

The Wellsborough Advertiser.

BY WILLIAM D. BAILEY,

[SELF-DEPENDENCE AND SELF-IMPROVEMENT—THE FIRST RIGHT, AND THE FIRST DUTY OF EVERY NATION.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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WHOLE NO. 69.

From the Louisville Journal. To an Absent Husband.

We are sure that a husband, so beautifully and touchingly appealed to, will fly home upon the wings of love.

Dearest, come home! I cannot bear
Thy long-protracted stay,
So sad and lonely is my heart
When thou art gone away.
I've tried, alas! how vainly tried,
Thine absence to forget,
Yet still I can but think of thee
With fondness and regret.

As mourns the gentle, cooing dove,
In accents desolate,
When forced by some unkindly hand
Far from her loving mate—
So through the chambers of my heart
Echoes a mournful tone,
Whilst every pulse affection beats,
Re-echoes, "I'm alone."

Things that are bright when thou art here,
Look dark and gloomy now,
And nature seems to share my grief
With clouds upon her brow.
The bird sings now a sadder song
Than e'er he sang before,
And flowers have lost the sunny hue
They once so sweetly wore.

To wile the weary hours away,
That lag with laden feet,
I read thy favorite authors o'er,
Their choicest parts repeat.
But even books, those voiceless friends,
Have lost all charm for me,
And fail to cheer my heart, unless
I read them, love, with thee.

And music, with her voice so sweet,
I've called her to my aid;
As soft and low, with trembling hand,
Thy favorite air I've played.
But ah! those tender notes have stirred
Affection's fountain deep,
And sadly I have left my song
To think of thee and weep.

Thus gloomy thoughts their dismal shade,
O'er brightest objects fling,
How true it is a saddened heart
Can sadden every thing!
Then, dearest, come—thy wife's fond heart
Still warmly beats for you—
A heart whose every throbbing pulse
Is faithful, kind and true.

Select Miscellany.

THE FATAL JOKE.

BY HELEN M. GAGE.

I was once present—where a small party of young persons were warmly discussing the subject of *practical joking*. After a long and interesting debate, the question seemed about to be decided in its favor, when a gentleman, whose singularly melancholy and dejected air at once attracted our attention, related the following story:

"In my younger days I was remarkable for my fondness for practical joking, even to such a degree that I never allowed a good opportunity to pass unimproved.

"My orphan cousin, Robert, to whom I was fondly attached, was of a different nature from this. He was sober, sedate, and grave almost to a fault, very thoughtful and very bashful. This stupidity, as I called it, was often a check upon my natural gaiety, and it was seldom that I could induce him to join my boyish sports, though he sometimes did, merely to gratify me. Poor Robert! the green turf of his native valley, on whose bosom the fairest flowers that New England could boast of, have blossomed, and withered and passed away to eternity, leaving behind them a lasting impress of their loveliness, now covers his mouldering ashes. Yes—Robert is dead, and I am the unhappy cause of his untimely end, the circumstances of which will serve to convince you of the folly of 'practical joking.'

"It was late one evening early in September, that Robert and myself retired to our room to talk over the exciting scenes of the day, for it was the night after the election, and a fine holiday it had been to us. I had just returned from a visit to some friends in the city, and had, of course, brought with me many curious things which Robert had never seen nor heard of. Among them was a mask, the use of which I explained to my unsophisticated cousin, who laughed and wondered why people could wish to look horribly enough to wear one.

"I was in my gayest mood, just ready for an adventure and seeing he was disposed to make fun of my mask, I proposed an experiment.

"What!" exclaimed my cousin, "you do not intend to wear it to bed, do you?"

"Far from it," I replied, "it is you who shall wear the mask; not I. I am quite apt enough without it."

"A very just remark, indeed," he observed, gravely.

"I had never seen him in better humor, and I thought it best to unfold my plans at once. At our next door lived a worthy gentleman, with whose daughter my bashful cousin was already smitten. That very night as we passed by, on our return from the village, he had called and bade her good night, and had received in return, one of the sweetest smiles from the happiest eyes and most charming lips I ever beheld. I was his bosom friend, and to me he always entrusted his secrets, (alas! how little have I deserved confidence,) yet, he always blushed when I spoke of Julia.

"Some evil spirit, I know not what else it could have been, prompted me when I proposed to have a little sport, at her expense. My plans were these: He was to dress himself in a suit of clothes to correspond with the mask, which, by the way, was the most frightful looking thing I ever saw, repair to the dwelling of his love, and call her to the door by rapping. I was to stand near to witness the result, and participate in the joke.

"He blushed, hung his head, and, of course refused. I had expected this, but flattered myself that I could easily persuade him to the contrary. It was, however, a harder task than I had anticipated, for his unwillingness seemed greater than ever; the reason I readily understood.

"I poked and pshaw'd, and finally threatened to expose to all boys his cowardly disposition, as I pleased to term it, and tender feelings toward Julia, which as yet, none of them had discovered. This last argument proved more successful than the other, for he well knew that I never suffered the slightest threat to remain unfulfilled; and the fear of being laughed at—beside betraying that which he most wished to conceal, conquered, and he yielded, though reluctantly, his consent. At that moment—I even exulted over my triumph, though I have often since wished my lips had been struck dumb, before I had uttered those words that sealed the after fate of two pure beings. But in my thoughtlessness I rushed heedlessly on in whatever I undertook, regardless of consequences. My wild, reckless spirit had never been tamed.

"Finding that there was but one alternative, and that to submit cheerfully to my whim, he suffered himself to be arrayed as my fancy suggested, with good grace, and even laughed quite heartily, as I added garment after garment in order to make him look as frightful as possible; yet, after all, I could see that his mind was ill at ease; and I half condemned myself for being the cause of his unhappiness.

"When at length all was arranged to my satisfaction, I placed the horrid mask over his face and led him to the mirror. He started back and involuntarily placed his hand to his head, as if to take it away, but my interference prevented. He even pleaded that the penalty I had threatened to inflict, in case he refused to go might be secured him. But I was inexorable. I was anxious to see the result, and the delay caused by his unwillingness vexed me.

"A renewal of my threats of exposure succeeded in removing all obstacles, and we immediately set about our adventure.—Cautiously as thieves, we crept through the yard, and each took his station, Robert at the door and I at the window nearest him.

"The curtain was partly drawn aside, so that I could easily distinguish every object in the room. As I had anticipated she was alone. The domestics had retired, and I knew her old father too well to believe that he was anywhere but in the arms of Somnus; for he was one of those sensible persons whose maxim is—'Early to bed, and early to rise.'

"Julia—and I shall never forget how lovely she was—sat beside a small table in the centre of the room, apparently deeply absorbed in a book. Her fair hand supported her head, and her hair fell gracefully down upon her neck, in beautiful natural ringlets. She was a delicate wild flower, that had budded and blossomed under the shelter of a father's roof; and the sunshine of gladness, and the dews of affection had ever lighted and cheered her way.

"At length I gave a signal, and a loud rap was given. She paused for a moment, listened attentively, and then, laying down her book, arose and approached the door. As she opened it, the mask, stepped boldly in according to my directions. How shall I describe the scene that followed! Even now I shudder to think of it. Instantly all earthly hue fled from her face, and with a piercing shriek, she staggered back a few paces and fell heavily to the floor. Quick as lightning I sprang through the door way, and knelt at her side. I grasped her wrist; its pulsation had ceased! I placed my hand upon the heart: that also was still. She was dead!

"I can recall but little else that took place that night. The domestics, who slept in an adjoining room, had been awakened by that terrible shriek, and came rushing in to learn the cause of the uproar. I could not have spoken, even had explanation been necessary. I was overwhelmed with grief and self-condemnation. I could only point at the lifeless form of poor Julia, and at the mask, which Robert had torn from his face, and dashed to the floor. He stood gazing at me, with a cold, vacant stare, that I but too well understood. More I cannot remember.

"Ten days passed and I awoke from a raving delirium. My first inquiry was for Robert. They led him to his bedside; but, oh, what a change! I stretched out my clasped hands, in an agony of grief and remorse, to implore his forgiveness. He neither moved nor spoke but that same unmeaning stare drove home to my heart the fearful conviction. Alas! he was a hopeless idiot! Fifteen years have elapsed since that never-to-be-forgotten era of my life. I never have, never can, forgive myself for having been the cause of so much misery, though I have sought and hoped for forgiveness from on high. I never can look upon a mask without a shudder, or hear its use denounced without alluding to my experience. And you my young friends, when you are tempted to play tricks upon others, I am sure, will stop to consider, that what seems to be so innocent and harmless, may perhaps, in the end prove a 'fatal joke.'

"Jack, which is the way to Wapping?"

"How do you know my name is Jack?"

"I guessed it."

"Then guess the way to Wapping!"

A Farmer's Life.

The Hon. Joseph R. Williams has recently delivered an address before the Michigan State Agricultural Society, at Ann Arbor, which is distinguished by the soundness of its views no less than by the perspicuity with which they are advanced. We sincerely wish that we could afford room, consistently with our engagements, for the whole of this sterling production; but being unable to do so, we present to our readers an extract from it devoted to a consideration of the farmer's calling. It is as follows:

"A farmer should not consider it presumption, but a duty to gladden his home with all true, and genial, and intrinsically valuable comforts, that shed a glow and attractiveness around the private home of the citizen. He can make it more inviting. There are few comforts and appliances about the home of a townsman which a countryman cannot enjoy. There are a thousand pleasures around a country residence, which all the capital of a city cannot buy. A farmer surveys from his window, with unalloyed delight, the field now groaning by superior cultivation, under twice the crop of previous years. While he gains it, the world gains it. It is so much added to production. But multiplied and dubious are the ways in which a townsman makes his gains. Sometimes 'tis the pound of flesh. Sometimes 'tis extortion. Sometimes a double value is given to the raw material, but often his gain is lost to another. To say the least, the townsman is sometimes exposed to the inevitable necessities of expediency and dishonesty. From such necessities the farmer can, if he will, always be free.

"God made the country, man made the city." Just so superior as God's works are to man's works just so far superior are the studies of the country to the studies of the town. If you look upon the rich and gorgeous development of nature from spring to fall, from the tiny germ to the abundant crop, with no more delight than on piles of stone, and brick, and mortar, then your life anywhere will be desultory, hard, and dull. When he gazes upon the miracle of his own frame, in awe and admiration, David exclaimed: "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." Yet each plant and spire of grass, each tree and fruit, each creature, every form of vegetable and animal life, is deft than the frame of man. If he studies them all as living illustrations of scientific truths, and he delights at each new discovery of the capacity and properties of a plant or an animal, and each new insight into the laws which regulate its propagation and perfect growth, then indeed will a farmer become a philosopher and a man of science, and his life will be a ceaseless round of triumphant experiment and success. From the most trifling act, to the performance of the highest duty of a noble calling, his life will be full of delightful satisfaction. The favorite domestic animal, which he has watched and fed from a nursing, seems to lick his hand in gratitude, and almost eager to contribute to his support. Look along that avenue of stately trees, groaning beneath an abundance of delicious fruit, or throwing a refreshing shade over the weary traveler. But yesterday it was a bundle of mere twigs, which he providently brought home, grasped perhaps in a single hand. It may be that wide fields around him have been transformed from the wilderness by his energy, and now blossom like the rose. No groans nor tears, no sinks of misery and crime, no squalid poverty, are witnessed in his daily walks, and in the performance of his daily duty. His mind need not be tortured with intense anxiety because struggling on the verge of commercial ruin. He runs less hazard of having his body racked with every disease to which muscle and nerve, and head and stomach, are liable. But I fear I am straying wide of my subject. I wished to show that the pursuits of a farmer may be rendered the most intensely interesting, the most noble, and the most engrossing to all the faculties of both body and mind, of human occupations. As soon as it is made so, it will become the most profitable and thrifty also. What a farmer will his life and profession be, that it will prove."

"Tough stories.—We have heard and read all manner of tough stories—of black snakes with a dozen rabbits in them—of calves with seven heads and as many horns—of horses that took thirty-five feet at a leap—and hail stones, which measured twelve inches in diameter, and weighed we don't know how much. But of all tough ones, we think a story recorded by the Maine Farmer *rayther* takes the rag off the bush. It tells of a chap down near the Aroostook line, who took a gill of camphine in mistake for gin, but whose life was saved by a project worthy in every respect, of the most refined Yankee ingenuity. After the stomach pump, and all sorts of means of restoration had been tried in vain, the grocer's clerk ran a wick down the patient's throat, touched a blaze to it, and burned out the camphine! Of course the man revived immediately.

A FELLOW was seen running up First street, when a friend enquired, "what are you running for?"

"I am running for an office."

"What office?"

"Squire Rowley's—dang it, I'm sued!"

Pity His Family.

A man falls into embarrassment, which ultimately overwhelms him in bankruptcy or drive him into roguery and crime. He was yesterday respected, influential and supposed to be affluent, and his family were treated and treated themselves accordingly; but to-day he is disgraced and steered clear off—without resources or prospect—very likely in prison and exposed to ignominious punishment. "Vile wretch," say the million; "it is good enough for him, but we must pity his poor family."

Certainly, we must pity them—pity all who suffer; still more all who sin and suffer. They need pity, and there is no danger that we shall pity them too much. But the impression conveyed of the innocence of the fallen man's family and their unmerited exposure to want and ignominy, is often very far from the truth.

In fact, half the men who are lashed as dragging down their families to shame and destitution, are really themselves dragged down by those families driven to bankruptcy, shame and crime, by the thoughtless and basely selfish extravagance of wife and children. Let a man be in the way of receiving considerable money, and having property in his hands, and his family can rarely be made to comprehend and realize that there is any limits to his abilities to give and spend. Fine dresses and ornaments for wife and daughters, spending money and broadcloth for hopeful sons—costly parties every now and then, and richer furniture, and more of it at all times—these are a few of the blind drains on "the governor's" means which are perpetually in action. "O, what's a hundred dollars to a man doing such a business?" is the indignant question in case of any demerit or remonstrance on his part. Not one of them could bear to disgrace him by earning a dollar; they couldn't go out shabbily dressed, for fear his credit would suffer. They can't see how a man who can get discount in Bank need ever be short of money or stingy in using it. All his talk of difficulties or hard times they regard as customary fables, intended to script their drafts on his purse or enhance their sense of his generosity. When it is so easy to fill up a check, why will he be hogish. Let him give fifty dollars to any philanthropic object, or invest five hundred, however safely, in any attempt to meliorate see clearly that he has hoards of gold, and can just as well give them all dresses and jewels as not. Thus the man of means or of business is too often regarded by his family as a sponge to be squeezed, a goose to be plucked, an orange to be sucked, a spring to drink from when thirsty without at all diminishing its flow. The stuff is there in profusion—the only trouble is to make him give it up.

In vain he remonstrates—implores—puts down his foot. He cannot be eternally contending with those he loves best; he wants quiet at home in order to mature his plans and perfect his operations. If he resists impotently, the pumps are set going, and what man can stand the April showers of feminine sorrow? He gives way at last and throws down the money demanded, hoping that some great news by the next steamship—some turn of luck in his business—will make it up to him. Perhaps it don't, and this last feather has broken the elephant's back. The end, however, near or distant is morally certain. Treated always as a mine to be opened at will, he finally grows desperate and rushes into reckless speculation, or blasting crime, and is overwhelmed with ruin. "Selfish villain!" say the ignorant crowd, "how could he run such a career? How we pity his family!" No doubt of it! But if you knew more perhaps you would pity him.

N. Y. Tribune.

Consolation.

The great philosopher Ciotophilus said one day to a lady oppressed by grief for a heavy misfortune, "Madame, the Queen of England, daughter of Henry the Great, was as unfortunate as yourself. She was chased from her kingdom, she nearly perished in a storm at sea, and she saw her royal husband expire on a scaffold." "I am sorry for her," said the lady, who continued to shed tears over her own misfortunes.

"But," said Ciotophilus, "recollect Mary Stuart; she loved—but in all honor—a very handsome musician. Her husband flew him before her eyes, and afterwards her good friend and relation, Queen Elizabeth, caused her head to be cut off on a scaffold hung with black, after having kept her in prison for eighteen years." "That was very cruel," answered the lady, relapsing into melancholy.

"You have perhaps heard," said the comforter, "of the beautiful Joanna of Naples, who was taken and strangled?" "I have a confused recollection of it," answered the mourner.

"I must relate to you," rejoined he, "the adventures of a sovereign who was dejected in my time, after supper, and who died in a desert island." "I know the whole story," replied the lady.

"Well, then, let me tell you what happened to another great princess—to whom I have taught philosophy; she speaks of nothing but her misfortunes." "Why do you wish, then, that I should not think of mine?" said the lady. "Because," answered the philosopher, "you ought not to

reflect on them; when so many great ladies have been so unfortunate, it does not become you to despair." Think of Hecuba—think of Niobe." "Ah!" replied the lady, "if I had lived in their time, or in that of the beautiful princesses, and if, to console them, you had related my misfortunes, do you think they would have listened to you?"

The next day the philosopher lost his only son—he was ready to expire with grief. The lady made out a list of all the kings who had lost their children, and carried it to the philosopher. He read it—found it perfectly correct, but he did not weep the less.

Three months after, they met again, and were mutually astonished at each other's cheerfulness. They caused to be erected a beautiful statue to Time, with this inscription—"To him who consoles."—*French of Voltaire.*

Smoky Days in Autumn.

A correspondent says: "I am sure the atmosphere of our American Autumn has become more clear and transparent than it was thirty or forty, or even twenty years since. Then we had long intervals of smoky weather in Autumn, the whole air suffused with a soft haze which took a warm golden hue in the sunshine. Sometimes, too, if I recollect aright, the atmosphere was filled with an odor as of burnt leaves or herbage. In a great measure, I have no doubt that this smoky appearance must have been caused by fires in the woods, sometimes accidentally kindled at that dry season of the year, by fires made by the settlers in clearing their land among the vast tracts of heavy forest lying to the west of the older settlements, and by fires kindled by the Indians and white hunters in the immense grassy prairies west of the Ohio.

It was the common practice of the hunters of that country which now forms the Western States, to set fire to the dry rank herbage of the prairies every autumn, and the flames swept unchecked over a vast space, till they expired in the edge of the woodlands which bordered the water courses. In a day or two they would have traversed a prairie as large as one of our counties, and a thousand prairies would be sending up their enormous train of smoke at once in all the vast region which forms the valley of the Mississippi, and its auxiliary and its still more southern tributaries, from the lakes to the Red River, embracing ten degrees of latitude. It is impossible that such enormous quantities of smoke sent up into the atmosphere should not affect its clearness for leagues around, and the wind blowing almost continually from the west would carry the fine particles over the country along the Atlantic, and diffuse them to an almost boundless extent.

At present, the burning of a prairie in the valley of the Mississippi, is a much less frequent occurrence. In Illinois, in Missouri, and the new States of Iowa and Wisconsin, they are sometimes fired by accident, and the flame creeps over them before the wind, but with less noise and rapidly than formerly, for these vast plains having been depastured and deflowered in summer, by the numerous herds that range them there is far less of the dry herbage to feed it. The settlers use every precaution to prevent these accidents, as the fire often seizes their fences and endangers their wheat stacks and houses.

It is no doubt the case, that some part of the haze observed in our autumn, belongs naturally to the state of the atmosphere. The south wind at that season, and in winter, brings with it a certain dimness of the atmosphere. It is not so thick, nor so white as that often observed in England with an east wind, when, though the sky is perfectly cloudless and blue overhead, the horizon is veiled in a kind of dry fog, and objects at a little distance, are undistinguishable. As the fires in the woods and grassy wilderness of the west grow more and more frequent we shall soon be able to distinguish how much of the smoky appearance of the quiet autumnal days, when the sun seems to wink in the sky, and you can almost bear to look at its orb with the naked eye, is owing to the presence of real smoke, and how much to the condition of the atmosphere.—*N. Y. Post.*

TO PURIFY WATER.—It is not as generally known as it ought to be, that powdered alum possesses the property of purifying water. A large table-spoonful of pulverized alum, sprinkled into a hogshod of water, (the water stirred round at the time) will, after a lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A painful, containing four gallons may be purified by a single tea-spoonful.

WHEN the girls quit coquetting—when lawyers get honest, and printers get their dues, look out for the millennium. If our subscribers would flock in and pay up, we might fix the day; until they do, however, we will not prophesy more definitely.

It is said that there is a place in Dutchess county, N. Y., where the children are so fat and greasy that they have to be rolled in sand to keep them from slipping out of bed.

A BACHELOR is like a jug without a handle, there's no taking hold of him.

The Peasant's Stratagem.

A word spoken at random often proves of more utility than the best concerted plans. Hence it happens, that fools often prosper when men of talents fail.

As an illustration of this assertion, we will present our readers with the following story, from an old French periodical work called "Forfaits Redeemed."

A poor simple peasant, of the name of Cricket, being heartily tired of his daily fare of brown bread and cheese, resolved, whatever might be the consequence, to procure to himself, by hook or by crook, three sumptuous meals. Having taken this courageous and noble resolution, the next thing was to advise a plan and put it into execution, and here his good fortune befriended him. The wife of a rich nabob in the neighborhood of his cottage, during the absence of her husband, lost a valuable diamond ring; she offered a reward to any person who would recover it, or give any tidings of the jewel; but no one was likely to do either; for three of her own footmen, of whose fidelity she had not the smallest doubt, had stolen it. The loss soon reached our glutton's ears.

"I'll go," cries he; "I'll say I'm a conjuror, and I will discover where the gem is hidden, on condition of first receiving three splendid meals. I shall fall, 'tis true. What then? I shall be treated as an impostor, and my back and side may suffer for it; but my hungry stomach will be filled!"

To concert this scheme, and put it into practice, was but the work of a moment; the nabob was still absent. The lady, anxious for the recovery of her ring, accepted the offered terms; a sumptuous dinner was prepared, the table was covered with the richest viands; expensive wines of every sort were placed on the sideboard. We may think how much he ate. An attentive footman, one of the secret thieves, filled him with drink; our conjuror, gorged, exclaimed—

"'Tis well! I have the first!"

The servant trembled at the ambiguous words, and ran to his companions.

"He has found it out, said dear friends; he is a cunning man; he said he had the first; who could he mean but me?"

"It looks little like it," replied the second thief; "I'll wait on him to-night; as yet you may have mistaken his meaning, should he speak in the same strain we must decamp."

"At night a supper fit for a court of nobles was set before the greedy Cricket, who filled his paunch till he could eat no more. The second footman watched him all the while. When satisfied, he rose, exclaiming—

"The second is in my sack, and cannot escape me."

Away flew the frightened robber.

"We are lost!" he cried; "our heels alone can save us."

"Not so," answered the third; "if we fly and be caught, we swing; I'll tend him, at to-morrow's meal, and should he then speak as before, I'll own the theft to him, and offer some great reward to screen us from punishment, and that he may deliver the jewel to the lady without betraying us!"

"They all agreed. On the morrow our peasant's appetite was still the same; at last, quite full, he exclaimed—

"My task is done; the third, thank God, is here!"

"Yes," said the trembling culprit, "there is the ring, but hide our shame, and you shall never want good fare again."

"Be silent," exclaimed the astonished Cricket, who little thought that what he had spoken of his meals, would have made the plunderers betray themselves. "Be silent, I have it all."

Some geese were feeding before the windows, he went out, and having seized the largest, forced the ring down its throat, and then declared that the goose had swallowed the jewel.

The goose was killed, and the diamond found. In the meantime, the nabob returned, and was incredulous.

"Some crafty knave, madam," said he, "either the thief or his abettor, has, with a concerted scheme, wrought on your easy faith. But I'll soon try his powers of divination. I'll provide myself with a meal likewise."

No sooner said than done; between two dishes the mysterious fare was hidden, the false conjuror was told to declare what the concealed cheer, on pain of being well beaten should he fail.

"Alas!" he muttered out, "poor Cricket, thou art taken!"

"He's right!" the nabob cried, "give him a purse of gold, I honor such talents, as his."

It was a little cricket in the dish. Thus our glutton; by four random speeches, gained three hearty meals, comfort for life, and a most brilliant reputation as a cunning man.

A NEWLY married couple, riding in a carriage, were overturned, whereupon a bystander said it was "a shocking sight."

"Yes," said the gentleman, "to see those just wedded fall out so soon."

"Julius, are you comfortable this morning?"

"No, I was convalescent yesterday, but I took medicine, last night and worked it off."

"Oh, for a Lodge in some vast wilderness, as the Odd Fellow said, on his way to California."