

WYOMING COUNTY WHIG.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

\$1.50, per Year, if paid in Advance.

BY C. E. LATHROP.

Vol. I.

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., APRIL 25, 1849.

No. 17.

Everybody is familiar with the fate of "Leftenant Carter's only son." It may not be so generally known that the Leftenant had an "only darter." But he had—and Spoons has taken care that her memory shall be preserved—Those who can appreciate the pathetic, will be moved by the sad narrative of Sally and her lover.

Machine Poetry—Sally Carter.

Near Springfield mountain there did dwell
A lovely damsel, known full well,

Leftenant Carter's only gal,
Her father's joy—and nam'd Sally.

One day this damsel tript it quick
Down to a stream to berries pick.

She hadn't picked but two or three
When her foot slippt, and in went she.

And when into the stream she fell
She utter'd an awful yell,

And then sunk down beneath the wave,
Because no hand was near to save.

Her lover saw the horrid sight,
And to her ran with all his might;

But when from out the stream he took her,
All signs of life had quite forsook her.

He roll'd and roll'd her all about,
And quickly brought the water out;

But when he found her soul had fled,
He wring his hands and cri'd—

And then her lifeless form he bore
Unto her anxious mother's door,

Saying, Mrs. Carter, here you see,
All what is left of your Sally—

The awful news shot through her brain,
And down she fell, nor spoke again.

The lover he some pizen took,
And upward gave an earnest look,
And told his ghost to follow arter
His own dear Sally and Mrs. Carter.

The Heir of Linn.

BY WILLIAM J. SNELLING.

There is a beautiful Scotch ballad by this title that I never saw but once in my life; but it made a very strong impression on me. As the ballad is not to be found, I will endeavor to tell the story in plain prose.

The Laird of Linn, in Galway, was one of the richest landed proprietors in Scotland. Besides his lands and dwellings he had flocks and herds, and a good store of gold. Moreover, he was a man of frugal and parsimonious disposition, so that the gentlemen of Galway avoided his company, and the whole country side cried shame on him. Nevertheless his riches grew and increased to a mighty sum, and there was no telling what heaps of treasure he had snugly concealed.

The Laird of Linn did not marry till late in life, and his wife died within a year after their marriage. She left him one child, a son, who was the joy and plague of his existence. Though naturally of a noble and generous temper, he was wild, reckless and extravagant. Seeing and hearing his father ridiculed every day for his miserly temper and habits, he resolved at all events not to be like him, and spent all he could lay his hands upon among low and dissolute companions, in drinking and riotous living. So true is it that, one extreme often produces another. It was in vain that his father remonstrated with him; he only grew worse and worse, as he grew older and older.

At last the Laird of Linn lay on his death bed. He had outlived all his near relations, and he had no friends, so that he was in a manner obliged to leave all his substance to his son, and besides, next to his gold he loved his prodigal heir. Previous to his death, he called the heir of Linn to his bed side, and spake thus to him:

"My son, when my lips are cold in death and my tongue silent in the grave I know how it will be with you. You will spend all the substance of your an-

cestors, and all the gold I have got together, in dissipation and extravagance. Nevertheless, I do not wish my son to live a beggar. Therefore give heed to my only dying command; and if you disregard it, may a father's curse cling to you. You know the upper chamber of my house in Kippelringar. It is now locked up and I have thrown the key in the sea. When you have lost both gold and land, when you have not a friend who will lend you a hawber, and when you are actually suffering for a crust to appease your hunger, break the door open, and you will find a certain relief; but if you open the room before that time, I say again, may a father's curse cling to you!"

With these words the old man fell back on his pillow and died.

The heir of Linn did not grieve long for his parent. He soon threw open his house to all comers. His forests fell beneath the axe, his chimneys were always smoking, a hundred men sat daily at his board, and he bought him horses and hounds, and lent money without counting to his dissolute companions. He feasted and drank, and gamed, and if he could not get rid of his substance fast enough in all these ways, he took no care of his affairs, but gave up the guidance of them to a bailiff or steward named John of the Scales, who was a knave and a notorious usurer. John cheated his master in various ways, and put more than half his rents and moneys into his own pocket.

At last, what the Heir of Linn's father had foreseen, came to pass. His money was all gone, and he had no means of keeping up his excesses except by selling lands; but there was no one rich enough to buy them except John of the Scales, and every one knew how he came by his money. The young Laird was in desperate want of cash to pay his gaming debts, and was moreover heated with wine, when his unjust steward offered to buy his estate. It was a hard case, but after much reluctance he agreed upon the bargain. "Give me your gold, good John of the Scales, and my lands shall be yours forever," said the heir of Linn.

Then John counted down the good yellow gold, and a hard bargain his master had for it. For every pound that John gave, the land was well worth three.

The last money went like the first, and the heir of Linn was a beggar. He first went to the house that had once been his own, but there was no feasting going on in it. The fire was out, the dinner table was taken away, and all was desolate and dismal. "Here's sorry cheer," said the heir of Linn.

John would not give him a penny, but told him to go to the friends he had spent his money upon foolishly. He did so, but it did no good. Some of them pretended not to know him, and one would lend him a farthing or even offer him a dinner. So he wandered about forlorn and hungry for two days, for work he could not, and to beg he was ashamed. At last in extreme misery, he bethought himself of his father's dying words. "I have not sold the old house in Kippelringar yet," for no one will buy it. I will go and break open the upper chamber.—My father told me I should find relief there, and perhaps he meant treasure.—If it should prove so, I will be a wiser and better man than I was, and not waste it upon keaves."

To the house he went, then, and broke open the chamber door. He found relief indeed. There was nothing in the room excepting a high stool and directly over it a halter hanging from a hook in the ceiling. He looked up and read these words:

"Ah, graceless wretch and wanton fool, you are ruined forever. This is the only relief for those who waste their patrimony as you have done. Behold then! put the rope around your neck, jump from the stool, and save your family the

disgrace of ending a beggar!

"Very excellent counsel," said the heir of Linn, "and as I must either hang or starve, I'll take my father's advice and hang. It is the shortest death of the two." So he mounted, fastened the halter round his neck, and kicked the stool from under him.

But the heir of Linn was not to die so. The board in which the hook was driven gave way with his weight, and he fell to the floor with a shower of gold coin about his ears. I will not say that he felt no pain in his neck the next day, but at the moment he certainly felt none. Joy rushed to his heart like a torrent at seeing himself rescued from death and beggary. The space between the ceiling and roof contained an enormous treasure: On the upper side of the board from which he had thought to hang himself, was fastened a letter addressed to him. He hastily tore it open and read as follows:

"My dear son—I know your character, and that no expostulation or advice can warn you from the desperate course you are pursuing. Nothing but misery sharper than death can cure you.—If, therefore, your misfortunes and sufferings should be so grievous that you prefer death to enduring them, I have some hope that you will not rashly encounter them again. You have made the trial—take my gold, redeem your land, become a wiser and better man."

The heir of Linn did not leave the spot without putting up a prayer to heaven for the soul of the parent whose admirable wisdom had discovered a means of raising him from beggary and despair to affluence, and of weaning him from the follies and vices which had disgraced his character. To evince his gratitude, he resolved to mend his life from that day forward, and become all a father's heart could wish.

But first he thought he would make one more trial of his false friends on whom he had wasted his time, his substance and his character. He therefore kept his newly discovered wealth a secret till he heard that John of the Scales was going to give a great entertainment and that all the lords and ladies in Galway would be there.

When the Heir of Linn entered his father's hall, it was crowded with richly dressed gentlemen; but he was in beggar's rags. He appealed to the charity of the company, saying that he was starving. To one he said—"You have feasted at my board a thousand times—will you now deny me the crumbs that fall from your own?" To another—"I gave you a fair steed and trappings," to the third—"I lent you a thousand pounds and never asked you to repay me," and so on to all the rest of the company.—But, instead of remembering his favors, they reviled him and called him spendthrift, beggar, and all manner of vile names. Some said it was a shame that such a wretched object should be suffered to come among them, and one, to whom more than all the rest, his purse had always been open, called on his servants to thrust him out of doors.

But one took his part. It was Mr. Richard Lackland, a poor younger son of a wealthy gentleman. He stood up and said, "I never ate at the board of the Heir of Linn, I never rode his horses or shared his purse, or received favors of him to the value of a farthing. But what then? He was a worthy gentleman when he had the means. I have twelve gold nobles, and that is all I own in the world, and here are six of them at the service of the man whose hand was never shut to the poor. And as I am a gentleman, no one shall lay hands on him while I wear a sword." A glad man was the Heir of Linn to find one man worthy to be his friend. He took the six nobles and advanced towards John of the Scales, who was standing at the end of the hall, attired in gorgeous apparel.

"You, at least," said the Heir of Linn, "ought to relieve my necessities, for you

are growing rich on my ruins, and I gave you a good bargain of my lands."

Then John of the Scales began to revile him, and to declare that he had given much more for the lands than they were worth, for his extortion before so much goodly company. "Nay," may said he to the Heir of Linn, "if you will but return to me the half of what I paid for your father's estates, you shall have it back again."

"Perhaps I may find friends who will lend me the sum," said the heir of Linn. "Therefore give me a promise under your hand and seal, and I will see what can be done."

John of the Scales knew that few people in the country had so much money, even if it were a common thing to lend money to a beggar, and he had just seen what reliance is to be placed on friends in such a case. He had not the least idea that the Heir of Linn would ever possess a hundredth part of the sum. He therefore called for pen, ink and paper, and sat down before the company and wrote the promise, and right scoffingly gave it to his former master.

Then the Heir of Linn strode to the window and opened it and took a bugle from under his tattered gaberdine, and blew till the joists and rafters shook with the din. Presently a fair troop of servants rode up well armed and mounted leading a mule with them laden with treasure. They dismounted and brought the gold in the hall.

"My father's land is my own again," cried the Heir of Linn joyously, and before the company had recovered from their astonishment, he counted out to John of the Scales the sum he had just agreed to take. Then turning to his servants, he said, scourge the viper out of the house of Linn with dog whips. And it was done.

The company then crowded around him, congratulating him on recovering his patrimony and excusing their own neglect and ingratitude. He said to them, "Catties, slaves, dogs, begone! Pollute the floor of my house no longer. If ye enter my grounds again I will have the servants loose the hounds upon you!" To master Lackland he said, "Come to my arms—come to my heart my friend, my brother! Live in my house and share with the heir of Linn in all things."

And the Heir of Linn became another man, and was an ornament to his country, and a blessing to his tenants.

Zitto, the Sorcerer.

Very extraordinary things are related of Zitto, a sorcerer in the court of Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, and afterwards Emperor of Germany, in the latter part of the fourteenth century. This is, perhaps, all things considered, the most wonderful specimen of magical power any where to be found. It is gravely recorded by Dabravius, bishop of Olmutz, in his history of Bohemia. It was publicly exhibited on the occasion of the marriage of Wenceslaus with Sophia, daughter of the Elector Palatine of Bavaria, before a vast assembled multitude.

The father-in-law of the king, well aware of the bridegroom's known predilection for theatrical exhibitions, and magical illusions, brought with him to Prague, the capital of Wenceslaus, a whole wagon load of morrice-dancers and jugglers, who made their appearance among the royal retinue. Meanwhile Zitto, the favorite magician of the king, took his place obscurely among the ordinary spectators. He, however, immediately arrested the attention of the strangers, being remarked for his extraordinary deformity, and a mouth that stretched completely from ear to ear.—Zitto was for some time engaged in quietly observing the tricks and sleights that were exhibited. At length, while

the chief magician of the Elector Palatine was still busily employed in showing some of the most admired specimens of his art, the Bohemian, indignant at what appeared to him the bungling exhibitions of his brother artist, came forward and reproached him with the unskillfulness of his performances. The two professors presently fell into warm debate. Zitto, provoked at the insolence of his rival, made no more ado, but swallowed him whole before the multitude, attired as he was, all but his shoes, which he objected to because they were dirty. He then retired for a short time to a closet, and presently returned, leading the magician along with him.

Having thus disposed of his rival, Zitto proceeded to exhibit the wonders of his art. He showed himself first in his proper shape, and then in those of different persons successively, with countenances and a stature totally dissimilar to his own; at one time, splendidly attired in robes of purple and silk, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, in coarse linen, and a clownish coat of freize.—He would proceed along the field, with a smooth and undulating motion, without changing the posture of a limb, for all the world as if he were carried along in a ship. He would keep pace with the king's chariot, in a car drawn by barn door fowls. He also amused the king's guests as they sat at table, by causing, when they stretched out their hands to the different dishes, sometimes their hands to turn into the cloven feet of an ox, and at other times, into the hoofs of a horse. He would clap on them the antlers of a deer, so that when they put their heads out at the window to see some sight that was going by, they'd by no means draw them back again;—while he, in the mean time, feasted on the savory cakes that had been spread before them, at his leisure.

At one time, he pretended to be in want of money, and to ask his wits to devise the means to procure it. On such an occasion, he took up a handful of grains of corn, and presently gave them the form and appearance of thirty hogs, well fatted for the market. He drove these hogs to the residence of one Michael, a rich dealer, but who was remarkable for being penurious and thrifty in his bargains. He offered them to Michael at whatever price he should judge reasonable. The bargain was presently struck, Zitto, at the same time warning the purchaser that he should on no account drive them to the river to drink. Michael, however, paid no attention to this advice, and the hogs no sooner arrived at the river, than they turned into grains of corn as before.

The dealer, greatly enraged at this trick, sought high and low for the seller, that he might be revenged on him. At length, he found him, in a vintner's shop, seemingly in a gloomy and absent state of mind, reposing himself, with his legs stretched out on a form. The dealer called out to him, but he seemed not to hear. Finally, he seized Zitto by one foot, pulling at it with all his might. The foot came away with the leg and thigh; and Zitto screamed out, apparently in great agony. He seized Michael by the nape of the neck, and dragged him before a judge. Here the two set up their separate complaints, Michael and Zitto, for the irreparable injury he had suffered in his person.—From this adventure came the proverb, frequently used in the days of the historian, speaking of a person who had made an improvident bargain.—"He has made just such a purchase as Michael did with the hogs."

Best Preservation.—Whenever a young man has acquired a love of reading, and of course a healthful relish for intellectual pleasures, he has become possessed of one of the best preventives against dissipation.

Money is the root of all evil.

(From the Wilkesbarr Advocate.)

Circular of the Wilkesbarr Baptist Church.—Mr. Edirron:—It is by no means a love of controversy that induces us to reply to the long and elaborate article upon the document above referred to, in your editorial of last week; but a desire to break, if possible, the spell of fascination so artfully cast around your readers by your gifted pen, and to defend ourself from the obloquy and disgrace with which the article is so judiciously calculated to blacken our name. Nor do we wish to be heard only in self defence, but also in behalf of that cause, at which you evidently aim a murderous, though artfully concealed stroke.

The first item which deserves attention, and which is kept very prominent throughout the article is, that the document referred to, is not what it purports to be, viz: a "Circular of the Baptist Church" in this place, but a production of the "phantoms of our fancy," and moreover that the "Baptist Church will deeply regret the indiscretion which prompted it." Your readers will be unable to judge of the kindness and truthfulness of these statements after they shall have been referred, not to the "phantoms of our fancy," but to proof, the validity of which, will not be disputed. The first sentence of the Circular, after the object of the communication is announced, is an extract, slightly altered, though not so as to change the sense, from a permanent document of the Church! The original reads thus:

"Several efforts were made at different periods to establish the Baptist cause in the valley of Wyoming, yet without success; owing principally to the opposition of other sects, and prejudice existing against the Baptist name, in consequence of erroneous views entertained by those calling themselves Baptists.—In August, 1842, Bro. A. L. Post, of Montrose, commenced a series of meetings in Wilkesbarr, and in his indefatigable and self-denying labors, was called to endure many trials and much persecution; yet he was mercifully sustained under them all, &c."

In the "Circular," want of co-operation is substituted for 'erroneous views,' as 'want of co-operation' would necessarily result from 'erroneous views';—while 'prejudice against the Baptist name, and much persecution,' is omitted. The above is taken from the history of this Church—a document which was prepared by one of its members soon after our settlement with them, and adopted by the Church, without a dissenting voice. And as it was a matter, in reference to which we knew nothing at the time from personal observation, we had nothing to say, pro or con, respecting its adoption.

Should you still be constrained by the ardor of your love to the Baptist Church, to shield it from an imputation of responsibility in publishing the Circular, allow us to inform you, that it was not only prepared by the especial direction of, and approved by the Trustees, but that it was also adopted by a vote of the Church; and that, too, without the first word being said by the pastor, or any other one; to influence the vote. And since you are so confident that the "Circular" contains sentiments so different from the "character and feelings of those we found in the Church on our introduction here," we are prepared to inform you, that not only all we found in the Church when we came, (except those removed by death, dismission, &c. and one who never attends our meetings for business,) voted for the adoption of the Circular; but many whom we did not find in the Church when we came. The Baptist Church, therefore, and not the "phantoms of our fancy," is responsible for the "Circular," your unqualified assertion to the contrary, notwithstanding.

And now for the contents of the "Circular." And here, with an air of exultation, as if to crush us at once, with an "interrogative affirmative," your cell