

THE WYOMING DEMOCRAT.

DEFEND THE RIGHT. CONDEMN THE WRONG.

BY S. S. WINCHESTER.

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THE DEMOCRAT

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If you want knowledge read the newspapers—not one, but several, when business presses be diligent, when your wife scolds hold your tongue.

Counsel is to be given by the wise, and the remedy by the rich.

To My Friend.

When to the crowded halls of mirth I turn, from lonely thoughts to fly, And find the change of little worth Amid the throng alone on earth, For very sadness I could die!

But when thy pleasant face I see, Whose looks of love to mine reply, The world appears my own to be, (For thou art all the world to me!) And I for very joy could die!

When youthful dreams forever fled, From memory claim the bitter sigh, When long lost friends like specters tread, "The cold, the faithless and the dead," I feel so wretched I could die!

But when those eyes in which I trace The beauty of the starlight sky, Look up so sweetly in my face, All fondness and confiding grace, I feel so happy I could die!

Slanderers, Male and Female.

Blessing and bane are so closely coupled in all matters pertaining to the good things of life, that we need not wonder that many ills flow out of every abuse of the great gift of speech. Talk is as spontaneous as breathing, as we have said, but it is far from being always as inoffensive. White handed Brinvilliers poisoned a few people who were soon out of their misery, and she has for ages held up to execration. Have we ever seen a woman who has poisoned twice as many, for life and death, and who yet passes for a good sort of person?

"apt to speak her mind, but meaning no harm"—with so little appearance of premeditation of evil intent do her cruellest stabs come. She does but report what she has heard—or she did not say more than others said! In the course of a morning visit, she will skewer a whole street of her "friends" like a bunch of kibbles, and all peppered for the most fastidious palate. And it must not be thought that women are the only sinners in this regard. There are men, too, who, without the excuse of vacuity or idleness, take a dreadful pleasure in stripping from their compeers the garb in which they appear to the world, and this under a pretence of love of truth and justice! These disinterested champions of truth and justice are the last men to lay bare their own conscious secret faults to the public eye for the public good. Let us pray that the thing upon which we value ourselves most may never be mentioned in their hearing? Be it wit or wealth, beauty or good humor, humanity, steadfastness, sincerity, or delicacy; preeminence in fashion or in learning, success in literature, patience in sorrow, honest effort in adversity, or what not,—though it be the immediate jewels to our souls, no card-house was ever demolished with greater coolness than will this favorite wing or turret of our character be by the cool breath of the habitual detractor. He "speaks daggers, and every other word stabs."—Mrs. Kirkland.

KISSING IN ANCIENT ROME.—Among the Ancient Romans kissing was an act of religion. The most intimate friend of a dying person performed the rite of receiving his soul by a kiss, supposing that it escaped from its mortal habitation through the lips. The sacredness of the kiss was held inviolable for a long period; but it was at length degraded into a current form of salutation in Rome, where men, like the gentler sex in this our own day, testified their friendly feelings for each other chiefly by the number of kisses they wasted upon meeting.

If life be a battle, how mad must he be who fails to arm himself for the contest. If life be a storm, how infatuated is he who sleeps while his bark is driven amid unknown waters. If life be a pilgrimage how unwise is he who strays from the right road nor seeks to return until the twilight shadows gather round his pathway.

"Poor fugitive slave Bill," said Mrs. Partington, as her eyes ran over the morning papers, and her quivering lip betrayed the agitation of her mind, "poor fugitive slave Bill! I hope for my soul they won't catch him—I hope they won't."

Life on the Turning of a Card.

A friend narrated to us a day or two since an anecdote of early times in West Tennessee, which we will attempt to repeat even at the risk of losing the graphic simplicity of his conversational narrative.

Some eighteen or twenty years since a well-known resident of Tipton county was put on his trial, charged with the murder of his wife. As usual in such cases, popular feeling was largely against him, and all the eloquence and ingenuity of his counsel were required to make any impression in his favor by a jury, which, however impartial it might desire to be in the consciousness of stern duty, could not but see the waves of popular prejudice surging in upon it.

The case was ably argued. The counsel for the defence made most vigorous and impassioned appeals. The case was submitted to the jury; and they retired, to make up their verdict. Time passed, and as the setting sun warned all of the approaching night, the large throng in attendance, the judge, counsel, etc. retired, all anxious, the accused not the least, so to learn the verdict of the jury, and some wondering that the jury hesitated for one moment to bring in a verdict of guilty. In the meantime the jury had come to a point beyond which they could progress no farther. The defense had not been without their influence, and the jury stood unchangeably six for conviction and six for acquittal. Something had to be done. In those days twelve good fellows could not be got together for a night, and sleep. Cards appeared mysteriously from the depth of sundry large pockets, and exercises in seven up and poker were zealously commenced.

About midnight one of their number, Col. P., proposed that they should play a game of seven up, the result to decide the verdict. The proposition was heartily and unanimously agreed to, in all seriousness, and the whole crowd collected around Col. P. and his opponent, who proceeded to play the game on which was staked a human life. Col. P. played to save the accused. His opponent played, and quite as zealously, to secure the conviction. The backers, five and five, stood behind them, encouraging the champions, and watching the game, dimly seen by the light of two tallow candles, with the most intense interest.

The game proceeded with very equal fortune, till both parties stood at six and six. It was Col. P.'s deal; he dealt, and turned Jack. The prisoner was acquitted, and every man of the jury joined in a shout which started the whole village, even the revellers in "the grocery." Next morning the jury went into court, and gave to the astonishment of many, the verdict of "not guilty." The jurymen who played an unsuccessful game for human life, still lives a much respected citizen of this district. One of the counsel is a very distinguished member of the Memphis bar, and the accused has, as we believe, gone to a higher court; but neither of them, nor any of the assemblage, nor the court, who marveled at the verdict, eighteen years ago, have ever known that a human life was saved by turning Jack! There are some curious episodes in the history of our early settlements; but who would think of venturing life upon turning Jack.—Memphis Eagle.

Children are inquisitive bodies, for instance, "What does 'cleave' mean, Pa?" "It means to unite together." "Does John unite wood when he cleaves it?" "Hem, well it means to separate." "Well, Pa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?" "Hem, hem, don't ask so many foolish questions, child."

LEMONADE.—Some rascally fellow gives the following recipe for making lemonade: Get a bowl of pure water, let a dozen pretty girls kiss it, then get an old maid and just let her look at it, and the lemonade is done, did!

"N. B. If she looks twice at it, another dozen girls must be procured immediately."

Practical Hints.

The following is taken from the last number of Holden's Magazine, and is the editor's account of his own restoration to health by purely mechanical means. Much might be said in relation to proper exercise being the only remedy for pulmonary ailments, but we are sure the intelligent reader, after a perusal of the following extract, will anticipate all that we would say had we room to give our convictions:

"Three years ago last summer the writer of this article was a miserable invalid. He was pale, thin, dyspeptic, desponding, and generally uncomfortable to himself and his friends. His chest was sunken, his posture stooping, and his gait listless. This unfortunate state of things was induced by a sedentary life, and too close application to books and the writing-desk. Six weeks of out-of-door exercise in the country, wrought some improvement, and if it could by possibility have been continued, might have restored vigor; but writing and study must be resumed, and it was a problem how, at the same time, to recover and retain health. In this emergency the advantage of the Gymnasium were set forth to me, and I was led to join the one of Charles F. Otisnop, in Canal street. I spent about one hour of each day in the exercises, and followed them with a bath. They consist in ascending a ladder with the hands in different ways, pulling and raising weights, turning the body in rings suspended from the ceiling, throwing the body along parallel bars, and by a variety of methods carrying out the fundamental plan of bringing into full and thorough play and severe tension, each of the two hundred and fifty-seven pairs of muscles in the body. At the same time I was practicing myself more or less, though with no great regularity, in the "breathing exercises," recommended by the vocalist Russell, and the physician Fitch. My muscular strength began to increase immediately, and so steadily, that for months scarcely a day passed that I did not accomplish some feat impossible to be done the day before. Digestion improved in the same ratio, and soon became perfect. The rich color of health came to my cheek and elasticity to my step. My weight also rapidly increased. When I commenced, it was only one hundred and thirty-seven pounds. At the end of three months it was one hundred and sixty. In one fortnight I gained twelve pounds, or one each day, "Sundays excepted," and really it was an exhilarating pleasure to bring down the scales to the tune of one additional pound at every visit. (I made a present to my landlady in consideration of this circumstance.) In less than a year my chest had increased in size by actual measurement nearly five inches."

New Coal Vein.

On Tuesday of last week, a new coal vein was fully developed in this place by Mr. John Hozie, superintendent of the mines of the Penna. Coal Co. It opens in the gully along the creek, which empties into the basin. The vein belongs to the first class, being fourteen feet in thickness, and the coal is pronounced by judges to be the best which has yet been discovered in Pittston or any other coal region in the State. The vein has been so skillfully developed that almost any quantity can be taken from it in the shortest time. This important addition to the coal resources of this enterprising Company will tell largely on their exportation list for the coming year. Pittston against the world for good coal in abundance!—Pittston Gaz.

At an evening party in Providence Rhode, Island, a few evenings since, it was proposed to dispose of the belle of the room by lottery. Twenty tickets were immediately sold at a fixed price. The holder of number 20 drew the prize. The joke ended not here. The fortunate adventurer has since married the lady whose name was drawn against his number.

The Close of the Year.

The following beautiful thoughts upon the close of the year—beautifully expressed by one celebrated in the annals of astronomy—are so well suited to our taste, that we cannot refrain from transferring them to our columns.

"We spend our days as a tale that is told." Pa. xc. 9. Who, without a melancholy emotion, can bid adieu to the parting year? The idea of the last, is said to be a mournful idea. We cannot part, for the last time, even from inanimate objects, without sensations of regret. The last sight of the spot where we passed our childhood, the last glimmering of the land receding from the gliding vessel, and the parting words of those who are about to bid us a final adieu, fill our bosoms with feelings which may be easily conceived, but which no language can ever describe. Against the existence of such feelings, the cold and phlegmatic argue in vain. The present year has nearly performed its destined course; it is about to be numbered with the years beyond the flood; its glimmering light trembles in the socket, and will soon be extinguished forever. Such, my friends, is our fate.—The termination of our time is, also, near at hand; and at no distant period, we too, like the year which we contemplate, must resign our stations, and give place to a new generation. Then let us dedicate its last hours to a serious retrospect of the past; to a careful examination of our present state; and to unfeigned vows of amendment for the future. Thus shall the new year look back with pleasures on the old; and the new generation honor our memories when our bodies sleep in the grave.

A good and beneficent Man.

Josiah White, for many years a citizen of Philadelphia, and the President, projector and efficient manager of the Lehigh Navigation Company died a few days since at a venerable age. He was an ornament to society, and a citizen universally respected. He lived to do good, and in dying has endeavored to leave behind him some memorial of affection for the generations that were to come after him. In his will he made numerous bequests, some of which will be read with interest. We copy the following:

The will of the late Josiah White, for many years President of the Lehigh coal and Navigation Company has been probated at the office of the Register of Wills.

The deceased makes bequest to a number of public institutions, as follows:

To the association of the Colored Orphans Society of the city and county of Philadelphia 100 shares of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Stock. To the House of Refuge of the City and County of Philadelphia, 100 shares of each, of the said stock of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company.

I also give for the support of a school or schools in Liberia, in Africa, such as my above said daughters, Hannah and Rebecca, shall name, the income of 100 shares of said stock of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company.

Inasmuch as it has pleased the Lord to prosper me in the things of this world, so as to be able to return the estate given me by my families above other legacies, to Institutions, and to appropriate to my beloved children, including the amount they will receive from their mother: my beloved wife, as much perhaps as will be of any advantage and use to them, and an addition sufficient to begin and perpetuate annual labor school, or two schools, for poor children, white, colored, and Indian, as many as the annual product of the land I propose to buy will support—such as have not the means to procure schooling, board and clothing themselves, for a time and on conditions I may hereafter direct.

And to have my intentions and desire carried out as above expressed, I do hereby give and devise to two Manual Labor Schools, to be located in the Free States in the West, the Sum of Twenty

Thousand Dollars to each of said two schools; and to prevent all embarrassment to my Executors and Executors, I do hereby direct that whatever portion of the said \$20,000 shall remain unappropriated at my decease, of the said sum or sums, that all such deficiencies may be made up by a transfer of Mortgage Bond of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company at par, and Lehigh Crane Iron Company stock at \$100 a share, as my said Executors and Executors may elect.

Boys out After Nightfall.

I have long been an observer, as I am a sympathizing lover of boys. I like to see them happy, cheerful, gleesome. I am not willing that they be cheated out of the rightful heritage of youth. Indeed, I can hardly understand how a high-toned useful man can be the ripened fruit of a boy who has not enjoyed a fair share of the glad privileges due to youth. But while I watch with a very jealous eye all rites and customs which trench upon the proper rights of boys, I am equally apprehensive lest parents, who are not fore-thoughtful, and who have not habituated themselves to close observation upon this subject, permit their sons indulgences which are almost certain to result in their demoralization, if not in their total ruin; and among the habits which I have observed as tending most surely to ruin, I know of none more prominent than that of parents permitting their sons to be on the street after nightfall. It is ridiculous to their morals in almost all instances. They acquire under cover of night, an unhealthy and excited state of mind; bad, vulgar, immoral, and profane language, obscure practices, criminal sentiments, a lawless and notorious bearing; indeed it is in the street after nightfall that boys acquire the education of the bad capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute, criminal men. Parents in this particular have a most rigid and inflexible rule, that will never permit a son, under any circumstances whatever, to go into the street after nightfall with a view of engaging in out-of-door sports, or of meeting other boys for social or chance-occupation; a rigid rule of this kind, invariably adhered to, will soon deaden the desire for such dangerous practices.

Boys should be taught to have pleasures around the centre-table—in reading, in conversation, and in quiet amusements. Boys, gentlemen's sons, are seen in the street after nightfall, behaving in a manner entirely destructive of all good morals.

Fathers and mothers, keep your boys at home at night, and see that you take pains to make your homes pleasant, attractive, and profitable to them; and, above all, with a view to their security from future destruction, let them not become, while forming their characters for life, so accustomed to disregard the moral sense of shame, as to openly violate the Sabbath day, by indulging in street pastimes during its day or evening hours.

A True Friend to the Boys.

Those are mistaken who imagine that indulgence is way to make children happy, and that restraint will only tend to damp the volatile spirits of childhood or destroy the natural energy of character incidental to the youthful mind.

Recent news from Oregon state that both Mount Helen and Baker are sending forth volumes, evincing that their volcanic fires are still in vigorous activity.

The best use we can make of calamities is to turn them into blessings. Our losses, if properly improved, will enrich us; our afflictions comfort us; and our failures elevate us.

We saw the "girl with the hole" in the heel of her stocking" on the street yesterday. She had been "spinning" some "street yarn" to darn the hole.

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity.

An old maid is like a jug without a handle: there's no taking hold of her.