



The Democrat,

HARVEY SICKLER, Editor.

TUNKHANNOCK, PA

Wednesday, Jan. 17, 1866

—Drum Ecclesiastic—

The decline of real religion among us during the last four years, has not escaped the observation of thinkers in other countries. The reverend doctor who edits the British Quarterly Review has called attention to that painful fact in the following language:

During the last four years the "drum ecclesiastic" has sounded louder than any other. Christian pastors have taken the first place among secular politicians, and the passions which have moved the civil organizations of the Church in an equal degree. It is easy to see how, in these circumstances, the ecclesiastical will be affected anew by the politician. If the preacher is to become as much politician as divine and preaching is to be transformed into a sort of Sunday newspaper—what next?

What next asks Doctor Vaughan of The Quarterly Review? He asks the questions with an "if," it is true; but then his proviso represents what is, but too generally, a painful fact. Very many of our preachers have shown themselves in the recent conventions of religious bodies of the country, to be, at least, "as much politicians as divines," if, indeed, we may not go on to affirm that they have shown themselves to be not at all divines, but on the contrary, politicians of a most dangerous class. And in how many cases is it not a notorious fact that "preaching" has been transformed into not only "a sort of Sunday newspaper," but into an incitement of some of the worst passions of a social and political propaganda? Even at this peaceful opening of a new year, when the dove of peace flutters with her olive branch against the windows of our churches, hundreds of congregations in the land will witness the stultifying of their proper devotions with the smouldering embers of those recently extinguished flames of war which are nursed, alas too generally, in our temples, as though they were to be forever kept alive like the holy fires of the Gheber! When, under such circumstances as these, Dr. Vaughan of The British Quarterly asks us "what next?" we are bound to answer—if the churches of the land do not turn back to the strict line of their duties of ministering in things purely spiritual, that our civil society will become lured from religion the only firm anchorage of law and order.—N. Y. News.

CHEERING.—A Democratic cotemporary, in urging the Democracy not to be discouraged because our party was "swallowed up" in the last election, says: "Remember the whale swallowed Jonah, Jonah was heard of afterwards, the whale never."

A Good Joke.

The best joke of the season was lately perpetrated in Baltimore by the Friends. At a large and respectable meeting of this denomination a petition was prepared to be presented to Congress, asking that body to do something for the Freedmen. If this was done in irony, as most likely the case, it is the richest thing of the season; but if done in earnest it was quite cool. "Do something for the Freedmen?" When we would ask, has anything been done for the white men? Congress has had almost its entire time, thus far, taken up with the "Freedmen." Congress has given them bureaus, schools, bounties, land, pensions, farming implements, and is now trying hard to give them the ballot and the right to control the white man. One thing has been forgotten, which must be done before the thing is complete—Congress must make an appropriation to buy a lot of baby jumpers for the little nigs. We believe this would be a saving to the "bureau." Do "something for the Freedmen." If something be not done for the white man pretty soon, the negroes will have it all, and there will be nothing left for him.

HARD TO FIND.—It is hard to find an eulogist for the late President Lincoln.—Mr. Stanton and Mr. Holt have both refused to deliver the address commemorative of his life, services and death before the two houses of Congress on the 22d of Feb. next. Whether they can't do justice to the subject, or the subject will not do justice to them, is left to conjecture. So it possible that these two worthies, so soon after their late master is dead, refuse to do reverence to his memory? What base ingratitude toward the dead President. If we were allowed to suggest, we could name a proper eulogist for Mr. Lincoln. For instance, "Brick" Pomeroy.

The Trial of Jefferson Davis.

Attorney General Speed has replied to the request of the Senate to know why Jefferson Davis has not been put on trial in a letter which is rather more intelligible than the bulk of his opinions, but which is still sufficiently muddy. His point, as we understand it, is this: Mr. Davis must be tried in the State and District in which his offense is alleged to have been committed. But Chief Justice Chase, in whose circuit that district lies, refuses to hold any court there, and has not condescended to state when he will hold one. Mr. Speed justifies Mr. Chase for this neglect and refusal to perform his official duties by stating that, "though active hostilities have ceased, a state of war still exists in the territory in rebellion." This will certainly be news to the mass of readers. If it be true what a waste of powder, thanksgiving and rhetoric there has been since last April in rejoicing over the return of peace! How miserably have the people been deceived, not merely by the newspapers, but by the authoritative proclamations of the President! What blind conclusions have they drawn from the surrender of Lee and Johnston, the re-establishment of the national flag and the restoration of State Governments all over the South! When shall we have another draft? Why don't Stanton kidnap a citizen or suppress a newspaper to arouse us from our drowsy forgetfulness that we are actually in a state of war?

Mr. Speed's letter is really hardly worthy of discussion. But the conduct of Chief Justice Chase, for which it seeks to apologise, deserves the gravest reprehension, and is good ground for the impeachment of that officer. It is his business, for which he is paid, to hold courts in his circuit unless he is prevented from so doing by the actual presence there of force which is directed to the prevention of justice and which he is without power to resist. Everybody knows that there is no such impediment nor indeed any obstacle of any kind to his holding court in any portion of his circuit. Gen. Grant can travel unattended from one end of the South to another. So can anybody else that feels disposed to do so. Mr. Chase will hardly claim that his importance will put him in bodily danger in a country where the leader of the Northern armies can come and go with impunity. If he needs force to assist him in opening and holding court, he can have as much as he wants placed at his disposal. If he is suffering from personal fear of assassination, he had better resign and make place for some jurist of less imagination and greater pluck, who will be more ashamed of the delay of justice than afraid of a visionary bullet.

Edward B. Ketchum, the forger, was sentenced, on Saturday, in New York by Recorder Hoffman, to four years and six months imprisonment in the State prison. A strong party of influential friends have already gone to Albany to solicit a pardon, and it is whispered that the new year will not be very old before Edward is himself again. The Albany Argus says that Horace Greeley, George O'Plyke, David Dudley Field, and William E. Dodge, were in the city a few days since, to urge upon Governor Fenton the pardon of young Ketchum. They were fortified by letters from Chief Justice Chase and others prominent in national politics. After this it will be no wonder if great crimes should rapidly increase and small ones decrease. Rogues will not now so much endeavor to escape detection and trial as to avoid stealing in small quantities. If they can steal big, it will be all right—sympathy—good family—respectability—high thoughts—genius pardon! But woe to the little thieves! Stealing little is vulgar, but "appropriating" half a million or million is grand! Shoddy has dignified that with a place at the right hand of "the goddess Loyalty." With what mathematical precision the Recorder has ciphered out the degree of punishment! Precisely four years and six months!

PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE DICKINSON DOCTRINE.—It will be remembered that we published a statement to the effect that a negro woman living near Chimborazo had been delivered of puppies. We now learn that these animals have human heads and canine bodies; they were originally five in number. One has died, two have been sold to a Yankee, for exhibition, for one thousand dollars, and the wretched woman has refused an offer of five hundred dollars for the two which remain. The woman will be sent to the poor house, and when she is sufficiently recovered, she will be sent to the penitentiary. Hanging would be far too slight a punishment for such an abandoned outcast as this creature must be. About forty years ago, when pine trees were still growing on the north side of Maine street, where twenty-fifth street now runs, a negro woman, named Sally Ham, was the mother of three creatures such as we have described above, but they all died soon after their birth.—Richmond Examiner.

William Lloyd Garrison's Liberator has expired. The final number was issued last week.

The Republican Party Must Split.

We think, with one of our cotemporaries that the Republican party must soon split in twain. Even if it could hang together on the question that now threatens it with speedy disruption, it would split up as soon as that question is disposed of. The old Tariff issue is showing signs of life and upon this it will be impossible for the Republicans to agree. Those in the New England States not satisfied with the enormous profit they are making now, will insist upon raising the duties. Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, has already made a move in that direction in the United States Senate. The Republicans of Pennsylvania will follow their lead, but those of New York and the Western States will insist upon a reduction instead of an increase of the Tariff. There has already been a Free Trade League organized in New York. Its leading and most active members are influential Republicans, and its principal organ is the New York Evening Post, whose editors may be classed among the fathers of the Republican party.

The commercial interests of New York would be promoted by a reduction of the duties on imported goods. The same is true of the agricultural interests of the West. Branches of the Free Trade League of New York may therefore be expected to be organized in the west, where they will supersede the "Loyal Leagues" now or lately in existence. With the Republicans of New England and Pennsylvania struggling for an increase of duties, and those of New York and the Western States fighting for "free trade," a permanent division of that party would seem to be altogether certain.

On this, as on all other questions, the great body of the Democratic party happily hold no extreme views. They hold, and have always held, that a Tariff which will afford sufficient revenue to defray the ordinary expenses of an economical administration of the government, will also, if levied with discrimination, afford sufficient protection to the American manufacturer to give him a fair profit on his goods.

TAKING CARE OF THEIR OWN.

We sometimes get a good deal of private information from Congressional Directories. The Directory of the present Congress makes the following pleasant exhibit:—A son of Senator Clark, of N. H., is door-keeper of the reporters' gallery; a son of Senator Cowan is clerk of his father's committee at \$6 per day, with nothing to do; a son of Senator Doolittle—a son of Senator Howard—a son of Senator Dixon—and a nephew of Senator Foot, are similarly favored with clerkships; while a nephew of Senator Wade stands guard at an entrance to the Chamber at 1,200 for the session.—None of these young gentlemen ever saw service in the tented field, which fact, taken in connection with the resolution, "That the Senate do earnestly recommend to the citizens of the United States the employment of discharged soldiers," et cetera, will likely create some surprise at the "cheek" displayed by that dignified body.

Hard on the Breast.

The La Crosse Democrat (Brick Pomeroy's paper), in an article of about half a column bids farewell to the "Bottle Imp" of Gen. Grant, in rather severe but deserved *anathema*. We give an extract.

The greatest curse a mother could put upon a child would be to wish it the heart and attributes of Ben Butler, whose sin has at last sunk in the deepest infamy, and whose eternity we trust will be spent in the home of his employer. Thief, robber, abolition patriot, military plunderer, woman insultor, egotistical ass, pet of Republicanism child of the devil, cockeyed abortion of humanity, bottled braggadocio, payed out politician, dishonored general and traitorous citizen, farewell.

Bottled Blunderer, Big Bethel Butcher, Bigoted Braggadocio, Ben Beast Butler! Beyond?

NATIONAL BANK NOTES.

The Comptroller of the Currency has proposed the following rules for the redemption of National Bank notes:—
First—The notes are to be redeemed by the banks by which they are respectively issued, and should not be returned to this office in sums less than five hundred dollars or even multiples of that amount.
Second—Mutilated notes which have been torn or defaced will be received, when presented by the bank that issued them provided that all the fragments are returned and the engraving or signature are not so far obliterated that it cannot be determined by what bank the notes are issued.
Third—Fragments should be redeemed by banks in full when accompanied by an affidavit stating the cause and manner of mutilation, and that the missing part of the note is totally destroyed. The good character of the affiant should also be fully vouched for by the officer before whom the affidavit is taken.

As some of the National Banks have been a little crooked as to receiving mutilated notes, the foregoing specific directions it is hoped may tend to put the public on their guard against receiving torn and defaced notes and teach bank officers what are their duties in the premises.

Notes of Warning.

Prudent business men in all sections of the country are alarmed at the signs of the times, they fear a commercial revulsion compared with which the storms of 1837 and 1857, were mere summer breezes.—The report of the Secretary of the Treasury has added to the fear. He warned the country of the danger ahead, and as one means of rendering the calamity less disastrous, if need of averting it, he urged a return to specie payments by the speediest possible means, and by a simultaneous reduction of the paper currency. To make the suggestions of the Secretary practical, the Chicago Republican contends that there must be retrenchment on the part of the government and people, and adds:

The merchant may, after he has spent all his money, keep up appearances for a long time, indeed, as long as he can borrow of one bank to pay another, but the end is certain—he must fail. The people of the United States have not expended all their means: they have an abundance to meet their present debt and to pay it, if they are prudent in their expenditure and economical in their habits. If, however, they continue the prodigality which was an incident of the inflation produced by the war; if they will pursue the extravagance which have been adopted during the last five years; if, instead of paying off the home debt, they contract an additional foreign debt, then the day of reckoning will speedily arrive, and will bring with it a terrible crash.

We repeat that the exigencies of the times demand that there shall be at once adopted and religiously observed a system of economical expenditure, public and private. This may not avert altogether the financial collapse that threatens us, but it may do much to lessen its force and reduce its volume of disaster. Every man should now put his house in order for the coming day of settlement, let those in debt economize now while they can; let them as soon as practicable pay what they owe, and go in debt no more. Let the credit system as a system, be discontinued as far as practicable, and a man whose affairs are best regulated according to this policy will have the least to dread, and will suffer less when the result of our extravagance and recklessness falls upon the country.

Wilson, the Massachusetts Senator, says the condition of the negro South is worse to-day than it was on the day Lee surrendered. No doubt of it, and it will be worse next year than it is now. Nothing is wanted to make the condition of the negro perfectly wretched, but to make such a stolid mediocrity as Wilson head of the Freedmen's Bureau, with power and means to take care of the negro. He has about sense enough to expect fish to fly in the air and pigeons to swim in the water. He would, of course impose on the negro the responsibilities of a white man.

What a sublime spectacle of partisan mediocrity! A negro with all his equality before the law! But the spectacle wants something to eat and something to wear. He wants a home, counsel and advice. He wants industry and forecast.—And, with all this equality before the law he perishes. The Southern men know what the negro wants, and invent a plan to supply it; but it doesn't suit Wilson.—He wants the equality before the law; but then it is not good to eat or wear. He wants bread, and Wilson gives him a stone. The task of managing these freedmen is beyond the genius of a statesman; in reach more beyond the capacity of the dull mediocrities that have won office by ignominious impertinence and false pretences.—Louisville Democrat.

A few days ago the mayor of Springfield Illinois, and forty "prominent citizens" made a carriage pilgrimage to the tomb of Lincoln, on the invitation and at the expense of a negro minstrel troupe. The minstrels performed some "pieces" which drew forth a speech from the Mayor and a response from the leader of the troupe.—The Chicago Times thinks "it must have been mournful to see Bones and the Tamborine standing in reverent silence before the tomb, their jokes hushed, and their thoughts remote from conundrums and double entendres." It expects that the proprietor of the learned pig, and the exhibitor of the double-headed calf, will next make a pilgrimage under the mayor's protection, that he hopes they "will meet with the success which their loyalty and meritorious ability so richly deserve." "Wax figures" seems to be looking up.

Mrs. E. Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony, all of them ardent advocates of women's rights have addressed a petition to Congress, asking an amendment of the Constitution of the United States that shall prohibit hereafter the States respectively from disfranchising any of their citizens, on the ground of sex.—They claim that fifteen millions of white women have quite as much right to be invested with the suffrage, as four millions of blacks.

Local and Personal

Admitted.—O. L. Parrish was sworn in, and admitted to practice as an Attorney of the several Courts of this County on Monday last. His examination we learn was very creditable to him; and bespeaks success for him in his profession.

House Burned.—The Dwelling house of George Harding near Shaw's mills in Nicholson, was destroyed by fire, on Tuesday of last week. The entire contents of the house were also destroyed. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

Donation.—The friends of Rev. J. G. Eckman and lady, will make them a donation visit, at their residence in Northmoreland on Thursday afternoon and evening of the 25th inst.

TOWN TALK.

"If there's a hole in a year coat I will go to tent it. A chisel among you taking notes, And, faith, he'll prout it."

THE THEATRICALS.—We approach them with many misgivings. Their over-throwing, towering popularity strikes terror to our timid soul, and fills us with a sort of reverential awe. The very name causes to float bewilderingly through our excited imagination, the phantoms of a score of those fierce, whiskered fellows, who

Trod the boards, with dangling swords, And deemed themselves of earth the lords. It is not alone these chaps with their pointed, glittering implements of death, and destruction, that make the heart of Town Talk quake with fear.—There is another danger, which makes this, in our imagination, sink into utter insignificance—the more piercing, withering glances, shot from the bright keen eyes of the gentler worshippers of Thespis—the actresses, and their hosts of admiring female friends. We know that we will have to run the gauntlet of their severest criticism. We fear, too, that some of the dear, sweet creatures may feel disposed to turn up their pretty noses at the mere mention of our name. Oh, what agony we should experience if this should be done in our presence! We should feel like calling for the rocks and mountains to fall on us; or the earth to open and receive us into her more compassionate and hospitable bowels.—Oh, the dread of those unknown, unheard of anathemas from lips that never before liper ought but words of tenderness and love. We hesitate. "To be, or not to be—that's the question." Whether 'twill be better for us to go on fearlessly with our criticism and suffer the bitter stings and withering scorn that will fall to our lot; or to cover all with the smooth gloss of flattery. Our path heretofore has not been a flowery one, yet we choose to stick to it. Danger avant!

"Blow, winds! come, wrack! At least we'll die with harness on our back."

We have an idea that the above quotations are not exactly a *propos*, but, Thespians, pardon us; we are green, in such matters.

On Wednesday and Thursday evenings last, the Thespians gave two grand dramatic entertainments. The house on both evenings, was crowded; on the last from cellar to garret, and "vice-versa." No reserved seats—no private boxes—no dress-circle—no shillies, or codfish aristocracy—but every seat was as "per misericordiam" as at a nigger camp-meeting. True, Miss Flora McFlumsey with her empty head, high brocade, and opera-cap was there; but she was elbowed and jostled about by plain Dorothea Ann, who with her dirty lousey-weeey had just taken a respite from her wretche with the pots and kettles. The Mrs. Gumbles were a little disposed to sniff their aristocratic noses at such close contact, but the jam would not permit any further manifestations of disgust. The grave, dignified and temperate Deacon Smooth-face, was there, flanked on all sides by bacchanals who were sweating out recent depopulations of tear-punch whisky.

The Drama of the "Honey-moon" was reproduced, and played in very fine style. The actors showing more spirit, and less timidity than on the former occasion, and in all respects, gave decided signs of improvement. The graceful Volante had a slight attack of Town Talk on the brain, which affected her nervous system somewhat, but under the gentle ministrations of the Count she soon recovered. It is to be hoped for the credit of her good taste, that she will not be troubled that way again. Mr. A. H. Mulford entertained the audience with an original speech or sermon, and with true native African eloquence made some good hits. In imitation of other Black Republican preachers he had something to say of Town Talk; at which the individual last (for said talk highly flattered). He left off rather abruptly having received a dispatch from President Johnson to visit Washington; where we hope his talent and labors in the cause of his "cultured brethren" will be rewarded by a suitable position in the "Freedmen's Bureau." Wednesday evening's performance concluded with a D. Guerrin Gallery pantomime played by Messrs. Hermann, Ruger and Caskey, who didn't speak loud enough to be very distinctly heard; but their monkey-shines could be plainly seen. We wonder if a woman could play pantomime? We know they play the piano, guitar, sump-um and ketch-um, and such fancy things, and are generally playing the devil; but we never heard of their engaging in anything where their tongues couldn't have full play. We imagine they'd play the deuce with Town Talk if they could catch him.

The "Golden Farmer" and "Husky Andy" were served up for the Thursday night's entertainment.—Mr. N. H. Conklin, as the Farmer, played admirably, and in the last act caused more than one party dew-drop to glisten in the eyes of his fair friends.—Mr. Hermann in the character of Jimmy Twelcher, played a most difficult part in good style. Mr. Parrish as Mobb, looked and acted the highwayman and robber all over. In the character of Hammer, the drunken auctioneer, Mr. R. P. Ross acted, as some malicious boys said, "right up to nature."—Indeed it was done so naturally, that his most intimate friends could not resist the conclusion that he was possessed of the genuine old fashioned spirits.—We really thought at one time that we could smell his breath, but finally concluded it was our next neighbor's Miss Kittie Davis as the Farmer's wife, played her part very finely, except in the closing scene, where we thought her voice was a little too steady to give full effect to the part. If Kittie was Mrs. Town Talk, and Town Talk was about to be hung—as he would be, if ever found out—and Kittie didn't carry on worse than she did on this occasion, we should say to Kittie, "s-s-s-e-e-e!" and to the hangman "drive on." We saw nothing of Mrs. Hammer but her right cappel-head but her voice had a "passing shrillness in it," and she read her drama a lord a lecture, which he will do well to profit by, and did a well, too. The performance of the little girl, Miss Bell Samson, could not be excelled anywhere, and was much superior to that of many of the adult performers. The minor characters were badly represented. There was enough boobyishness about them, but it was "natur."

Husky Andy took the house by storm. The stupid, blundering Irishman was performed to perfection by Mr. Caskey. His get-up was good, and his ridiculously stupid actions were mirth provoking in the extreme. Mr. Hermann in the character of the dandy Furlong could not be beat. His representation was perfectly a *la mode de pucier*. Mr. Geo. Dewitt's forte is evidently not the stage. His representation of the character of Edward O'Connor was bad. There can be but one fault found with Miss Bertha Tutton, as Mad Nance." Her face looked too fair and beautiful for one bowed down with sorrow and blighted hopes, as she was supposed to be. Ra

every other respect, she was perfect. Miss Ada Becker, as "Fannie," was as easy and graceful as she always is, and was well up to her part. "Arrah Oonah, how's your mother? Weren't ye always the delight of my heart," and didn't you delight some of others besides Andy, with your truthful representation of the warm hearted Irish girl? The other characters did well, and upon the whole we can say that it was a decided success.

We have not yet heard no "ink" stories; but from where we sat in the audience, we were witness of a piece of very bad taste on the part of some of the young ladies. We have no doubt but that their arduous labors had rendered them somewhat "black about the dimity," but, little dear! it would have looked better if you had stayed in your dressing-room and eaten your pie, and not stood out in plain view of the audience with your hands and mouths crammed full.

Thursday night a number of festive souls collected in Ross' ball room, and had a merry time of it. A good one for their purpose coming in, they plied him with beer until foolishly drunk, and then set him to singing songs. His rendition of "Mrs. Johnson" was capital, and we would recommend him to the Thespians, as a new attraction for their next performance.

Married.

ELLIS—BURR.—At the residence of the Bride father in Sterlingville Jan. 11th inst. by the Rev. J. Leg, Mr. Miles Ellis, to Miss Isabel L. Daughter of Clark Burr Esq., all of Sterlingville.

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS, forty different styles, adapted to sacred and secular music, for 80 dollars to 600 each. Fifty-one gold or silver medals, or other first premiums awarded them Illustrated Catalogues free. Address: MASON & HAMLIN, Boston, or MASON Brothers, New York.

PUBLIC SALE

The subscriber will sell at Public Vendue at his residence in STERLINGVILLE, On Friday Jan. 26, 1866 at 10 o'clock A. M., A lot of House-hold Furniture, Stoves, Cooking Utensils, &c., &c. A store and Dwelling House with appurtenances, will also be offered for sale or rent. S VERNON Sterlingville Jan 16 1866.

AGENTS WANTED!

To sell prize Certificates for GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES. Ladies, Jewelry, Diamond Rings, Pins, &c. Only \$5 Each. For any article drawn. Retail Price from \$10 to \$250. ALL GOODS WARRANTED GENUINE. Price of Certificates 25 cents each. Liberal Premiums and Commission allowed to agents. SAMPLE CERTIFICATES SENT FREE For Circulars and Terms address, Messrs. HAYWARD & CO. 229 Broadway, New-York.

GOING-GONE! GONE!!! The Subscriber, A Licensed Auctioneer for Wyoming, and all other Counties in the United States; and New Jersey—will sell at auction, stock, farming implements, household furniture and every thing else vendible to the highest and best bidder. Address call in person, on Wm. L. BARDWELL, 150 2d St. N. Y.

LOST. Lost in the vicinity of Nicholson Depot, on 10th of Nov. number last a Pocket Dairy. For which the finder will be suitably rewarded by mailing and book to my address. Or if more convenient by leaving the same in care of Mr. TUNA Freight agent at the above Depot. JOHN C. SAYLES, Jr. Niven, P. O., Susquehanna Co., Pa. 15020 3wks.

Administrator's Notice. Notice is hereby given that a person indebted to the estate of Noah Newman late of Monroe Township dec'd., are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against said estate will present them duly authenticated to settlement to JOHN WALL, Jr. Adm'r. Tunkhannock, Dec. 19 1865. 15020 6wks.

\$1,500 PER YEAR! Everywhere to sell our improved \$20 Sewing Machine. Three new kinds. Salary and upper feet. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The only machines sold in the United States or less than \$10, which are fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grant & Butler, Singer & Co. and Wheeler. All other cheap machines are inferior and the seller or user are liable to arrest, fines and imprisonment. Circulars free. Address, or call on S. W. Clark, 117 West 14th St., New York, or at No. 323 Broadway, New York; N. Y. 236. Car City, Philadelphia, Pa.; No. 14 Lombard's Block, Chicago, Ill.; No. 170 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.; or No. 8 Spaulding's Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y. 15021-1year.

HIRAM HALL Condition of the Wyoming National Bank of Tunkhannock, Pa. on the morning of the first Monday in Jan. A. D. 1866.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts,	\$45,797.60
Over Drafts	306.42
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure Circulation	100,000.00
Due from National Banks,	20,580.00
Legal Tender Notes,	15,866.78
Note of this Bank on hand,	20,749.70
Notes of S-vent State Banks,	360.00
Cash Items,	9,111.00
Furniture paid,	1,306.15
Expenses paid,	5,616.87
Interest on Stocks,	1,407.45
Taxes,	304.76
Total,	\$233,346.15
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock,	\$100,000.00
Circulation,	85,000.00
Due individual Depositors,	38,419.31
Exchange,	3,709.59
Discounts,	2,537.55
Interest on Stocks,	761.75
Profit and Loss,	5,969.95
Total,	\$233,346.15

I Samuel Stark, Cashier of the Wyoming National Bank of Tunkhannock, do solemnly swear that the above Statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. SAMUEL STARK, Cashier. Sworn and subscribed before me, the 9th day of Jan. 1866. F C ROSS, Notary Public

\$90 A MONTH!—AGENTS wanted for sale entirely new at \$100. Just out. Address O. T. GAREY, City Building, Biddeford, Maine. 5021-1year.