

# 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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All letters must be post-paid.

## Little at First, but Mighty at Last.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveler through a dusty road  
Stroved across on the leg,  
And one took root, and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree,  
Love sought its shade at evening time,  
To breathe its early vows,  
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,  
To bask beneath its boughs,  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,  
The birds sweet music bore,  
It stood a glory in its place,  
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way  
Amid the grass and fern,  
A passing stranger scooped it up,  
Where weary men might turn,  
He wall'd it in, and hung with care  
A ladle at the brink—  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judg'd that toil might drink.  
He pass'd again—and lo! the well,  
By summers never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,  
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought;  
'Twas old, and yet was new—  
A simple fancy of the brain,  
But strong in being true;  
It shone upon a general mind,  
And lo! its light became—  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,  
A monetary flame.  
The thought was small—its issue great,  
A watch-fire on the hill,  
It sheds its radiance far adown,  
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd  
That throng'd the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of hope and Love,  
Unstudied from the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown—  
A transitory breath—  
It raised a brother from the dust,  
I saved a soul from death.  
O germ! O fount! O word of love!  
O thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last!

## Historical Sketch.

### The Heroine of Wheeling.

Though we may sing of, and tell about, the hardy men who fought so bravely and suffered so greatly to establish the principles of that government under which we now exist, we must not forget those heroic women who, as mothers and wives, set forth with eager hearts and cheering words, their sons and husbands, to the bitter field of strife, or as sisters, aiding to clothe and equip their brothers. Their aching hearts were silent, their burning tears were brushed away, as with smiles they embraced them at parting, and with high words of trustful faith, like the women of Sparta, bade them to turn not the back upon the conquering foe.

The words of all ages bear no slight testimony to the devoted courage of woman; and were our own history more perfectly known, instances of female courage would be found to parallel the most wonderful of ancient chronicles. We have now to record an act performed by a young woman during our revolutionary struggle which, for nerve and desperation, is scarcely to be matched.

In the year 1778, Wheeling, Virginia, was besieged by a large force of British and Indians. At this time, the Fort, with an insufficient force, was under the command of Col. Silas Zane, a brave and meritorious officer. Distant from this, was situated a block house, in which was Col. Ebenezer Zane, a brother of Silas, and the senior officer, with a few men. There were several women in the Fort, and among them at the time, was Elizabeth Zane, a sister of the Colonel. She was a young woman of extraordinary beauty, having a tall and finely formed figure, with a head like Juno; a black eye, mid and firm in its expression; a voice soft and melodious as a lute; and with an expression of countenance as bland as Italian skies, though beneath it might slumber passions as warm as the fires of Vesuvius. It may be supposed that many a soldier's eye followed her wistfully, as in days of quiet she roamed about the Fort, or strolled for a walk in company with one of her brothers. Many a proposal had been made in vain. Officers of high rank had sued for her, and many a gallant empire was undertaken in her name, but all to no effect, so far as winning her affections went. She was not one of those light-witted women, to be caught by fine show and fine professions. As far as the heart went, she placed no difference between high-nodding plumes and the last man in the ranks—the last man, not the least. She was above that age when young women are most apt to be caught by fine compliments, or dashing appearances; but, plain and direct in her manner, it was her study to give no encouragement to her numerous suitors.

Yet from this description the reader must not infer that she was not susceptible to the softer passion of love. Far from it, for her

broth was at that time plighted; nor could the most ambitious thought in the world have tempted her to swerve from the sanctity of vows made to the lover of her choice—made, as all lovers' oaths are, in the quiet evening hour, and witnessed by the moon, that lovers' planet, and "all the starry host of heaven."

Among the soldiers in the fort at this time none was a greater favorite with officers and men than Ashley Harper. Bold, adventurous, and generous almost to a fault, no hazardous expedition was projected in which he was not always ready to volunteer; and many a desperate adventure and many a forlorn hope had seen him face the savage foe with odds against him; and while powder flashed, and bayonets gleamed, he was sure to be found in the hottest of the fray. On two occasions had he saved the life of his superior officer, when the tomahawk glittered with the fearful expectation of its victim's blood. He had enlisted in the service a year previous as a private; and although promotion to the rank of a non-commissioned officer had been offered him on account of his good qualities as a soldier, and his intelligence as a man, he had refused its acceptance, declaring that, as his only desire was to serve his country, he was willing to serve through the war as a private, leaving all conditions above that to soldiers more competent or more ambitious.

He was the son of a respectable farmer, whose industry had enabled him to raise up, and respectfully educate a large family—a man of severe discipline, whose watchful eye detected youthful faults in time to prevent their maturing to crimes. He had been intimate with the family of the Zanes, and when Ashley expressed a desire to enlist, the old man easily prevailed upon Col. Silas to enroll him among his own men.

Now we will not pretend to say that there had been any particular understanding between Miss Elizabeth and the young gentleman above spoken of, previous to his becoming a soldier, though such a thing might possibly have been in a mute way. Verbal declarations certainly had not been made; for an owl told how, one moonlight evening, while he was sitting in the shady branches of a chestnut, that stood but a few yards from the Fort,

—Considering, as well he might,  
Ways and means for a supper that night,  
He looked about with a solemn scowl, and a lover and his mistress—he knew it was a lover and his mistress, they spoke to one another so tenderly.

They came out from the Fort stealthily, and stole softly over the greensward, to the foot of the chestnut, and sitting down upon one of the knarled roots, said kind things, uttered sacred vows, and breathed fervent sighs one to the other. They sat there an hour—a good hour by the march of Saturn—talking and sighing all the while, when, calling upon all the stars to witness their oaths, and sealing their vows with a kiss, they retired.

It was but a short time after this occurrence that the siege of Wheeling was commenced by the British and Indians; and although the place was defended with zeal and an unlimited amount of courage, the hopes of the besieged grew somewhat dim as they looked forth upon the masses that surrounded them. A scarcity of provision was not what alarmed them, for of those that present they had a sufficient supply; but alarm became almost consternation when it was announced, on the second day of the siege, that their powder was short. Several desperate assaults had been made by the enemy to break into the fort, but Col. Zane and his men repulsed and drove them back as vigorously as they assaulted. The Indians on two or three occasions attempted the destruction of the Fort, and block-house by fire, but in each instance they were shot down ere the faggot and the burning brand could be applied. But ultimately those in the Fort began to fail in their hopes of a successful defence, when the word was passed around that they were in possession of a few charges of powder only. There was an abundant supply in the block-house, which they had been prevented from removing by the suddenness of the assault; but how was it to be gotten now? Surrounded by the most inveterate foes, what possible method could be adopted to procure them a supply of ammunition? Their condition must be known to the enemy the moment their fire slackened, and they could easily be destroyed without the least show of defence.

The second day of the siege had well nigh worn away—it was in the middle of the afternoon. The last shot had been fired—the last grain of powder was exhausted. Now, what was to be done? Make terms of capitulation, or despairing, submit to their fate? They in the block-house still held out bravely, and a little longer concert of action might save them, for the enemy already began to show symptoms of wavering. At this crisis, Col. Zane called his men around him, and after describing to them the situation in which they were placed, he desired to know if there was any one among them desperate enough to attempt a passage through the enemy to the block-house. He added that it was indeed a forlorn hope, but at the worst, could not be more disastrous than to remain in their present condition. No answer followed the appeal. The men gazed at their commander and into the eyes of each other with the most complete despair, and with faces

blank without one ray of hope. Elizabeth stood beside her brother, silent; but that silence was more eloquent than the words of the Colonel. Perhaps, though, a slight pang might have fluttered her pulse to hear no one speak. Was there not one brave enough to peril his life for the whole? Ammunition was all that was wanted. One keg of powder, and they were free! At that moment a young man stepped modestly forward and said:

"Colonel, I will attempt the passage. If I fall remember me; if I succeed—"  
His eye caught the expression of Elizabeth's features as they glowed upon him with unutterable fondness and pride, and fell to the ground. Col. Zane stepped forward, and taking the young soldier's hand, said—

"You are the man I expected would volunteer for this service. Go, and, God protect you! If they see you from the block-house, they will try to cover you with their fire. Self-possession is your only hope. Now away, while the enemy are partially withdrawn."

But here Elizabeth stepped forward, and, addressing her brother, said—

"Silas, let me undertake this enterprise!"  
"You?" replied her brother, viewing her with astonishment. "Impossible! Do you know the danger of the attempt?"  
"Perfectly," she answered. "You have no men to spare. Every one is needed in the defence of the Fort; and this is the only service I can render."

"But a man would be more fleet, Elizabeth and more certain of success," said her brother.

"Still you have no man to spare; and a woman would not run the same danger in passing through the enemy. Besides if I fall, I shall not be so much missed, nor your forces weakened."

The Colonel was affected to tears, and embracing his sister, exclaimed—  
"Then go! God's will be done, and may he protect you!"

A dozen men now sprang forward, prompted by the devotion of this heroic woman; and Ashley Harper, more urgent than the rest, insisted that it was his right, as he was the first to propose. But Elizabeth would hear no objections, and at once began to make preparations for the enterprise. Partially divesting herself of her clothing, so that her speed might be the less impeded, she was ready at the starting of all within; while from one of the embrasures the anxious eyes of Ashley Harper followed her, as she fled like a young roe through the lines of the enemy. Now she falls! Twenty muskets are raised by the savages to stop the progress; but a cry of "Squaw, squaw," saved her. She approaches the block-house in safety, and is admitted!

A period of awful suspense awaited them in the fort. The men were anxious for relief, the Colonel was regretting that he permitted his sister to go, and Ashley Harper was breathing prayers for her safety.

In the block-house, the excitement was equally as great, and astonishment was expressed by every one at the intrepidity of the maiden. Her brother there persuaded her to stay with him, offering to send one of his own men to the Fort with the powder. But she overruled his arguments with the same logic she had used with her brother Silas, and was at last permitted to return. A keg of powder was poured into a table cloth, and she again sallied forth to run the desperate gauntlet.

In the fort every heart was beating with the utmost anxiety; and as the dusky foe was seen gathering around scarce a vestige of hope was left for the safety of the heroic maiden. Still watched her lover from the embrasure, and still prayed her brother silently. Forward she sped on her return with her precious burden, as though her feet were winged, while the enemy at length suspicious of her errand, pouring lead after her. Yet onward she came unharmed—apparently unalarmed—preserved by an Omnipotent power; and at length reached the gate of the Fort which was thrown open with eagerness to admit her. As it closed with safety upon the little band within, it was assaulted with a hundred bullets, while the savages around made the air peal with their demoniac yells of disappointment and rage. The brother welcomed her with tears. All pressed around her to thank her for her bravery—all but Ashley Harper; his heart was too full for expression.

The result of adventure was the successful defence of the Fort against the besiegers. But ere the war of the revolution was ended, Ashley Harper slept with the dead heroes of our country, having fallen at the battle of Saunders' Creek, in North Carolina, August 16, 1780.

THE AUTHOR of the following was last seen with a piece of gingerbread in one hand, and a stick of molasses candy in the other, looking for a clergyman—

"When a feller falls in love  
He durs war a white kid glove,  
And puts on lots of splendid cloze,  
And wears tite boots upon his tose,  
And smels just like a sprouting rose  
All newly sprung in Joon."

"WIFE!" said a broker a few days since, "do you ever think I shall be worth fifty thousand dollars?" "Aint I worth that to you?" said the confiding spouse, "Y-o-s!" hesitatingly replied the other half, "but I cant put you out of interest."

## The Lord's Prayer.

BY JAS. A. BENNETT, L.L.D.

Our Father, dear, who art in heav'n,  
To whom all glory should be given,  
Hallowed be thy Name:  
O! let thy glorious Kingdom come;  
And may thy gracious will be done,  
In earth and heav'n the same.

Give us this day our daily bread,  
That we may in thy statutes tread,  
And be our debts forgiv'n;  
As we forgive our fellow men  
The debts that we might claim of them;  
And guide us safe to heav'n.

Let not temptation set a snare  
That we can't overcome by pray'r,  
From evil make us free—  
The Kingdom, Power, and Glory, then,  
Are thine—for which we say, Amen,  
And give our souls to Thee!

## Select Miscellany.

### Bridal Quarrels.

A trifling disagreement about a trifling matter may destroy a life of enjoyment. And it usually happens that when the married pair do quarrel, the occasion is so despicable, they are ashamed to think of it. Yet that silly circumstance, like a drop of ink discoloring a whole vessel of water, often spreads its influence over the whole life. Just as

"A pebble in the streamlet scant,  
Has turned the course of many a river;  
A dew-drop on the baby plant,  
Has warp'd the giant oak forever."

I find an exceedingly painful illustration of these ideas in an English publication, for the truth of which its author pledges his word.

A young couple had passed the first weeks of their marriage at the house of a friend. Having at length occupied their new home, they were taking their first breakfast, when the following scene occurred:

The young husband was innocently opening a boiled egg in an egg-cup. The bride observed that he was breaking the shell at what she thought was the wrong end.

"How strange it looks," she said, "to see you break your egg at the small end, my dear! No one else does so, and it looks so odd."

"Oh, I think it's quite as good, in fact better than breaking it at the large end, my love; for when you break the large end, the egg runs over the top," replied the husband.

"Well, now, I really do think it is not a nice way that you have got of eating an egg. That dipping strips of bread and butter into an egg, certainly is not tidy. But I do not object to your doing as you please, if you will let me break my egg at the small end," retorted the husband.

"I am quite sure my way is not so bad as eating fruit-pie with a knife, as you do, instead of using the fork; and you always eat the syrup as if you were not accustomed to have such things. You really do not see how very bad it looks, or I am sure you would not do so," added the wife.

"The syrup is made to be eaten with the pie, and why should I send it away in the plate?" asked the husband.

"No well bred persons clear up their plates as if they were starved," said the bride with a contemptuous toss of her little head.

"Well, then, I am not a well-bred person," replied the husband, angrily.

"But you must be, if we are to be comfortable together," was the sharp answer of the fastidious lady.

"Well, I must break my egg at the small end, so it does not signify; and I must also eat the syrup."

"Then I will not have either fruit pies or eggs at the table."

"But I will have them," petulantly exclaimed the husband.

"Then I wish I had not been married to you," cried the young wife, bursting into tears.

"And so do I," added the now incensed husband, as he arose and walked out of the room.

This domestic quarrel was followed by other equally trifling in their origin, and disgraceful in their character, until the silly couple made themselves so disagreeable to each other, that their home became unendurable, and they separated!

Now, I doubt not, the reader is ready to pronounce this quarrel about opening an egg, a foolish affair. It was so; and yet I seriously question if the first quarrel between a newly married pair ever has a much more elevated beginning. Little things do great mischief, and are to be watched with suspicious care.

### Bridal Greet.

THE PRINTER.—Many men, who have acquired great fame and celebrity in the world, began their career as printers. Sir Wm. Blackstone, the learned commentator on laws, was a printer by trade. King George III. learned the art, and frequently set type after he ascended the throne of England. We scarcely need mention Franklin, for it is well known to all who are familiar with his name, that he was a printer. Alexander Campbell, the greatest theologian that ever lived, is a printer. Gentlemen of the "craft," these are gratifying facts; but let us not be content that they alone be held up to the credit of the profession—let us honor ourselves, and do all we can to keep up, and elevate still higher, the character of our beautiful art.

## Temperance.

BY JAS. A. BENNETT, L.L.D.

Mothers, in summing up the thousand responsibilities which attach to your high calling, think for a moment and ask yourselves if you sufficiently press upon the minds of your children the importance of this particular virtue, temperance. Perhaps I should do better to use the words "total abstinence," for a child cannot too early imbibe a deadly hatred towards all kinds of alcoholic stimulants, and a dislike even to behold them. Too much care cannot be exercised in this important particular; many mothers totally abstain from the beverage, never allowing it in their presence as one of the household things, yet the subject is rarely mentioned in the presence of the little ones, and they grow up in ignorance of the miseries caused by this monster fiend, and therefore, unsuspecting and inexperienced, fall an easy prey to those wretches whose delight is in the ruin of the good.

Talk to your children about the horrors of intemperance; let not a day pass, if possible, without some familiar illustration, some wholesome advice, or gentle warning. Carry them where the drunkard bides, for unless familiar with sin by knowledge of its existence, we may be by sore and bitter experience. Never allow them to despise the children of the sot, or laugh at the wild antics of the poor inebriate. Go without sweats, rather than by using brandy in small quantities for flavoring, give them license to quote your example in after years.

Better to appear singular and unfashionable in not offering your friends wine, than weep, broken-hearted, over the bloated form which you once called your fair and beautiful boy, and from which the now ruined soul has shriekingly fled, forever. These may seem little things to be careful about, but if it had not been for the little leaks, caused in many instances by apparently insignificant worms, the many noble ships with all their godly crews that were long ago destroyed, would to-day have kept their course upon the ocean paths, and thousands of noble hearts, now silent in the tomb of water, have yet responded to the sweet voices and welcomes of those they loved.

Neglect not this thing as you value the unfading souls of those precious ones. We fear God will hold many a thoughtless mother accountable for the terrible crimes

of the muscles wherewith they grow.

The aorta, or principal artery of the Whale, measures about a foot in diameter, and the quantity of blood thrown into it at each pulsation, has been estimated at from ten to fifteen gallons; the rush of this fluid is quite audible to the harpooners when about to strike the animal.

A watch consists of 992 pieces, and in making it 23 trades and about 200 persons are employed. A remarkable instance of the effect of labor in augmenting the value of raw material is afforded by the balance spring of this instrument. One farthing's worth of iron will make 7650 balance springs, the market value of which is about \$924; nearly \$4400.

## How to be Miserable.

Sit at the window and look over the way at your neighbor's excellent mansion, which he has recently built and paid for, and sigh out, "Oh that I were a rich man."

Get angry with your neighbor and think you have not got a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two; take a walk in the burial ground, continually saying to yourself, "When shall I be buried here?"

Sign a note for your friend, and never forget your kindness, and every hour in the day whisper to yourself, "I wonder if he will pay the note?" Think everybody means to cheat you. Closely examine every bill you take and doubt it being genuine, till you have put the owner to a great deal of trouble. Believe every dime passed to you is a sixpence crossed, and express your doubts about getting rid of it if you should take it.

Never accommodate if you can possibly help.

Never visit the sick and afflicted, and never give a farthing to the poor.

Grind the faces and hearts of the poor, and unfortunate.

Brood over your misfortunes, your lack of talent, and believe at no distant day you will come to want. Let the poorhouse ever be in your mind, with all the horrors of poverty and distress.

Then you will be miserable to your hearts content—if I may so speak—sick at heart, and at variance with all the world.

THE WAY TO THE WORKHOUSE.—The celebrated comedian, John Reeve, was once accosted by an elderly female with a bottle of gin in her hand: "Pray, sir, I beg your pardon, is this the way to the workhouse?" John gave her a look of clerical dignity, and, pointing to the bottle, gravely said: "No, madam, but that is."

USEFUL HINTS.—Carry a cheap umbrella; you will discover why when you lose it, which you, of course, will do in about six weeks.

Always get hold of your night-cap before you blow the candle out.

Before you get measured for new boots, put on three pair of thick stockings.

Always tell the truth; you will find it easier than lying.

It is supposed that the Lord made women smaller than men to enable the latter to lift them over the gutters when it rained.