

THE WYOMING DEMOCRAT.

DEFEND THE RIGHT: CONDEMN THE WRONG.

BY S. S. WINCHESTER.

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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 glit-
tering 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 ordi-
nary 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 chilliness 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 pres-
ence of its frantic parents, by the infur-
riated 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 ostenta-
tious 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 res-
pectfully 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-mound 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 dem-
onstrations.

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.—E.

"Poor Hanshe is bit himself mit
a rattle snake and wash 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 piggs 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.