

Wyoming County Whig.

C. E. LATHROP,

"MAY THE THOUGHT OF GOD, AND MAY THE ANGELS OF LIBERTY FOREVER BE WITH YOU, MY COUNTRY."

PUBLISHER.

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Advertisements will be inserted conspicuously at 50 cts per square of twelve lines or less, for the first insertion, and 25 cts for each additional insertion. A reduction of these rates will be made for large advertisements, and to those who advertise by the year.

All kinds of Book and Job printing, will be neatly executed at reasonable prices.

AGENTS FOR THE WHIG.

V. B. PALMER, Tribune Buildings, New York, and N. W. corner of Third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

ELHANAN SMITH, Attorney at Law, Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Penn. OFFICE on Warren street, formerly occupied by Peckham & Smith.

MILTON DANA, Attorney & Counselor at Law, TUNKHANNOCK, PA. Office opposite A. Durham's Store.

A. K. PECKHAM, Attorney at Law, Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co., Penn. OFFICE in Phelps' new brick building Warren street, opposite the old stand of Peckham & Smith.

D. L. PECKHAM, Attorney at Law, Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co., Penn. Office with A. K. Peckham, Esq. in Phelps' new Brick Block. [Jan. 3, 1849]

John Brisbin, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Penn. Office in the next room below S. D. Phelps Dr. Store. [Jan. 3, 1849.]

G. S. TUTTON, Attorney at Law, Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co., Pa.

WILLIAM CAREY, TOBACCO AND SEGARS, (Wholesale and Retail), North side Public Square, Wilkes Barre, Pa.

MAMMOTH CLOTHING, HENRIEPODERKUNNE, CLOTHING of all kinds at the New Clothing and Gentlemen's Furnishing and Outfitting Establishment.

TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

KOENS & MATER, On Bridge street, one door below Messrs. Read & Bandwell's store, have the pleasure of inviting the public in general and those who want Good and Cheap Clothing in particular, to call at their store and examine the largest and most splendid stock of the

BEST GOODS ever imported into this section of Country: Such as Coats, Pantalons, and Vests; Shirts, Collars, Suspenders, Gloves, and every article of Men's, Youth's and Children's

WEARING APPAREL. Their articles are well made and the work is warranted. All kind of Clothing made to order on short notice.

They have also on hand a good stock of BOOTS & SHOES. Being determined to sell goods as low as they can be bought at any other establishment in the Union, we feel assured that we can suit all those who may favor us with a call. KOENS & MATER. Oct. 30, 1849. 44y

RISING SUN HOTEL, Berwick, Pa. THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the traveling public, that he now occupies the above well known stand, formerly kept by T. M. Nair, in Berwick, Columbia Co., Pa., and as fitted up and furnished in the best manner, for the accommodation of strangers and travelers.

HIS TABLE is supplied with the best the market affords, and his Bar stocked with choice liquors.

His Stable is one of the most extensive in the country, and obliging Ostlers are always in attendance. Confident of being able to give perfect satisfaction, he solicits the patronage of the traveling public.

R. B. STEDMAN, Berwick, Jan. 3 1849.—14y.

MESS PORK by the bbl. or in quantities to suit purchasers, at the Telegraph. J. H. BOGART, July 16.

STORE AND FARMS FOR SALE, situated in the township of Dimock, Susquehanna County, Pa. Attached to the store is a new 2-story house, with a small quantity of land suitable for building lots. The store & lot, favorably situated in the village of Dimock, will be sold for \$1500.—One of the farms contains about 2 1/2 acres, the other about 120—both old, well watered, well fenced, in good condition, and having abundance of good fruit. For particulars, inquire of S. E. TAYLOR or C. E. LATHROP, Tunkhannock. For SALE also, two good dwelling-houses in the City of Tunkhannock. July, 1850.

Bedsteads? A LARGE assortment of superior quality Bedsteads just received at very low prices at the Telegraph Store. J. H. BOGART, Tunkhannock, July 16.

CHAIRS FOR sale at the North Branch, by L. READ.

The Power of Mercy.

Quiet enough, in general, is the quaint old town of Lamborough. Why all this bustle today? Along the hedge-bound roads which leads to it, carts, chaises, vehicles of every description are jogging filled with countrymen; and here and there the scarlet cloak or straw bonnet of some female occupying a chair, placed somewhat unsteadily behind them, contrasts gaily with the dark coats, or gray smock-frocks of the front row. From every cottage of the suburb, some individuals join the stream, which rolls on increasing through the streets, till it reaches the castle.—The ancient moat teems with idlers; and the hill, opposite, usually the quiet domain of a score or two of peaceful sheep, partakes of the surrounding agitation.

The voice of the multitude which surrounds the court-house sounds like the murmur of the sea, till suddenly it is raised to a sort of shout.—John West, the terror of the surrounding country, the sheep-stealer and burglar, had been found guilty.

"What is the sentence?" is asked by a hundred voices.

The answer is "Transportation for life."

But there was one standing aloof on the hill, whose inquiring eye wandered over the crowd with indescribable anguish, whose pallid cheek grew more and more ghastly at every denunciation of the culprit, and who, when at last the sentence was pronounced, fell insensible upon the greensward. It was the burglar's son.

When the boy recovered from his swoon, it was late in the afternoon; he was alone; the faint tinkling of the sheep-bell had again replaced the sound of the human chorus of expectation, and dread, and jesting, all was peaceful; he could not understand why he lay there, feeling so weak and sick. He raised himself tremulously and looked around, the turf was cut and spoiled by the trampling of many feet. All his life of the last few months floated before his memory, his residence in his father's hovel with ruffianly comrades, the desperate schemes he heard as he pretended to sleep on his lowly bed, their expeditions at night, masked and armed, their hasty returns, the news of his father's capture, his own removal to the house of some female in the town, the court, the trial, the condemnation.

The father had been a harsh and brutal parent; but he had not positively ill used his boy. Of the Great and Merciful Father of the fatherless the child knew nothing. He deemed himself alone in the world. Yet grief was not his pervading feeling, nor the shame of being known as the son of a transport. It was revenge which burned within him. He thought of the crowd which had come to feast upon his father's agony; he longed to tear them in pieces, and he plucked savagely a handful of the grass on which he leant. Oh, that he were a man! that he could punish them all—all—the spectators first, the constables, the judge, the jury, the witnesses, one of them, especially, a clergyman, named Leyton, who had given his evidence more positively, more clearly, than all the others. Oh, that he could do that man some injury—but for him his father would not have been identified and convicted.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him—his eyes sparkled with fierce delight. "I know where he lives," he said to himself, "he has the farm and parsonage of Millwood. I will go there at once—it is almost dark already. I will do as I have heard my father say he once did to the Squire. I will set his barns and his house on fire. Yes, yes, he shall burn for it—he shall get no more fathers transported."

To procure a box of matches was an easy task, and that was all the preparation the boy made. The autumn was far advanced. A cold wind was beginning to moan amongst the almost leafless trees, and George West's teeth chattered, and his ill-clad limbs grew numb as he walked along the fields leading to Millwood. "Lucky it's a dark night; this fine wind will fan the flame nicely," he repeated to himself.

The clock was striking nine, but all was quiet as midnight; not a soul stirring, not a light in the parsonage windows that he could see. He dared not open the gate, lest the click of the latch should betray him, so he softly climbed over; but scarcely had he dropped on the other side of the wall before the barking of a dog startled him. He cowered down behind the hay-rick, scarcely daring to breathe, expecting each instant that the dog would spring upon him. It was some time before the boy dared to sit, and as his courage cooled, his thirst for revenge somewhat subsided also; till he almost determined to return to Lamborough; but he was too tired, too cold, too hungry—besides the woman would beat him for staying out so late. What could he do? where should he go? and as the sense of his lonely and forlorn condition returned, so did also the affectionate remembrance of his father, his hatred of his accusers, and his desire to satisfy his vengeance; and once more courageous through anger he rose, took the box from his pocket, and boldly drew a match across the sand paper. It flamed; he stuck it hastily in the stack against which he rested—it only flickered a little, and went out. In great trepidation, young West once more grasped the whole of the remaining matches in his hand and ignited them, but at the same instant the dog barked. He hears the gate open, a step is close to him, the matches are extinguished, the lad makes a desperate effort to escape—but a strong hand was laid on his shoulder, and a deep, calm voice inquired, "What can have urged you to such a crime?" Then calling loudly, the gentleman, without relinquishing his hold, soon obtained the help of some farming men who commenced a search with their lanterns all about the farm. Of course they found no accomplices, nothing at all but the hapful of half-consumed matches the lad had dropped, and he all the time stood trembling, occasionally struggling beneath the firm, but not rough grasp of the master who held it.

At last the men were told to return to the house, and thither, by a different path, was George led, till he entered a small, poorly-furnished room.—The walls were covered with books, as the bright flame of the fire revealed them to the gaze of the little culprit. The clergyman lit a lamp and surveyed his prisoner attentively. The lad's eyes were fixed on the ground, whilst Mr. Leyton's wandered from his pale, pinched features to his scanty, ragged attire, through the tatters of which he could discern the thin limbs quivering from cold or fear; and when at last, impelled by curiosity at the long silence, George looked up, there was something so sadly compassionate in the stranger's gentle look, that the boy could scarcely believe he was really the man whose evidence had mainly contributed to transport his father. At the trial he had been unable to see his face, and nothing so kind had ever gazed upon him. His proud, bad feelings, were already melting.

"You look half starved," said Mr. Leyton, "draw nearer to the fire, you can sit down on that stool while I question you, and mind you answer me the truth. I am not a magistrate, but of course can easily hand you over to justice, if you will not allow me to benefit you in my own way."

George stood twisting his ragged cap in his trembling fingers, and with so much emotion depicted on his face that the good clergyman resumed, in still more soothing accents; "I have no wish to do any thing but good, my poor boy; look up at me, and see if you cannot trust me;—you need not be thus frightened. I only desire to hear the tale of misery your appearance indicates, to relieve it if I can."

Here the young culprit's heart smote him.—Was this the man whose house he had tried to burn?—On whom he had wished to bring ruin and perhaps death? Was it a snare spread for him to lead to confession? But when he looked on that grave, compassionate countenance, he felt that it was not.

"Come, my lad, tell me all."

George had for years heard little but oaths, and curses, and ribald jests, or the thief's jargon of his father's associates, and had been constantly cuffed and punished; but the better part of his nature was not extinguished; and at those words from the mouth of his enemy, he dropped on his knees, and clasping his hands, tried to speak; but could only sob. He had not wept before during that day of anguish; and now his tears

rushed forth so freely, his grief so passionate as he half knelt, half rested on the floor, that the good questioner saw that sorrow must have its course ere calm could be restored.

The young patient still wept, when a knock was heard at the door; and a lady entered. "It was the clergyman's wife; he kissed her as she asked how he had succeeded with the wicked man in the jail."

"He told me," replied Mr. Leyton, "that he had a son whose fate tormented him more than his punishment. Indeed his mind was so distracted respecting the youth, that he was scarcely able to understand my exhortations. He entreated me with agonizing energy to save his son from such a life as he had led, and gave me the address of a woman in whose house he lodged. I was, however, unable to find the boy in spite of many earnest inquiries."

"Did you hear his name?" asked the wife.

"George West," was the reply.

At the mention of his name, the boy ceased to sob. Breathlessly he heard the account of his father's last request, of the best benevolent clergyman's wish to fulfill it. He started up, ran towards the door, and endeavored to open it; Mr. Leyton calmly restrained him. "You must not escape," he said.

"I cannot stop here. I cannot bear to look at you. Let me go!" The lad said this wildly, and shook himself away.

"Why, I intend you, nothing but kindness." A new flood of tears gushed forth; and Geo. West said between his sobs:

"Whilst you were searching for me to help you, I was trying to burn you in your house—I cannot bear it." He sunk on his knees, and covered his face with both hands.

There was a long silence, for Mr. and Mrs. Leyton were as much moved as the boy, who was bowed down with shame and penitence, to which hitherto he had been a stranger.

At last the clergyman asked, "What could have induced you to commit such a crime?" Rising suddenly in the excitement of remorse, gratitude & many feelings new to him, he hesitated for a moment, and told his story; he related his trials, his sins, his sorrows, his supposed wrongs, his burning anger at the terrible fate of his only parent, and his rage at the exultation of the crowd; his desolation on recovering from his swoon; his thirst for vengeance, the attempt to satisfy it. He spoke with untaught, child-like simplicity, without attempting to suppress the emotions which successively overcame him.

When he ceased, the lady hastened to the crouching boy, and soothed him with gentle words. The very tones of her voice were new to him. They pierced his heart more acutely than the fiercest of the upbraiding and denunciations of his old companions. He looked on his merciful benefactors with bewildered tenderness. He kissed Mr. Leyton's hand then gently laid on his shoulder. He gazed about like one in a dream who treaded to wake. He became faint and staggered. He was laid gently on a sofa, and Mr. and Mrs. Leyton left him.

Food was shortly administered to him, and, after a time, when his senses had become efficiently collected, Mr. Leyton returned to the study, and explained holy and beautiful things, which were new to the neglected boy; of the great yet loving Father: of Him who loved the poor, forlorn wretch, equally with the richest and noblest, and happiest; of the force and efficacy of the sweet benediction, "Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy."

I heard the story from Mr. Leyton, during a visit to him in May. George West was then head-ploughman to a neighboring farmer, one of the cleanest, best behaved, and most respected laborers in the parish.

THE GATEWAY TO ETERNITY.—There is a solemn mystery which hangs like an impenetrable cloud around the dread entrance to eternity. We travel with our friends, neighbours, and fellow men, up to this mysterious spot, and there the immortal spirit, dislodged from its frail tenement of clay, is ushered in a moment thro' this iron gate way—but we cannot follow them. Our intensest vision cannot penetrate one inch beyond this adamantine wall, which conceals the spirit-land and its wonderful mysteries from our view. But our time will come to pass this iron gateway. We shall enter it alone. Each man for himself in his own dread experience, must pass the solemn boundary. He knows not—he cannot know the hour till it arrives. And yet how unconcerned—how negligent—how careless of all preparation for this dread hour are the multitudes which crowd and fluster for a day on life's brief stage. Says an eminent writer:—

"Our imaginations are intercepted, in their flight to eternity, by a dark and cloudy envelopment. Ere we can realize that distant world of souls, we must pierce our way beyond the curtains of the grave; we must scale this awful barricade which separates the visible from the invisible, we must make our escape from all the clove, warm and besetting urgencies which in this land of human bodies are ever plying us with constant and powerful solitation; and force our spirits across the boundaries of sense. We know not if there be another tribe of beings in the universe who have such a task to perform. Angels have no death to undergo. There is no such affair of unnatural violence between them and their final destiny. It is for man, and for aught that appears, it is for man alone, to fetch from the other side of a material panorama that hems and encloses him, the great and abiding realities with which he has everlastingly to do. It is for him, so locked in an imprisoned clay, and with no other loop-holes of communication between himself and all that is around him, than the eye and the ear, it is for him to light up in his bosom a lively and realizing sense of things, which eyes hath never seen, and ears hath never heard. It is for man and perhaps for man alone, to travel in thought, over the ruins of a mighty desolation; and beyond the wreck of that present world, by which he is encompassed, to conceive that future world in which he is to 'expatriate' forever."

Jenny Lind Leading the Fashion. The most laughable incident that we have heard connected with the Queen of Song, is said to have taken place at the Irving House on the first day of her arrival in the city of Gotham. As the "gong" rang for dinner, there was a perfect stampede among the female boarders of the house to obtain the earliest possible scrutiny of the various articles of dress, ribbons, combs or hair-pins, with which the Swedish Nightingale might be pleased to adorn herself on this her first appearance, before the young and blooming females of America. Judge then of the surprise and mortification of every lady present, when the unaffected songstress entered the room dressed in the simplest manner possible, and nothing to prevent her flowing locks from falling on her gracefully sloping shoulders but a few plain hair pins. As she entered the room and took her seat at the table, there was an almost unanimous exclamation of "What! no comb on the back of the head!" Oh how unfortunate that I should not have known it, so that I might have left mine in my room and used a few pins instead."

Now be it known to our male readers that the anxiety to ascertain the quantity and quality of Jenny's wearing "fixins" was not a fault of peculiarity belonging exclusively to the foregoing ladies; but one that is inherent in the sex, or proven by the fact that on Jenny's retiring to her room she immediately addressed her dressing-maid as follows: "Sussey, dear, I noticed all the ladies present at the table to-day, had their hair dressed with great taste and care, and fastened behind with a large comb—and as I do not wish to appear odd or eccentric while sojourning among so good a people, you please go out shopping to-day, dear, and obtain me a large comb with which I can fasten up my hair American fashion."

With a determination to be behind the fashion no longer than could possibly be helped, something over a hundred females were busily engaged during most of the day, in so dressing their hair that without the assistance of combs it should appear a la Jenny Lind.

As Jenny entered the room the next day, what was her surprise and mortification on noticing that instead of every lady having a large comb in her hair as on the day previous, the hair in every instance was fastened up in true roll-hair-pin style.

The mortification of the female boarders, however, was still greater than that of Jenny, to think that the entire afternoon of the previous day, and some three hours previous to the ringing of the gong on the present occasion, had been devoted to the subject of hair-dressing, (the Irving in fact having been transformed into a six-storied barber-shop) and after all the Nightingale had made her second appearance in a large comb of precisely the same pattern that they, on her account, had cast aside as useless and unfashionable; but twenty-four hours previous.