

THE WYOMING DEMOCRAT.

DEFEND THE RIGHT : CONDEMN THE WRONG.

BY S. S. WINCHESTER.

TUNKHANNOCK, TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 18, 1851.

VOL. II—NO. 49.

THE DEMOCRAT

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY EVENING, AT TUNKHANNOCK, Pa.

TERMS. \$1 50 in advance, \$2 00 at the expiration of six months...

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

E. B. & S. B. CHASE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office over Tyler's Store.

MEHOOPANY HOTEL, Mehoopany, Wyoming Co., Pa. ALLEN LOTT, Proprietor.

W.M. L. BEEBE, Saddie, Harness and Trunk Manufacturer. Suor, first door above H. Stark's brick Store, on Bridge st., Tunkhannock, Pa.

LACKAWANNA HOTEL, Dundaff Street, Carbondale, Luzerne Co., Pa.; JOHN GORE, Proprietor.

MARTIN'S HOTEL, Tunkhannock, Pa.—N. C. MARTIN, Proprietor. All the stages arrive at and depart from this house daily.

DR. J. V. SMITH, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.—May be found at Martin's Hotel, Tunkhannock, Pa.

S. S. WINCHESTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tunkhannock, Pa. Office in Stark's Brick Row.

FRANKLIN C. ROSS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office with Elhanan Smith, Tunkhannock, Pa.

D. L. PECKHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co., Pa.—Office with A. K. Peckham, Esq., in Phelps' brick block.

A. K. PECKHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co., Penn. Office in Phelps' brick building, Warren st., opposite the old stand of Peckham & Smith.

R. R. & E. H. LITTLE, Attorneys & Counsellors at Law, Tunkhannock, Pa. Office one door west of H. Stark's Store.

GEORGE S. TUTTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co., Pa.

JOHN BRISBIN, Attorney at Law, Tunkhannock, Pa. Office one door east of the Post-Office.

AMERICAN HOTEL, Opposite "Independence Hall," No. 181 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Amrose L. White, Proprietor.

INSURANCE AGENCY. S. H. TAYLOR, Tunkhannock, Pa., Agent for the Keystone Life Insurance Company. Also, for the following Fire Insurance companies: the Wyoming County Mutual, the State Mutual, and the Delaware Safety, Philadelphia.

WILLIAM M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tunkhannock, Pa. General Agent for all claims against the Government for Bounty Lands, Pensions, Arrears, and Extra pay for persons who served in the War of 1812, or in any of the Indian wars since 1790, or in the late war with Mexico. 632

ABEL TURRELL, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Faints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Groceries, Dry Goods, Hardware, Stoneware, Glass-ware, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Spectacles, Musical Instruments, Trusses, Surgical Instruments, Liquors, Perfumery, Mirrors, Stationery, Brushes, Shoes, Yankee Notions, &c. &c., Montrose, Pa.

B. LEBER, Importer of Brandies, Wines, Gins, Brown Stout, Scotch Ale, Absithe, Lemons, Punch Essence, Cordials, Lemon Syrup, Raspberry, Lavender, Blackberry and Wild Cherry Brandies, Bitters &c. No. 283 Market-st., between 7th & 8th sts., and 121 North 4th St., above Vine, PHILADELPHIA.

WINE & LIQUOR STORE. French and German Wines, Foreign and American Liquors, Cordials, &c.—John Hibler, Importer and wholesale dealer in Foreign and American Wines & Liquors, 56 North Third-st., (second door above Arch) PHILA.

Blank Deeds.—A new and splendid lot of Blank Deeds just out of press and for sale at the office of the "Wyoming Democrat."

For the Democrat. Lines to my Sister.

Awake, my dear, awake thy sweet strain; On willow branches that thy silencing song; Awake, and cheer thy lonely heart again; And soothe me with thy soft and plaintive song...

How Wars Arise.

In the time of Napoleon, the Dey of Tunis had a favorite female slave, for whom he ordered, of an Algirine Jew, a costly and magnificent head-dress. The Jew, unable to get it manufactured in the country, wrote to Paris. The head-dress was made at an expense of twelve thousand francs; and the noblest Israelite charged for it thirty thousand to the Dey.

Fidelity.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather round—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. The heart that has been touched will redouble its efforts, when the friend is sad or in trouble.

The family that never took a newspaper has moved into Illinois. The old gentleman was surprised the other day to learn that gold had been discovered in California; and the eldest daughter was rejoiced to learn from a neighbor that Webster had been hung, and now she'd never again be troubled with "them pesky spelling books."

The Volunteer Counsel.

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JOHN TAYLOR.

We copy the following from the Sunday Times. The subject of it, John Taylor, was licensed when a youth of twenty-one to practice at the bar in this city. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. The graces of his person, combined with the superiority of his intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty.

At an early hour on the 9th of April, 1840, the Court House in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. Save in the war-times past, there had never been witnessed such a gathering in Red River county, while the strong feeling, apparent on every flushed face throughout the assembly, betokened some great occasion.

The trial, for the indictment for murder, ended on the 8th of April, with the acquittal of Hopkins. Such a result might well have been foreseen, by comparing the talents of the counsel engaged on either side. Texas lawyers were utterly overwhelmed by the argument and eloquence of their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giants.

thing quicker—it was so unearthly sweet, clear, ringing, and mournful.

The first sensation, however, was changed into general laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure, that nobody present remembered to have seen before, elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar.

It is immaterial about my name's being entered on your rolls," answered the stranger, his thin bloodless lips curling up into a fiendish sneer. I may be allowed to appear once, by the courtesy of the Court and bar. Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America!"

The trial immediately went on. In the examination of the witnesses the stranger evinced but little ingenuity, as was commonly thought. He suffered each one to tell his own story without interruption, though he contrived to make each one of them tell it over two or three times.

Colonel Ashley spoke next. He led the jury a dash of that close, dry logic, which, years afterwards, rendered him famous in the Senate of the United States.

The poet, Albert Pike, followed with a rich rain of wit and a half-torrent of caustic ridicule, in which you may be sure neither the plaintiff's ragged attorney was either forgotten or spared.

It was then the stranger's turn. He had remained apparently abstracted during all the previous speeches. Still and straight, and motionless in his seat, his pale, smooth forehead, shooting high like a mountain-cone of snow; but for that eternal twitch that came and went perpetually in his sallow cheeks, you would have taken him for a mere man of marble, or a human form carved in ice.

But now at last he rises—before the bar, rising, not behind it—and so near to the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his finger.—With eyes still half shut, and standing rigid as a pillar of iron, his thin lips curled as if in measureless scorn, slightly part, and the voice comes forth. At first, it is low and sweet, insinuating itself through the brain, as an artless tune, winding its way into the deepest heart, like the melody of magic incantation.

Anon, he came to the dazzling wit of the poet-lawyer, Pike. The curl of his lip grew sharper—his sallow face kindled up—and his eyes began to open, dim and dreamy no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire-globes, and glaring like twin meteors.

Then, without as much as bestowing an allusion on Prentiss, he turned short on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into atoms, and huddled in their faces such terrible invective that all trembled as with ague, and two of them actually fled dismayed from the court house.

The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul appeared to hang on the turning tongue of the stranger. He inspired them with the powers of his own passions. He saturated them with the poison of his own malicious feelings.

His eyes began to glare furtively at the assassin, Hopkins, as his lean, taper fingers slowly assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch around with a circumvallation of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape.

His actions, before graceful as the waves of a golden willow in the breeze, grew impetuous as the motion of an oak in the hurricane. His voice became a trumpet, filled with wild whirlwinds, deafening the ear with crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet undersong of the softest cadence.

Then, but it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His actions, before graceful as the waves of a golden willow in the breeze, grew impetuous as the motion of an oak in the hurricane.

All at once the speaker descends from his perilous height. His voice waileth out from the murdered dead, and described the sorrows of the widowed living the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment, as her tears flowed faster—till men wept, and women sobbed like children.

The jury rendered a verdict of fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of his bed by lynchmen, and beaten almost to death. As the court adjourned, the stranger made known his name, and called the attention of the people, with the announcement—"John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candle-light!"

The crowd, of course all turned out, and Taylor's sermon equalled, if it did not surpass, the splendor of his forensic effort. This is no exaggeration. I have listened to Clay, Webster and Calhoun—to Dewey, Tyng and Bascom; and never heard anything in the form of sublime words even remotely approximating the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain; and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire.

To injure a man's sight there is nothing worse than sudden wealth. Let a wood-sawyer draw a ten thousand dollar prize, and in less than a month he will not be able to recognise even the man that "used to go security for him."

A gentleman down east, seeing his pretty maid with his wife's bonnet on, kissed her, supposing her to be the real Simon pure. He discovered his error through the assistance of his wife.

A young man at Niagara, having been crossed in love, walked out to the precipice, took off his clothes, gave one lingering look at the gulf beneath him—and then went home. His body was found next morning in bed.

To cool the atmosphere, brag of another woman's good looks in the presence of your wife.

Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

Let those who will repine at fate, And droop their heads with sorrow; I laugh when cares upon me wait—I know they'll leave to-morrow. My purse is light, but what of that? My heart is light to match it; And, if I tear my only coat, I laugh the while I patch it.

My Hearers—What is the use of being sad? closing the window shutters of the soul's lament against the sunlight of joy—especially when the world without is so bright and cheerful? Look out on the smiling creation and partake of that spirit of gladness which was intended to pervade all of Nature's works.

Industry Rewarded—A True Story.

An intelligent gentleman of fortune visited a country village in Maine, not very far from Bangor, and was hospitably entertained and lodged by a gentleman having three daughters—two of whom in rich dresses entertained the distinguished stranger in the parlor, while one kept herself in the kitchen, assisting her mother in preparing the food and setting the table for tea, and after supper, in doing the work till it was fully completed; when she also joined her sisters in the parlor for the remainder of the evening.

"Humble as I am," said a bluntly-spouter to a mass meeting of the unfranchised, "I still remember that I am a fraction of this magnificent republic." "You are indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

The manager of a Buncombe ball was in the habit of addressing the male portion of the assembly thus: "All you shoe and boot men are to dance set dances; all you moccasin men are to dance reels only, and you barefooted fellows, stand aside for jigs, and take care of your corns."

Nothing softens the heart like sorrow. We never feel so kind towards the distressed as the day we are ruined. Hearts are like apples, the power that crushes them makes them mellow. A Hoosier, who had heard Jenny Lind sing, says that her voice sends a rush of pleasant thoughts through you, like the ringing of the dinner-bell. John says the reason he don't get married is, that the house is not large enough to contain the consequences.