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POETRY.

Pointful Hours.

Oh, gone forever are the hours,
The sunny hours when life was new,
And every path led on through flowers
Of sweetest scent and loveliest hue—
When every little cloud that flung
Its transient shadow from the sky,
Was sure to have a rainbow hung
Upon it as it journeyed by.

And who shall chide us if we shed
A tear to-day, though shed in vain,
O'er so much joy and beauty fled,
That never can be ours again?
For now it is we see how bright
Were those young hours we have resigned!
Now, when we've reached another height,
And turning, sadly look behind!

Oh, had we seen them then, as now
We see them through the lapse of years,
How fleeting had they seemed, and how
Replete with smiles and free from tears!
How gladly would we have delayed,
If possible, their rapid flight,
And kept them with us till we made
Them double all their sweet delight!

But they are gone, oh, they are gone,
They never can again be ours,
Those sunny hours that led us on
In gladness through the blooming flow'rs,
With onward march and dark array,
The sterner years have come at last,
And pushed our little friends away,
Away into the solemn past.

And now, with many a sigh and tear,
As we move up the rugged hill,
At every step they will appear,
More lovely, more enchanting still!
Like sparkling fountains and shady groves,
With all their coolness and their bloom,
To him, who having left them, roves
Still deeper in the desert's gloom.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.—It is the law
of Providence for the allotments of man-
kind to be various. The general wis-
dom of this arrangement is apparent in
the adaptation of all classes and events
to each other, and in the ability of the
 Gospel to give contentment in every
condition of life. It is the duty of all to
render to each other that assistance
which God may put in our power to
grant. In the language of Sir Walter
Scott, the race of mankind would perish
did they cease to aid each other. From
the time that the mother binds the child's
head, till the moment that some kind
assistant wipes the death-damp from the
brow of the dying, we cannot exist with-
out mutual help. All, therefore, who
need aid, have a right to ask it from
their fellow mortals; no one who holds
the power of granting can refuse with-
out guilt.

READING.—A proper and judicious
system of reading is of the highest im-
portance. Two things are necessary in
perusing the mental labors of others:
namely, not to read too much, and to
pay great attention to the nature of what
you read. Many people peruse books
for the express and avowed purpose of
consuming time; and this class of read-
ers forms by far the majority of what
are termed the "reading public." Others
again read with the anxiety of being
made wiser; and when this object is not
attained, the disappointment may gen-
erally be attributed, either to the habit
of reading too much, or paying insuffi-
cient attention to what falls under their
notice.

ANTIDOTE TO POISON.—A corres-
pondent of the London Literary Ga-
zette, alluding to the numerous cases of
deaths from accidental poisoning, and
particularly the melancholy fate of the
late Royal Academician, Mr. Owen, adds
—"I venture to affirm, there is scarce
even a cottage in this country that does
not contain an invaluable, certain, im-
mediate remedy for such events; nothing
more than a desert spoonful of made
mustard, mixed in a tumbler of warm
water, and drank immediately. It acts
as an instantaneous emetic, is always
ready, and may be used with safety in
any case where one is required. By
making this ample antidote known, you
may be the means of saving many a fel-
low creature from an untimely end."

The Cheerful Heart.

How wearily the little news-boy
plodded along the deserted streets on
that New Year's Eve! The cold rain
was beating fiercely upon him, and a
few tattered garments served to protect
him from its rage. All day long he had
been out amid the storm, and was now
returning, weary and hungry home.
The street lamps were lighted, and as
he passed by them you could see by the
gleam that his face was pale and emac-
iated—could see that, young as he was,
something had been there already to
attenuate his features, and give him that
wan and desolate look which can be
given only by some great affliction,
some pinching want or overwhelming
grief. You could tell at a glance that
dark shadows was resting upon his path-
way—a shadow out of which there
seemed, just then, but little hope of es-
cape. Born amid poverty and wretch-
edness, and left fatherless while yet in
his cradle, his life up to that hour had
been nothing but misery—and the whole
record of that life was written in his
pale face and tattered rags. Yet, with
all this, as he passed along, a close ob-
server might have noticed a strange
light in his clear, blue eye—an expres-
sion of kindly cheerfulness, such as we
may not often see in this world of care
and grief—for God's blessing was upon
him—the blessing of a cheerful heart.
The sorrow of his life, however deep
and abiding, the gloom upon his path-
way, however dark and fearful, dimmed
not the light that burned so quietly, and
yet so steadily within. Like the Vestal
fire of old, it grew not dim, but threw
its rays far out over the great gloom
around him—even now the cold storm
beat upon him unheeded. There are
walking dreams that come upon us some-
time when we least expect them—bright
dreams of love, and home, and heaven—
beautiful visions of future, all glori-
ous with its burden of song and glad-
ness!—and such a vision, of such a fu-
ture, now filled and crowded and blessed
the heart of that forsaken boy. He was
dreaming, as he walked along, of better
days to come—of the time poverty in
his pathway should depart, and the
beautiful flowers should spring up to
bless him with their presence—of a
bright home far away from that great
city, upon whose cheerful earth the
fire should not go out, and where hun-
ger should never haunt him more. And
then into that dream of a better life—in-
to that vision of a cheerful home far-off
among the green hills—came a pleasant
face—the face of his beloved mother.
He could see her as she sat by the lat-
tice at the quiet evening hour, reading
the sacred Bible, with the last red rays
resting like a glory upon her brow,
while the rose-leaf trembled at the win-
dow, and the little violets folded them-
selves to sleep. Very pleasant was the
picture there passing before the gaze of
that ragged child, very glorious the
panorama of green hills and bright
flowers and singing birds—very beauti-
ful that humble cottage, half covered by
the clustering foliage;—and his heart
thrilled and heaved with a strange rap-
ture never known before, such rapture,
such joy as the stricken poor can never
know, save when some good angel
comes down from the blue heaven and
beckons them away from the haunts of
woe and want in which they suffer, to
the free air and the blessed sunshine.

But the dream had passed—the sun
had set—the flowers faded, the cottage
disappeared. Of all that beautiful vis-
ion, so cheering and so glorious, no
trace remained; no vestige of leaf or
tree or bird; no letter of his mother's
Bible—no lovelight of his mother's eye.
The darkness came around him, and he
found himself there amid the storm in
the silent streets of that great and sinful
city. So gathering his garments more
closely about him, he hurried along to
his home with a prayer upon his lip

and God's sunlight in his heart. Turn-
ing into an obscure street, a few steps
brought him to the door of a wretched
dwelling, which he entered. Follow
now and behold a scene of want, of pen-
ury, such as may be found sometimes in
this world of ours—a scene upon which
men look with unconcern, but on which,
thank God! the angels gaze with joy;
a home where poverty struggles with a
brave heart and is conquered.

Before the fire sat a pale, sad woman
upon whose features the traces of great
loveliness were still visible though sor-
row had sharpened them somewhat, and
ghastly want done much to dim their
beauty. Upon her high and queenly
brow the blue veins were clearly visi-
ble, as the blood coursed through them
with unwonted rapidity.—Her large
dark eyes were dim with tears. Some
new sorrow had started afresh the seal-
ed fountain of her grief—and now as
she gazed silently upon the red embers
in all the utter agony of despair, it might
seem that hope had gone forever and
God forsaken her.

"Mother?" said the boy, as he entered,
all dripping with rain, "I have come at
last, and I am tired and hungry."

"My son! my son!" replied the moth-
er, "there is no morsel of food in the
house," and her lip quivered. "We must
starve! we must starve!"—God help
us!" and her tears broke forth afresh.

Thus had it been for many a weary
month.—With scarcely food sufficient
to support life, that mother and her boy
had struggled, and suffered, and wept,
and prayed—and now that the cold win-
ter was coming on, no wonder that her
heart shuddered and her cheek grew
pale at the hopeless prospect ahead.
How could they pass the dreary days
and long nights, the storm and the ter-
rible cold, without food and raiment,
and shelter? And then where could
they go when the heartless landlord
should thrust them from their present
wretched dwelling, as he had threaten-
ed to do on the morrow? Verily the
gloom and the despair were great and
fearful! And yet even at that desolate
hour an eye looked down from heaven
upon that friendless widow. There by
the hearth-stone—by the dying embers
an angel hovered—an earthly angel,
even in the guise of that cheerful child.
For

"Earth has its angels, though its forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all:
Though harps are wanting and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow."

"Mother," said he, "we will not starve.
God has not forsaken us. There are
better days to come, mother! I saw it
in a dream, and in it I beheld your own
dear self, and you were singing a pleas-
ant song away in that blessed home.
Oh! mother, cheer up! cheer up!"

When the little boy lay down upon
his wretched couch, that night, he was
changed. His mother's great despair
had transformed him from a suffering
child into a strong-hearted man—from
a weak and helpless dependent, into an
earnest, thoughtful worker; henceforth
his path was one of duty alone—and no
affluence, be it ever so bright, could
turn him from it. Before him glittered
forever a guiding star; and his intense,
absorbing gaze, from which neither
the cares, nor the vanities of life could
be for an instant diverted. Existence
had for him but one object, and his ut-
most energies were taxed for its attain-
ment.

Never did the sun rise in greater
splendor than on the New Year's morn-
ing following that night of hunger,
guiding the spires and domes of the city
with its rays. The streets were already
rapidly filling with the gay crowd seek-
ing pleasure, and men walked as though
the general life had been given them by
the new life of the year and the bracing air.

In the most crowded street was the
newsboy, but not the disconsolate, wretch-
ed lad who had plodded his way through
the storm the night before, to a desolate

home and a supperless bed.—You would
not have recognized him as he hurried
along, eagerly intent upon his avocation
and his face all radiant with the great
hope that struggled at his heart.

That night joy visited the forsaken
fireside.—They had paid the landlord
his rent, and still had sufficient left
wherewith to purchase food. It was a
merry New Year for them.

Years came and went. Great chan-
ges had taken place. The boy had
grown to manhood.—High honors were
conferred upon him. Wealth flowed
into his coffers—his praise was upon ev-
ery tongue. And at this very hour, up-
on the banks of the majestic Hudson,
his mansion stands conspicuous among
a thousand others for its taste and elee-
gance.

He has but one companion—his aged
mother!—the lonely widow whom we
saw some years ago, gazing mournfully
in the fire, and watching the flickering
light. His influence was felt far and
wide, and the poor and wretched of ev-
ery class and kind come around him with
their blessings.

"Thank God! thank God!"—for ev-
ery suffering son of man, who comes up
from the deep shadow of despair into
the blessed sunlight, and, turning, gives
his word of cheer to the groping millions
beneath him.

"Thank God! thank God, that scatter-
ed here and there, throughout the world,
in many an humble home may be found
men and women, unto whom life pre-
sents but little of love, or hope, or joy,
and yet who pass along amid its deso-
late paths without a murmur, sustained,
and soothed, and blessed by this alone—
a cheerful heart."

COURTSHIP.—A lover should be
treated with the same gentleness as a
new glove. The young lady should
pull him on with the utmost tenderness
at first, only making the smallest ad-
vance at a time, till she gradually gains
upon him, and twists him ulti-
mately around her little finger; where-
as the young lady who is hasty, and in
too great a hurry, will never get a lover
to take her hand, but be left with noth-
ing but her wits at her fingers ends.

It does not follow that because a
minister is small in stature he is small
also in mind; but that does not affect
our story:

A clergyman of this class, was on
Sabbath to preach for a neighboring
church. The pulpit was so high, that
he was obliged to make a temporary
stool, by elevating a board upon bricks.
Having mounted the stool, he commen-
ced announcing his text, which was
from John 16, 16, and got as far as "A
little while and ye shall not see me,"
when down went his stool, and the min-
ister disappeared.

HOW TO COUGH.—A writer in the
New York Sun says it is injurious to
cough leaning forward, as it serves to
compress the lungs and makes the irri-
tation greater. Persons prone to the
enjoyment, should keep the neck straight
and throw out the chest. By these
means the lungs expand and the wind-
pipe is kept free and clear. There is an
art in everything, and the art of cough-
ing is perhaps as important in its way
as any other.

MISGUIDED AFFECTIONS.—The
Earl of Shaftesbury once said; "By a
small misguidance of affections, a lover
of mankind becomes a ravager, a hero
and deliverer becomes an oppressor and
a destroyer." Who then can estimate
the value of high and holy motive, cou-
pled to a well trained mind, and the re-
quisite tact and skill in him who is to
develop the future statesman and phi-
lanthropist, yea, the future sovereign of
a republic? What a responsibility
rests on teachers of youth!

The Raw Material.

A green 'un in the New York Spir-
it gives the following as his experience
in the oyster line:—

"I never seed any of the animals till
I went to New Orleans."

One night a friend of mine said to me,
"are you fond of oysters?"

"I aint nothin' else," says I.

"Reckon," says he, "I can push more
than any living man."

"I can take the shine out of you," says
I, and I'll anti on that."

"Done," says he, "we'll bet suppers,
and go right out and get 'em."

We went into what we called 'a roas-
ted rat,' and arter we sot down, he asked
me how I'd take 'em."

I didn't know what to say, and I told
him I'd take 'em any way he chose.

"Waiter!" he sung out, "bring us a
dozen raw to begin on, then a stew, and
after that a dozen fried!"

Patty soon a fellow with his shirt tail
hanging down before, sot down a plate
full of nasty slimy lookin' things, that
made me gag to look at 'em. I dassent
say a word for fear of bein' found out
but ef I didn't imbide the brandy to
keep them oysters in their places its a
pity—I was in for it, as Jonah said when
he swallowed the whale, and had noth-
in' to do but swallow and gag.—My
friend seed I looked kinder down in the
mouth, and so he ordered in champagne,
as he said, to raise my spirits, and it
went long afore it did—it raised the
spirits and the oysters too; both come
up together. I had the supper to pay
but settlin' the bill didn't settle my stom-
ach.—How I got to bed I disremember,
but my friend and I had the same room,
and he'd eat and drank himself into put-
ty much the same fix as me. So we
spent the night performin' the cataract
of Niagara. I played the American
side and he played the opposite shore.
The full particulars of the performance
was found in the small bills we paid at
the bar the next mornin'—I've never
said turkey about eatin' oysters since.
All this you see come, for bein' so orful
smart!

THAT AXE.—The other day I was
holding a man by a hand as firm in its
outer texture as leather; and his sun-
burnt face was as inflexible as parch-
ment; he was pouring forth a tirade of
contempt on those who complain that
they can find nothing to do as an excuse
for becoming idle loafers.

Said I: "Jeff, what do you work at?
—You look hearty and happy; what
are you at?" "Why," said he, "I bought
me an axe three years ago, that cost me
two dollars; that was all the money I
had. I went to chopping wood by the
cord; I have done nothing else, and I
have earned more than six hundred dol-
lars, have drank no grog, paid no doc-
tor, and have bought me a little farm in
the Hoosier State, and shall be married
next week to a girl that has earned two
hundred dollars since she was eighteen."
—"My old axe I shall keep in the draw-
er, and buy me a new one to cut my
wood with."

After I left him, I thought to myself,
"that axe," and "no grog!" They are
the two things to make a man in this
new world. How small a capital.
That axe. How sure of success with
the motto "no grog!" And then a farm
and a wife the best of all!—Messen-
ger.

A joyous-looking Taylor friend
of ours was walking in the street the
other day, his portly person arrayed in
a very comfortable cloak. "Where did
you get your new cloak from?" was the
query of an acquaintance. "Oh, only
a present," was the reply. "But it is
rather too short for you," continued the
questioner. "Yes, and so was Cass's
vote, or I should not be wearing it;" and
the cloak and the wearer passed on.

Industry and perseverance ac-
complish all things.

Factory Girls.

Some of the Lowell Factory girls be-
ing about to strike an account of the re-
cent reduction in wages, issue the follow-
ing piquant and witty manifesto; offer-
ing their services to the public. It will
be seen they are capable of almost any-
thing, and are "remarkably fond of bab-
ies."

"We are now working out our notice
and shall soon be out of employment—
can turn our hands to anything—don't
like to be idle—but determined not to
work for nothing where folks can af-
ford to pay. Who wants help? We
can make bonnets, dresses, puddings,
pies or cake; patch, darn, knit; roast,
stew and fry; make butter and cheese,
milk cows, feed chickens, and hoe corn;
sweep out the kitchen, put the parlor to
rights; make beds, split wood, kindle
fires, wash and iron, besides being re-
markable fond of babies; in fact, can do
anything the most accomplished house-
wife is capable of, not forgetting the
scolding on Mondays and Saturdays;
for specimens of spunk, will refer you
to our overseer! Speak quick! Black
eyes, forehead, clustering locks, beauti-
ful as Hebe, can sing like a seraph, and
can smile most bewitchingly; any eld-
erly gentleman in want of a house-keeper,
or a nice young man in want of a
wife, willingly to sustain either charac-
ter, in fact we are in the market. Who
bids? Going, going, gone. Who's the
lucky man!"

"INFORMATION OF THE BRAIN."—
"So old Dr. Quill is dead," said Mrs.
Partington, as she put an extra piece of
butter to her bread, "they do say that he
died of information on the brain; but they
musn't try to make me believe such an
unprobable story as that! Information
on the brain, truly! why he was the
greatest fool I know on; I can't help
laughing at his presumptuous igno-
rance. Why didn't he at one of his
lectures one cold night last winter, try
to make me believe, with a "spectable
ordinance, that the sun was then nearer
the earth than it would be in the hottest
days in summer? and didn't he try to
suppress on my mind, when he called
on me, that time is money? Oh, the
dalt! Why, there's cousin Slow—he
has his whole time—he was never
known to do anything but loaf—and the
world knows how poor he is. Oh you
can't make me believe such stuff. I
wonder what will carry me off, if he
died of information!" and she rose from the
table; flushed with excitement.

RECIPE FOR MAKING GOOD BREAD.
—James Roche, long celebrated in Bal-
timore, as a baker of excellent bread,
having retired from business, has furn-
ished the Baltimore American with the
following recipe for making good bread,
with a request that it should be published
for the information of the public:

"Take an earthen vessel, larger at the
top than the bottom, and in it put one
pint of milk warm water, one and a half
pounds of flour, and half pint of malt
yeast; mix them well together, and set
it away (in winter it should be in a
warm place) until it rises and falls
again, will be in from three to five
hours; (it may be set at night, if it be
wanted in the morning;) then put two
large spoonfuls of salt into two quarts of
water, and mix it well with the above
rising; then put it in about nine pounds
of flour, and work your dough well, and
set it by until it becomes light. Then
make it out in loaves. The above will
make four loaves.

"As some flour is dry and other run-
ny, the above quantity, however, will
be a guide. The person making bread
will observe that runny and new flour
will require one-fourth more salt than
old and dry flour. The water, also,
should be tempered according to the
weather; in spring and fall it should
only be milk-warm; in hot weather, cold
and in winter, warm."