

# THE WYOMING DEMOCRAT.

DEFEND THE RIGHT: CONDEMN THE WRONG.

BY S. S. WINCHESTER.

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**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 Harp, awake thy sweetest strain:  
On willow branches that thou stammerest long;  
Awake, and cheer my lonely heart again,  
And soothe me with thy soft and plaintive song.  
For they, my Sister, would I turn my lay,  
Thou from my side thou now art far away.

I vainly dream'd that thou wouldst linger near,  
Nor from thy home would ever wish to stray—  
That in the happy crowd thy voice I'd hear,  
When mingling with the gayest of the gay;  
But thou art gone, and I am lonely now,  
And grief has twisted around my pensive brow.

Yes, thou art gone, my Sister, and my only,  
That lingers now beside the parent tree—  
Why didst thou make this sudden heart-thrust lonely?  
But why repeat what is to be will be?  
I had art happy, and truly every joy  
That Heaven gave, be thine, without alloy.

Thy life has been all sunshine—summer flowers  
Around thy pathway have been ever twining;  
And thou has laugh'd away the lonely hours,  
Nor suffer'd thy young heart to know repining;  
And parting pang, that make the life blood start,  
Were not for thee to claim the smallest part.

But I must bid thee now a fond farewell,  
Although thine in age, like a fairy dream,  
Comes o'er me with its soft and witching spell,  
Or like the parting rays of twilight's gleam:  
But now in classic land thy young thoughts roam,  
Afar from friends and our loved mountain home.

Wyoming Co., March, 1851. E. L. I.

## How Wars Arise.

In the time of Napoleon, the Dey of Tunis had a favorite female slave, for whom he ordered, of an Algerine 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. The latter was too much pleased with the bauble to demur at the price; but not having cash, he paid with corn. There chanced just then, to be a scarcity in France; the Jew sold his grain to the army contractors, and managed so well that he became a creditor of the French Government for upwards of a million of francs. Napoleon fell; the Bourbons declined to pay.—The Jew interested the Dey of Algiers in his cause, and remonstrances were addressed to the French Government.—The affair dragged on for years; there was appeal and neglect, application and refusal, remonstrance, disregard, and reprimand. At last, in 1829, on the eve of a festival, when the Diplomatic corps were permitted to pay their respects to the Dey, he expostulated anew with the French Consul, on the injustice and delay. The Consul answered unsatisfactorily; the Dey gave the Consul a rap with a fly flap. War ensued. The Dey was exiled. Algeria became a province of France.

## 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. Adversity tries true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure you sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, that his love was not thrown away.—Real fidelity may be rare, but exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who have never either loved a friend or labored to make him happy. The good and kind; the affectionate and virtuous, see and feel the heavenly principle. They would sacrifice wealth and happiness to promote the happiness of others, and in return they receive the reward of their love by sympathizing hearts and countless favors, when they have been brought low by distress and adversity.

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."

A couple of chaps were in bed the other morning when a musket was discharged near the house. One of them hunched his fellow—"Gustus! Gustus!" "What do you want?" growled the sleepy one. "What was it banged so?" "Why, 'twas the day-breakin' you, darned fool!" and Gustus rolled over to take another snooze.

The husband of a beautiful wife, upon returning home, was met by one of his offspring, all smiles, clapping his hands and saying, "Pa, Mr. B— has been here—he's such a nice man—he kissed us all round, and mother too!"

## 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. Twelve months afterwards the husband received a letter from his employers in the city to go on a mission as land agent to the West. As a heavy salary was offered, Taylor bade farewell to his wife and infant son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in return. Six months elapsed, when the husband received a letter from his employers that explained all. Shortly after his departure for the West, the wife and her father removed to Mississippi. There she immediately obtained a divorce by an act of legislature, married again forthwith, and, to complete the climax of cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to that of Marks—that of her second matrimonial partner! This perfidy nearly drove Taylor insane. His career, from that period, became eccentric in the last degree; sometimes he preached, sometimes he pleaded at the bar; until, at last, a fever carried him off at a comparatively early age.—*Philadelphia paper.*

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. A concise narrative of facts will sufficiently explain the matter.

About the close of 1839, George Hopkins, one of the wealthiest planters and most influential men of Northern Texas, offered a great insult to Mary Elliston, the young and beautiful wife of his chief overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, whereupon Hopkins loaded his gun and went to Elliston's house and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced intense excitement; and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular opinion, or at least to mitigate the general wrath which at first was violent against him, circulated reports—infamously prejudicial to the character of the woman who had already suffered so much wrong at his hands. She brought her suit for slander. And thus two causes, one for criminal, and the other for civil, and both out of the same tragedy, were pending in the April Circuit Court.

The interest naturally felt by the community as to the issues, became far deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike of Arkansas, and the celebrated S. S. Prentiss of New Orleans, each with enormous fees, had been retained by Hopkins for the defence.

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.

The slander suit was set for the 5th, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as well as excitement; and what may seem strange, the current of public sentiment now ran decidedly for Hopkins. His money had procured pointed witnesses, who served most efficiently his powerful advocates. Indeed, so triumphant had been the success of the previous day, that when the slander case was called, Mary Elliston was left without an attorney—they had all withdrawn. The pigny pettifoggers dare not brave again the sharp wit of a Pike, and the scathing thunder of a Prentiss.

"Have you any counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the Judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were as silent as death.

Judge Mills repeated the question.

"I will your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd, situated behind the bar.

At the tones of that voice many started halfway from their seats; and perhaps there was not a heart in the immense throng which did not beat some-

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. His appearance was a problem to puzzle the sphinx herself. His high, pale brow, and small nervously-twitching face, seemed alive with the concentrated essence and cream of genius; but when his infantine blue eyes, hardly visible beneath their massive arches, looked dim, dreamy, almost unconscious; and his clothing was so exceedingly shabby that court hesitated to let the cause proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge, suspiciously.

"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!" and he handed Judge Mills a large parchment.

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. He put few cross questions, which, with keen witnesses, only serve to correct mistakes; and he made no notes, which in mighty memoirs only tend to embarrass. The examination being ended, as counsel for the plaintiff he had a right to the opening speech, as well as the close; but to the astonishment of every one he declined the former, and allowed the defence to lead off. Then a shadow might have been observed to flit across the fine features of Pike, and to darken even in the bright eyes of Prentiss. They saw they had caught a Tartar; but who it was, or how it happened, it was impossible to guess.

Colonel Ashley spoke next. He dealt the jury a dish 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.

The great Prentiss concluded for the defendant, with a glow of gorgeous words, brilliant as showers of falling stars, and with a final burst of oratory that brought down the house in cheers, in which the sworn jury themselves joined, notwithstanding the stern "order!" "order!" of the bench. This wonderfully susceptible are the southern, western people to the charms of impassioned eloquence.

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. Even his dim, dumpy eyes were invisible beneath those gray, shaggy eyebrows.

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;—while the speaker proceeds, without a gesture or the least sign of excitement, to tear in pieces the argument of Ashley, which melts away at his touch as frost before the sunbeam. Every one looked surprised. His logic was at once so brief, and so luminously clear, that the rudest peasant could comprehend it without effort.

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. The whole soul was in the eye—the full heart streamed out on the face. In five minutes Pike's wit seemed the foam of folly, and his finest satire horrible profanity, when compared with the inimitable sallies and exterminating sarcasms of the stranger, interspersed with jest and anecdote that filled the forum with roars of laughter.

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. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. He was the sun to the sea of all thought and emotion, which rise and fall and boiled in billows as he chose. But his greatest triumph was to come.

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. He piled up huge bastions of insurmountable facts. He dug beneath the murderer and slanderer's feet ditches of dilemmas, such as no sophistry could overleap, and no stretch of ingenuity evade; and having thus, as one might say, impounded the victim, and girt him about like a scorpion in the circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre!

O 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. 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. His face was red as a drunkard's—his forehead glowed like a heated furnace—his countenance looked haggard like that of a maniac, and ever and anon he flung his long, bony arms on high, as if grasping after thunderbolts! He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors, that in comparison hell itself might be considered beautiful. He painted the slanderer so black, that the sun seemed dark at noonday when shining on such an accursed monster—and then he fixed both portraits on the shrinking brow of Hopkins, and he nailed them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

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.

He closed by a strange exhortation to jury and through them to the bystanders. He entreated the panel, after they should bring in their verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words, "not to lynch the villain, Hopkins, but leave his punishment to God!"

This was the most artful trick of all, and the best calculated to ensure vengeance.

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. And this is the opinion of all who ever heard the marvellous man.

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. Even though you anticipate troubles at hand, sing and be merry, like tree-loads before a thunder storm; and their visits will scarcely be heeded. Murruming never healed a wound nor eased a pain, except when one frets himself to death. Contrive to keep cares out of the bosom. When a few of these annoying insects once get there, they breed faster than bedbugs in June, and eat holes in the heart large enough for rats to run through. If botherations beset me, I make myself easy, knowing full well they will leave on the morrow: if sorrow comes to seek lodgings in my bosom's bed-chamber, I tell her I am all full, and a fever over; and besides, I don't accommodate any of her sort—laugh at her for supposing she can come in with a bad shilling, and off she goes. If my pockets should happen to be light, I wouldn't lead my heart with lead; and if, unfortunately, I should burst my trousers in straining to lift too big a bag full of riches, I should get them mended, and think no more about it. Cheer up, ye sad and disconsolate!—Your grim phizzes are enough to frighten happiness over half a dozen fences—put clean shirts upon your souls—scour up your thoughts let imagination gather fresh garlands from paradise; and permit fancy to throw a few of her favorite flowers upon the altar of hope. In a word, be determined not to care for Care, and you will find the world a great deal smoother than it looks to be. So mote it be!

## 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. The next morning the same daughter was again early in the kitchen, while the other two were in the parlor. The gentleman, like Franklin, possessed a discriminating mind—was a close observer of the habits of the young ladies—watched an opportunity and whispered something in the ear of the industrious one, and then left for a time, but revisited the same family, and in about one year, the young lady of the kitchen, was conveyed to Boston, the wife of the same gentleman visitor, where she now presides at an elegant mansion. The gentleman, whose fortune she shares, she won by a judicious deportment and well directed industry. So much for an industrious young lady.—*Bangor Whig.*

"Humble as I am," said a bulky spouter to a mass meeting of the unenfranchised, "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 Duncombe 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."

"Illustrated with cuts," said a young urchin, as he drew his pocket-knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts," said the schoolmaster, as he drew his cane across the back of the young urchin.

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.