in adornment of which it is susceptible. She may learn how to preserve its intrinsic graces of purity and innocence, at the same time she is instructed how to deck it with becoming ornament of accomplishment and refining culture. She may be taught to perceive how native charms are heightened by suavity of demeanor; how a fine understanding and a capacious mind are set off by modest bearing; how external beauty is enhanced by sweet manners and cheerful ease; how intellect and good sense consort with placability, forbearance, and affectionate submission, how gaiety of heart and the gift of wit are tempered with gentleness; how highest dignity shows itself most truly in courtesy, generosity, charity, kindness. From the lady of the highest rank, to the humblest among women—from her who is "crowned the most imperial monarch" to her who "does the meanest chares," we all may read in his respective delineations our feminine resemblance. From the virtuous majesty of a Hermione or a Katharine of Aragon, down to the homely coarseness of an Audrey or a Mopsa, each essentially bears the generic stamp of woman. His scriptural queens, his princesses, his duchesses, his gentlewomen, his yeoman's wives, his young maidens, his serving-damsels his country wenches, his hostesses; his most delicate lady, his most blushing girl, his most reserved vestal, his ardent coquette, his wildest-spirited sparkler, his sedate thinker, his most loving and loveable female impersonation, or his vilest and most odious one, however infinitely they may vary, have all one feature in common—they are pre-eminently womanly in all they do and say. The wit of Rosalind and Beatrice, the ambition of Lady Macbeth, the conjugal faith of Imogen, the wickedness of Goneril and Regan, constancy of Helena, the rectitude of Cordelia, the intellect of Portia, the wiles of Cleopatra, the innocence of Miranda, the charm of Viola, the gentleness of Desdemona, the sanctity and moral purity of Isabella, the anguish of Constance, the maternity of Volunmia, the shrewishness of Catharine, the affection of Celia, the flippancy of Lucetta, the passionate love of Juliet, the sprightliness of Nerissa, the insanity of Ophelia, are all as markedly contrasted as day and night; but they are all in themselves and in their action and circumstance true to the spirit of womankind.

The gun that kicked the boy has been arrested and held to bail. The plea was raised in its favor that it was cocked at the time; but it was ruled out by the court.

Kissing must be pious,
Or Clergy would not use it,
It also must be lawful,
Or lawyers would not choose it.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care,
Of whom you speak; to whom you speak;
And how—and when—and where.

A clergyman said to the boys in the gallery, "Dont make such a noise, for you will wake up your parents below."

"Don't impose upon me," as the stone said to the printer.

Fashionable Manners.

There is a set of whom I cannot bear—the pink of fashionable propriety—whose every good word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or cordiality about them.

We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position; not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the severest scrutiny. This is very fine, but what I want is the heat and gaiety of social intercourse—the frankness that spreads animation around it—the eye that speaks affably to all that chases timidity from every bosom and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, "Be courteous," and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint.—Dr. Chalmers.

Ludicrous.

A young itinerant preacher, in the constant habit of declaiming a great deal about the *Creator*, and especially about the first getting up of man, whenever he wished to display his native eloquence to a good advantage, was one day holding forth to a mixed congregation in a country school-house. Becoming warm and enthusiastic as he proceeded, it was not long before he reached his favorite theme, and started off in something like the following style:

"And when the world was created, and the beast of the field, and the fowls of the air were pronounced very good. God said: 'Let us make man.' And he formed man after his own likeness, and declared him the noblest of all the works of his hands. And, he made man also, and fashioned in the exact image of man, with a little variation—

"Thank the Lord for the variation!" shouted an old sinner, who sat over in the amen corner of the room, at this interesting juncture of the discourse.

The effect was perfectly ludicrous and irresistible. The preacher dropped the subject where he was interrupted, and was never heard to allude to it during a subsequent ministry of forty years.

Fifty Cents on the Dollar.

A gentleman in great Jones street, who is in the habit of sending his boots out to be blacked, could not find his polished understandings, one day last week. He sent his little son to the darkey's cellar, but he returned saying that it was shut up. The gentleman went himself in his slippers, and after rapping some time, he heard a noise inside. Presently a window was partially opened and Cuff's head poked through.

"I want my boots," said the gentleman.

"Sorry to 'form you massa, dat you can't hab 'em," replied Cuff. "Fac is, I is busted, failed, broke, cleaned out, jumbled up, spilt, I is."

"But Cuff," said the gentleman, "I can't help that. I must have my boots."

Cuff finding his customer rather riled up, poked out of the window one of the boots and said—

"Massa I isn't tellin no lie. I is clean burst and no mistake. I's taken a inventory of my 'fects, and as I believes, on de honor of a gentleman, dat I shall be able to pay fifty cents on the dollar, I is willin' to gib you yours now. Dar it am. Take de boot."

So saying, he slammed the window, leaving our friend to go home in his slippers, with one boot in his hand—his fifty per cent. on the dollar.

A Drunken Lawyer on going into church was observed by the minister, who addressed him thus: "I will bear witness against you at the day of judgment." The lawyer shaking his head with drunken gravity, replied:

"I have practised twenty-five years at the bar, and have always found that the greatest rascal is the first to turn State's evidence."