

# THE WYOMING DEMOCRAT.

DEFEND THE RIGHT: CONDEMN THE WRONG.

BY S. S. WINCHESTER.

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## THE DEMOCRAT

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**Blank Deeds.**—A new and splen-  
did lot of Blank Deeds just out of press  
and for sale at the office of the "Wy-  
oming Democrat."

## From the Dollar Newspaper. Gay Hearts.

Chide not the heart that's light,  
Chide not the heart that's gay,  
For the spring of life so bright,  
Too soon will pass away.  
Chide not the spirits bounding  
O'er this fair smiling earth,  
Chide no laugh resounding—  
No! echo back its mirth!

Hearts that are light to-day,  
To-morrow may be sad;  
Then never chide the gay,  
But bid them to be glad,  
For soon may sorrows come,  
And on that smiling face,  
Now so fair and gladome,  
Deep care its lines may trace!

Then let the joyous heart  
Be happy while it may,  
No sad'ning tone impart,  
To cloud its sunny way;  
But as you pass them by,  
Breathe to Heaven a prayer,  
That spirits now so high,  
May never bow with care! v. P. D.

## A String of Pearls.

What is JOY?—The honey of existence:  
really beneficial and agreeable when  
partaken of in moderation, but highly  
injurious when used to excess.

What is CONTENTMENT?—The philo-  
sophy of life, and the principal ingre-  
dient in the cup of happiness—a com-  
modity that is undervalued in conse-  
quence of the very low price it can be  
obtained at.

What is HAPPINESS?—A butterfly that  
roves from flower to flower, in the vast  
garden of existence, and which is eagerly  
pursued by the multitude, in the vain  
hope of obtaining the prize; yet it con-  
stantly eludes their grasp.

What is FAME?—A fierce and uncon-  
querable steed, that bears its rider on-  
ward in the high road to preferment:  
but often throws him with such a fall  
that he rarely ever recovers.

What is CRIME?—A wretched vaga-  
bond, traveling from place to place in  
the fruitless endeavor to escape justice,  
who is constantly engaged in hot pursuit.  
A foe to virtue and happiness, though at  
times the companion of poor innocence,  
which is too often made to suffer for the  
guilty.

What is JUSTICE?—A pair of scales in  
which the actions of mankind are often  
weighed; the true weights being brought  
up by power and wealth, whilst others  
that are incorrect are substituted.

What is IDLENESS?—A public mint,  
where various kinds of mischief are  
coined and extensively circulated among  
the more despicable of the human race.

What is WIT?—A sparkling beverage  
that is highly exhilarating and agreeable  
when taken at the expense of others;  
but when used at your own cost, it be-  
comes bitter and unpleasant.

What is KNOWLEDGE?—A key that  
unravels all mysteries, and which un-  
locks the entrance, discovers new and  
unseen and untrodden paths in the hith-  
erto unexplored fields of science and lit-  
erature.

What is THOUGHT?—A fountain from  
which flows all good and evil intentions;  
a mental fluid electric in the force and  
rapidity of its movements silently flow-  
ing unseen within its own secret ave-  
nues; yet is the controlling power of  
all animated matter and the chief main-  
spring of all our actions.

What is FEAR?—A frightful, a dan-  
gerous substance to the really guilty;  
but a vain and harmless show to the con-  
scientious, honest and upright.

What is FORTUNE?—A capricious  
dame who often rejects those who are  
most anxious to solicit her favors; while  
others more unworthy, are the recipi-  
ents of her bounty without her solici-  
tation.

What is FASHION?—A beautiful en-  
velope for mortality, presenting a gli-  
ttering and polished exterior, the appear-  
ance which gives no certain indication  
of the real value of what is contained  
therein.

Women are like houses, the longer  
they remain "to let," the more dilap-  
idated they become. To keep either  
from going to destruction, they should  
be early occupied.

## Anecdotes of Bishop Bascom.

A writer in the "Columbian" is fur-  
nishing interesting anecdotes of the late  
distinguished Methodist Bishop, the Rev.  
H. B. Bascom. We copy two or three  
of them:

**HIS ESCAPE FROM A PANTHER.**—For  
several years Dr. Bascom's labors were  
assigned to the wild and unsettled fron-  
tiers of Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio.  
The hardships and privations to which  
he was subjected, on these circuits,  
would have crushed the spirits of an or-  
dinary man. He had frequently to  
travel forty miles a day, through solitary  
forests, and after the fatigues of such a  
journey, deliver a sermon at night. The  
roads, at that time were scarcely bro-  
ken, and there were no bridges over the  
streams, which, in winter were often  
swollen beyond their banks. But this  
was but a slight obstacle to the noble pi-  
oneer of the cross. He would force his  
horse daringly forward, across the foam-  
ing billows. To a soul like his, a wet  
suit and a few hours of chillness were  
trifles not to be avoided. On one occa-  
sion, while swimming a small stream in  
Kentucky, which had been swollen to  
an unusual height by recent rains, the  
current was so rapid that he was forced  
some two hundred yards below the ford.  
The drift was whirling furiously around  
him, and, on either side, the banks were  
too steep to ascend. He saw his dan-  
ger, but with cool self-possession, he  
clung firmly to his faithful horse, and  
his noble animal, taking a downward  
course, finally emerged safely from his  
perils. What a contrast does this pre-  
sent to the smooth and luxurious life of  
most clergymen of the present day.

The country through which Dr. Bascom's  
duty led him, was wild and very  
thinly settled. The forests were filled  
with furious wild beasts. He was once  
followed several miles by a large pan-  
ther, which threatened every step to  
bound upon him, and from which he  
was rescued by reaching just at night-  
fall, the cabin of a settler. At another  
time, he had gone some distance from  
the house of a friend where he was stop-  
ping, into the forest, and was lying qui-  
etly, perusing a book, and unconscious  
of all danger, under the broad, spreading  
branches of a tree, when he heard a  
man crying to him, and telling him to  
lie still till he fired, on the peril of his  
life. Quickly glancing his eye in the  
direction whence the voice proceeded,  
he saw his friend, with his rifle elevat-  
ed, and pointed toward the branches of  
the tree under which he was lying.—  
Perfectly familiar with backwoods life,  
Dr. Bascom knew that some horrible  
danger, was hovering over him, and  
without the least perceptible motion of  
his body, he instantly turned his gaze  
upward, when he saw, on the limb of a  
tree, not more than twenty feet above  
him, a majestic panther, whisking his  
tail and just ready to leap upon him.  
This was a fearful moment—what nerve  
it required to retain his self-possession,  
and thus save his life, for the least mo-  
tion on the part of Mr. Bascom would  
have hastened the spring of the panther,  
and sealed his fate forever. And in  
that fearful moment, when death seem-  
ed inevitable, with a self control and a  
courage truly wonderful he laid perfect-  
ly quiet, till the keen crack of the rifle  
was heard, and the ferocious beast, pier-  
ced by the unerring aim of the back-  
woods man, fell lifeless by his side.

**ANOTHER RENCONTER.**—While on the  
circuit of Western Virginia, I think it  
was Bascom stopped at noon at a cabin  
recently erected by the road side. He  
sat down by invitation to dine with the  
family. A lovely child about three  
years old, which had attracted his atten-  
tion by its sweet smiles and rare beauty,  
was playing in front of the door, while  
the family were engaged in the homely  
repast, when suddenly a heart-piercing  
cry was heard from without.

"My child! my child!" screamed the  
mother, and as quick as thought all rushed  
to the door.

Father of mercies, what a sight was  
here presented to the gaze of a doting

mother. A terrible panther had sprang  
upon her unwary darling, and was as-  
cending a tree, hearing the child in its  
mouth.

"The gun! quick! for God's sake,  
the gun!" frantically exclaimed the  
father.

Dr. Bascom rushed in the cabin and  
seizing the gun from the rack, rapidly  
returned, but alas, it was too late. He  
was only in time to see the innocent,  
lovely babe torn to pieces, in the pre-  
sence of its frantic parents, by the infuri-  
ated beast. Completely unnerved by  
the appalling sight, it required several  
shots before Dr. Bascom was enabled to  
bring down the blood-thirsty animal.

"I can never forget that awful scene,"  
said Dr. Bascom, when relating this in-  
cident to the writer some years since.  
And well might he say so, for a more  
deeply affecting and heart-rending scene  
has seldom been recorded in the history  
of adventurous pioneer life.

**HIS COAT.**—In the composition of  
Dr. Bascom there was no cant or ostentatious  
pretence. He could never be in-  
duced to wear the peculiar dress adopted  
by clergymen of his church. He be-  
lieved that true humility is a principle  
of the soul, and does not consist either  
in eccentricity of habits or the cut of  
the coat. He always dressed with neat-  
ness and taste. This so much displeased  
the "elder brethren," that he was called  
to a formal account by a number of  
senior clergymen. After listening re-  
spectfully to the arguments urged against  
the fashionable cut of his garb, Dr. Bascom  
deliberately arose pulled off his  
coat, and, fanging it on a chair, desired  
to know whether it was himself or the  
coat that preached. His censurers  
smiled at the oddity of the argument,  
and told him to dress as he pleased.

## Beautiful Sentiment.

John G. Whittier, the Quaker Poet,  
in writing about Irish Emigrants among  
us says:

"For myself, I confess I feel sympa-  
thy for the Irishman. I see him as the  
representative of a generous, warm-  
hearted, and cruelly oppressed people.  
That he loves his native land—that his  
patriotism is divided—that he cannot  
forget the claims of his mother island,  
that his religion, with all its abuses, is  
dear to him, does not decrease my esti-  
mation of him. A stranger in a strange  
land, he is to me an object of interest.  
The poorest and the rudest has a ro-  
mance in his history. Amidst all his  
apparent gaiety of heart and national  
drollery, and wit, the poor emigrant  
has sad thoughts of the "ould mother of  
him" sitting lonely in her solitary cabin  
by the bog side—recollections of a father-  
er's blessing and a sister's farewell—that  
sister who loved him so devotedly—are  
haunting him; a grave-inound in the  
distant church-yard, far beyond the  
"wide waters," has an eternal green-  
ness in his memory; for there, perhaps,  
lies a "darling child," or "sweet cra-  
thur," who once loved him—the New  
World is forgotten for a moment, blue  
Killarney and Liffy sparkle before him,  
Glendalough stretches beneath him its  
dark, still mirror; he sees the same  
evening sunshine rest upon and hallow  
alike with nature's blessing the ruins of  
the Seven Churches of Ireland's Aposto-  
lic age, the broken mound of the  
Druids, and the round towers of the  
Phœnician sun worshippers, beautiful  
and mournful recollections of home awa-  
ken within, and the rough and seem-  
ingly careless and light-hearted laborer  
melt into tears. It is no light thing for  
one to abandon his country and house-  
hold goods. Touchingly beautiful was  
the injunction of the Prophet of the He-  
brews: "Ye shall not oppress the  
stranger, for ye know not the heart of a  
stranger, seeing that ye were strangers  
in the land of Egypt."

A piece of timber sawed thin is  
a board; but an individual who pays  
three dollars a week for mackerel and  
"water bewitched" is a boarder.

Young ladies educated to despise  
mankind, generally finish their studies  
by running away with the footman.

## All About a Kiss.

"The melting junction of four rosy lips."  
THE NATURALIST.—A kiss is the  
bringing into juxtaposition two contra-  
rily-charged poles by which it, like an  
electric spark, is elicited.

THE MORALIST.—A kiss is the token  
of the most intimate communion of love,  
and is therefore only to be permitted in  
the married.

THE PHYSICIAN.—A kiss is the art of  
so moving the labial muscles that the  
lips are first brought suddenly together,  
and then explosively separated; so that  
after all a kiss is only an artificial spasm.

THE PHILOLOGIST.—A kiss is a na-  
mento-poetic word, in which the cur-  
tense of the thing is represented by the  
brief sound of the word.

THE ANTIQUARIAN.—Kissing is a cus-  
tom handed down to us from the Greeks  
and Romans, as to the true signification  
of which we are not perfectly clear.  
Probably it is a symbol of the sun's rays  
greeting the earth; and if so, doubtless  
was received with all the other lore of  
sun-worship from the Orientals.

THEOLOGICALS [a host of them].—A  
kiss is an emblematic action by which  
the bendings of the heavens to the earth  
is designed to be symbolized.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—A kiss is that  
protuding the circle of the lips, where-  
by the quantitative difference of the sine  
of one is placed in such relation to the  
quantitative difference of the sine of an-  
other, that thereby the identity of the  
subject-object of the ideal-real is proved.

THE PUNSTER.—A kiss [kuss] is the  
gush [guss] of one soul to another. The  
pressure of the lemon into the insipid  
beverage of life. This pressure is the  
expression of the impression which op-  
presses the heart. It is the only press  
with which no censorship can interfere.  
Here we still have "freedom of the  
press."

THE LAWYER.—The kiss is a nullity  
in law, being neither a right in posse,  
nor a right in esse. Some, however,  
have considered it as a family right, and  
would treat it after the analogy of the  
dos. But "L. 74 D. de dote constit." does  
not treat of the kiss at any length.  
Still, in the married state, we may ven-  
ture to consider a kiss in the light of a  
donatio inter vivos.

THE LOVER.—A kiss is—heaven.  
THE WRITER.—To be sure—with a  
difference!

## Hope.

It is delightful passion, hope; it is  
the life of society and of the individual.  
Every species of hope is useful, whether  
it be individual hope, or family hope, or  
national hope, or humanitarian hope.  
A man or woman who is under the  
cheering influence of this passion is al-  
ways raised a few degrees in the scale  
of being. The understanding is strength-  
ened, the imagination is enlivened, the  
memory is rendered more impressive  
and tenacious, by hope; and what is of  
still more importance, the honorable  
feelings are cultivated. We, therefore,  
rejoice to see the beaming eyes and elas-  
tic steps of the fairest, if not the most  
faithful of the three Graces; but we can  
never forget the pranks of the maiden,  
the leer of her eye, the deceitfulness of  
her sweet, persuasiveness of her tongue.  
She means well; but her wisdom is  
doubtful. She trains man to think;  
but in training him she often leads him  
astray, merely to teach him by errors  
and negatives, that it is necessary to be  
on one's guard, and not to mistake her  
glimmering visions for satisfactory demon-  
strations.

**REASONS FOR DAMAGES.**—A jury who  
was sitting in a case in which a widow,  
who was young and pretty, claimed  
damages to the amount of twenty thou-  
sand and for certain trespasses committed by  
defendant, gave a reason for being in fa-  
vor of giving a verdict for the full am-  
ount, to which the other jurors ob-  
jected, that in case of the other jurors  
agreeing with him, he intended to court  
and marry the widow. As damages  
were only given for half the sum, the  
jury said he could not afford to make  
the sacrifice.

## The Tiger and Dog.

In Saigon, where dogs are dog cheap,  
we used to give the tigress one every  
day. They were thrown alive into her  
cage, when, after playing with her vic-  
tim for a time, as a cat does with a  
mouse, her eyes would begin to glisten  
and her tail to vibrate, which were the  
immediate precursors of death to the de-  
voted little prisoner, which was imme-  
diately seized by the back of the neck,  
the incisors of the sanguinary beast per-  
forating the jugular arteries, while she  
would traverse the cage, the bars of  
which she lashed with her tail, and suck  
the blood of her prey, which hung sus-  
pended from her mouth. One day, a  
puppy, not at all remarkable, or distin-  
guished in appearance from the common  
herd, was thrown in, who immediately,  
on perceiving his situation, set up a dis-  
mal yell, and attacked the tigress with  
great fury, snapping at her nose, from  
which he drew some blood. The tigress  
appeared to be amused with the puny  
rage of the puppy, and with as good-  
humored an expression of countenance  
as so ferocious an animal could be sup-  
posed to assume, she affected to treat it  
as all play; and sometimes spreading  
herself at full length on her side, at oth-  
ers, crouching in the manner of the fa-  
bled sphynx, she would ward off with  
her paw the incensed little animal, till  
she was finally exhausted. She then  
proceeded to caress him, endeavoring  
by many little arts to inspire him with con-  
fidence, in which she finally succeeded,  
and in a short time they layed down to-  
gether and slept. From this time they  
were inseparable, the tigress appearing  
to feel for the puppy all the solicitude  
of a mother, and the dog, in return,  
treating her with the greatest affection;  
and a small aperture was left open in  
the cage, by which he had free ingress  
and egress. Experiments were subse-  
quently made, by presenting a strange  
dog at the bars of the cage, when the  
tigress would manifest great eagerness  
to get at it; her adopted child was then  
thrown in, on which she would eagerly  
pounce; but immediately discovering  
the cheat, she would caress it with great  
tenderness. The natives made several  
unsuccessful efforts to steal this dog.

An Irishman went a squirrel  
hunting, and with his gun loaded to the  
muzzle, he blazed away, and off went  
the squirrel chirruping away in the top  
of a tall tree, and down went the Irish-  
man, whom the gun had knocked flat  
on his back. Pat, on viewing the squir-  
rel singing away in derision of his  
wounded antagonist, angrily exclaimed:  
"And faith if ye'd been at the end of  
my gun, devil the bit would ye chirrup  
so."

The idea that a plodder in one  
business will be a leading character in  
another, is all gammon. Doves of men  
are like doves of cattle; the leading ox  
to-day, will be the leading ox during  
the whole journey—while the cattle  
that lag along in the rear at the start  
will remain in the rear to all eternity.

New York having sent one U.  
S. Senator *Sea-Ward*, have lately been  
attempting, as an appropriate accom-  
paniment, to send out a *Fish*. But so  
far we believe without success.—*Ec.*

"Poor Hanshe is bit himself mit  
a rattle snake and vash sick into his bed  
for six weeks, in te month of August"  
and all his cry was Vater! Vater! And  
he could ate nothing till he complained  
of peing petter; so ash he could stand  
upon his elbow and ate a little tea."

"Well, you two little villains," ex-  
claimed a mother, scolding her brats.—  
"I can make nothing of you, as sure as  
I live I will tell both of your fathers."

Francis Pig has strayed off from In-  
dianapolis, leaving Mrs. Pigg and the  
little pigg to hunt their own feed here-  
after. We'll do our share towards pen-  
ning him.

Modesty doubles the beauties which  
are seen, and gives credit and esteem to  
all that are concealed.