

# The Wellsborough Advertiser.

BY WILLIAM D. BAILEY,

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

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## For the Wellsborough Advertiser. The Snow and Flowers.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

Woe to the flowers, I said,  
The early blooming flowers;  
For cold on every fragrant head  
Descends the frozen showers.

Woe to the lovely buds  
That never now may bloom;  
The storm has crush'd them in their beds,  
And built their snow white tomb.

Move the silent earth,  
The snow has wrought a shroud,  
And heaven bends mournful o'er the scene  
Veil'd with a sable cloud.

Thus o'er the hearts young bloom  
The shroud of sorrow lies,  
And Hope's sweet buds, and Joy's fair flowers  
Are crush'd, no more to rise.

While thus I mused, the snow  
Where melting where it lay,  
And thin and bright the floating clouds  
Were vanishing away.

And gloriously the sun  
Shone o'er the radiant scene,  
And green and fresh the glad earth smiled  
The snowy wreath between.

Then one sweet daffodil  
Rais'd up her golden head,  
Shook from her crest the icy dew,  
And thus in seeming, said:

Sister—the snow of heaven,  
Falls harmless on the flower,  
That lays its cheek upon the earth,  
And waits the sunny hour.

Thus harmless are life's woes—  
Thus quickly they depart—  
Thus joy's bright sun shines out again,  
Upon the pious heart.

The pure are always meek—  
The meek are always strong;  
Pride, only weak and selfish pride,  
Accuseth heaven with wrong.

The God that bade us bloom,  
And loveth all his flowers,  
Made not the world for us alone,  
And we must bide the showers.

## Select Stories.

### THE TIMELY WARNING. A THRILLING STORY.

My father, after an absence of three years, returned to the home so dear to him. He had made his last voyage, and rejoiced to have reached a haven of rest from the perils of the sea. During his absence I had grown from a mere child and baby of my mother's, (for I was her youngest,) into a rough, careless, head-strong boy. Her gentle voice no longer restrained me. I was often wilful, and sometimes disobedient. I thought it indicated manly superiority to be independent of woman's influence. My father's return was a fortunate circumstance for me. I saw by his manner that it displeased him, although for a few days, he said nothing to me about it.

It was an afternoon in October, bright and golden, that my father told me to get my hat, and take a walk with him. We turned down a narrow lane into a fine open field—a favorite play ground for the children in the neighborhood. After talking cheerfully on different topics for a while, my father asked me if I observed that huge shadow, thrown by a mass of rocks that stood in the middle of the field. I replied that I did.

"My father owned this land," said he. "It was my play ground when a boy. That rock stood there then. To me it is a beacon, and whenever I look at it, I recall a dark spot in my life—an event so painful to dwell upon, that if it were not as a warning to you, I should not speak of it. Listen then, my dear boy, and learn wisdom from your father's errors."

"My father died when I was a mere child. I was the only son. My mother was a gentle, loving woman, devoted to her children, and beloved by every body. I remember her pale, beautiful face—her sweet, affectionate smile—her kind and tender voice. In my childhood I loved her intensely; I was never happy from her; and she, fearing that I was becoming too much of a baby, sent me to the high school in the village. After associating a time with rude, rough boys, I lost, in a measure, my fondness for home, and my reverence for my mother; and it became more and more difficult for her to restrain my impetuous nature. I thought it an indication of manliness to resist her authority, or to appear to feel penitent, although I knew that my conduct pained her. The epithet I most dreaded was *girl-boy*. I could not bear to hear it said by my companions that I was tied to my mother's apron-strings. From a quiet, home-loving child, I soon became a wild, boisterous boy. My dear mother used every persuasion to induce me to seek happiness within the precincts of home. She exerted herself to make our fireside attractive; and my sister, following her self-sacrificing example, sought to entice me by planning games and diversions for my entertainment. I saw all this but did not heed it.

"It was on an afternoon like this, that, as I was about leaving the dining-table, to spend the intermission between morning and evening school, in the street, as usual, my mother laid her hand on my shoulder, and said mildly, but firmly, 'My son, I

wish you to come with me.' I would have rebelled, but something in her manner awed me. She put on her bonnet and said to me, 'We will take a little walk together.' I followed her in silence; and, as I was passing out the door, I observed one of my rude companions skulking about the house, and I knew he was waiting for me. He sneered as I went past him. My pride was wounded to the quick. He was a very bad boy, but being some years older than myself, he exercised a great influence over me. I followed my mother sulkily, till we reached the spot where we now stand, beneath the shadow of this huge rock. O, my boy, could that hour be blotted from my memory, which has cast a shadow over my whole life, gladly would I exchange all that the world can offer me for the quiet peace of mind I should enjoy. But no! like this huge, unsightly pile, stands the monument of my guilt forever.

"My mother, being feeble in health, sat down and beckoned me to sit beside her. Her look, so full of tender sorrow, is present to me now. I would not sit, but continued standing sullenly beside. 'Alfred, my dear son,' said she, 'have you lost all love for your mother?' I did not reply. 'I fear you have,' she continued, 'and may God help you to see your own heart, and me to do my duty!' She then talked to me of my misdeeds, of the dreadful consequences of the course I was pursuing. By tears, entreaties, and prayers, she tried to make an impression upon me. She placed before me the lives and examples of great and good men; she sought to stimulate my ambition. I was moved, but too proud to show it, and remained standing in dogged silence beside her. I thought 'What will my companions say, if, after all my boasting, I yield at last and submit to be led by a woman?'

"What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she had said and suffered, failed to move me! She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till we reached her own door.

"It is school time now," said she. 'Go my son, and once more let me beseech of you to think upon what I have said.'

"I shan't go to school," I said.

"She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly, 'certainly you will go, Alfred; I command you.'

"I will not," said I, with a tone of defiance.

"One of two things you must do, Alfred—either go to school this moment, or I will lock you in your room, and keep you there, till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future."

"I dare you to do it," said I, 'you can't get me up stairs.'

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me, I will kick you," said I, in a terrible rage. God knows I know what I said.

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No," I replied, but quailed beneath her eye.

"Then follow me," said she as she grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—oh, my son, hear me! I raised my foot, and kicked her—my sainted mother! How my head reels as the torrent of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother—a feeble woman—my mother! She staggered back a few steps, and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast. 'O, heavenly Father,' she cried, 'forgive him, he knows not what he does!' The gardener just then passed the door, and seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support herself, he stopped; she beckoned him in. 'Take this boy up stairs and lock him in his own room,' said she, and turned from me. Looking back, as she was entering her room, she gave me such a look—it will forever follow me—it was a look of agony, mingled with intense love—it was the last, unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

"In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought, for a moment, I would fling myself from the open window and dash my brains out, but I felt afraid to die. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborn pride rose in an instant and bade me not to yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on the bed and fell asleep. I awoke at midnight stifled by the damp air, terrified with frightful dreams. I would have sought my mother at that moment, for I trembled with fear, but my door was fast. With the daylight my terrors were dissipated; and I became bold in resisting all good impulses. The servant brought my meals, but I did not taste them. I thought the day would never end. Just at twilight I heard a light footstep approach the door. It was my sister, who called me by name.

"What may I tell mother from you?" she asked.

"Nothing," I replied.

"O, Alfred, for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry—let me tell mother that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you."

"I won't be driven to school against my will," said I.

"But you will go if she wishes it, dear Alfred," said my sister pleadingly.

"No, I won't say I, and you needn't say a word more about it."

"O, brother, you will kill her, you will

kill her! and then you can never have a happy moment again."

"I made no reply to this. My feelings were touched, but still I resisted their influence. My sister called me, but I would not answer; I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I flung myself on the bed to pass another wretched and fearful night. O God! how wretched, how fearful I did not know!

"Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's, disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's.

"Alfred, my son, shall I come in? Are you sorry for what you have done?" she asked.

"I cannot tell what influence, operating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother that thrilled through me, melted the ice from my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. No, my boy, I did not. But my words gave the lie to my heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.

"I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood by my bedside.

"Get up, Alfred. O, don't wait a minute! Get up and come with me. Mother is dying!"

"I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up melancholy, and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother. She had not undressed. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising to go again to me, she was seized with a palpitation of the heart, and borne senseless to her room.

"I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse was ten-fold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her, I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom; my brain was all on fire. My sister threw her arms around me, and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of mother's hand—her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not speech. She looked at me, and moved her lips. 'Mother, mother,' I shrieked, 'say only that you forgive me.' She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifting her thin, white hands, she clasped my own within them, and cast her eyes upwards. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dead form, till my sister gently removed me; for she knew the heavy load of sorrow at my heart; heavier than grief for the loss of a mother, for it was a load of sorrow for sin. The joy of youth had left me forever.

"My son, the suffering such memories awake must continue as long as life. God is merciful; but remorse for past misdeeds is a canker-worm in the heart that preys upon it forever."

My father ceased speaking, and buried his face in his hands. He saw and felt the bearing his narrative had upon my character and conduct. I have never forgotten it. Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for your future years.

## Rappings.

A Dutch widower, out west, whose better half departed on the long journey to the spirit land some twelve months ago determined, the other day, to consult the "Rappers," and endeavored to obtain a spiritual communication, feeling anxious respecting the future state of his wife. These "rappers," he it known, were not the genuine "mediums," but of a bogus kind—adventurers endeavoring to reap a harvest out of the late mysterious developments. After the usual ceremonies, the spirit of "Mrs. Hauntz" manifested by raps its willingness to converse with her disconsolate spouse.

"Is that you, Mrs. Hauntz?" inquired the Dutchman.

"Yes, dearest, it is your own wife, who

"You lie, you devil a ghost," interrupted Hauntz, starting from his seat, "mine frau speak nothing but Deitch, and she never said 'tearest' in her life. It was always 'Hauntz, you lie,' or 'Hauntz, you tirty skamp!'" and the Dutchman hobbled from the room well satisfied that the "rapping spirits" were all humbug, and that he was safe from any further communication with his shrewish frau on this earth.

A YOUNG LADY, whose name was Maydon, having married a gentleman called Mudd, gave rise to the following:

"Let's wife," is said, in days of old,  
For one rebellious halt,  
Was turned, as we are plainly told,  
The same propensity of change.

Still runs in woman's blood,  
For here we see a case as strange:  
A Mayden turned to Mudd.

COOL.—A soldier, many years ago, was sentenced for desertion to have his ears cut off. After undergoing this brutal ordeal, he was escorted out of the court-yard to the tune of the "rogue's march." He then turned, and in mock dignity thus addressed the musicians: "Gentlemen, I thank you! but I have no farther need of your services, for I have no ear for music."

## Select Miscellany.

### The Temptations of Social Life.

YOUNG MEN.

"What war so cruel, or what siege so sore,  
As that which strong temptation doth apply."

How fearful are the temptations of social life, especially to the young in years, the buoyant in disposition, the confiding in spirit, the credulous, the sanguine, and the self-confident! How few who rush wildly and recklessly into the fascination of pleasure, and the delusions of society, "know themselves," or understand their weakness, their tastes, their infirmities! How few can realize the full force and power of habit, especially if their experience has been limited, if their physical organization be imperfect, if their impulses are warm and rash, and if, with the ability to please, and the disposition to enjoy, they see only the bright flowers, and are unconscious of the thorns and brambles that beset the wayside of life! Social reunions, conducted on correct principles, are every way commendable. They cheer and gladden existence—they call forth the better qualities of the human heart—they promote friendships and associations that often last for years and years. But how many young men have been tempted to their ruin, by scenes, habits, and amusements, which at first, seemed perfectly harmless, and every way unexceptionable! How many have thus been won to extravagance, dissipation, intemperance, and its many kindred vices! They rush on, step by step, unconsciously to themselves—first neglect one duty, then are remiss in another—first exercise the surprise and regret, and then lose the confidence and respect of their employers, and thus are thrown upon the world, compelled to commence a new struggle, and under circumstances requiring extraordinary activity and superhuman energy. How few, so situated, are able to wrestle with and overcome the trials of such a time, and to regain the foothold that they so recklessly threw away. We recently had occasion to allude to the dangers of infidelity, and the perils of criminal association. May we not with equal propriety, utter a word of admonition in relation to the fascinations of social life, the pleasures and temptations of impulsive conviviality, the dangers of stimulants and excitements, however insidious, plausible, and apparently innocent they may at first appear? Are there not at this moment, hundreds of active, intelligent, and promising young men, with bright and golden prospects before them, gradually yielding the better and higher principles of their nature, first to the seductions of evil companionship, and second, to the subtle fascinations of the wine cup, and its kindred excitements? Our attention has been directed to this subject by more than one kind-hearted but watchful employer. A reckless spirit is abroad among the young. Many are sadly mistaken as to true propriety, gentility and manliness. They seem to imagine that a species of foppishness, if not rosydwin—altogether with smoking, drinking, chewing, swaggering and blasphemy, constitutes not foibles, but accomplishments; and that, instead of detracting from the polish and finish of refined and intellectual character, they embellish and adorn it. The error is sad, deplorable, and its consequences are often fearful. The first duty of a young man, especially if dependent upon his own efforts for success, is to secure for himself a good moral reputation—a reputation for truth, integrity and sobriety. His next is to win, deserve and retain the confidence of his employer. And how can all this be accomplished? Assuredly not by the course of folly and dissipation to which, we have referred—by assuming a flashy character, and affecting a false confidence based upon recklessness, emptiness and imprudence. Some of our young men fancy that they are accomplishing quite a feat, when with cigars in their mouth, and hats placed jauntily upon their heads, they swagger after nightfall, arm in arm, through some leading thoroughfare of the town, indulge in silly or impertinent remarks at the top of their voice, and assume an air at once of insolence and audacity. They believe, or assume to believe—that they excite admiration if not envy, when in fact they only damage their reputation, exhibit their folly, and provoke contempt. We speak now in a general sense, and it is unnecessary to specify particular cases. The fable is widely spread. It amounts to a kind of monomania. Let us not be misunderstood. We would not have the young, to be sullen, morose and cheerless. Exercise and activity are essential to health, while animation, gaiety and recreation are commendable. But we have seen so many totter and fall, through inexperience, good nature and the seductions of pleasure associated with vice—we have seen so many fine young men, who commenced life with buoyant hopes and bright expectations, won from the right path, made drunkards, gamblers, or worse—that we have deemed a "gentle hint" absolutely essential. A vicious habit is rapidly acquired, but alas! how difficult to abandon! Youth is facile, ductile and plastic, and thus impressions are rapidly made, images are easily graven, and vices are promptly grasped, absorbed and retained. The dupe knows not that he is a victim until his moral nature is weakened and depraved. His character develops and changes so gradually, that he is not aware of the fearful

progress, or, if aware, turns with weakness or with fear from its painful contemplation. He endeavors to persuade himself that what is vice is only fashion, and to tell "the still, small voice of conscience," by some sophistry or deception. He sees the abyss before him, and feels that he is approaching its dizzy edge; but he resolves that to-morrow—alas for the weakness of procrastination—he will make a vigorous effort, and retrace his footsteps. He fancies, too, or feigns to fancy, that his follies and infirmities have escaped the eye of the world, that no one has observed his downward course; that he has adroitly managed to lull all suspicion, and that he will yet amend, reform, and recover the early path of rectitude, right and virtue. And this is ever the delusion of the erring. They feel that they are descending, they know that they are wrong, they hope to pursue a better course—nay, they resolve to do so. But the tempter again comes. The wine cup, the old associates, the reckless companions, the jest and the laugh, the sneer of the world, the scoff of self-confidence—and thus, fold after fold, the serpent coils of vicious habits are bound round the victim, until at last he sinks a yielding and despairing prey! Young men, who have but entered upon the path of temptation, who have tasted of the delicious but bewildering Circean cup, who, in the flush of excitement, and in the vigor of fresh existence, not only mistake your own moral strength, but your physical power and physiological conformation—be warned in time—BEWARE!

## Dreams and Dreaming.

Dreams were once believed to have a supernatural origin; and interpreters of visions were common at that period. Among many savage tribes this idea of dreaming still prevails. Weak minded people, in civilized society, not unfrequently hold the same opinion. We need not say, however, that all such notions of visions are superstitious and ridiculous.

The true origin of dreaming is to be sought principally in physical causes. A healthy person is little apt to dream. Vigorous, though not excessive exercise through the day, a good digestion, and a mind free from care, are the surest preventives from dreams. But when the intellect has been overworked, when the stomach is filled to repletion, and when the veins are consumed by fever, then visions haunt the sleep, often of the most horrible character. Lying on the back induces dreams with many persons. Hot suppers, just before retiring, are almost sure to cause dreams. Anger, in the evening, is another certain provocative of visions, mostly of a troubled character. It is rare, however, that persons dream when they wish to; strange to say, the effort to dream seems to prevent dreaming altogether.

Purely physical causes appear to exercise the greatest influence in producing dreams. Dr. James Gregory records, that having retired to bed with a jug of hot water at his feet, he dreamed immediately of walking on hot cinders in the crater of Etna. We have ourselves dreamed of suffering from intense cold in Arctic regions, and waking up, to discover that we had thrown off the bed clothes in our sleep; and a similar incident is told by Dr. Gregory also. Dr. Reid relates of himself that the dressing of a blister on his head becoming disturbed, he dreamed that he had fallen into the hands of North American Indians, and undergone the process of scalping. In all these cases the visions were evidently suggested by sensations, received by the body, and conveyed, through the medium of the nerves, to the mind. There are some persons, who may be made to dream, by whispering in their ear. A curious case of this kind is told by Dr. Abercrombie, of an officer, who was made in this way to dream that he had a quarrel, ending in a duel; and on another occasion, that he had fallen overboard from a ship at sea, and was pursued by a shark. Sometimes, from the same causes, numbers of persons will have the same vision. Thus a whole regiment of soldiers, sleeping in a monastery, which became filled with deleterious gas dreamed that a black dog had jumped upon their breasts; and all simultaneously arose in alarm.

The events of the day frequently exercise an influence over dreams. Dr. Beattie relates that once, after riding thirty miles in a high wind, he passed a night full of terrible visions. Franklin often dreamed at night, of affairs in which he had been engaged during the day, and occasionally obtained valuable hints in this manner. We ourselves are acquainted with a novelist who dreamed, in a single night, the outline of a whole fiction. Dr. Johnson once had a contest of wit in a vision, with some other person, and records that he was much mortified because his opponent got the better of him. Coleridge dreamed an entire poem in an hour's sleep, but could only remember a portion of it on awaking, which he wrote down and published under the title of "Kubla Kahn." Voltaire, La Fontaine, and other poets also narrate the fact of having composed verses in sleep. Chatelet, frequently on retiring with a calculation unfinished, completed it in his sleep; so that on awaking, he had only to write it down from memory. In all these cases the sleep is imperfect. The over-wearied brain refuses entire repose, but continues working at intervals. Such slumbers, of course, are comparatively unrefreshing.

## House Cleaning.

The Scientific American says, as this is about the season when good housewives clean their houses from garret to cellar, it may be well to say a few words on the subject. When you wash paint, don't use soft soap and warm water, for that will take off the paint as well as the dirt. Use cold water and hard soap. Scrub the floors with soft soap, and don't put down the carpets until the floor is perfectly dry. Always put down some fine linen (mind clean) straw under the carpet and lay it smooth and level. Carpet may be cleaned by pounding them in strong soap suds and washing them out well of the soap. The suds must be very strong and cold. This is done by cutting the hard soap and dissolving it in warm water. The suds should feel slippery between the fingers. Bedsteads should receive a complete scrubbing with soap and water, and should not be put up until perfectly dry. The seams and holes should then be anointed with corrosive sublimate dissolved in alcohol, or sulphur mixed with zinc. No person should go to sleep in a damp bed-room. Many people, by overlooking this caution during house-cleaning season, catch severe colds, and make their beds with the clouds of the valley before the subsequent Christmas. Always commence to clean at the top of the house, and descend by steady and regular stages. Some people can clean their houses with quietness and scarce any disorder; others do not any more work, but make a great deal of noise. If there is a dog or a cat about the house, it generally disappears till the squall is over. The grand rule for facilitating work is system. Arrange all the work to be done before commencing. For want of system many a job has to be done over and over again.

## The Chimney Sweep.

A poor chimney sweeper's boy was employed at the house of a lady of rank, to cleanse the chimney of the lady's dressing-room; and perceiving no one there, he waited a moment to take a view of the beautiful things in the apartment. A gold watch, richly set with diamonds, particularly caught his attention, and he could not forbear taking it in his hand. Immediately the wish arose in his mind, "Ay, if thou hadst such a one." After a pause he said to himself, "But if I take it I shall be a thief. And yet," continued he, "no one sees me. No one? Does not God see me who is present every where? Should I then be able to say my prayers to Him after I had committed this theft?" Could he die in peace? Overcome by these thoughts, a cold shivering seized him. "No," said he, laying down the watch, "I had much rather be poor and keep my conscience, than rich and become a rogue." At these words he hastened back into the chimney. The Countess, who was in the room adjoining, sent for him the next morning, and thus accosted him: "My little friend, why did you not take the watch yesterday?" The boy fell on his knees, speechless and astonished. "I heard every thing you said," continued her ladyship; "I thank God for enabling you to resist this temptation, and be watchful over yourself for the future; from this moment you shall be in my service. I will both maintain and clothe you; nay, more, I will procure you good instruction that shall ever guard you from the danger of similar temptations. The boy burst into tears; he was anxious to express his gratitude, but he could not. The Countess strictly kept her promise, and had the pleasure to see him grow up a pious and sensible man.

This lumber business has greatly improved since it has become so fashionable for every political man to have a platform.