

RVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

"TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHT. "-Thomas Jefferson.

TERMS, \$2,00 PER ANNUM

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1866.

VOL. 5 NO.31

ENJOYING A PRAYER MEETING .- Some thirty years ago, in a town in New York,

long since noted for "stated preaching,"

old Deacon Bemont was conducting a

prayer-meeting in the church. His seat

was in front of the pulpit, where a door

opened into a small closet. The worthy

slip his chair beyond its balance, trusting,

AwecklyDemocratie paper, devoted to Poli tes, News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Pubtabed every Wednes-. Pay, at Tunkhannock Wyoming County, Pa BY MARVEY SICKLER

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M. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, O fice in Stark's Brick Block Tioga St., Tunk annock, Pa.

Ehe Buchler Douse, HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the The undersigned naving latery purchased the "BUEHLER HOUSE" property, has already com-menced such alterations and improvements as will render this old and popular House equal, if not supe-rior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg. A continuance of the public patronage is refpect-

fally solicited. GEO. J. BOLTON.

WALL'S HOTEL, · LATE AMERICAN HOUSE, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA. has recently been refitted an MR. PINK'S NERVES. BY ANNIE AUBREY.

Theophilus Pink was afflicted with nerves, and had been from the time he came into the world. Joined with this nervousness, perhaps the result of it, he was constitutionally suspicious, and would turn pale with fright at the merest trifles.

One day, just as he was about to commence carving he was seized with a horrible suspicion, and laying down the carving-knife, looked into his wife's face with very nervous anxiety.

"What is the matter, Theophilus ?" inquired his wife, surprised. "Did you observe Bridget's face ?" in-

quired her husband, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "No. What is the matter with it? I

perceived nothing out of the way, except her large nose, and that may be said to be very much in the way."

"Mrs. Pink, this is too serious a subject to jest about," said Theophilus, with as much sternness as he could command. "Lor, Theophilus, what's the matter ?-What's out of the way with Bridget ?" "I will tell you, Mrs. Pink. But first,

are you aware that Bridget is a Catholic ?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I read to-day a paragraph in which it was stated that priests, for puroses of their own, are prevailing upon the Irish domestics to poison their employers in order to gain possession of the money, and get the upper hand throughout the country.' "All nonsense."

"Mrs. Pink, you may think as you please. I think otherwise."

"So you think Bridget means to poison is all ?"

"You have said it. Such is certainly y opinion."

"And you judge from this paragraph alone !" said Mrs. Pink, with a little goodnatured contempt perceptible in her tone."

"Not wholly. I watched Bridget's face, and I am certain, from the expression, that she meant something evil. Her face was

fairly red with confusion.2 "More likely with being over the kitchen stove."

"You may sneer if you please, Mrs. Pink. It will not move me any.'

"What do you propose to do about it Mr. Pink ?"

"I will tell vou."

Mr. Pink proceeded to cut off a slice of the meat, and requested his wondering wife to put on the plate, in addition, vegetables fro.n the various dishes. He then rose, and with as much dignity as a tow-headed little man of four feet eight inches in height

could muster, rang the bell. Bridget answered the bell. the summons.

"You are welcome, stranger," said the woman, heartily. You, Jim, come here and take the stranger's horse. Step right

in, sir. We can accommodate you as well as not." Most men would have considered this

very warm and respectable [welcome ;but Theophilus Pink felt troubled. "She's a good deal too glad to see me,"

he thought. "I am afraid she has some design upon me. Perhaps she thinks I've got money, and means to steal it during the night, I've heard of such things before." To the jaundiced eye of Mr. Pink, the

good natured face of his hostess assumed the expression of Lady Macbeth, just as she is about to use the dagger.

However, he had got himself into a scrape and could not very well get out of it.--Better remain than arouse the woman's suspicions of his knowledge of her purpose by proposing to go. She would undoubtedly dispatch emisaries after him who would waylay and murder him.

Ugh ! it made him shudder to think of such a thing. In a very desponding state of mind, Mr. Pink partook of his supper. He declined

taking any tea. "Likely as not she has put a sleeping potion into it. I've read about such things. Oh dear me! Why did I ever come out West? It's as much as anybody's life is worth. If I only get home to Mrs. Pink in safety. I will never again tempt Provdence as I am doing now.

Mr. Pink sat with his back to the wall. He thought that by so doing he should guard against an attack from behind, though for that matter. there was nobody to make it except his hostess already mentioned, and her son "Jim," a boy of ten, who indeed was stout of his age, and might possibly have proved a match for Mr. Pink, who in a contest would have been afraid to use what little strength he had.

At length, in came a burly farmer, a stout man, full six feet in height, clothed in a blue frock.

"How immensely strong he must be !" thought Theophilus Pink, with his teeth chattering in affright." Suppose he sho'd knock me down with that sledge-hammer fist of his, take my money, and bury me in the cellar." This thought made him shiver, so that Mr. Armstrong, the new comer inquired-"Got the ague, Mister ?"

"N no. What makes you ask ?" "I saw you shaking. Didn't know but

what you'd got it. We have got it a good as an advocate and jurist. deal out this way." The farmer had a frank, open manner. this Mr. Pink admitted to himself, but felt little doubt that it was only meant to mask

now looked pink with terror. "Who thought of killing you, and what Mr. Pink, "and should be very glad if you brought you here?" sxclaimed the farmer,

with unfeigned amazement. "I heard you and your wife talking of killing me, and when I heard you sharpening your knife, I couldn't stand it any longer, and I jumped."

Mr. Armstrong burst into a hearty laugh "It was our pig I was going to kill.-That was what we were talking about." "Was that all?" groaned Mr. Pink, with mingled pain and shame. He was at length persuaded that such

was the case. But he had to pay bitterly for his ridiculous suspicions, being detained in the neighborhood several weeks by his broken arm.

The Blood Hounds in the West Indies.

Esquemeling, who wrote a history of the buccaneering expedition in which he had his lawless comrades engaged, says that he had found in these hiding places, hesps of human remains; and that in this time the island of Hispaniola was invested with large numbers of blood hounds, which ran wild in the woods. These dogs destroyed enormous quantities of cattle, and so nearly exterminated the race of wild boars that the hunters of that island had much ado to find any. Monsieur Ogeron the Governor of Tortuga, in 1768, sent to France for a store of poisen to destroy them. Horses were killed and empoisened, and laid open at certain places where wild dogs use to resort ; this being continued for six months there was killed an incredible number; and yet all this could not destroy the

race, or scarce diminish them, their number appearing almost the same as before. Instinct taught the blood hounds to hunt in packs. Esquemeling and a French buccaneer of his acquaintance once heard them coming through the woods, and took refuge in a tree, whence they looked on while the pack ran into a wild boar and killed him. As soon as the boar was dead the whole pack lay down and waited till the hound

There were few; abler lawyers in the State of Illinois during the past quarter of a century than the late Judge Purple, of Peoria. He was the author of several law books. By his entire devotion to his profession, he had attained merited celebrity

Some years since Judge P., when in the city of Washington, met a gentleman from Boston, who, upon learning that the Judge

The Love of Knowledge. I solemnly declare, that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in the world, for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn in the mountains-it flames night and day, and is old deacon, leaning his chair back against immortal, and not to pe quenched. Upon the door that opened inward. happened to something it must act and feed, upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life; what do I say but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conductlove that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and made men call it justice

will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you-which will open to you the kinglom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an assylum against the cruelty, the injustice and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world-that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand roble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud. Therefore, if any young man has embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event-let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs; by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the angel that guards him, and as the genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirments, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reason, prudent and powerful above his fellows, in all the relations and in all the offices of life .- REV. SYDNEY SMITH

A pious old farmer reading Governor Fenton's proclamation for the seventh of December as a day of prayer, and thanksgiving,to be observed throughout the State of New York, read, by reason of misprint of the word t oiler, as follows: "Never before had a people so much cause for thanksgiving. Every tailor in the realm of honorable industry is inspired with new en-couragement and confidence." "But why tailors inspired with new encouragement"

interrupted his better half, "more than oth er people?" "Oh I suppose," replied the was from Illinois, made particular enquiry once a tailor, and every tailor may yet be- cidedly more troublesome than the little

to the treachorous door, when down he went, heels up, into the dark closet, to the no small consternation of the audience .--The poor old deacon had to be drawn out by his legs, chair and all, amid the ill-contained tittering that greeted his advent .--Some time after this episode, a noted revivalist was holding a series of meetings in the same church, and in conversing with the young people on the subject of person--love that which, if you are poor, will al piety, amongst other questions he asked render your poverty respectable, and make a young lady whom he was anxious to inthe proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the terest on the subject. "Did you ever enmeanest of your fortunes-love that which joy prayer and conference meetings?"-She replied she thought she did once enjoy such a season. The minister then anxiously inquired, "When and where did you experience this sensation ?" She replied. with perfect sincerity, "It was when old Deacon Bemont fell into the eloset, and was dragged out uninjured by the heels." The minister appeared so well satisfied with this conversation, that he asked no

more questions in that quarter.

CHARACTER .- Not two leaves in the forest are exactly the same in form and texture. No two grains of sand from the seashore or the great African desert are identical in bulk and culture. Even the two drops of water most alike in Lthe universe will exhibit some marks of distinction when submitted to a powerful microscope. The law that excludes duplicates from the visible kingdoms of nature is also a law of the moral world. From Adam to the last man no two faces will be found exactly the same ; and variety in trait and lineament of human character is as inexhaustible as in man's outward appearance. The power which in one man's moral composition is ardent, demonstrative, predominant, in another lies dormant or dead. The craving which in one breast concentrates upon itself the whole mind and will, before its voice can be silenced or its yearnings appeased, is never felt, scarcely understood, by a being of a different organization. The weakness of the weak man is laughed at, in scorn by the strength of the strong; moral pulp and steel travel side by side, and souls of fine porcelain and delicate crystal tremble

in the near presence of iron and granite.

STAND ALONE .- Society is much infested with adult babies who cannot, or will pious parent, "because the President was not, stand alone. These weaklings are decome a President," "Oh !" replied the toddlers who stagger from chair to chair in their first attempts at unassisted locomotion. The grown-up infant makes no effort to support himself, He insists upon having hold of somebody's hand ; and if he has nothing to cling to or to lean against, he lies down and gives up. There are few energetic, prosperous mcn who are not embarrassed with one or more of these dead weights. The best service that any man to whom they attach themselves can render them, is to shake them off, providing them, if possible, with an opportunity to exercise whatever ability, whether of the head or hand, they may possess. There are indolent, irresolute men who can be taught to stand alone. But he who is incapable of making any effort by which success can be achieved is a hopeless case. -He is a mere "cumberer of the ground," and without value in society,

who had first grappled the enemy had satisfied his hunger, before they presumed to begin their own repast. AN ILLINOIS LAWYER "DOING WELL,"

"Don't kill me !" groaned Mr. Pink, who A buxom woman presented herself at

"I am a benighted traveller." explained

would provide me with a night's lodging."

HIS establi farnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor .

Canishannock, September 11, 1861

MOBTH BRANCH HOTEL, MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r

HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no effort to poder the house an agreeable place of sojourn for all who may favor it with their custom. Wm. H CORTRIGHT.

S me, 3rd, 1863

DR. J. C. BECKER. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Would respectfully announce to the citizensof Wy-ming, that he has located at Tunkhannock where he will promptly attend to all calls in the line of

Will be found at home on Saturdays of

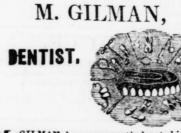
Means Dotel, TOWANDA, PA. **D. B. BARTLET,**

(Late of t. PBRAINARD HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y. PROPRIETOR.

The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country-It is fitted up in the most modern and improved style, and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and • recable stopping-place for all, v 3, n21, ly.

CLARKE, KEEN EY,&CO., ANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN LADIES', MISSES' & GENTS'

AND JOBBERS IN MATS, CAPS, FURS, STRAW GOODS. PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS. BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES. 849 BROADWAY, CORNER OF LEONARD STREET REW XORK. B. F. CLARK, A. C KEENEY. S. LERENET.



GILMAN, has permanently located in Tun M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tun . hanneck Berough, and respectfully tendersd . eunding country. L WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATIS-

66/ION. L') fis ever Tatta's Lar Olts asar fie Pest Office.

"What's wanting, mum ?" asked the maid Erin, looking toward her mistress. "Mr Pink rang for you. He will tell

"I want you to sit down at the side table. and eat what there is on that plate." "Right here now ?" asked Bridget , her eyes rolling in her head with amazement. "Yes," said Mr. Pink, in a stern triumph fancying that the indications of surprise were marks of guilt.

"Oh, it isn't I that'll back out," said Bridget ; and receiving the plate from the hands of Mr. Pink, she fell to, with an appetite which seemed to have been accumuloting for this special occasion.

Of course even Mr. Pink could not doubt of this He with a slight feeling of shame helped his wife and children from the different dishes, and with a feeling o security partook thereof himself.

"A little more, av ye plaze," said Bridget, extending her plate, her utterance by the way being a little thick in consequence of her mouth being full.

"You can finish your dinner in the kitchen, Bridget," said Mr. Pink. "We shan't

need you any longer." Bridget left the room, thinking it a

mighty quare" family. This, however, was a common, every.

day occurrence. I now proceed to narrate a thrilling incident which befell Mr. Theophilus Pink on journey to the West.

Theophilus had been talking of the journey for several years, but had found it difficult to muster sufficient courage to undertake it. He was afraid that the cars would run off the track, or the steamboat would Silk and Cassimere Dats blow up, or something equally fatal would happen. He staid in Buffalo two days, being unable to decide whether it would be safest to go to Detroit by cars or boat. He blood run cold. decided to go by boat, when he chanced to read of an accident which happened to a Mississippi river steamboat. This decided him to take the cars, when unfortunately tidings came of a train running off the track somewhere in Georgia. Accordingly he, with many doleful apprehensions, took passage in the boat, and, considerably to his surprise, was landed in safety at Detroit.

However, I am not going to detail, step by step, all that happened on the journey. Suffice it to say, that one evening Mr. P. found himself riding in a lonely part of Illinois. Night was approaching, and Mr. Pink would not for all the world have ridwild beasts, and all the terrors that night naturally brings to a nervous man.

Fortunately this was not needful .-There loomed up before him a respectable looking house which no doubt, were the occupants so disposed, would offer him comfortable shelter for the night.

Jumping from his horse, he knocked at the door.

deceit. He was half apprehensive that as to the success of a young sprig of the law no attack would be made before he retired, by the name of B-----, who had emigraand therefore expressed a desire to be ted West some five years before. shown to his chamber at once, though it was but eight o'clock,

"No doubt you are tired with your long tramp," said Mr. Armstrong, the farmer. "Well, we keep early hours here. Shall I carry your carpet bag for you?" "N no, I guess I'll take it. There isn't

much in it." "But that little valuable, said his host

jokingly." "Not at all," said Mr. Pink, hastny, unwilling to convey such a dangerous im pression. "Only a few shirts."

"Those are valuable to you, I reckon, for if they were lost I don't think mine would fit you."

Mr. Pink laughed nervously at this joke but said nothing.

"Hope you'll have a quiet night," said Mr. Armstrong. Mr. Pink looked around him nervously There seemed to be nothing very peculiar

about the room. It was a large square room. Mr. Pink discovered, to his dismay, that there was no lock on the door.

"That is so he can get in better," thought he to himself.

By way of guarding against the contemplated attack, he piled up whatever movables there were in the room, consisting of an old chest and a couple of chairs, against the door, though he felt that this would afford but small impediment in case an attack was made.

He discovered that by leaning down with his ear to the floor, he could hear what was said down stairs.

In this uncomfortable position he re-

mained for some time without any result. At length he heard words that made his "When do you propose to kill him ?"

It was the wife who spoke.

"Early to morrow morning was the husband's reply. "Then you had better sharpen your

knife over night. "That is a good idea, wife. I'm glad

you spoke of it. I might have forgotten

Directly afterwards, to Mr. Pink's paralyzing terror, he heard the noise of a knife being sharpened.

"Oh, what shall I do ?" groaned The-ophilus Pink, wringing his hands in abject fear. Shall I stay here to be murdered by ject. He kissed the servant girl one mornden through the night, exposed to thieves, these blood thirsty villains? No, 1 will jump out of the window first."

He opened the window, and jumped, in his blind terror, regardless of the consequences which might ensue. The height was not great, but he tell directly upon his arm, and broke it. Of course he was unable to stir.

Hearing the noise the farmer and his wife hastened to the spot.

"He is doing well," very promptly re-

plied the Judge. "He is? well, I am glad to hear it-glad to hear it, indeed."

"You think he has a good practice, do you, Judge ?" "Don't know anything about his prac-

tice," replied Purple ; "but he is doing well succeeding finely." "Making money, then, is he ?" persisted

Boston. "I tell you I don't know anything about his business," said Purple.

"Well," said the Boston man. " you seem to thing that he is doing well, and yet you know nothing about his practice or business. What do you mean?"

"I mean this," said Purple, " that any man who practices law in Illinois five years and who keeps out of the penitentiary, is doing well, whether he has practice or not.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS .- Condemn no man, says John Wesley, for not thinking as you think. Let every man enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself "Exa ctly so," murmured the timid bride; to God. Abhor every approach, in every nobody can call him an actor." kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. you cannot reason or pursuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the Judge of all.

Ah, dear Doctor how is my wife to-day?" The doctor shook his head and said--" You must prepare for the worst !" "What," said the husband, "do you think she is likely to get over it ?"

picus old lady, "how I wish you was a tailor."

FAVORITES .- "I have ever found." save sensible writer, "that men who are realy most fond of the society of ladies; who cherish for them a high respect, nay, reverence them, are seldom most popular with the sex. Men of more assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in room of the sentiment, are the favorites. A true respect for women leads to respectful action towards them; and respect is usually a distant action, and this great distance is taken by them for neglect and want of interest."

WITTY .--- The father of Mrs. Siddons had always forbidden her to marry an actor; and of course, she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretely wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it, he was furious. "Have I not," he exclaimed, "dared you to marry a player !" The lady replied, with downcast eyes, "that she had not disobeyed." "What tues. However little sought for, or pracmadam! have you not allied yourself to about the worst performer in my company?

An old man by the name of Hopkins, living in Adrian, Michigan, has just been made the happy father of "triplets," all girls. A young lady, commenting on the wonderful prosperity of this family, says that she knows many young married men who are not one third as smart as old Mr. Hopkins,

TA lady, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that "Johnny, why are you so wicked as

o tell me a lie about that knife? Why none were long enough. did you not remember what I told you "I want," she said, "the longest hose that are made"

"Oh !" said Johnny, "Washington said "Then, madam, was the reply, you'd better apply to the next engine house."

> A dashing young bachelor lately appeared in Central Park with two handsome ponies, whose tails were done up to look like fish nets. The resemblance was capital and the team created a great sensation."

burg has taught his parrots to say "pretty creature" to every lady who enters the store. His custom is rapidly increasing.

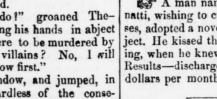
caped thief ? When its bolted.

CANDOR .- There is nothing sheds so fine a light upon the human mind as candor .--It was called "whiteness" by the ancients. for its purity ; and it always won the esteem due to the most admirable of the virticed, all do it the homage of their praise, and all feel the power and charm of its influence. The man whose opinion makes the deepest mark upon his fellow-men, whose friendship is instinctively sought where all others have proved faithless, is not the man of brilliant parts or flattering tongue, or splendid genius, or commanding power ; but he whose fucid candor and ingenius truth transmit the heart's real feelings pure and without refraction. There are other qualities which are more showy, and other traits that have a higher place in the world's code of honcr, but none wear better or gather less tarnish by use or claim a deeper homage in that silent reverence which the mind must pay to virtue,

On the 13th inst., Chief Justice Chase, introduced the negro Fred Douglas, in flattering and complimentary terms, to a large and dense auditory, in Dr. Sunderland's church. The negro delivered himself of a two hour's speech on "the assassination and its lesson." Judge Kelly, M. C. from Philadelphia, made a speech atter the nigger was done, declaring himself unconditionally for amalgamation.

Ke Why is a horse like the letter O? Because G makes it go. And what is the difference between this conundrum and my aunt who squints? One is a query with an answer; the other is an aunt, Sir, with a queer eye.

He who lives for himself alon lives for a mean fellow.



"Ah, doctaw, does the choleraw awfect the highaw awda?" asked an exquisite of a celebrated physician in New York.

ing, when he knew Mrs. J. would see him. Results-discharged servant girl and twelve

about Washington ?"

could !"

dollars per month saved.

ter leave the city immediately."

A man named Jameson, in Cincin-

"No, but its death on fools, and you'd bet-

ses, adopted a novel mode to effect his ob-

natti, wishing to curtail household expen- a lady's waterfall, and cooped up in small

A shrewd confectioner in Water-

When is a prison-door like an es

he couldn't tell a lie, He couldn't and I