

WYOMING COUNTY WHIG.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

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

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Vol. I.

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., FEB. 21, 1849.

No. 8.

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 mankind to be various. The general wisdom 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 without 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 without guilt.

READING.—A proper and judicious system of reading is of the highest importance. 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 readers 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 generally be attributed, either to the habit of reading too much, or paying insufficient attention to what falls under their notice.

ANTIDOTE TO POISON.—A correspondent of the London Literary Gazette, 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, immediate 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 fellow 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 emaciated—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 were resting upon his pathway—a shadow out of which there seemed, just then, but little hope of escape. Born amid poverty and wretchedness, 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 observer might have noticed a strange light in his clear, blue eye—an expression 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 pathway, 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 waking dreams that come upon us sometime when we least expect them—bright dreams of love, and home, and heaven—beautiful visions of future, all glorious with its burden of song and gladness!—and such a vision, of such a future, 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 hunger 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 lattice at the quiet evening hour, reading the sacred Bible, with the last red rays resting like a glory upon her brow, while the rose-laf trembled at the window, and the little violets folded themselves 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 beautiful that humble cottage, half covered by the clustering foliage;—and his heart thrilled and heaved with a strange rapture 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 vision, 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. Turning 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 penury, 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 sorrow had sharpened them somewhat, and ghastly want done much to dim their beauty. Upon her high and queenly brow the blue veins were clearly visible, as the blood coursed through them with unwonted rapidity.—Her large dark eyes were dim with tears. Some new sorrow had started afresh the sealed 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 mother, "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 winter 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 terrible 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 threatened 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 pleasant 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 allurements, 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 utmost energies were taxed for its attainment.

Never did the sun rise in greater splendor than on the New Year's morning 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 seeking pleasure, and men walked as though new life had been given them by the general hilarity and the bracing air.

In the most crowded street was the newsboy, but not the disconsolate, wretched 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 changes had taken place. The boy had grown to manhood.—High honors were conferred upon him. Wealth flowed into his coffers—his praise was upon every tongue. And at this very hour, upon the banks of the majestic Hudson, his mansion stands conspicuous among a thousand others for its taste and elegance.

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 every class and kind come around him with their blessings.

"Thank God! thank God!—for every 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 scattered here and there, throughout the world, in many an humble home may be found men and women, unto whom life presents but little of love, or hope, or joy, and yet who pass along amid its desolate 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 advance at a time, till she gradually gains upon him, and twists him ultimately around her little finger; whereas 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 nothing 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 commenced 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 minister 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 irritation 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 coughing 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, coupled to a well trained mind, and the requisite tact and skill in him who is to develop the future statesman and philanthropist, 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 Spirit 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 roasted 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 nothin' 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 want 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 stomach.—How I got to bed I disremember, but my friend and I had the same room, and he'd eat and drank himself into putty 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 parchment; 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 dollars, have drank no grog, paid no doctor, 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 drawer, 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!—*Messenger.*

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 accomplish all things.

Factory Girls.

Some of the Lowell Factory girls being about to strike an account of the recent reduction in wages, issue the following piquant and witty manifesto; offering their services to the public. It will be seen they are capable of almost anything, and are "remarkably fond of babies."

"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 afford 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 remarkable fond of babies; in fact, can do anything the most accomplished housewife 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, beautiful as Hebe, can sing like a seraph, and can smile most bewitchingly; any elderly gentleman in want of a house-keeper, or a nice young man in want of a wife, willingly to sustain either character, 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 ignorance. 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 Baltimore, as a baker of excellent bread, having retired from business, has furnished 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 runny, 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."